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THE FORESTER OF THE VOSGES.

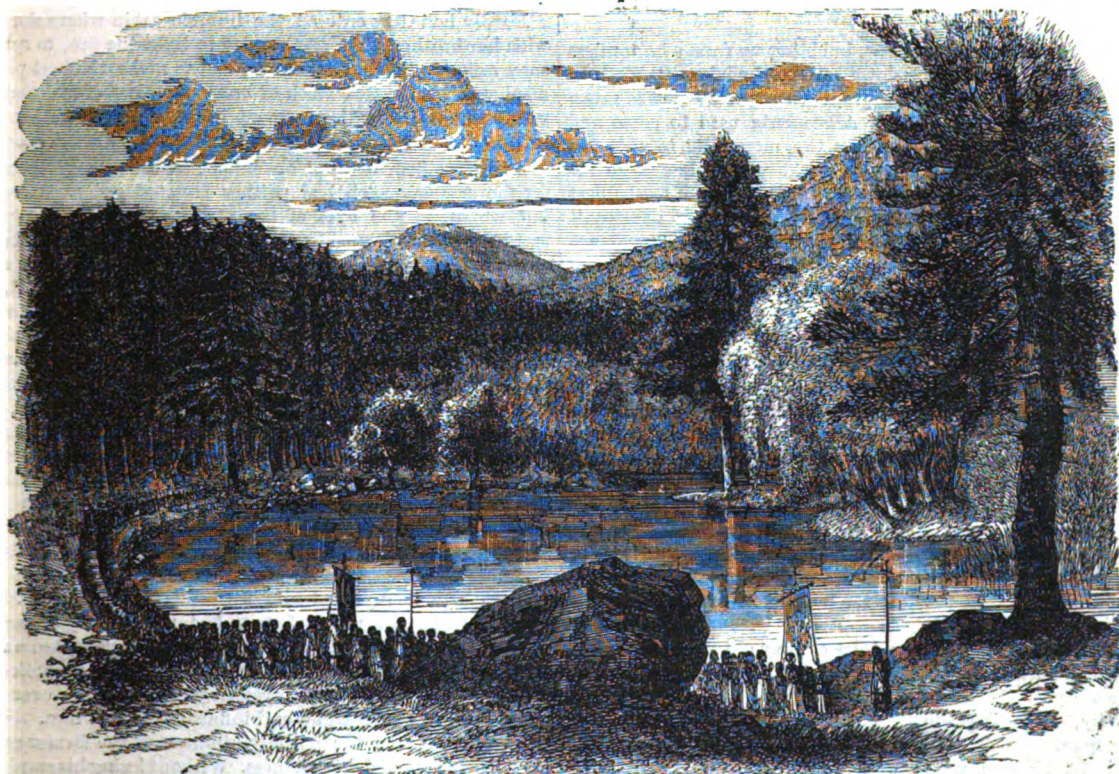
ABOVE the beautiful valley of Allarmonde, and towards the summit of one of the steepest heights which form the chain of the Vosges mountains, nestles the tiny lake of Maix. Its circular shores, so regularly terraced that one would almost fancy them the work of human hands, are deeply shadowed by trees and bushes, and the water, constantly renewed from hidden sources, is as clear and limpid as crystal itself.

At a little distance, tower up the ruins of a hermitage where in former times was shrined a statue of the Virgin, now carried to Luvigny. People came hither to invoke the good

things of this earth, and every year a solemn procession passed along the shores of the lake of Maix to its sacred walls, to ask for drought, sunshine or rain, according to the need of the population.

On this particular day, their pious songs echoed loudly among the fastnesses of the mountains, and their silver crosses and brilliantly tinted banners, now returning towards the village, glittered brightly in the level light of the declining sun. Some of the wealthier families who had come to admire the sight and assist at the ceremonies, were grouped around on the green slopes, enjoying the graceful tableau presented by the procession which was already dispersing.

The peasants were scattering towards their dwellings in a



PROCESSION ON THE SHORES OF THE LAKE OF MAIX.

thousand different directions, along the mountain sides, and one of them, lingering long behind the rest, at length turned slowly in a homeward way. He was a forester, known throughout all the neighborhood for his fretful character and his blind faith in popular superstitions. While his conduct had been irreproachable, and while he had combined with his legitimate trade the occasional duties of the woodcutter and ploughman, he had always been sunk in extreme poverty.

Hubert sometimes accounted for this by darkly hinting at an "unknown enemy," whose fatal influence followed him, sometimes by cursing the "evil star" which had presided at his birth, and sometimes by railing at the malignity of some ill conditioned sprite which he firmly believed took pleasure in thwarting him. He never thought of recognising the cause of his ill fortune in his own dilatory, hesitating nature and want of enterprise; he was sincerely pious, though very bigoted; ascribed to the decrees of Providence every unfortunate occurrence which would easily have been warded off by a little human foresight, and passed through life in wretched servitude to ten thousand imaginary shadows and superstitions.

He walked along the shores of the lake with his sister Charlotte, a beautiful young girl of about twenty, whose bright black eyes were wandering here and there along the landscape, as if in search of something she could not discover. The two proceeded in silence, until they were close to the ruins of the hermitage, where, at a sudden turn they came upon the ruined burial vaults, where newly born infants who had died without baptism were sometimes interred. Here a group of little children, crowned with wild flowers and green branches, were dancing in a circle, on the soft fine grass. A little girl, perhaps twelve years of age, led the time, singing in a silvery voice some old rondeau of the Vosges. Hubert came to a dead stop, much scandalized and shocked.

"Upon my soul! you hardened little wretches, you are bold to dance in such a spot as this!"

The astonished children stopped instantly.

"Is it forbidden, then?" asked the child who had been singing.

"That's a pretty question!" exclaimed the wood-cutter. "Do you not know what happened near here to some young people of the vicinity, who had been engaged in the very thing you are now doing!"

"What was it?" cried all the little voices at once, in a tone of terror.

"Do you see the water below, bubbling up from a bottomless depth?" he asked, pointing downward to the lake. "Well, in old times, in place of a lake, there was a beautiful spot of green turf, where the young folks of Allarmonte used to come and dance, under pretext of ascending the mountains to visit the hermitage. One day in Trinity week, while they were assembled and waiting in vain for their violinist, one of the boldest began to curse, and blaspheme the "fête without dancing." But all of a sudden a stranger appeared on that rock you see yonder, with a violin in his hand. He played in such a bewitching manner, that they all danced like possessed creatures. The first chime of vespers sounded, but they were deaf to it—the second, but they redoubled their vivacity—the third pealed out, but the dance became more furious still, and continued until the Magnificat sounded, when instantly the group of dancers were engulfed in a rush of waters which suddenly overflowed the place! Since that hour the motionless lake has been a constant warning to us, until the day when it shall burst out from among the mountains and inundate the whole country with its wrath!"

The children had listened to this relation with dilated eyes and open mouths. When Hubert concluded, the little girls dispersed with exclamations of terror, but the boys still lingered.

"Is this true that the forester tells us?" asked one of the largest, in a timid voice.

"About as true as the fairy tales of your old nurses," replied a young man who had approached and heard the latter part of the story.

"Why, it is Baptiste!" said Charlotte, recognising the young man.

And she blushed with a well-pleased smile. Hubert, however, frowned morosely.

"Yes, it is true," he said in a dogmatic manner; "and

those who are so very spirited as not to credit what our forefathers believed, can have little faith in the judgments of God!"

"May Heaven preserve me from ever doubting those," replied Baptiste, devoutly taking off his hat at the mention of the divine name; "I believe in His will as firmly as you, but I think it no offence to discriminate between His holy word and a parcel of old wives' fables!"

"That is to say," responded the forester sourly, "that you regard all the traditions of olden time as folly!"

"No, no!" replied Baptiste; but our good old curé has often told me that it is best to use our reason on such subjects, and not to repose a blind faith in any such impossible and horrible occurrences."

Hubert shrugged up his shoulders. "All this is too fine for a poor Christian like me," he said drily. "I simply believe in what my father believed before me, and all of which has been verified according to my poor reason. But it is getting late; we had better be mending our pace."

These last words were accompanied by a discontented side-glance at Baptiste, which the latter saw, but took no notice of. Keeping at the same pace with the forester and his sister, he adroitly changed the conversation, turning it upon the weather, the harvests, &c.

"I am very anxious to get in my new hay," he said; "the weather is now propitious, and to-morrow, by God's will, we will finish the work. Mademoiselle Charlotte, we must have a table dressed out on the farm, and the village musicians must be engaged to conduct the last load, which the young people will take into the new barns. You will not refuse me a little of your help I am sure, and then I hope you will take a part in the pleasure."

Although evidently ill-disposed towards the young farmer, Hubert could not decline this invitation for his sister, for it implied no small distinction, and when they reached his cabin door he felt obliged to recognise the politeness of his companion by inviting him to enter.

Baptiste needed little urging. It was clear that he was pleased to be in the company of Charlotte, and she, in spite of the reserve proper to her station and age, showed a visible preference for the young man. But this was not strange, for his wealth and respectable position made him much sought after in the neighborhood.

Hardly had they entered the humble cabin where she dwelt with her brother, than she hurried to light the fire, to spread a snowy cloth over the little table, and to make the best possible display of her limited stock of crockery. Hubert himself forgot his prejudice for the moment in his character of host, and retired to bring from his little cellar a bottle of *eau de vie*.

Baptiste aided, without hesitation, in all these preparations for the supper, which had neither been offered nor accepted, but which, in the eyes of the woodman was an obligation, and in those of his guest a right. He went below to collect the chips, which labor would else have fallen to Charlotte's share, took the earthen pitcher to the spring and filled it, and handed down the enormous loaf of black bread from its place on a high shelf. All these little services were accompanied by pleasant glances and friendly words, which filled the heart of the young girl with joy. Baptiste had that happy temperament which, like sunbeams, melted reserve and coldness alike. Left an orphan at an early age, he had adopted all mankind for his parents, and proffered them his hand with a cordial smile. His confidence had awakened a responsive feeling in every soul; his gay, pleasant nature was a feast in itself. People liked to see him, as they liked to see a beautiful day; his presence inspired hope and cheer, and he was a universal favorite.

Hubert alone regarded him with distrust and dislike. Two or three times the young farmer had unwittingly crossed his path in some trifling affair, and the forester cherished a secret resentment toward him. In his superstitious prejudices he regarded Baptiste as that mysterious enemy who, ever since his birth, had exercised an evil influence towards him.

But this evening the friendly kindness of the farmer seemed partially to vanquish his coldness. Without losing his suspicions, he forgot them for a little while; the bottle of *eau de vie* circulated freely, and time slipped away almost insensibly. But as

Baptiste became more cheerful and lively under the influence of the wine, Hubert grew more downcast and morose, relating all the disastrous occurrences of his life, and dwelling at length on the numerous omens, auguries and warnings which had without exception preceded each of these misfortunes. Several times Baptiste rose to depart, but Charlotte glanced so kindly at him, and Hubert, refilling his little glass, besought him so earnestly to wait and hear one more tale, that he was unable to tear himself away.

"Don't be disturbed," said Baptiste, smiling, as Hubert finished his doleful recital; "all these misfortunes are mere trifles in themselves, and grow large by being dwelt upon constantly. For my part, I have no time to think over my troubles; I am constantly occupied with deciding what orders to give on my farm and what workmen to employ. Believe me, Hubert, if you were to take thirty acres to farm, these apparitions and omens would never trouble you more."

"My brother has thought of that," said Charlotte.

"Of turning farmer? Heaven preserve us! is it true then, that he thinks of hiring the fine 'Alder Lands'?"

"Who has put that idea into your head?" asked Hubert suspiciously.

"It is so reported in the country," replied the young man, "but I have replied to all who have spoken to me on the subject, that you certainly would first have consulted me, as the lands adjoin my farm, and as I have so often thought of joining them to my own possessions."

The forester started up.

"See! has this offended you?" continued the young farmer, regarding him with a firm glance. "You should have told me of this. Between neighbors there should be confidence."

Hubert replied only by a morose scowl.

"Then it is so?" said Baptiste; "but there are many other applicants for these fine lands. I wish you success!"

"Heaven listen to your wish!" replied the young girl, with a sigh. "My brother would be less melancholy in the valley, and the labor would yield us more profits. Do you know, it is a hard life he leads here! All winter upon the bleak heights cutting wood, or guiding the *schlitten* (sled) along the declivities—all summer sawing wood beside the torrents, and, except that I sometimes go up to see him, entirely alone."

"Truly, I would as soon be extended between the four planks of my coffin, as to live in such solitude," cried Baptiste. "What do you do with yourself, forester, in your long vigils?"

"What is most needful," replied Hubert, who was still drinking. "I strive to defend myself against evil and malicious spirits."

"Do they come here to torment you?"

"Do you not know that towards midnight, they fill these heights and mountains?"

"Have you ever seen them?"

"Many times, when I have been coming from the heights, my axe on my shoulder and the bottle-gourd empty."

Baptiste dared not say that this latter circumstance cleared up his doubts as to the sanity of the woodman, and that the *ens de vie* might possibly have rendered him the sport of some vain hallucination; for Hubert displayed a determined faith which would tolerate no suspicion, and spurred on by the darkness, the roar of torrents far down in the ravines, and the red wine, the woodman proceeded to unburthen himself of numerous wild legends; he spoke of the headless cavalier who rode amid mist and cloud; the fiery man who came to fish at midnight on the shores of the lake; the phantom who was wrapped in a white sheet all stained with blood, and of the elves who danced by moonlight on the green turf of the hillsides. He had such a firm faith himself in these myths, that Charlotte could not but credit them also, and she clung quaking to his arm. Baptiste himself felt his blood run chill in his veins, and the darkness seemed peopled with moving shadows, for, as Hubert spoke, the barrier between the world of reality and the world of dreams and ghosts seemed melting away.

At length he made an effort to escape from this species of fascination, and rose to take leave.

The terrified Charlotte uttered an exclamation.

"Good heavens! you are not going down the mountain at such an hour as this!" she cried.

"Why not?" said Baptiste, "do you think I have forgotten the way?"

"See how black the sky is!" said the girl, glancing towards the window.

"And hear the wind moaning among the pines," added Hubert.

The midnight blast was filling the mountain gorges with its howling tumult; the gusts, at first far-off and faint, swept furiously by the cabin, making it tremble to its very foundation.

"This is a fitting night for an assembly of goblins and wizards," said Hubert in a whisper, "they are already sweeping past to their hellish orgies."

"Listen!" cried Charlotte, trembling.

A deep and thundering sound seemed gradually to approach, as if the stateliest pines on the mountain were bending before the power of the tornado. For a moment it seemed to circle round and round the cabin, and then an angry blast rushed down the wide chimney, scattering a whirlwind of ashes and cinders in all directions.

The forester, who had been groping for the door, now opened it to look out upon the night; he advanced a step beyond the threshold, and then sprang back with a loud cry.

"What is the matter?" cried Charlotte and Baptiste, in the same breath.

"The Track of Hellequin! the Track of Hellequin!" stuttered the trembling peasant, clinging to the door.

At the mention of this name, which in the Vosges designates a flying procession of demons and witches, Charlotte's heart seemed turned to ice within her; but Baptiste sprang to the side of the woodman, whose trembling finger indicated the steepest gorge of the mountains.

A long, black train seemed to float above the ravine, undulating hither and thither, like an enormous serpent. The moon, concealed in clouds, threw at intervals trembling rays on what might be fancied hurrying phantoms. The black apparition extended in a spiral column along the sky, as if formed by the mad gambols of demoniac forms in some diabolical dance!

The young peasant stood for an instant regarding this strange vision with a troubled eye; but when he had examined it more attentively, he exclaimed at once,

"It is a mist—a cloud of mist, rising from the plains, driven hither and thither by the winds that whirl among these mountains."

Hubert angrily imposed silence upon him.

"Do not provoke the Track!" he said in an altered voice; "if one of the horrible concourse should hear you, it would instantly return, and thanks to Providence, they are nearly past."

"Because the night wind has dispersed the fogs," replied Baptiste, completely re-assured; "you may see them at this moment sinking into the valleys again."

"Very well—very well!" interrupted the forester, in a voice choked by passion; "I have heard of those who, having eyes, see not; but may God protect us, for this apparition bodes some new trouble!"

"I suspect that it bodes rain ere long," said Baptiste; "so the sooner we get in our hay the better, and I must hasten to Luigny to make all the preparation I can."

"But surely you will not venture to expose yourself on these frightful roads at this hour!" cried Charlotte, seriously alarmed.

Baptiste looked at her with a gentle smile.

"Do not fear, sweet neighbor," he said; "if I encounter the Track, the worst that can befall me will be a good wetting; the greatest terror I have is for the harvest."

He entered the cabin for his hat and stick; the young girl endeavored vainly to detain him, but he replied only by jesting at her fears, and Hubert finally interrupted his sister.

"Let those who are faithless follow their own wisdom," said he, brusquely; "the demon will soon teach them his strength."

"The demon can do naught against the will of God," replied Baptiste, calmly; "the Creator guards his children, and when my conscience is clear, I know that he is nigh."

"Adieu, then, and may the evil spirits spare you!" said the woodman, with a discontented aspect.



THE LAST LOAD OF HAY—CUSTOM OF THE VOSGES.

"Adieu, and may Christ protect you," replied the young farmer.

He cast an affectionate glance towards Charlotte, and went out. The young girl, who had followed him to the door, remained there an instant to look out into the night. When he had disappeared she listened some time eagerly, as if expecting to hear his cries or groans, but hearing only the wind wailing among the pines, she at length withdrew into the cabin.

The next morning, long before daylight, thanks to the active exertions of Baptiste, the slopes of his farm were covered with laborers and wagons, hastening to get in the hay. Although it did not rain, the sky was covered with long stretches of cloud which threatened speedy showers. The young farmer went from one group to another, giving aid, counsel and encouragement, and by dint of hearty labor the hay was harvested in a few hours. The sun was yet high when the peasants all met in a broad green meadow, to make up the last load.

Just at this moment one of the farm laborers, named William, conducted a young man towards Baptiste.

"Sir, he brings you a note from M. Debruat, the notary," said he.

The farmer opened the letter and ran his eyes over it with a puzzled air, then looked at the address.

"This note is not for me," said Baptiste; "it is for Hubert. How came you to make such a stupid blunder? If he knew that I have read it he will be enraged."

"Well, it is easy enough to seal it up again," observed William. "Give it to me and I will manage the matter."

"What will you do with it?"

"First, I'll put it just as it was before," said the peasant, wetting the wafer and pressing it down with his thumb; "and then I'll take it to Miss Charlotte; she will carry it to the forester this evening."

"Very well," said Baptiste, adding in an under-tone as the laborer turned away, "he will read it soon enough for his own peace of mind, after all."

Meanwhile the gay assemblage was busied in preparing the last load of hay. It was gaily adorned with bright-colored ribbons, green boughs and blossoms, according to the universal custom; the village musicians had just arrived, and the young pine-tree, decorated as "May," was already disposed in the

front of the load. Baptiste, glancing at the darkening sky, hastened the preparation by word and action.

"Don't stop to be critical, my friends!" he said to the men who were fastening the green hay-ropes around the high load; "the rain will be upon us very soon!"

"Faith," said William, "it will be felt by others than ourselves, for I saw a party this morning ascending towards the Maix, who I fancy thought little of the coming showers."

"It is fortunate that they can take refuge in your brother's cabin among the heights, Charlotte," said Baptiste, turning towards the maiden, who was disposing ribbons on the harness of the oxen.

"Hubert is on the mountain side to-day," replied she, "and the door will be shut and fastened."

"That is a pity," said Baptiste, "but if my eyes do not deceive me, here comes another assemblage this moment."

And in fact, a small party of ladies and children appeared around a turn in the hills, directing their steps towards the decorated load of hay. William recognised the group in an instant.

"On my life," said he to Baptiste, lowering his voice, "it is Madame Fournier."

At these words all eyes were turned towards the new arrivals, for Madame Fournier's name was well known in the neighborhood. She was a wealthy widow, whose ample means permitted her to employ her whole time in benevolent actions and kindly intercourse with her friends. It was she who managed delicate points in love-quarrels, who lent money to embarrassed farmers, who procured letters of recommendation for the young men who wished to study at Strasbourg. In fact she was the guardian genius, the "lesser Providence," of the whole vicinity, and every one turned naturally to her for advice and assistance in all the little trials of everyday life. As she approached, William caught the young farmer by the sleeve and whispered to him.

"Fortune has sent Madame Fournier here just in the nick of time! If you speak to her, she can procure for you, in preference to all others, the farm of the Alder Lands."

"How do you know that?" asked Baptiste.

"Because she has had it in her power to render many services to the proprietor, and he will refuse her nothing."

"A good idea," said Baptiste, "and I thank you for it, William."

And he advanced to meet the lady, who recognised him at once, and saluted him by his name.

Madame Fournier had been out walking with some friends whom she wished to see the Vosges, and asked if any of the harvesters had seen a small division of the party who had set out towards the shores of the Maix. Baptiste called William, who told the widow where he had seen them. The party who had been seeking them for two hours, looked sadly disconcerted when they learned that the steep mountain was yet to be ascended.

"I am afraid madame and her company will encounter the rain before they meet their friends," said Baptiste politely.

"Well, what then?" said the widow laughing. "I hope you don't think we are of salt or sugar, to dissolve in the drops! Come," she added turning towards her companions, "nothing remains for us but to rejoin our stray friends!"

"If Madame Fournier will excuse me," interposed Baptiste, "it would be better for the ladies and children to mount upon the hay, and we will take them to the farm which is near the mountain, and save a long and wearisome walk."

"I like that plan!" said the lady. "It will be charming to ride among the fragrant hay and flowers! Come, ladies, let this young friend of mine assist you to ascend the mountain of cut grass, and you, little ones, up with you among the ribbons and pine branches in an instant! The violinist will play a country dance to cheer you on the route!"

The village orchestra struck up a lively tune at these words, and the ornamented oxen started gaily with their burden, while ladies and children laughed and jested from their airy height to Madame Fournier below, as they rolled away towards the farm road.

The lady, who had preferred to walk, followed on foot with

Baptiste. She questioned him about the state of his farm, his hopes and projects, and the conversation gradually sunk to a low tone, as the pair fell behind the rest of the party. William, who generally neglected his own affairs to meddle with the business of other people, was extremely curious, and lingered as much in the rear as possible, but all that reached his ear was an indistinct murmur of voices, and here and there an isolated word. He could, however, perceive that Baptiste spoke with warmth, and that Madame Fournier seemed to raise some objections, but at length he apparently succeeded in convincing her, for she took from her pocket some tablets and wrote a few lines which she gave to the young man. He thanked her warmly, and placed the note in his vest-pocket, and as they approached, William heard her say,

"Above all, let there be no delay."

"I will go, madame, I will go this very evening, and may Heaven reward you!"

"Surely there is some serious negotiation going on here," mused the officious William. "Perhaps Baptiste has sold his hay, or he is going to be married. Yes, most likely they were talking of his marriage, else why should he be so eager to secure that farm just now? He has shown a great friendship for the forester's sister this long time. May the devil fly away with me, if I don't find this secret out some way or other! I'll go and put my sister Isabel on the scent—she'll find out something from Charlotte. There is no use trying to resist our Isabel; she twists a secret out of one, as easily as you crack a nut!"

With these words William hastened to rejoin the haymakers, and taking apart his sister Isabel, who was in service on Baptiste's farm, communicated to her his suspicions and gave her her instructions.

Meanwhile the wagon pursued its way, and soon arrived at Baptiste's dwelling. Just as it stopped before the door the



clouds began to pour down a torrent of fine rain. The young farmer entreated Madame Fournier to await the close of the shower before attempting the ascent of the mountain, and the widow consented.

She walked through the rooms, admiring the taste with which the tables were arranged, and stopping here and there to exchange a kind word with some of her village friends. When at length the sky began to brighten, however, she announced her intention of proceeding up the mountain. Baptiste insisted on conveying his guests in one of the smaller wagons, at least as far as the spot where the little mountain footpath branched off from the main road. At first the lady declined, but a whispered remark from the young farmer appeared to decide the matter, and she accepted his offer.

They were hardly gone when the young men began to put away the tables and prepare the seats for the orchestra, and the maidens applied themselves to some domestic cares which it was impossible to neglect. Isabel, the sister of our friend William, set about finishing some hemp which would be needed the next day; Charlotte began to gather some fresh grass for Baptiste's favorite cow, and Fanny prepared to sweep the large main room, which was to be transformed into a saloon.

"Quick, quick, girls!" cried she; "the young master will return in a few minutes, and everything must be ready for the dance!"

"Do not count too much on that," said Isabel; "probably it will be many hours before his return."

"Why do you think so?" asked Charlotte, pausing in her work.

"Ah! why, indeed?" repeated Isabel in a malicious tone. "Because sometimes our young master is in a greater hurry to go out than he is to return again!"

"What detains him?" asked Fanny.

"You had better ask himself," said Isabel laughing. "What is it that tempts young birds away from their nests, and young men from their thresholds?"

"Then he has a preference amid the country damsels!"

"So they say, my simple Fanny."

"And he really thinks of establishing a young wife to preside over this fine farm-house?"

"Perhaps he does!"

"And don't you know whom he has chosen?"

"I am not at all curious," replied Isabel, throwing a side glance towards Charlotte, who had become slightly pale, and stood listening in an attitude of intense attention.

"Ah, can it be possible!" exclaimed Fanny, "that this sly young master of ours thinks to get married without our suspecting the matter?"

"Isabel—is not certain—of what she says?" murmured the woodman's sister, in tremulous accents.

"Do you think not, my sweet Lottie?" asked Isabel sarcastically.

"Then you know the name of the future bride, Isabel?" exclaimed Fanny.

"And should not I?"

"I'll wager that I guess it!"

"And I'll wager that you don't."

"Wait," mused Fanny, tapping the handle of her broom against her teeth, as if to rouse her memory. "Isn't it pretty little Marguerite?"

"She is betrothed to the miller!"

"Then it's Catharine at the cross roads."

"She is too fond of ribbons and finery."

"Who can it be? It is Claire Barrois!"

"Nonsense," said Isabel. "Do you think our young master would marry into such a notorious family as that?"

"Wait, wait! I have it!" interrupted Fanny, clapping her hands. "It is Ursula, the bellringer's daughter at Luvigny."

Isabel said nothing, but smiled.

"Is it true, then?" asked Charlotte, with suffused eyes and trembling lips.

"I say nothing," returned Isabel, whose large, light gray orbs were fixed on the slight figure of Hubert's pretty sister. "But why not? Is not Ursula a good, honest creature?"

"God forbid that I should say aught to the contrary!" faltered Charlotte.

"Is she not a comely, fair spoken damsel?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And in addition to all this, her father will give her a good marriage portion."

"Ah! I have guessed it," cried Fanny; "it is Ursula."

"I think Charlotte is better able to inform you as to that, than anybody else," observed Isabel, maliciously.

"I!" cried the poor young girl, whose distress of mind was so great that she could not command herself. "I don't know what you mean."

"Our master talks freely with you and your brother," resumed Isabel. "Confess that he has said something to you about this matter."

"Not a word—I swear to you—not a single word," murmured Charlotte, ready to weep.

"Well, well, it isn't necessary to go into hysterics about it," said Isabel; "but they say, my poor child, that you have a sensitive heart."

"Isabel, you are cruel!" sobbed Hubert's sister. "And I am only losing my time in listening to you."

Without pausing for a reply, she abruptly turned from the two young girls, and entered the house.

Fanny looked after her, with a puzzled and astonished air.

"Good heavens! what is the matter with her?" she asked, turning to her companion for an explanation.

Isabel touched her hand to her heart, and burst out laughing.

"You don't understand, you silly thing!" she cried, "it is my fine tale about marriages which has pierced her to the very heart."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the astonished Fanny.

"I knew that I could make her show her secret liking for our master," added Isabel, "but besides enjoying her chagrin and mortification, I have discovered that there is no actual engagement, and that the marriage is not appointed, as William was foolish enough to believe. I'll go and tell him all about it, for it is impossible for him to find out anything from Baptiste. Ah! my poor child, you can't imagine how hard it is to live among those who conceal secrets from you! Truly no one who has the least spice of curiosity, can help falling sick with vexation!"

The two maidens had no farther opportunity for conversation, for at this moment the clear, lively sounds of the violin and clarinet struck on their ears with festive accord, and both hastened to leave their occupations and add a few fancy touches to their toilettes, ere they joined the thronging guests that now began to fill the wide hall of the farm-house.

While dancing, joking, and merry-making prevailed at the farm, Madame Fournier had joined her stray friends on the heights that surrounded the lake, and was pointing out to them the various beauties of the fine landscape. The changing lights and shadows that chased one another across the sky, gave an infinite variety to the aspect of the mountains, while the light, fleecy clouds that sailed through the bright blue atmosphere looked like tiny boats, gliding over a boundless sea.

Our tourists, delighted with the cool, delicious air, and stimulated by the fresh mountain breezes, wandered about in a thousand different directions, sometimes crossing deep ravines on the mossy trunks of fallen trees which served for the moment as bridges, sometimes treading narrow paths on the verge of steep cliffs, and sometimes pausing to rest on sunny bits of velvet turf. At length, on a smooth piece of upland, under the spreading branches of one of the stateliest pines of the mountain, they all sat down to break their fast upon the goodly store of provision which they had brought with them. This gipsy repast, enlivened by the inevitable omissions, the amusing misadventures, and the unexpected wants that generally attend a meal in the open air, was prolonged amid merry jests and musical laughter, until the very moment when the sun began to descend behind the western heights. The level light, and the lengthening shadows of the trees began to warn the travellers that it was time to think of retreat; baskets, parasols, and sketch-books were collected together, and the ladies began to look uneasily, first at their slippered feet, and then at the steep and winding paths which lay before them. But Madame Fournier re-assured them in an instant.

"I have let you climb up here on foot, because the exercise

was just what you needed," she said; "but I intend that you shall learn all the different methods of locomotion of which we can boast up here in the Vosges. One of them is the road by which the foresters let their *schlittes* of wood glide down the declivities; there, to the right, is one of those highways, and we will profit by it. After having ascended like goats, we shall go down like logs of wood. Come, my friends, let all who love me follow in my train."

The merry band took the route towards the height, where they found several foresters busied in piling up the wood which had been cut on the mountain sides, and in taking it down to the plains below. One of the roads which served them for a thoroughfare for this purpose, and which are often used in the Vosges, extended down this very ravine. It was composed of a series of steps, formed of round logs of wood laid at regular intervals, and retained in their positions by pickets at either end. The wood which they desired to send down by this method was piled up on a rude sledge, or *schlitta*; and in front of the load sat the steersman, conductor, or whatever he might be called, who regulated the headlong speed of the descending *schlitta* by pushing his heels alternately against the logs of the rude causeway.

The sight of this rustic style of carriage, and the steepness of the descent, rather intimidated some of the party at first, but Madame Fournier soon lulled their fears by declaring that there was nothing to fear with a *schlitta* at the helm.

"And here is one," she added, "who has the air of all the seven wise men of Greece, and who ought to have more wit in his one cerebellum than we possess in all our united brains. We shall travel as safely in his sledge as if we were in a Parisian diligence."

The forester whom she thus indicated was no other than our old friend Hubert, whose sledge was waiting for a load upon the height. The widow beckoned to him, and asked if he would not take her party, instead of logs of wood, this time into the valley. Hubert replied laconically that there were eight places in his sledge, and the travellers took their seats according to his directions, not without many misgivings on the part of the ladies, who were hazarding their lives and limbs for the first time on the Vosgienne declivities. The instant that the sledge began to move, the whole group uttered a loud cry, half of terror, and half of surprise. Madame Fournier laughingly held up her finger.

"Why, what is the matter?" said she; "what are you afraid of?"

"We shall all be dashed to pieces!" was the cry.

"Not on these descents; there is no danger whatever. Ask our good charioteer."

"No danger for the load," responded Hubert; "the conductor alone is exposed."

"And if anything happens to throw off our conductor, he will doubtless break his limbs," objected some one.

The brother of Charlotte made a negative sign.

"No one ever breaks only a limb on these roads," he said.

"When one loses control of the sledge, one is thrown against trees or rocks, at the first turning, with terrific force!"

"And does this happen frequently?"

"Often enough to make widows and orphans every year of our lives. I know something of that myself."

"What do you mean?" asked the visitor.

Hubert pointed with his finger towards a gigantic pine-tree in one of the turnings of the road.

"Do you see that old tree?" he asked.

"The one on which is nailed a rude cross?"

"Yes."

"Certainly—what of it?"

"It is there that my father was killed!"

The company uttered a simultaneous exclamation.

"How long ago was it?" asked Madame Fournier.

"Nineteen years next winter," answered the forester.

"But how did this happen?" she questioned.

"As all accidents happen," said Hubert, "by the malice of the demon, and in consequence of neglecting the warnings from on high that he received. Signs and omens were not wanting to my father; alas! that he so slighted them. For three days before his death he heard his name called in hollow tones amid the mountain heights, and he knew that it was

the voice of our dead mother. As he descended these roads the corpse-lights danced before him, and shone and glittered at the foot of that great pine-tree—his limbs were icy cold, his head drooped heavily, and it seemed to him as if leaden weights were tugging at his heart-strings—all these were certain omens of death and doom."

"In other words, he was sick!" said Madame Fournier.

Hubert smiled ironically.

"Yes," replied he, "so certain wiseacres told him, while others said, 'Take care, Hubert, there are evil influences against thee in the air!' And my father believed these latter, but daily bread must be earned, and so he still continued to bring his loads of wood down into the valley. One evening when he felt this warning weight heavier than ever at his heart, he set out down this route in great haste to finish his journey. Night was gathering on the mountains, and the other foresters were all gone to their homes. In the midst of the steep descent, my father heard behind him the noise of a sledge shooting down from the heights. He turned, but saw nothing; meanwhile the noise increased, like rapidly approaching thunder! All at once he felt his limbs giving way beneath him; his sledge, precipitated by an invisible hand, flew from the track and struck against the gigantic pine with a frightful shock. When he was found there, some hours later, he was still alive, and able to relate how he met the accident; and his last words to me were, 'Hubert, never neglect omens and forewarnings.' With these accents he clasped the crucifix to his breast, and closed his eyes until the last judgment?"

"And no doubt you have obeyed his last counsels?" said one of the guests, who had been studying Hubert's singular physiognomy with some curiosity.

"As far as possible I have," replied Hubert, "but signs are only of use to put one on one's guard. We cannot avoid the decrees of fate."

"I hope you have no evil presentiments to-day, my friend," said Madame Fournier, smiling.

The Vosgien shook his head without replying.

"Why you just now told us yourself that there was no danger!" said the lady.

"For those whom the sledge conveys—no, certainly not," said Hubert, solemnly. "My evil presages are not for those whom I am conducting homewards."

"Then they are for yourself?"

Hubert was silent.

"Have you, like your father, been visited with omens?"

Hubert nodded, gloomily.

"What are they? Tell us, pray!" cried several voices.

The forester did not immediately reply.

"It is useless to speak of such things to those who have no faith," he replied at length.

"Nonsense, I know what the trouble is!" said Madame Fournier, in an undertone to her guests, as she turned towards them. "He has found his axe buried in the earth, edge downwards, or he has seen or heard the famous Track of Hellequin among the mountains."

Hubert glanced uneasily from side to side among the dark pine-trees as she spoke.

"See him now!" added the widow in the same low voice.

"All these brave foresters are full of such diabolical phantasies. It is not enough that they are constantly obliged to struggle against misery, fatigue and peril; but their brains are perpetually haunted by an army of invisible and unreal enemies!"

"But it is unaccountable to me," observed one of the company, "that after the accident which happened to his father, our guide should have chosen the same profession!"

"And that he should not have preferred settling in the valleys," added another.

"The life of the forester seems so wild and rude."

"And that of the husbandman so pleasant!"

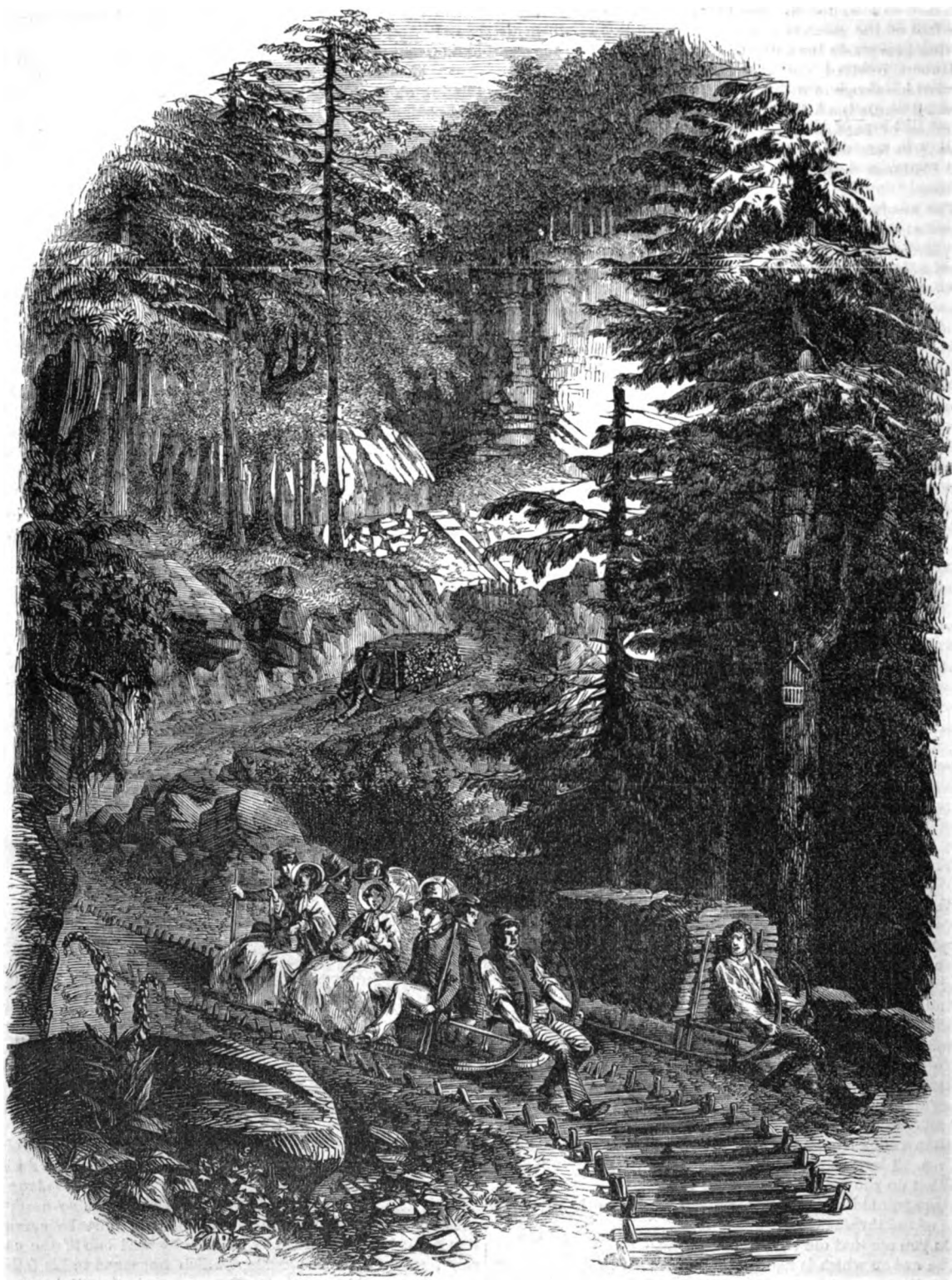
"Ah, you are thinking of young Baptiste, our host of this morning," said Madame Fournier.

"I know him well," observed the first speaker, "he has relations dwelling near our native village."

"He is a lively, winning companion," said the widow.

"And he has a heart noble and true as virgin gold. I know this by many things that I have heard and seen."

"I am glad to say that I have this morning been able



DESCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN IN THE SLED.

to render him a very material service," observed Madame Fournier.

"Yes, I saw you give him a note," said her friend.

"I did—a letter for the notary at Luvigny.

"M. Debruat, does madame mean?" interrupted Hubert, who had been listening to the latter part of this conversation.

"Certainly," said Madame Fournier, "and he will doubtless be there to-night, as the affair is very pressing."

"And this business with the notary," resumed the forester, with evident anxiety, "does madame know what it is?"

"Perfectly, my friend," replied the lady, "only madame does not choose to divulge it, seeing that Baptiste particularly requested that it should be kept a profound secret."

Hubert made no reply, but he pressed his lips firmly together, and a dark frown gathered on his forehead. It was evident that a disagreeable suspicion had entered his mind. Spurred onward by anxiety to clear up these doubts, he accelerated his speed along the rude path, guiding his equipage like lightning past other sledges loaded with wood, only saluting them with the quick, sharp cry of warning, which it was customary to

use, and soon landed Madame Fournier and her friends safely at the foot of the mountain, where they left the woodman, after having generously rewarded him for his trouble.

Hubert received the silver without even looking at it, secured his sledge in its place, and immediately took the route that led across the fields to the farm. When he arrived at the dwelling of Baptiste the sunset tints were deepening in the west; the fête was at its acme of enjoyment, and the violin and clarionet made the farm-house re-echo with their joyous melody.

The woodman paused on hearing these sounds, rather embarrassed at the idea of entering in the midst of all these festivities, and looked anxiously around for some one to whom he could give his message.

At this moment a young maiden who had hitherto been half concealed behind a large haycock, erected that very day, came forward. It was Charlotte, who had sought this quiet corner to escape from the uncongenial gaiety of the fête within, and ease her heart by a burst of secret weeping. The false and foolish stories of Isabel yet rankled in her mind, and had served to depress and deject her all the afternoon.

On seeing her brother, however, she quickly wiped her eyes, and tried to recover the serenity of expression that usually gave such a gentle sweetness to her face. She advanced to meet her brother with a smile, and Hubert sprang forward so well pleased to see her, that he did not observe her sad countenance.

"Where is Baptiste?" he asked in a whisper.

Charlotte replied that he had mingled with the dancers a moment or two before, but that he had excused himself and set out again on horseback.

"Do you know whither he has gone?" asked the woodman.

"I believe," faltered the young girl, "that he took the Luvigny road."

"Then it is true," muttered Hubert; "he has gone to M. Debruat's."

"The notary's," repeated Charlotte, her face brightening. "Do you think so brother! And not to visit Ursula?"

"I am sure of it," said Hubert so agitated that he did not hear his sister's last words. "I should have received a letter from M. Debruat ere this."

"Ah, that reminds me," interrupted the maiden, taking something from her bosom. "I have a billet here for you."

"For me? where is it?"

"And I believe they told me it was from the notary."

Hubert, who had caught the note from his sister's hand, and had been reading it, here uttered an angry exclamation.

"Yes," cried he; "may all evil spirits confound the black villain. It is just like him; just what I might have expected from the smooth-spoken scoundrel! The omens did not warn me in vain, for the curse is on me even now."

"Hubert, Hubert, what is the matter?" cried the terrified Charlotte.

"The matter!" repeated Hubert between his firmly set teeth. "Ah, you have not guessed it, poor child! The matter is that all our labors result in weariness and vanity, and all our hopes in empty regrets. The notary refuses me the Alder farm. I see through it all, however; he has, no doubt, found a better farmer to manage the lands."

"Gracious Heavens, what a misfortune!" cried Charlotte, now allowing her tears to flow freely, partly for the chagrin she felt at her brother's disappointment, but even more for her own concealed sorrow.

"Yes," continued Hubert who had been re-perusing the letter, "he tells me that I cannot offer sufficient sureties—that the land will suffer in my hands—and that he would prefer a more experienced and accomplished farmer. Oh, I understand, I understand! some malicious wretch has been filling his mind



THE FORESTERS OF THE VOSGES.

with prejudice against me! No doubt he has been made to understand that I have neither money, skill, nor strength to work the farm. Who knows what lies they may have trumped up for this occasion?"

Charlotte sobbed bitterly.

"Ah, who could have been so cruel—so wicked?" she exclaimed.

"That is just what I am determined to know," said Hubert, folding up the letter, and placing it carefully in the pocket of his waistcoat. "By the powers of heaven! but I will know my enemy!"

"But how will you find out?" asked Charlotte.

"I will consult old Mother Marcou."

"When?"

"Immediately, to be sure!"

Charlotte started, as if struck with a bright idea.

"I will go with you," she said; "I also wish to consult the sorceress."

"Very well, let us set out immediately."

And, without even entering the farm-house, where gay music and joyful exclamations still resounded, he hastened with Charlotte towards the village, whose distant spires towered up from afar amid the gathering shadows of twilight.

The walk was accomplished in silence. Hubert was reviewing in his own mind the various projects which had been so recently disappointed. He dwelt with a bitter satisfaction upon this new trouble, conjecturing its author and its probable cause, and secretly promising himself a sure and speedy revenge that should entirely satisfy his wounded feelings for these unmerited rebuffs. Charlotte, on her part, was musing sadly on the words of Isabel, her mind agitated between doubts, fears and surmises.

Night had fallen when they reached the village, but the woodman knew the way to the secluded cottage of the old sorceress, and hastened thither without delay. She dwelt in a lonely, out-of-the-way spot, surrounded by a low, marshy courtyard. A rude stone wall bounded her narrow domains, and the gate was ornamented by the white and ghastly bones of a horse's skull, which served as a sort of talisman or scare-crow, to indicate her peculiar avocations. Ostensibly she carried on the pursuit of a small dealer in ribbons, tapes, &c., for the benefit of the village damsels; but she was regarded by many as a sorceress, in direct communication with some evil spirit. Old men, who still remembered ancient traditions, did not fail to remark that she shunned the society of her own sex for that of her huge black cat, while those who had seen her driving her cow to pasture in the gray light of the early dawn, with her broom in her hand, did not hesitate to avow that the nine fearful signs of the conclave of witches were plainly written on her forehead. As the two approached the isolated cabin, Charlotte's heart began to beat fast with terror. She slackened her pace a little, and asked her brother, in a whisper, if he did not think it too late in the evening to consult the sorceress; but Hubert's angry impatience admitted of no delay. He strode on, without replying, crossed the narrow court, and knocked loudly at the maddening door of Mother Marcou.

After a moment's delay, a hollow voice responded from within—

"Enter forester! I am waiting for thee!"

Hubert started, and his sister turned deadly pale.

"She knows you, although she has not yet seen you!" cried Charlotte in an agitated whisper.

"That only proves that she is able to tell me all I wish to ascertain," replied Hubert, in whose heart curiosity was even stronger than terror, and they timidly lifted the latch and entered.

The sorceress, in whose presence they now stood, was an old woman of great height, with hard features and locks of coarse gray hair escaping from either side of her close cap. Hubert saluted her with labored politeness, but Charlotte clung trembling to his arm, unable even to look up.

"Thou art come at last," said the old woman, fixing a penetrating glance upon the brother and sister; "there is then some great trouble about which you wish to consult the soothsayer."

"If such had not been the case, we should not have been

here," replied the woodman, endeavoring to appear calm and composed.

"No—you would have been full of fears for the safety of your souls," said the old creature, with bitterness, "for there are many who accuse me of practising the black art, even though I go regularly to the village church, and keep crucifixes and vessels of holy water in my dwelling."

As she spoke, she glanced towards an image of the crucifixion rudely carved in the walls, near a little china basin of holy water, surmounted by a cross. Hubert bowed his head toward them in token of respect, but still appeared embarrassed. The question which he wished to ask the old sorceress certainly would require a spice of what she called "the black art," and he began to fear that she had already taken offence at his freedom. Not daring to come directly to the point, he proposed, after a moment's hesitation, that they should "throw coins" in order to discover whether he should eventually conquer the ill-fortune that pursued him. This simple ceremony was often practised among the Vosges mountains, and much confidence was reposed in the prophecies of the coins.

"Be it as you will, in the name of God, and in the rectitude of your own intentions," said the old woman, solemnly.

She opened the door of a small cupboard, took from thence an earthen platter and filled it with water, over which she made the sign of the cross, muttering some mysterious conjurations. Then, with her left hand resting upon her well-worn broom, and kneeling on one knee, she began to murmur over, in a low voice, the litany of the saints, throwing into the consecrated water at every name a small coin, which bounded back into her hand. At length, at the name of St. John, the coin rebounded against her shoulder, and thence struck against the wall.

Then she rose solemnly to her full height.

"Thou hast the answer," she said to Hubert. "The coin hath decreed that thou shalt make a pilgrimage to the chapel of St. John, and as it leaped up five times, it is fore-ordained that thou shalt there make five offerings; that is to say, a wax-taper, a linen altar-cloth, a silver-piece, a basket of eggs, and a basket of onions."

"And is this all?" questioned the forester.

"All; except a mass which thou shalt order at the commencement of every season."

Hubert thanked her, and put into her hand a piece of money. The gift was no doubt much larger than she had expected, for her stern features brightened, and she smiled encouragingly at the woodman.

"This is very good," she said, sliding the money into her capacious pocket. "Believe me, that those who recompense well, will be recompensed accordingly. Follow the indications of the coin, and the bad fortune which is impending over you will vanish like smoke."

"Then it is true that evil actually threatens me?" asked Hubert, earnestly.

The old woman made a sign in the affirmative.

"And that I have an enemy who constantly pursues me to frustrate all my good fortune?"

"All good Christians have such an enemy!" replied the sorceress.

"But you are able to tell me his name, good mother," continued Hubert, in a lower tone, "you have this marvellous power."

She opened her lips as if to deny this.

"You have, you have!" persisted he, with eagerness; "the mountain wizard, who died a year ago, left you his magic mirror, in which the inquirer can see whomsoever he seeks, be it highwaymen, robbers or enemies. Let me have one glance at its surface, and all this shall be yours."

He showed her the whole sum of money which he had received from Madame Fournier and her guests. The keen eyes of the old woman sparkled with delight.

"All!" she repeated, stretching out her fingers, which were long, skinny and crooked, like the talons of an eagle.

"All!" reiterated the forester, clinking the pieces together in the hollow of his hand.

"I cannot resist your entreaties, my son!" cried the old hag; "give me the coins instantly."

"When I have seen the glass," replied Hubert, still holding back the bribe with cautious distrust.

"Come then," said the sorceress, "hither, into this corner. The mirror must not be gazed upon by two-human beings who have been baptized, at one time."

She drew the forester towards the foot of the bed, behind a large curtain of coarse blue cloth, while Charlotte remained in the middle of the room. There was a long silence, broken only by the low voice of the sorceress muttering some confused words.

"Do you see aught?" she asked after an interval.

"Not yet!" replied the trembling Hubert.

But all at once he uttered a loud cry.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed, "I expected it! By the powers of hell it is he!"

"Hush! Do not name him, or all is lost!" shrieked the old woman.

"No, no, I will not! you are right," cried the forester. "But I have seen him! I am sure it is he! Take the money, take the money, good mother! Ah, I know quite enough now!"

He threw the silver into the old woman's apron, and rushed from the cabin. The terrified Charlotte hastened after him, calling his name, but he had already disappeared into the darkness.

He ran towards Luvigny, in a perfect transport of rage, murmuring disconnected words and phrases in his anger as he went.

"It is he—always he!" cried the woodman. "Always before me to anticipate and frustrate my wishes—always crossing my path with his hateful smiles and courtesy! Last year it was the woods of Combe which he got away from me—then the contract of bringing fuel for the factory and church, and now it is the farm of the Alder Lands! Is not this enough to drive one mad? But I will be avenged! Master Baptiste shall not find me so easy a subject to deal with as he thinks for. The old witch said truly! By the true cross! this work shall be finished soon!"

As he pronounced these last words he reached the threshold of the notary and stumbled against some one who was just crossing the doorstone. His name was uttered in a joyous tone which made him raise his head suddenly. It was the young farmer.

At this sight the forester uttered a savage cry of exultation.

"Ah—is it you!" he exclaimed, grasping his stick. "Surely it is the good God who has placed you in my pathway? Where do you come from?"

"Don't you see?" replied Baptiste gaily. "I am just now coming from M. Debruat's house!"

"You have been to pay for the farm of the Alder Lands, have you not?" demanded the woodman.

"Yes, but how did you know this?"

"And you have secured it?" pursued Hubert, in a voice half-choked by emotion.

"See the agreement!" cried Baptiste, joyously holding up a piece of folded parchment.

The woodcutter drew back a step or two, very pale.

"By the heaven that is above us both! you shall not profit by this!" he exclaimed in a voice of rage and fury.

And grasping his strong holly staff in both hands, he dealt the young man a terrific blow; Baptiste fell to the ground, stunned and insensible.

Hubert sprang forward to repeat the blow, when Charlotte threw herself between the prostrate man and her brother, and clasped her arms about her brother's neck with a loud cry. He strove to throw her off.

"Let me alone," he exclaimed, trembling with rage. "As you value your life, Charlotte, unhand me! Let me finish with this villain at once!"

"Hear me first!" cried the young girl, still clinging to his neck. "Hubert! unfortunate wretch! what have you done?"

"How dare you ask me?" demanded Hubert, fiercely gazing at his foe, who was now beginning to recover his senses. "Has he not deprived me of my last hope—the farm of the Alder Lands? Is not that the agreement in his very hand?"

"I!" cried Baptiste, who overheard the words. "Alas! my poor friend, I was bringing it to you!"

The woodcutter started in astonishment.

"What is it that you say?" he asked, trembling.

"Why, I say," returned Baptiste, smiling as he rose to his feet, "that this morning, after having read, by mistake, the note which refused you the farm, I was fortunate enough to meet a kind-hearted lady who knew M. Debruat, and who consented to write a few words of intercession, which produced such a favorable effect that I was just bringing you your title as farmer of the Alder Lands!"

He held out the folded paper to Hubert, who received it mechanically, and approached the window from which streamed a flood of light from the notary's study-lamp. He bent over the parchment, and read his own name at the head of the document!

A remorseful thrill passed through his heart. All the time that he had been suspecting Baptiste of selfish and malicious spite, the young farmer had been exerting himself for his good, with the most generous friendship and untiring perseverance.

It is useless to record Hubert's repentant apologies and exclamations of self reproach, nor the kind and generous pardon frankly extended by Baptiste. Hubert and his sister yielded to the young farmer's pressing invitation, and walked with him to his dwelling. On the way, Baptiste laughingly confessed that his conduct in the matter had not been quite so disinterested as at first it might appear. The truth was, he said, that in serving and assisting Hubert, his chief desire had been to render himself acceptable to the forester's lovely sister.

"May I venture to hope, Charlotte," he asked, pressing the young girl's hand, "that when your brother is safely established in the Alder Lands, you will consent to be my wife, and to preside over the domestic details of my own little valley farm? Though I can offer you neither wealth nor splendor, I have a true and loyal heart to give, and that is yours already."

Overjoyed and bewildered by this unexpected realization of her brightest hopes, Charlotte threw herself, blushing, into her brother's arms, murmuring only a few indistinct words. Hubert extended both his hands to the young farmer with the warm grasp of amity.

"How can I thank you sufficiently for your noble conduct?" he said. "Curses on my rash and headstrong imagination, which beheld in the old witch's misty glass some phantom which I fancied to resemble you, and curses on the old hag herself, who deceived me so arrantly!"

Baptiste laid his hand gently on Hubert's arm.

"Forgive her!" he said, mildly. "Remember that she is very old and very poor, and that your silver tempted her strongly. And after all, the real cause of all these misfortunes is in the mistaken idea that man can, by any possibility, discover the secrets which God chooses to conceal. Believe me, my brother, it is useless to trouble yourself about signs, omens or sorceresses. Only dwell according to the commands of our Maker, and trust implicitly in His care, and no evil spirit or gnome can ever disturb the peaceful tenor of your life."

"For my part, I shall henceforth follow your advice," said Charlotte, smiling and blushing. "I have seen too much grief and perturbation result from the constant dread of signs, warnings and apparitions, not to be weary of the very name of spirit."

"Ah, my little sister," said Hubert, laughing archly; "there is no eloquence so convincing as that which flows from the lips of those we love. But I confess that Baptiste's view of the subject seems correct, and hereafter I shall be under a less galling bondage to these ancient superstitions. The lesson I have this night received will not soon be forgotten."

"Do not speak of it," said Baptiste, kindly. "See, there are the lights of my farmhouse windows, shining across the road. I feel assured—a presentiment, I suppose you would have called it two hours ago, Hubert—that there are many happy years in store for all three of us, in our quiet homes among the Vosges mountains."

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.—It may be comforting to the advocates of woman's rights to know that ladies formerly sat in Parliament. Both under the Saxon and Norman rulers of England, noble ladies holding the office of abbess voted and deliberated in the national councils.

LINES TO LILIAS.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Swifter flow'rets in your path upspring
As carelessly you stray,
And chirping birds upon the wing—
The time is early May—
Make the sweet scene more gay.

The green grass yieldeth to your feet
And odors are express'd !
The waters murmur music sweet,
Without or pause or rest,
To welcome our lov'd guest.

The very beetle hums a song ;
The bee as it goes by
Stops in its flight and pauses long,
As if it fain would try
Your lips' bright purple dye.

The timid hind knows not a fear,
But crouches at your feet ;
The faithful doves, in covert near,
Coo forth a soft entreat
To gain your smiles so sweet.

In you all nature doth rejoice,
All own your subtle charm,
The magic of your eye, your voice
And smile, so true and warm.
All evil things disarm.

You are in truth so wond'rous fair,
The winds as they pass by
Do wanton with your clust'ring hair,
Then melt into a sigh,
As blest near thee to die !

Then is it strange I own your charm,
When all things love you so ?
Your blushing beauty young and warm,
Your spirits' gentle flow,
Replete with nature glow.

I worship nature then in you,
For you all good combine !
I render homage where 'tis due,
And at your pure heart's shine
I lay this love of mine.

HOW THEY KEPT CHRISTMAS AT UPTON MANOR.

A "green Christmas," they say, "makes a full churchyard ;" though some are optimists enough to affirm that death so calls the aged more swiftly and calmly to their long home. However, the days of the year of grace 185—were drawing gently to their close ; and on Christmas eve the air was still balmy, the wet grass still green in hue, faded and stained as it was, and the red berries seemed rather dulled and swollen by the rain than bright and crisp with frost. A gentleman in full hunting costume, mounted on a dark, bony, game-looking, thorough-bred mare, of more weight and power than beauty, charged a small fence with as much glee as if he had been a boy. He was followed by his daughter, who sat her own handsome compact little charger in good style as it performed the same feat discreetly and well. She was an uncommonly guileless, handsome, boyish-looking girl—small, square, and yet undeniably elastic in the build ; and her hair, worn in the *Jeanne d'Arc* style, which our glorious contralto Alboni patronizes, had won for her the patronymic of "handsome Master Tuffnel." A small object was seen busy fumbling at the fastenings of a gate, which a groom hastily unfastened and threw open ; and through it, with the dignity and composure of a king in a triumphal procession, slowly issued a small dark-eyed boy, seated on a very pigmy Shetland pony. His skin was of the hue that betokens birth in some warmer climate, and his tiny hands tugged steadily at the reins as he lifted his great melancholy eyes to his uncle. Now, next to his daughter Georgie, who was to him as the apple of his eye, Sir Mark Tuffnel loved his little nephew Patrick. His father had been Sir Mark's favorite brother ; and when Colonel Tuffnel died in India, and Sir Mark was himself left a widower, he offered his sister-in-law and her son (the future baronet) a home at Upton Manor ; and the presence of her gentle face was a comfort to "Master Tuffnel," as well as to her father.

"If you ride in that style, you will head the field, Patrick," said Georgie.

"Never mind, you'll lay back, save your charger, and surprise us all, my boy." I knew a fellow," continued Sir Mark reflectively, "who rode an uncommonly stubborn horse : Stick-in-the-Mud we used to call him. When Stick-in-the-Mud went nothing could stop him ; and when he stopped nothing could stir him. He had a peculiar way of twisting his neck right round to stare at those fences he meant to take, and in the same way turning his face from those he intended to refuse. One day Kilham had him out with these very hounds, and came to a wide ditch with a neat little rasping fence on either side. Stick-in-the-Mud turned away his visage, and stood motionless like a *posé plastique*. Over we all went, and left Kilham pounding away with his long spurs and hunting-whip ; the horse standing like the statue in *Don Giovanni*, and its rider like one of the infuriated imps. We had a run of half an hour, then came to a check, and back again to the very same spot ; and, if you'll believe me, there was Stick-in-the-Mud, and there was Kilham, who had been thrashing away ever since. And he actually got the brush ; for the hounds killed a quartet of a mile lower down. The horse was quite fresh, though Kilham declared that flail exercise in a barn was a joke to that day's work."

"Now, papa, we must push on ; indeed we must."

"Yes, uncle," rejoined Patrick, spurring Sheltie in token of vigor.

"Impatience, Pat, is your great fault," said Sir Mark ; "why, you leaped the fence just now, when we old people bungled half an hour at the gate."

Patrick looked up from one to the other, to be sure he heard aright, and then pondered deeply. No one can divine of what children are thinking. He was possibly reviewing the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Here they passed through a little glade, and then by a plantation on to the moors.

"Oh, these moors, papa," said Georgie, "I do so love them ! What a race we shall have, and no check—I hope !"

The scene had its own style of beauty. Many ranges of black hills spread round. Mists were perpetually floating about them, now clinging to their tops, and again letting the black peaks cleave them, and wrapping only their base. The winter sun gave them color and a white brightness, causing often a kind of mirage, and making them appear either far or near. In these lonely districts a cockney would have had poor chance. To the left lay two large tarns glittering in the sun, flanked by black fir-plantings. Ragged stone walls intersected the moors, and the gray-stone huts of the shepherds were scattered thinly about. Not a living thing could you see save a few mountain sheep ; and once a blackcock sprang up, wild and strong on the wing, with its hoarse cry. In the bogs, too, you might flash a snipe, which said "beware" to man and horse. Here our riders were joined by a group of gentlemen bound on the same errand. Foremost was Lord Pountney, with his keen, intelligent, sharply cut features, and his smile, a little "fin." He rode his three hundred guinea hunter, and his groom followed with one of equal value. Moulton, of Moulton, the most inveterate rider of the lot, and a man who was regularly "spilled" at every fence ; though, thanks to a hard head, he had not yet been carried home dead. Andrew Oaklands, a fat little gentleman, thrust rather than placed into his white leathers, with fun and *bonhomie* written broadly on every feature. A most open-handed squire the poor people called him. Then Mr. Cecil Gage, a handsome worn-out looking man, with lines of bitterness and care scored indelibly on his physiognomy. He had somewhat of a failure in life ; he had missed winning the woman he loved, and omitted to keep the woman he married. He was a *divorcé* ; he was without a heir, and people said also without a religion. Mortgaged acres, a slightly damaged reputation, a jaded spirit, and the memories of a wasted life, were the laurels on which he had to repose.

Wasted !—that word has a peculiar dreariness about it. It is worse than loss ; for we may believe, and comfort ourselves with the belief, that what we lose others may find ; but "wasted" means that which has gone unprofitably and carelessly and miserably. "A wasted life !" that phrase has no equal in sadness and significance.

Captain Charlie Vardun rode by Gage. He looked, and per-

haps was, one of the most thorough-bred fops that ever stood; and yet it is to be presumed from his honors won in the East, that he was one of "the Duke's puppies who fought well." He was clothed, as far as the lower part of his face was concerned, in a chestnut-colored beard of extraordinary size; his head was shorn as nearly bare as may be. Large dreamy blue eyes, a long slender person, with almost a woman's hands and feet, were his chief points; and for the rest he seemed steeped in a languor and nonchalance so excessive, that he gave you the idea he was either expiring of fatigue, or intended doing so as soon as it was to be done without annoying the company. Lastly came up a fussy, pompous, florid gentleman—Christopher Ridding—the *novus homo* in those parts; and rather behind him, a young tenant-farmer in scarlet, who was, and looked as if he was, more than half ashamed of his costume. Sir Mark's quick eye caught it directly, and he inwardly determined to touch him up on the subject.

"Well, Sir Mark, and how are the covers, and where are we to find a fox?"

"There are two, Oaklands, they tell me, in the cover by the birches. Have you caught those poachers yet your men were after?"

"Not up to ten this morning," said Oaklands.

"They deserve a month, at least," said Sir Mark.

"I'm not one of her Majesty's justices of the peace," observed Gage. "I have never been anything half so respectable—or stupid," he added *sotto voce*; "but I should give every man of them three months and hard labor, if I had the committing of them."

"By the way," said Sir Mark, "my shepherd tells me he found a dead fox in the low plantation." (Savage murmurs of "shame.") "I would rather a man forged my name than killed my foxes," said he decisively.

Omnēs in chorus, "So would I."

"But permit me, gentleman, to observe," said the *novus homo*, "forgery is a very serious crime in—in a commercial point of view."

He turned very red after he had said this. Lord Pountney turned and regarded him with an air of the utmost surprise.

"A serious crime, no doubt, sir," said Sir Mark good naturedly.

"And uncommonly on the increase," put in Oaklands, in the broad Scottish accent with which he delighted to regale his friends.

"But to kill a fox," continued Sir Mark, "embraces so many crimes. It is first, wanton destruction; it is also theft, making away with another man's goods; burglary, entering by force into another man's domain" (for Sir Mark was not wiser in the definitions of the law than other country magistrates); "and murder, taking away forcibly and cruelly a life you cannot give back."

"But," urged the *novus homo*, "if you kill the fox sooner or later, I do not see—"

"That is not the point," said Oaklands; "we give it law. But to kill it without notice—notice and fair play—O, but it's not like a Christian or a gentleman."

"Fellows forge everything, though, now-a-days—the Crystal Palace, and all sorts of things," said Moulton, who could not entertain more than one idea at a time, and was of a recurring tendency.

"No one will ever forge a marriage-licence," said Gage.

"It's all the curse of education," said Sir Mark; "if people could not write, they would be saved the particular temptation—"

"Of signing I O U's," put in Vardun.

"It is considered a genteel vice," said Lord Pountney.

"And an easy one," added Vardun. By Jove! I've often thought I would turn forger, but for the horrid trouble they seem to have when they run for it at last."

"You speak less like a man than any one here," said Georgie Tuffnel in a low voice to Captain Vardun. "It needs me to remember that you wear a coat and hat, or I should forget the fact," she continued as an indignant color mounted.

He reined in his horse close to her side, and said in an undertone, "I've been neither lazy nor backward in running after you, Georgie; and in the only thing I ever yet pursued with my whole heart, I have received my first check."

A faint expression of embarrassment and penitence flitted across her face.

"Because your affectation of indolence is a perpetual irritation to me. You were in the Balaclava charge, or I might feel tempted to put you down at your own estimate; and then I should scarcely let you ride by my side."

Charlie opened his large blue eyes. "I assure you, Georgie, that charge was made by me simply because it was too much trouble to pull up my horse."

She looked hurt.

"Ah, Georgie, what is it you wish me to become? A windmill, with my arms perpetually sawing the air; or an eight-day clock, that goes on for the seven days in the clear delight of having done so much work to each minute, and looks forward with rapture to the being wound up and fresh started?"

"I would have you become something I might be proud to know, instead of—"

She stopped short, and lashed her horse forward. Even if the young lady had wished it—and apparently she did not—no more private conversation could have taken place; for they were by the cover side, and all were on the *qui vive*.

Patrick dismounted with much caution, and carefully tightened his saddle-girths; then, rejecting the assistance of the groom, he succeeded, not without considerable difficulty, in hoisting his small person up again.

Hark! There is the view halloo! and the fox is away. Strangely enough, it is Vardun who is first on the hounds.

"Staan' bock," roared the old huntsman, at the top of his voice. "Oh, captain, keep your young blood for the finish; Miss Georgie is the most discreet rider, *she disna'* harry the hounds and override the scent."

This was with a glance of mingled reproach and scorn at the captain. Charlie flushed all over his face up to his hair-roots; he felt found out. Georgie smiled demurely. Now for it; with teeth hard set, hats jammed down, and sitting well down in the saddle, away they galloped, at first *en masse*, and then falling off into groups. Beneath this rough black heather lay many a deep rut and treacherous hole, as was testified by the uneven course of the riders.

"Mind, Georgie, there's a bog there," said Sir Mark. "Now, Pat—well done!" as the little Sheltie cleared it in a desperation of fear. They poured down a steep ravine, charged the rocky stream at the foot, and up the broken ground on the other side. Arriving somewhat blown at the top, a rugged stone-wall stretched before them. Each horse was pulled well together, and they went over in one fashion or other.

"Some one down!"

"Who is it?"

"Only Moulton of Moulton."

Again the cry of the hounds is heard, this time wafted softly in the distance. Another tearing race, Moulton heading it by some twenty yards. Then a sudden bend, and a large freshly cut clay ditch stopped the way. Moulton came down again, left the impression of his head and face in the clay on the opposite bank, remounted and scudded away.

"Where's Pat?" demanded Sir Mark.

"In the hollow, on the other side of the wall," answered Georgie, ready to laugh.

They came to the ditch.

"That's Moulton's countenance, I swear!" exclaimed Sir Mark, eyeing the cast of that young gentleman's features grimly as he spoke.

"Can't stop to look at it, the pace is too good," said Charlie Vardun, as his horse made a dashing spring over.

Presently they crossed a break of low country, and a thick, well-grown hedge presented its defying height. Oaklands rode at it, and into it; and, unable to advance either out or in, there he staid floundering.

"Don't scratch your boots so there," said Vardun, standing up in his stirrups and laughing, "but get out, there's a good fellow; you're filling the only gap in the hedge."

"Get me out," said the little man imploringly.

"Do you mean it, Oaklands? then here goes;" and Sir Mark rode his powerful mare at his friend in such guise that they all crashed through together.

"Thank you kindly," said Oaklands, as he picked himself up; "never a friend would have done that but you."

"Some one's come to grief in that pond," said Vardun; "he'll be drowned to a certainty."

"Then here we are, in at the death," sneered Gage.

The young farmer was laid in it at that instant, in a position favorable for examining the sky. Good-natured Sir Mark stopped to lend him a helping hand, and pull him on to his legs.

"Who's your tailor, George?" he inquired, glancing at the gaudy scarlet coat and adornments. Then, seeing the shame-smitten face of the young rustic, "Never mind; come out in your old frock-coat and tops. Better luck next time, George;" and Sir Mark galloped away.

At last the scent was lost, the hounds came to fault; and a much-diminished field of riders, with flushed excited faces, and horses lathered and panting, stood in a circle while the huntsman made a fresh cast. Vardun looked half-mad, and Georgie stole little glances at him, thinking, perhaps, that he was not so very idle, after all. The *novus homo* had vanished altogether. To let our readers into a secret, he had missed the bounds rather soon in the day, took to a bridle-road, and seeing a ragged boy, he demanded, "Which way have the hounds gone, my good man?"

"If I had been on yon big os, it is not I would have asked that question of yez," was the answer of the ill-mannered youth. So *novus homo* trotted home in wrath.

But to return.

"They're on it," yelled the old huntsman. "Good, Venus; she'll find him yet. Back to the moors; he's away to the glen again."

Once more they settled themselves to their work. The second whip jumped off to open a gate; the horses poured through; and through the impatience of the hunters, his own horse broke his bridle and cantered off. Georgie was good-natured, and as she was lucky, caught the animal *en passant*.

"Bless your eyes! You know what I mean," muttered the enraged whip to the departing troop.

"Take your horse, Will," said Georgie, "and spare our eyes."

Will was taken aback; but no time for thanks. They gained a black summit, and before them lay a steep descent of broken rock and slaty stones. Several gentlemen jumped off and ran down, leading their horses. Andrew Oaklands tore past like an infuriated man, his mare with her head well down, and bit in her teeth.

"Stop man; get off; you'll be killed!" shouted Sir Mark.

"Hech, man, I canna' stop!" roared Andrew; and down he went at a terrific pace.

The hounds were fast leaving them, when the stone wall before mentioned came in sight. What was that little object? A miniature man and horse, like the demons from the trap-doors, rose composedly out of the ground, and joined the now solitary pack; and when they killed a few minutes after, and the rest rode up, little Patrick had dismounted, and was standing, pale and determined, among the noisy animals, ready with his tip to the huntsman, and modestly demanding the brush.

"Are we to have another run, Sir Mark?" asked the huntsman. "It will be our last for a time, I think; I fancy a frost is nigh."

"Do, papa," urged Georgie.

"With all my heart," answered her father.

The wind had changed, and now blew steadily from the north with an icy breath, and the sky was overcast with a dun gloom. They lit their cigars, and rode leisurely on. Poor little Patrick came in for his full share of chaffing and joking respecting his mode of saving his horse and stealing a march. His pony's mettle was now well up, as its fiery eye and steady pull at the bridle evinced. He would not be left behind this time.

Poor little Pat! there was more ill-luck in store for him than he dreamt of. A wide sort of fosse came into sight, on the other side of which was some twenty acres of uncultivated stony-looking ground. The little boy was some thirty yards in advance, and being in an emulous state of mind, crammed his pony gallantly at it, while the gentlemen were chatting to each other in a desultory manner. Both one and the other lost their balance; the pony turned fairly over in the stream, and its rider rolled off its back; one minute more, and the

animal struggled out; but poor little Patrick's leg was fast in the stirrup-iron. A sharp short cry broke from Sir Mark, as the pony, now unmanageable from fear, plunged on, directing all its efforts to rid itself of the little unfortunate object that was hanging head downwards to its side. Georgie, with cheeks like ashes, pointed mutely, and then dashed forward—not before Charlie Vardun though. Bravo, Charlie! where is your *dolce far niente* now? The boy curled his little back, trying to lift his head off the stones, while with one hand he made a vain grasp at the bridle. A rasping drag, during which every one set their teeth and held their breath; then another plunge, and his head dashed on the ground with terrible violence; then a bound off all four legs, and that little white face was momentarily turned, with its imploring drawn look to those who were hurrying after. The pony bent round its fiery eye, and faced its enemy, as if to take aim for one powerful kick which should set it free. It stopped one second as it planted its fore-legs vengefully on the ground; but a strong hand had possession of the reins, and was compressing the bit against its jaws until it bent again.

Charlie Vardun had spurred on, and was now side by side, hanging from his horse so low that his bare head was even with the pony's mouth. Then he hurled himself off on to the ground in front of the animal; and with one hand he slipped the stirrup-leather, while with the other he riveted the pony's head to the spot. But the impetus was too great, and Vardun and pony rolled over together. Sir Mark was first up.

"My God!" he said, "is my boy killed? What shall I say to his mother?"

Tenderly as a woman could have done it they raised the poor child.

"Brandy!" Fortunately fox-hunters carry flasks; and before long the tiny colorless face flushed, and the large eyes opened.

"I'm not much hurt, uncle," was the first utterance of his childish voice.

Poor Georgie burst into tears, and Sir Mark gulped down a choking sensation in his throat.

"You will do, my man," said Oaklands approvingly; "and now put him into a basket, and we'll take him home."

The little group proceeded on their road.

"Charlie, my boy, you have a couple of ribs staved in at the least," said Oaklands cheerfully.

Vardun made a wry face; he was leading his horse by Georgie's side. Presently, "Georgie, have I been industrious enough to-day? I'll never be idle any more."

One or two large tears fell as she bent her head low down; so low indeed, that for one instant that enormous beard hid more than I consider it fair to report.

In sight of the manor, five men were waiting—two determined-looking fellows handcuffed, an ill-grained old man, and a couple of gamekeepers.

One of the latter stepped forward and touched his hat. "Please, Sir Mark, we've got the chap that killed the fox; and likewise the two poachers, sir. We had a precious fight, too, for it."

Oaklands and Sir Mark exchanged glances; they both knew what each was thinking. Then Sir Mark walked towards the men, who eyed him with defiance.

"To-morrow will be Christmas Day, my men, and God forbid that the mercy which I have this day received should not be shown to others, as far as I can do it. Go home, my men, and if you will, thank God for me that my boy is spared, and that my sister is not a childless mother. Let them have Christmas cheer without stint," he added to those around; "and their wives and sweethearts, if they have any. I wish every one to have as glad a heart as I have this day."

"It's well done," said Vardun in an undertone to Oaklands. "If we don't relax our game laws, we must enlarge our prisons."

Little Patrick was laid in his mother's arms, looking almost himself again; and that night there was great cheer at the manor, Sir Mark's orders being that none should be turned away; and certain suspected characters found themselves warmed and filled in such fashion as greatly to open their hearts.

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Snow fell heavily that night; and on Christmas morning the earth was softly clothed with its milken splendor. Did she wear the cerement of the dying year, or was it the white bridal garment of the new one? A few flakes were still falling with their noiseless sough, fluttering reluctantly from heaven to earth. Yet from earth that white vapor rose, and to earth it must return; and not till it shall have dissolved to tears in its arms shall it be freed to exhale back to its home in the skies.

The gray tower looked down from its height, steadfast and grim. Beneath its shadow many generations had gone down to dust—father and son, mother and babe, laid together in the sleep that knows neither dream nor waking. They had died in the faith handed down from one to the other, which had been strong enough to bear so many undoubting and fearless to the shadowy valley; and the spirit of hope seemed to linger round their graves. A knot of men, old and young, stood in the ample porch, clad in their best.

"So Master Patrick is better," said one; "I heard all his brains were scattered on the Twenty Acres."

"Nowt o't sort," rejoined the young man; "but it was a curious chance. It was through the captain it wasn't so, though. I was there, and saw it all."

"Well," said an old weather-beaten man, "It would have been the blackest Christmas Day we've had if that had come to pass."

"And you say Sir Mark has let off poacher Giles and Big Ben?"

"Ay, that has he," answered the under-keeper; "and main sorry I am, so much trouble as we've had. But let me catch 'em at their tricks again," he said threateningly.

"Shame, lad!" said the old man. "Sir Mark has forgiven them because he would let them have what Heaven has given him—a glad Christmas—and not leave their wives with sore and grieving and shame-wrung hearts; and are you going to brew up black blood on this day? Shame on you, boy!"

The young man was silenced.

Just then Sir Mark passed through among them, his sister leaning on his arm; and holding his other hand, still with his infantile dignity of demeanor, was Patrick, his little white face attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, and a broad black bandage covering one temple. Captain Charlie Vardun and Georgie Tuffnel followed. She looked less like "handsome Master Tuffnel" than she did. Something more shy and womanly had stolen over her manner. And as for Charlie, he looked too proud and happy to be lazy.

Then the spirit of peace and good-will, which eighteen hundred years before was heralded from heaven to our world, was again breathed forth. Each man forgave the other his trespass against him; heart spoke to heart; and beneath that holy roof all discord was for that season hushed. And fox-hunter and fox-trapper, gamekeeper and poacher, knelt side by side without enmity.

And so they kept the Christmas at Upton Manor.

A CHAPTER ON FIRST THINGS.

THE oldest book known to be extant, which has the name of the place where it was printed, and that of the printer, together with the date of the year when it was executed, is a beautiful edition of the Psalms in Latin. It was issued at Mentz by Faust and Schoeffer, in 1457, just four hundred years ago. The most perfect copy known is that in the imperial library of Vienna. It is printed in folio on vellum, and is a superb specimen of printing. A second edition of the work was issued in 1459, under the patronage of the St. Albans and Benedictine monks, which contained, probably, the first printed text of the Athanasian creed.

The earliest printed book, containing text and engravings, is called the Histories of Joseph, Daniel, Judith and Esther, printed by Joseph Pfister at Bamberg, in 1462. It is among the rarest typographical curiosities in existence, there being only two known copies of it—one at the royal library at Paris, and another in the collection of Earl Spencer. The entire text of the Bible, with similar embellishments, appeared in 1473.

Gutenberg invented and first used separated letters or mov-

able types in 1442. As early as 1423 he had printed with lines cut in wood, but this was only a small mechanical advance on what had been done for many years.

The first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of the ancient "Actions of Alexander," by the two Cunios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and the size about nine inches by six.

Stereotype printing was introduced into London by Wilson, in 1804.

The first tragedy in English was "Gorboduc, or Ferex and Porrex," in 1561, and the first comedy, the "Supposes," in 1666.

The first recorded novels are the Milesian tales of Aristides.

The first almanac in the English language was printed at Oxford, in 1673.

The first printed music was in 1503. No more than forty tunes had been published in any one book before 1594.

The first printing press set up in America was "worked" at Cambridge, Mass., in 1629.

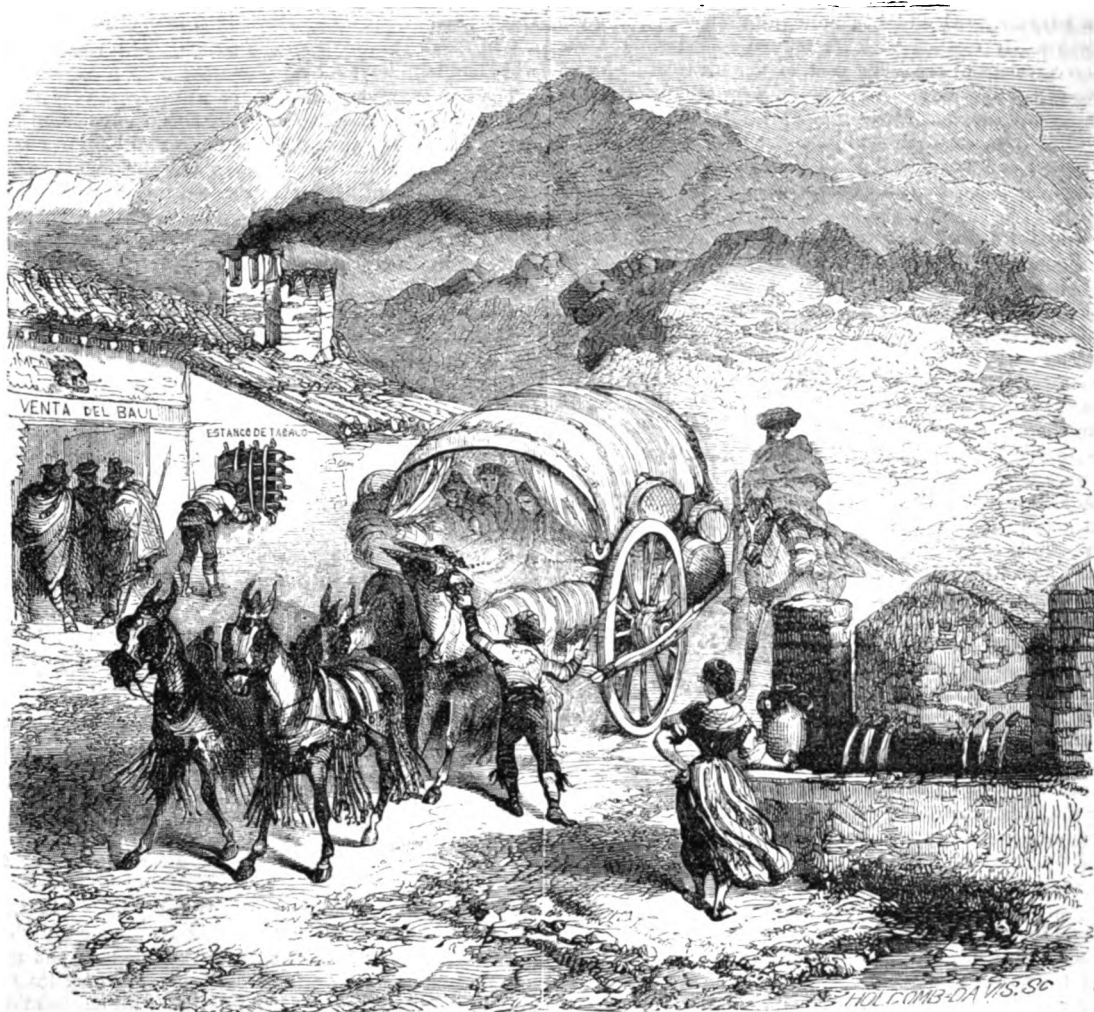
The first book printed in America was the "Bay Psalm Book," published in Cambridge.

The first books of music published in America, were issued in 1714 and 1721—the former by the Rev. John Tufts, of Newberry, and the latter by the Rev. Thos. Walter, of Roxbury.

The first paper mill erected in America was erected at Elizabethtown, N. J., which William Bradford, royal printer of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, purchased in 1728. In 1730 the second went into operation at Boston, the legislature of Massachusetts granting aid.

The first newspaper printed in the New World was published in Boston, under date of September 26, 1690. A copy of this paper is preserved in the Colonist State Paper Office, London. It is about the size of a sheet of letter-paper, and one of the pages is blank.

A SUTTEE AT SATTARA.—Lieutenant Earle said to the lady about to destroy herself: "My good lady, pray consider over the act once more; act not against your reason; you must be sure that we are your friends and not your enemies, that we would save you from the horrid death by all means at a slight signal of your consent, and would make an honorable provision for you during your life." And he added, "You should try the experiment of burning your little finger before committing your whole precious body to the flames." But, alas! her fanaticism had advanced too far beyond the reach of such wholesome advice; and with a scornful smile she told Mr. Earle that she was highly obliged to him for his kindness, of which she did not stand in need; that her word was one and unalterable. She then, boldly tearing up a slip of her handkerchief, dipped it into the oil of the burning lamp (usually placed before satis whether day or night), and tying it round her little finger, she lighted it up with eagerness, and it burnt on like a candle for a little while, and then diffused the smell of burning flesh, during which the young beauty talked on to the audience, without a sigh or sob to indicate the pain; yet the marks of the blood's rush to the face, attended with a profuse perspiration on her brow, betrayed her feeling to our unbiassed and sorrowful mind. The fit of this enthusiastic frenzy is aided and maintained, I believe, by the effect of some narcotics, particularly of camphor, a large quantity of which is administered by the hard-hearted Brahmins to the poor victims, which is swallowed up by them immediately after they have uttered their intentions of self-destruction, in the sudden impulse of grief at their bereavement. The effect soon spreads over the nervous system, stupefaction ensues, and the whole body is benumbed before it goes to the fire to be consumed. The pile now being ready, the corpse was washed and laid inside, and about half-a-pound of camphor in a bundle tied round the neck of the damsel, she got up with her usual alacrity, invoking her gods, and rushed to the fatal spot in the same way as a moth to the flame. She then walked round the pile seven times, and having entered it, she placed the head of her dead husband in her lap, and herself holding a burning wick between the big and second toes of her left foot, she set fire to the combustibles interwoven with the logs of firewood.



VENTA AND GALERIA AT ALOCALA DE HENARES.

FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE BIDASOA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE rapid pace at which we left Seville soon subsided into a slow drag, for the road was sandy in some places, and not in a very good condition in others. Antonio, the zagal, labored unceasingly at his duty of driving or hurrying up the mules, and as I watched him at his multifarious work, I could not help thinking that the situation of the Irishman who worked his passage on the canal by driving the horses, was a sinecure in comparison with his.

Just as a dog who goes out with his master, runs first on one side and then on the other of the horse; now leaps at his nose and now lays behind; then barks at him and rushes off to one side, so did Antonio, the zagal, play around the diligence. The mules all knew his voice and their own names, besides that of their companion that was harnessed by their side. Whenever one did not keep a steady pull, his shout, "*General-a!*" would bring her up to her work; or perhaps a stone from his sash, of which he usually kept an abundant supply, would reach her from his unerring hand. I never saw him miss a single throw, or hit the wrong mule.

"*Arre, arre, mulas,*" then would come the name of some one of them; "*Viagera-a, quieres que te arrime el palo?*" (do you wish that I shall apply the stick to you), accompanied usually by some unhandsome allusion to herself or her mother, which would be generally answered by a stronger tug at the rope traces.

While this was going on the companion of *Viagera* would prick up her ears in the full knowledge that her fellow was

catching it. If she was the next one to be the object of the zagal's attention he seldom if ever addressed her by name.

"*Aquella otra*" (that other one), was usually sufficient to make her leap, but if she heeded not this, a shower of quick strong blows from his stout cudgel would remind her of who "that other one" was.

Sometimes he would mount and sit on the box by the side of the driver, or stand upon the iron step to it; even then he sel-



PEPE, THE ZAGAL.

dom ceased for more than a minute to talk to them, sometimes encouragingly and soothingly, assuring them that the bad road was almost past, or that the end of their journey was near, at others reasoning with them, asking if they wished to eat without work, and sundry other such practical questions, to all of which the expected reply was a strong pull, and if it did not come, then we had again the calling of each by name, "*Viagera-a*, *Padosa-a*, *Bandolera-a*, *Capitana-a*, or a leap from the box and a general stirring up.

In all this time the postilion kept silently on, as if he formed part of an entirely separate establishment; occasionally he would amuse himself by swearing at the leading mule or whipping his own horse, but between him and the *mayordomo*, or even the *zagal*, there was nothing in common.

The fact was, they were from three separate provinces, and were only temporary companions. The *mayordomo* was an Arragonese, who lived in Madrid, and was employed by the owners of the diligence. He accompanied it all the way from the capital to Seville and back again, being responsible for the whole concern, passengers, luggage, diligence and all; and his duty was to see that everybody did their work.

Antonio, the *zagal*, was a true Andaluz. He hailed from *Alcala de Guadaira*, or *Alcala de los Panaderos* (of the bakers), as it is called in Seville, and was in the service of the owner of the mules who contracted to work the diligence for that stage. He left us with his mules, and when the relay was hitched on we soon discovered that we had a new *zagal*, with a new set of oaths, and an entirely different style of swearing.

The postilion came from Guarroman, a village about half way between Seville and Madrid, and he rode the whole distance from Seville, forty-five leagues, which was performed in about thirty-six consecutive hours. I do not know if he slept on the road, but if he did it was on the back of his horse.

Alcala is the bakery of Seville. Here the wheat is grown, ground, bolted and baked, and the bread taken to the city early every morning. All round the village are wheat fields, each having within it the circular threshing-floor for treading out the grain, as in the time of the Prophets, and as it was now spring, the freshly-turned furrows ridged the country everywhere. Never before or since have I seen such beautiful ploughing. The furrows were small, but as straight as if drawn with a rule, and at the side of the field all turned into each other with a graceful curve like the concentric circles on the back of a watchcase. Nearly everybody in the village seemed to be a baker or a miller, and the noisy water-mills and mule-mills clacked merrily.

We stopped to change our mules at the *Venta del Baul* (Inn of the Trunk), to which was attached the *Estanco de Tabaco*, which is the Queen's place for selling cigars and tobacco. Across the street was a small fountain to which the people of the village came to fill their water-jars. While we were waiting, the *galera* arrived on its way to Seville.

This is the usual vehicle of traffic and travel throughout Spain, for all who cannot afford to go by the diligence. It is a long, two-wheeled cart without springs, over which is drawn a hide-bound top to protect the people and effects within it from the weather. Tubs, packages and bedding were hung around it, while inside was an entire family who were removing with all their chattels. The mules that drew it were adorned with long fringes on the harness, which dangled around their legs and protected them from flies.

The railroad is not a thing of Spain, and opposition to its introduction is felt in more quarters than among the poor and ignorant. The military class that rules the Peninsula with the sword, is well aware that it will do more toward changing the character of the people and bringing civilians nearer to the throne than anything else; and so the soldier, Narvaez, and all who follow him are really opposed to them.

Everywhere as we travelled through Andalusia, I was struck with the beauty of the country, but the entire absence of life in the broad fields was painful indeed. Occasionally a solitary ploughman was to be seen, but the seed was already in the ground, and remained to grow in solitude. There were no rural hamlets, no pretty farm-houses standing alone away from the roadside, no fences to mark the boundaries of one man from another. It seemed as though the furrows had been drawn by invisible hands, while on every hill and knoll around were

to be seen ruins of ancient walls and fallen homes. These were the sad memorials of the once glad Moor who possessed those fair fields of yore. Now he has gone, and his home is a ruined and vine-grown mass; while the present possessors of the land are gathered together in little villages, surrounded with mud walls, where filth, poverty, vice and crime all herd in one common confusion, going forth in the morning and returning at night from their daily labor.

This absence of dwelling-houses in the country tells how insecure is property, and even life, when not protected by a community of exertion. When we drove through the villages the children and even grown men would run by the side of the diligence and beg in piteous accents, "*una limosna por el amor de Dios*" (charity for the love of God), or "*un cabito de tabaco*" (a stump of a cigar), for the sake of the Virgin. This, however, was not always a proof of poverty, for begging is the universal habit of children in Spain. The women would seldom approach us for that purpose, but would stand at a distance and watch the children who did.



THE NAIADS OF THE MANZANARES AT MADRID.

Occasionally the road ran through an olive farm, which is one of the staple employments of Andalusia. The olive tree is not unlike our willow, and is usually trimmed in the same way that in New England the willows by the roadside are trimmed. Where the trunk begins to spread out into branches, these are cut off and many young shoots come forth. The gnarled and crooked trunks looked as though they had seen centuries pass by, and generations of men.

The trees are planted in rows like an orchard, and the fruit is plucked in the autumn. When intended for the making of oil they are left until they are ripe, when they have a shining, purple color. They are then beaten off the tree, and man, woman and children are busied in picking them up and loading the donkeys that convey them in paniers to the mill. This is a circular hollowed stone, over which another moves like our millstones, and when the mass is crushed it is taken to the press, where by the assistance of an immense long beam composed of four or five large trees, the oil is pressed out. In order to resist the strain of this mighty lever, a large stone tower is usually built over the press. The oil rises to the top of the

liquor that flows from the mass, and is skimmed off into immense earthen jars sunk in the ground. Some of these are so large as to hold a thousand gallons.

When the olive is intended for the table it is gathered before it is quite ripe, in order to preserve the green color. They are then placed for a week in a brine with a little thyme, laurel and garlic, where they throw out a mould, after which they are passed to fresh brine and are ready for sale. The olive tree yields fruit in its eighth or ninth year, but does not attain its prime before the thirtieth. From the appearance of those I saw I should think they continued to bear for ever, but no one of whom I asked could tell me how long it lived.

We reached Ecija before sunrise on the second day, and breakfast was served for us by candlelight. It was a dreary, miserable meal, the meats being full of garlic and cold, while the wine, which the waiter insisted was true Valdepeñas, was black as ink, and sour enough to be used for vinegar also. I wondered if St. Xantippe, whom the Ecijans boast was here the hostess of St. Paul and converted by him, might not have been an ancestor of the one that served us so badly. But neither mistress nor maids were yet risen, and the waiter was too much bothered by our many hungry and tired travellers to answer questions. Ecija is called the frying pan of Andalusia, some say because its climate is so hot, but others because its patron saint is Xantippe.

Ten leagues more over a sandy waste brought us to Cordova, called the "important" by the Carthaginians, "patrician" by the Romans, "holy and learned" under the Goths, "the nurse of science and cradle of captains" by the Arabs, and now boasting of *la sangre su* (the blue blood) of Spain, in contradistinction to the red puddle that runs through the plebeian veins of the rest of the peninsula. As we approached, it had a magnificent and oriental look, rising in the midst of its olive and palm trees, and back by the dusky ridge of the convent-crowned sierra.

We got out of the diligence at the bridge that crosses the Guadalquivir and leads into the city. Once, in the time of the Arabs, the river was navigable to this place, and their barks laden with the olive oil and wine of their fertile fields bore them to the ports of the Atlantic and Mediterranean shore. Now not even a boat ascends to any distance above Seville. The pillars of the bridge are inscribed with the name of one of the lieutenants of the Caesars and a Latin legend.

The coach waited here two hours, and we employed them in looking at the "Mezquita" (the little mosque) as the present cathedral is called. We entered, as at Seville, by "the gate of pardon," a Moorish arch, and passed through "the court of oranges" to the church. A crowd of beggars surrounded us, presenting picturesque costumes and patriarchal beards, but importunate to a degree that speedily dispelled the illusion.

Here too the present church stands upon a site that has been for more than two thousand years consecrated to the worship of the Deity. After Julius Caesar had destroyed Cordova, because it espoused the cause of Pompey, his lieutenant Marcellus rebuilt the city, and it was repopled by the pauper patricians of Rome; hence its epithet "Patricia," and pride of birth is still the boast of its inhabitants—*La cepa de Cordova* (the stock of Cordova) is still a boast in Spain. Gonzalo de Cordova, *el gran capitán*, as the Spaniards style him, was born near here, and it was his wont to say, "Other cities might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in." The genius and imagination of its authors sustained for a time the pride of Roman literature, and Lucan and the two Senecas still hold their place among the classics.

The proud patrician emigrants built here a magnificent temple of Janus, and called upon their connections far and near throughout the empire to contribute to its one thousand two hundred columns. Nîmes and Narbonne in France sent one hundred and fifteen, Seville and Tarragona sixty, and the Emperor Leo of Constantinople one hundred and forty. Many others were brought from the ruins of Carthage and other cities in Africa. When paganism fled before the light of Christianity the temple was consecrated as a church, and stood until the coming of the Arabs.

Roman Cordova resisted the Spanish Goths until 572, but Gothic Cordova was soon conquered by the enthusiastic Moslem, and became an appendage of the Caliphate of Damascus.

Eleven centuries ago Abdu-r-rahman, surnamed *el-dakhal* (the Enterer), founded here the dynasty of the Ummazah, after having been driven from the East by the usurping Abbasides. His eventful life surpassed even the poetry of romance, and his empire became its very realization. Under him Cordova soon rivalled Bagdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization at a time when ignorance and barbarism shrouded the rest of Europe. It contained in the tenth century a million of inhabitants, three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns.

It became the Athens of the West, and from every court in Europe the noble youth flocked to the schools of Cordova, where Abenzoar first unfolded to them the science of Aristotle. As the empire rose in wealth and power, its great mosque became the resort of pilgrims from the widely extended regions of Islamism, and in sanctity it was held next after that of Mecca and equal to that of Jerusalem. The *ceca*, or holy tomb, still stands in a small octagon chapel on the east side, the roof wrought from a single piece of marble in the form of a shell. The pilgrim compassed this seven times as is done at Mecca, and the foot-worn stone pavement attests how many were the crowding millions who came.

The present edifice was begun in 786 and finished in 793, by Hixam, the son of "the Enterer," who died in 788. It is a wonderful labyrinth of pillars of all forms, sizes and materials. Each of these springs directly from the flagstone pavement, without a plinth, and rises to a beautiful horse-shoe arch; where they were too long they have been sawed off or let into the ground several feet, and where too short a huge Corinthian capital has been put on. The material is as diverse as their origin, some being of jaspar, some of porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles, and in diameter there is the same want of uniformity. It is said that there are now eight hundred and fifty-four pillars, dividing the church into nineteen longitudinal and twenty-nine transverse aisles. There were formerly nineteen entrances, but these have all been closed except the central one. The roof has the appearance of being extremely low as one stands amid such a forest of pillars, and indeed it is only thirty-five feet above the pavement. It is made of *alerce* wood (*arbor vite*) brought from the mountains of Barbary, and is as sound now as when placed there eleven centuries ago.

There is nothing to which the mosque of Cordova can be compared. When you enter, the forest of columns has a bewildering effect; there is no one particular object on which to dwell; aisle after aisle opens to your view, long vistas of columns intersect each other, and the multitude of horse-shoe arches increase the seeming confusion. In endeavoring to sweep the centre aisles the view is intercepted, and advancing you suddenly find yourself in the *coro*, or choir, built in the centre in the form of a gothic church, towering high above the low Moorish domes which encircle it.

This was the work of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century. It was designed by a bishop, but the city authorities protested earnestly against its construction, and appeal was taken directly to the Emperor Charles V. He, not being acquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate, and the work went on. It was soon stopped for want of funds, and the Emperor, passing through Cordova a few years after, saw and learned with regret what he had sanctioned.

"You have built," said he, addressing the prelate, "what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish."

It was, however, finished seventy years afterward, and now stands a monument of Spanish ignorance in the midst of the evidences of Moorish greatness and glory.

There is little to see in Cordova, besides the Mezquita. In the middle of the twelfth century, civil dissension broke out among the prosperous Arabs of this flourishing city; and one of the parties headed by Ibn-Abdallah, a Berber lamplighter, who persuaded the mob to believe that he was the Mehedi, or "only dictator" in the paths of virtue, overturned the most elegant and accomplished dynasty that Spain has ever witnessed. This Jack Cade in a turban soon vandalised the magnificent creations of the Ummazahs, and temples and towers went down till they became nought but heaps of ruins. A new Arab dynasty

was established under the protection of the Saint King Ferdinand, which reeled along through two centuries and a half of internal dissension, when the city finally surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella.

The diligence rolled out of Cordova over a narrow dusty road near the right bank of the Guadalquivir, lined for some distance on either side with grass and vine grown mounds of what were once squares of palatial residences. The city itself is a dull and decaying place, filled with dilapidated remnants of former grandeur; the streets ill paved, industry decayed, and the now scarce fifty thousand of people steeped in poverty, but overrunning with pride of the "blue blood" that fills their veins.

Two leagues from Cordova we recrossed the Guadalquivir by a beautiful bridge of dark marble, of which the neighboring inhabitants are justly proud. The meadows here were in former times the breeding grounds for the Cordovese barbs, the horses of Andalusia, once so highly celebrated. Civil war and foreign invasion have now dispersed them, and the meadows of Alcolea know their pride no more.

We soon began to ascend the piled hills of the Sierra Morena which separates Central Spain from Andalusia; and the gay attire and graceful mantilla of the women of the South were displaced by the green serge petticoats and handkerchiefs and shawls of the mountain villagers. In this vicinity two of the most important battles that the world has known were fought.

About the beginning of the thirteenth century the progress of the Spanish arms had provoked a fresh invasion of Spain by the Moors of Barbary, who crossed the Straits in great numbers to assist the Spanish Arabs. The news spread dismay over Christendom, and the Pope, Innocent III., proclaimed a general crusade. More than a hundred thousand Christian crusaders flocked hither from all parts of Europe, and on the 16th of July took place the battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa*. The crusaders and Spaniards, under Alonso VIII., had found the passes of the mountains strongly guarded by the Moors, and despaired of success, when a shepherd (St. Isidro himself as the church has since credibly ascertained), appeared and led them through a bypath to the summit. The Christians at once opened the attack, and the Moors soon broke and fled. Of the infidels two hundred thousand were killed, says an old narrator and eye-witness, but who was probably more given to guess than to arithmetic, while only one hundred and twenty-five Christians perished. Be that as it may, at *Las Navas de Tolosa* the advancing tide of Islam was again rolled back by the united efforts of Christian Europe.

At Bailen, directly on the line of our route, Dupont, one of Napoleon's Marshals, was defeated by Castaños on the 24th of May, 1808, and from here spread the symptoms of that Spanish Cancer (as he called it at St. Helena) which ultimately consumed him. The effect of Bailen was electrical, for the truth could not be stifled even in France. Joseph Bonaparte fled from Madrid, and as Spain rushed to her place among the nations, Europe roused herself from her moral subjection, and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, came to assist at her final deliverance. The scene here is a broken country, and the Rumbler rivulet boils down the hills, singing ever a hoarse requiem to the souls of the mighty dead.

Here we bid adieu to the soft climate of the South, and to the sinewy postilion who for thirty-six consecutive hours had ridden and shouted at the leader of our team. It was late in the afternoon when we all sat down to the *olla* that was served for dinner at the half-inn and half-venta. Our company was like our dinner, for in the one were indiscriminately mixed, passengers by the diligence, *arrieros* or mule drivers, visitors to hear the news, and a motley company of wayfarers; while in the other were beef, onions, a chicken, a pig's jowl, some red sausages, a piece of bacon, several cloves of garlic, an abundance of large dry peas (*garbanzos*), a head of cabbage, potatoes, carrots, long green peppers, and almost any other vegetable that one might take a fancy to. All this had been boiled together in a large earthen pot, or *olla* as it is called, till the beef fell to pieces in strings when touched with the fork.

A little of each of the ingredients was served upon every one's plate, and the busy hostess stood before the dish at the head of the long table constantly calling out to some one or other of us; *¿gusta usted del chorizo?* (will you have a sausage); *¿quiere usted mas col?* (will you have some more cabbage); *¿vea usted que bueno está el*

tocino (see how fine the bacon is); and many other expressions to induce us eat the odorous condiment. It was not until we had all got through dinner, and lighted our cigars for the start that the postilion we were to leave came for his *gratificación*. A long study of mule flesh and human nature had no doubt taught him that man and beast were best natured on a full stomach.

It was long after dark when we rode out of Bailen, and all night we slowly climbed the hilly road before us. The slow pace was very pleasant, as it enabled us who were in the *berlina* to lean back and get a tolerably comfortable night's rest; but those who were in the rotunda, where the seats ran lengthwise as in an omnibus, were shook well together all night.

After several hours' sleep I was awakened by a sensation of cold. The east was already gray with the approaching moon, and the air was piercingly sharp. We were just entering La Carolina, and for a moment the regularly built houses and wide straight streets puzzled me, and I was lost. I soon remembered that I was in Spain, though the place had none of the aspect of a Spanish town. And in truth it is not. La Carolina is a place settled with emigrants brought here in the latter part of the last century from the north of Europe, mostly Germans, during one of those periodical impulses that from time to time possess the government of Spain to endeavor to people her depopulated vales and desert hills by immigration. The spasm does not usually last long enough to produce any permanent effect; but here the descendants of the German immigrants still form the mass of the population, though they have lost all traces of their original tongue, and have become in language and many other things good Spaniards.

No one was up when we reached the *parador* or stage-house. The mayoral thundered at the door, vociferously assisted by the zagal, while the postilion went round the corner to look for the ostlers. We were to breakfast here, although the sun had not yet risen, for villages along the mountain road were few.

After much delay we were finally admitted by a sleepy looking girl, whose plump form, round face, and peculiar headgear would have been pronounced quite correct in Germany. We all rushed to the kitchen, for we were half frozen. A fire of small sticks was soon kindled in the immense stone fireplace, the first I had seen in Spain, and I sat myself down within the jambs, where I could almost fancy myself cosily seated in an old New England farm-house.

Our breakfast was soon prepared. Chocolate and bread, with some cold fried meat and a poor red wine was all that was put before us. One or two more maids and the hostess made their appearance, but no men had risen when we departed. I was told that all the original Germans and Swiss who were brought to this new mountain home had died, and they were never followed by any of their countrymen. Their descendants remain and are largely intermarried with the people of the country.

To-day we descended the hills in part and passed through the gorge of *Despeñaperros*, the mountain pass to La Mancha. A magnificent macadamized road, constructed seventy years ago by order of Charles III., leads over these mountains, and at every two leagues are station-houses for the road guards or patrol. These travel the road continually day and night, as in fact they do on all the high roads of Spain, and meet and report to each other half-way between the stations. To this is owing the fact that travelling on the principal roads in Spain is so safe. A robbery, except upon unfrequented by-paths, is rarely heard of; and the tales that we so frequently hear of adventures with robbers, are the product of imaginative travellers who never can go anywhere without a marvellous peril and escape.

While at Cadiz I was talked into believing that it was impossible to go through the peninsula without being robbed at least once, and was persuaded to make preparation for the event. I had my gold watch sewed up in the lining of my coat, and got letters of credit so as to take with me as little money as possible. After I had got this all done, I was informed that it was the very worst thing I could do; for if the robbers found no money they would be sure to maltreat and perhaps murder me, and that they always expected every one who was dressed as a gentleman to have a watch. If he did not they took it for granted that he had left it at home on purpose to prevent their getting it, and so thrashed him soundly for his stingy precaution.

Under advice I proceeded therefore to make due preparation. I procured three gold doubloons (forty-eight dollars) which was supposed to be about the allowance of a gentleman, which I carried constantly in my vest-pocket, that it might be handy to shell out when occasion required. To this I added an old-fashioned, double-cased silver English watch, nearly as large as a turnip, for which I paid five dollars, as I was told that the robbers didn't care much about the quality, but had a great appreciation of size, hoping to secure their proportionate consideration.

Thus armed I travelled through Spain, from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, and never saw the first sign of a robber; nor did I meet any traveller who had ever been robbed, though I met several who had thought they were going to be. I lost a dollar on each of my doubloons in France, and made a present of my watch to a servant I afterward had in South America, but he returned it to me after carrying it a few days, telling me it was *muy pesado*. This expression has many significations, among which are heavy, slow, dull, stupid, disagreeable, contrary, impertinent, and so on. I took it back reluctantly, without inquiring what his exact meaning was, and have been ashamed to give or show it to any one else ever since.

The gorge of Despeñaperros was a magnificent place for a robbery, as one may conceive from the name. *Peña* means a rocky cliff; *despeña*, to fling over a rocky cliff, the prefix being added to *peña* in the same sense as in English we would add *dis* to charge, making the word discharge; *perros* are dogs, hounds. The word itself descends from the time when the hosts of Islam were rolled back from the fair face of Spain, and the gorge became renowned as the place where the "infidel dogs" were flung over the cliff. Nobody is flung or falls over now, for the fine road has a stone parapet of great strength.

We now entered La Mancha, and by ten o'clock were at the *venta de Cardenas*, a little to the left of which, among the hills, is the scene of Don Quixote's penance, and a little farther on the site of the adventure of liberating the galley-slaves. In fact, we now come upon the ground of the greater part of Cervantes' celebrated work, and a few leagues to the right of the road is the village of Argamasilla del Alba, in the prison of which the first part was written.

The town of Valdepeñas was the first considerable place on the high plateau that we came to. It is celebrated for its rich, fruity wine, which is the Burgundy of Spain, and for its bad water. At dinner the wine was served to us from a pigskin, sewed up and pitched, a lineal descendant, no doubt, from those Don Quixote so valiantly attacked with his sword. The people here have lost that jaunty carriage and saucy air that distinguish those of Andalusia; and as they stood around the doors of their mud-hovels, with tattered cloaks and hempen shoes, seemed silent pictures of unredeemable poverty. Yet the soil is rich for grain and wine. The want of an easy and cheap con-

veyance of their products to a market is the sole cause of their depressed condition, for the *Manchego* is proverbially laborious, honest, patient and temperate. Railroads will effect a more magical change in Spain than has been witnessed in any other country, and will eventually give her now little known people an industrial influence of great extent.

We now travelled at a good pace over the undulating tableland of La Mancha, whose treeless soil is tawny, arid and dusty, except where an occasional streamlet creates a partial verdure. The sturdy Manchegan sagal plied his vocation as vociferously as did the lithe Andalusian, and soon after dark we reached the Manzanares.

As we sat in the diligence while the mules were being changed, the widely-celebrated blind girl, *la ciega de Manzanares*, came to the door and addressed to us, in a plaintive tone of voice, a pretty sonnet of welcome, which she improvised on the spot. She was a well-formed woman of some twenty-six or twenty-eight summers, with a dark-complexion and regular features, but without any claim to beauty. Her fame as an improvisatrice is high among the Spaniards, and travellers hear of her long before they reach the little town where she lives.

Her history is a touching and romantic one. Born here of parents in the most humble condition of life, she lost her sight in her early infancy from the small-pox. Blinded to the beauties of the outer world, she grew up in a world of her own, and as her imagination developed itself she exhibited the most extraordinary poetic powers. Rhyme seemed to be the natural form of her expression, and from an early age she poured forth the most tender effusions of the soul apparently without an effort, and certainly without the slightest labor.

Unable to fill the ordinary avocations of life, she adopted the practice of welcoming the traveller by the diligence with an improvised sonnet, and sometimes even by larger effusions, and they in return gave her some small reward for her melodious alma-asking. For years she pursued this life, and it was noticed that her chief delight was to sit in or near the stable, where she could hear the voice of the hostler as he attended to his mules and horses. There she would muse over her poetic thoughts, and often pour forth long productions of great merit.

Travellers bore her fame northward and southward, and some of her spontaneous effusions were preserved from their ephemeral fate by opportune publication. Their poetic merit, and more than all, the pure, deep heart within which they evinced, gained for her many an admirer, not a few of which desired to serve her. A duchess offered her a home for life in her palace at Madrid, and dazzled by the splendor of the offer, the young improvisatrice accepted it and took up her residence in the capital.

There she was the favorite of all, and highborn dames and noble cavaliers vied to please her and to do her honor. She was dressed in the richest robes, and her conversation and society was everywhere sought for. For a time she seemed

pleased and contented, and her modest demeanor and merit gained her the friendship and esteem of all hearts. But soon it was noticed that the color upon her cheek began to pale, and her songs to grow more melancholy and touching. At first this was attributed to the change of residence and a higher cultivation of her mind, and the hope was entertained that the rose would again bloom upon her cheek.

But the palor spread more and more, and it became evident that there was some hidden grief which preyed upon her mind, and gave to her songs their tender and melancholy tone. The kind duchess pressed her for a long time to unburthen her heart, till at last the blind child of song burst into tears and exclaimed:

"No oigo aqui la voz de Pepe" (I do not hear here the voice of Pepe).

From that time she implored to be permitted to return to her native village, and to her accustomed seat in the stable where she could hear the wonted tones of Pepe the hostler, which to her were dearer than



A PRIVATE GALEA.

all the world of wealth and pleasure that surrounded her. Fearful that a refusal might seriously affect her, they at last consented, and she returned here. We all gave her a small piece of silver and she turned away toward the mules that Pepe was fastening in the traces. A glow of joy seemed to light up her features as her ear caught his voice shouting to the mules for the start, and the diligence soon sped away from the town of Manzanares and its blind poetess.

The road now became prolific with remembrances of Don Quixote. Two leagues from the town is the *Venta de Quesada*, where we stopped a few moments. Here Don Quixote was knighted, and Cervantes must have sketched the actual inn and its still existing well, so truthful is the whole description to the present locality.

Madridejos, where Sancho filled his saddle-bags with bread and cheese, is a little farther on; Toboso, the residence of Dulcinea, is about seven leagues distant. Puerto Lapiche, where the Don informed Sancho they might get elbow deep in adventure, is one of the post-houses of the diligence, and its windmills still stand, being little low buildings with diminutive arms that might easily be taken for giants by the crack-brained knight, as in his time they were new inventions, and were considered wonderful improvements.

We passed through Ocaña on the morning of the fourth day from Seville, and emerging through a rocky gorge of volcanic hills descended to the oasis of Aranjuez, where we arrived before noon.

In the estimation of the people of Madrid, which is ten leagues distant, and connected with it by a railroad and telegraph, Aranjuez is a beautiful vale of Tempe, where green meadows, gardens, nightingales and water springs refresh and delight man. Amid the sterile and treeless plains of Castile and La Mancha, it is certainly a happy change.

Here is the spring and early summer residence of the Court, but as the heats advance it is deserted, as the air becomes filled with fever and ague. We had to wait some hours for the departure of the train, during which time we wandered through the broad and shady streets, and along the pleasant margin of the Tagus, which is here a little river, but after bathing the walls of Toledo, Talavera and Alcantara, enters Portugal and pours a good volume of water into the ocean at the feet of Lisbon.

We could not examine the place, which has no external evidence of magnificence, for the Queen Mother Christina was there with her family, several members of which were at that time suffering from small-pox. The palace and garden were therefore in strict quarantine.

In olden times the people of Aranjuez were accustomed, as their houses were built on the side of the hill, to construct large extensions of them into the earth, a custom which they no doubt inherited from the Arab fashion of subterranean living during the summer heats. But during the time of Charles III., as the Pope's Nuncio was giving a grand entertainment in his underground apartments, a cart and a yoke of oxen broke through from the street above, and spoiled the dinner. The king after this ordered the present town to be laid out and built.

It is from Madrid to Aranjuez that the first railroad was laid and telegraph constructed, in order to give the court an idea of what railroads and telegraphs are. But the road cost fabulous sums of money, as everything had to be brought from England by sea, and then carted over mountains and across plains to the centre of the peninsula. The first locomotive cost, when placed on the road, \$50,000, and everything else in proportion.

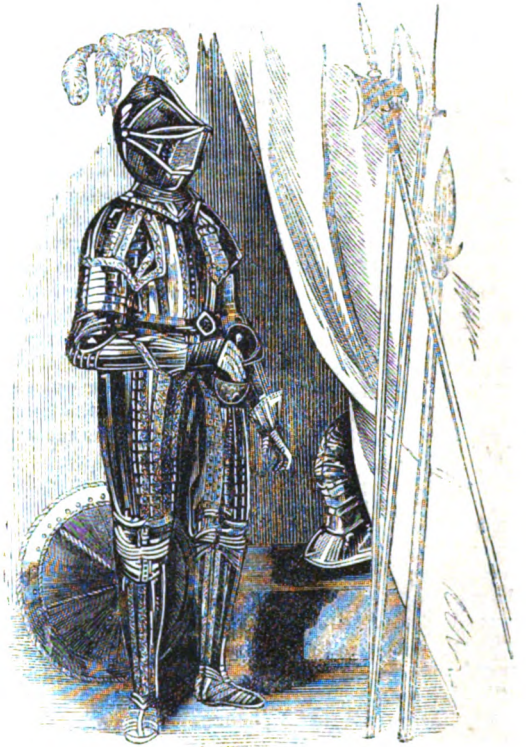
The telegraph from Madrid to Aranjuez, when I was in Spain, was still the old Semaphore, with its towers and differently painted boards, which could be turned edge or flatwise to the view, between high posts; but I have been told that since that time the electric wires have been put up. The old telegraph was established to amuse the rascal king, Ferdinand VII., and to enable him while at Aranjuez to communicate with the ministers at Madrid. It is said that the first message sent by the king to the cabinet through the telegraph, was, "A nun has just presented the world with twins;" and his council replied, "Had it been a monk, that would have been news."

As the hour for departure approached we all returned from our ramble to the railway station, as I supposed to take seats in

the cars, but when we got there I found that the diligence had been rolled upon a platform car, and with the exception that there were no mules attached to it, was piled with our luggage just as it had come from Seville. The mayoral directed us to take our old seats in it, and thus we started for Madrid.

The road was quite well built, and kept in good order, and the cars ran smoothly at a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour. There were many stoppages, but few passengers, for the people look upon the railway as something built for regal accommodation, so they adhere to the old democratic mode of travelling by donkey. A short distance from Aranjuez we saw the hill and telegraph tower of Pinto, which is said to be the exact geographical centre of the Spanish peninsula.

We soon saw the capital rising upon a broken eminence out of an apparent plain, but its spireless outline and low domes gave it an unSpanish look, and in fact from a distance it has a more insignificant appearance than any other city in Spain. The station was just outside the Atocha gate, where we found mules awaiting us. They were soon harnessed to the diligence and we rolled off the platform car and into the city. Proceeding



ARMOR IN THE ROYAL ARMORY AT MADRID.

up the widely-celebrated Prado, we passed through the Carrera de San Geronimo to the Puerta del Sol, and turning sharply to the left out of the Calle Ancha, stopped before the office of the diligence.

As I was alighting, a gentleman who happened to be passing stopped, and grasping me warmly by the hand welcomed me to Madrid. I was taken a little by surprise, for I had not been aware that I had any personal acquaintance in the city. He proved to be an officer of the army whom I had known in Cuba, and to whom I had, when there, been able to render some small services. We were both equally glad to see each other, and learning where I intended to lodge he accompanied me to the house of La Viscaina, Calle Mayor, No. 1, which was within a short distance round the corner.

To the stranger, Madrid seems to be a city of palaces. The centre and court of Spain, without manufacturing industry within, or agriculture upon the sterile plains without the walls, it has been built up almost entirely by the hangers-on around the court, and the governors who have returned there with the spoils of distant provinces. The several monarchs, since the time when Charles the First of Spain, and Fifth of Germany,

made it his capital, have inculcated the idea that whoever contributed to the splendor of the capital added to the magnificence of the court; and so on all the principal streets long lines of palatial fronts exist, piled up to please the royal eye.

Thus the Calle de Alcalá, leading from the Puerta del Sol to the Prado, is a broad way lined on both sides with palaces, and so too the Carrera de San Geronimo, the Calle Ancha, and several others; but behind these all else is narrow lanes, with high, unhandsome buildings, in which the worst populace in Spain dwells.

My hotel, which had the name of being the best in Madrid, was a large building, not specially erected or devoted to the purpose, as we find elsewhere. The building itself was large enough, being one of the largest in the capital; but Doña Ramona Beldarrain, my hostess, occupied only one-half of the third floor. Opposite to her, on the same floor, lived and dealt one of the most fashionable tailors, while the stories below and above, with the exception of the ground floor, were occupied by families of ascending and descending grades of gentility, according as they were nearer to earth or nearer to heaven.

The house itself was an immense pile, with a long narrow court running through the centre of it, with which the rooms on the ground floor had no communication, they connecting with the shops that fronted on the street. An immense portal, guarded constantly by an old porter, who sat from early morn till far into the night, and then rose again to let in any of the numerous inhabitants who were out after hours, opened into a large entry leading into the courtyard, and from this the broad stairway led to the several flats or landing-places upon which the principal door of each separate dwelling opened.

My landlady had about a dozen rooms besides the long dining room where we all ate, and the kitchen and servants' rooms back, to which I never penetrated. For a dollar and a half per day she gave me a commodious parlor and bed-room, and a seat at the table *d'hôte*, which was very well served in the French style. The affairs of the house are conducted by a French mayordomo, under the personal superintendence of Doña Ramona herself; and one day, on my complimenting him upon some of his arrangements, he assured me that "only the house itself was in Spain, but that within it everything was as if one were in *la belle France*."

And so it is that Spain, the unique and romantic, is undergoing an invasion of French cooks, French tailors and modistes, French diligences, French roads, and Frenchified gens d'armes to guard them, till the good, old, honest customs of the Castilian forefathers are being driven from the land. This is much to be regretted, for the mantilla has a grace which the bonnet can never attain; the cloak and belt (*capa y faja*), a manliness that does not belong to the swallow-tail dress-coat; the time honored customs of the *Castillano viejo y rancio* (old and rancid Castilian), a heartiness that does not exist in modern etiquette; and even the bad roads and picturesque robbers of Spain have a charm and novelty for the rest of the world which it will miss when they are gone.

The Puerta del Sol (gate of the sun) is now the centre of Madrid and of Spain. It was formerly a small plaza on the east side of the city, but the town grew beyond it, and the walls were removed so that only the name has remained.

El Curioso Parlante, a famous Spanish romance, thus discourses about this well-known place in true Spanish style: "The best portion of the world is Europe (that is clear); the best of the nations of Europe is Spain (who can doubt it); the best city of Spain is Madrid (that's a fact); the chief place in Madrid is the Puerta del Sol — ergo, the Puerta del Sol is the happiest place in the whole world."

And so it is, for here on the broad pavement in front of the church of *Buen Lucaso* (of good luck), and round the corners of the Montera, Alcalá, San Geronimo, Mayor, Carretas and other principal streets that diverge from it to all parts of the city, and of the peninsula, like spokes from the hub of a wheel, the idlers of Madrid throng, lounging in the sun, smoking their cigarettes and telling the news; while through the crowd ragged boys force their way, bearing a lighted rope that has been impregnated with sulphur, crying out at the top of their lungs, *¿quien quiere candela?* (who wants fire), and the water sellers with a large can upon their backs and a small glass, offer water to the passers-by.

The Madrileño looks down upon the Gallego, Asturian, and other provincials who all throng to the court in search of fortune; but they cling to their peculiar garb and their love for their native capitals, though they all hold the city of the court in high respect.

From the Plaza del Sol the wide Calle de Alcalá runs eastward to the Prado. At first it is narrow, and has a slight rise which hides the view beyond, but this once attained the most beautiful street in Europe bursts upon the eye. It has a slight curve and is planted with acacias for more than a mile, over which tower the high fronts of the marble palaces that line each side, as it descends to the Prado, which crosses it at right angles.

The Prado (meadow) in former times was a wooded dip outside the walls, which was the favorite resort of the people, and anciently was renowned for intrigue and murder. It was levelled and planted by the Conde Aranda, a famous minister under Charles III., and laid out in a long drive and garden walks. Its entire length is nearly two miles, but the most frequented part, extending from where the Calle de Alcalá to where the Carrera de San Geronimo abut upon it, is about a third of a mile long, and is called *El Salon* (the saloon). A beautiful fountain of Neptune adorns it, and its trees and stone seats afford shady resting-places to the loungers.

During the afternoon, when the sun is out, the Prado is the mirror of Madrid. Rich and poor, high and low, proud dames and saucy *manolitas*, the soldier and the civilian, all come here to see and to be seen, and it still preserves its ancient fame as a place of intrigue, though happily murders have gone out of fashion.

One of the most prominent of the features of the Prado are the nurses with the children of the well-to-do families. Madrid possesses one of the worst climates in the world, from its sudden and frequent changes of temperature. On a warm day when the sun is shining brightly, and without any premonition, large masses of cold air descend suddenly and silently from the snowy peaks of the Guadarrama mountains in the north-west, frequently changing the temperature thirty or forty degrees of Fahrenheit. No wind blows, and the sufferer is not aware of the change till he feels a sharp pain piercing his lungs and entering his very vitals. A pulmonary disease of the most rapid kind follows, and in a month he is in his grave.

For this reason the people of Madrid always wear the cloak, and throw a part of it over the left shoulder, so as to cover the mouth when they are in the open air. A current popular distich records this characteristic of the climate in these words:

"El aire de Madrid es tan sutil,
Que mata a un hombre y no apaga un candil."

(The air of Madrid is so subtle, that it will kill a man and not put out a candle.)

This peculiarity makes the raising of children in Madrid a very difficult and uncertain thing. All those who can afford it, therefore, procure nurses from the mountains of Asturias in the northern part of the peninsula, and hundreds of these robust and finely built women are brought yearly to the capital as wet nurses for the young aristocracy of Spain. Many of them are handsome, and though they retain with great tenacity their provincial costume, the families take great pride in them, and spare no expense in their dress. This always consists of a black velvet jacket, and a gay colored petticoat with broad bands of gold or silver tissue round it, making it very showy, and the costume is completed by a kerchief tied over the head, the hair hanging in two long plaits down the back, and often reaching nearly to the ground.

We came to the Prado by the Calle de Alcalá, and will return to the Puerta del Sol by the Carrera de San Geronimo. This is a narrower and older-looking street than the former, but it also contains some magnificent houses, particularly in that portion nearest to the Prado.

Here, too, is the building in which the Cortes or Spanish Congress meets. It is a beautiful building of white marble, to which steps lead up much like the eastern front of our own capitol, and it is a fine edifice. The Cortes was not in session, and it had a deserted look, but the names of the martyrs to Spanish liberty which are inscribed upon the walls, brought back the memory of the times of Daoiz and Velarde, Riego and

his compatriots, and many others who have died in the cause of freedom and national independence.

The name of Riego is pronounced with a sad and regretful tone by every Spaniard, and his memory is held sacred in every Spanish heart. In 1820 he pronounced in Andalucía in favor of the constitution which the false and despotic Ferdinand had suppressed, and for his zeal for liberty was hung by the king. Riego's march is now as popular in Spain as is the Marseillaise in France.

The story of Daoiz and Velarde is a more stirring one, and the day of their death, the *dos de Mayo* (2nd of May) is the independence day of Spain. Napoleon having gotten the king, Charles III., and his son Ferdinand into his power, proceeded to take possession of the country in their name. Murat had entered Madrid with a large force and taken possession, as other divisions of French troops had in other cities. An order was issued by him that the officers in command of the artillery barracks in the capital should turn over their guns to the French. Three of the subordinate officers, Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daoiz and Pedro Velarde refused to do this, and calling upon their companions they prepared for defence.

With only three cannon and ten cartridges this handful of men dared to disobey orders and pit their weakness against the most military and powerfully organized foe the world could bring against them. They had nothing fixed but their great courage and greater hatred of the invader, and the very attempt was madness itself; but they relied upon these and the true spirit of their countrymen to support them. It was a national impulse that throbbed in their bosoms.

The French were ordered to charge, and as they did so the cannon blazed forth defiance. Daoiz and Velarde, with many of their companions and of the people who had followed their example in their noble resistance, perished, but Ruiz and others escaped. Hundreds were executed in Madrid, but the fugitives carried the cross of fire through all Spain, and everywhere "war to the knife" was declared against the invader. The victory of Bailen soon followed, and Spain stood forth again in her place among the nations.

The Carrera de San Geronimo divides with the Calle de la Montera the claim of being the business street of Madrid. But business here is transacted almost entirely at retail, although many of the shops contain a handsome assortment of the luxuries and ornaments of life; more so in fact than most other cities of Spain, for the Spaniards as a people are exceedingly temperate and little given to luxury and useless expense.

It is this fact, aided doubtless by the great cost and difficulty of interior transportation, that makes Spain of so little consequence as a commercial nation; for her soil is rich to exceeding abundance in corn, fruit and wine, her mountains prolific in metallic ores and coal, her forests abounding in the finest timber, and her people laborious and honest in their transactions. But nowhere can the products of her fertile fields be brought cheaply to the coast to seek a foreign market, and so the surplus of each crop is often thrown away to leave room in the garner for the coming one.

The principal theatres of Madrid are the *Principe* and *Cruz*. These replace the old theatre that was the cradle of the modern drama in Europe, for which Lope de Vega, Calderon, Cervantes and a host of others wrote, and which was burnt by the French. Both of them are small and ill-ventilated, and each will contain about twelve hundred people. During my visit La Petra Camara, the most celebrated of modern Spanish dancers, was turning every one's head with her spirited and voluptuous performances. She had shortly before carried the Parisian public by storm, but her style was deemed too free for a London engagement.

Opposite to the palace, on the Plaza de Oriente, is the magnificent new Opera-house, or *Teatro Real* as it is called, which is one of the finest in Europe, but not happy in its acoustic effects, the voices of the actors being indistinctly heard. It is fitted with crimson velvet hangings and painted in white and gold, the decorations alone having cost ninety thousand dollars. The parquette is arranged with comfortable arm chairs, and is much frequented by ladies, and when the queen goes in state the effect of the whole arrangement is most striking, though somewhat spoiled by the royal box being in the second tier.

In the square in front stands a fine equestrian statue of

Philip IV., in which the horse curvets upon his hind feet without any other support, and it is believed to be the only one in Europe having this peculiarity. The statue of Jackson, by Mills at Washington, is the only other of the kind. The present one was carved in wood by Montañez, a Spaniard, and cast in bronze at Florence, by Tacca, in 1640. Its height is nineteen feet, and it weighs eighteen thousand pounds.

One of the peculiarities of Madrid, and in fact of all the other large towns of Spain, is the *memorialista*, as he is politely styled. The common people, and indeed many of the better class are an unlettered people, and a writer who shall draw up memorials for their business at the public offices, indite love letters, write to distant friends, and do all those little offices that can be done only with the pen, is a man who is in no small demand. As the greater part of his business lies in the realm of love, he is usually well versed in all the foud sayings and flowing compliments with which the language abounds. Of a summer's day he may be often seen with his table placed upon the sidewalk in front of his little office, nibbling his goose quill and drinking in the softly whispered accents of some fair one, who wishes that he should put her words upon paper in better style than she can do. Perhaps some Asturian nurse waits at a little distance for her turn, that she too may send winged words to the loved one still delving upon her native hills.

Madrid, to the stranger, is quite the reverse of Paris. The grave and sombre outer character of the Spaniard casts its shadow over everything within and without the walls. Long, narrow, winding and gloomy streets, flanked by high cheerless looking houses, through which men muffled in a cloak move noiselessly; shops with few busy clerks and customers; cabs that wend their way lazily; and cold piercing winds characterize the city within, while neither suburbs nor smiling fields cheer the sight without, but a cold desert comes up to the very ramparts.

There are few public places to visit, and when these are once seen the traveller hurries off to Andalucía or Granada, or hastens northward toward sunny France. The *Buen Retiro* (pleasant retreat), is a large extent of fine gardens laid out beyond the Prado for the amusement of Philip IV., and in order to divert his attention from the declining state of his empire. It is still frequented as a drive by the royal family and the public, but the buildings are in a dilapidated condition.

Probably the most attractive object to travellers is the national gallery of painting, which is perhaps unrivalled in Europe. Treasures of art are preserved in this museum which it would occupy months to appreciate and examine with the care and attention they deserve. There are nearly two thousand paintings, and works from the hands of all the great masters adorn the walls with a profusion which no other gallery can excel.

The widely extended rule of Spain, and the tastes of her monarchs during the time of the *Renaissance*, brought the most illustrious painters to her court, and filled her palaces and temples with the unrivalled productions of their skill. Charles V. of Germany, and First of Spain, and his son Philip II., were sovereigns of Spain, Italy and Holland, and both were real patrons of art. Philip IV. ruled also at Naples and the Low Countries during the second restoration of art, which he truly loved for itself. These three monarchs took a pleasure in raising their painters to personal intimacy, and nowhere have art and artists been more highly honored than in the palace at Madrid.

The dry cold climate of Spain was equally favorable to the productions of art, and here even Time seems to have spared its gems. Description pales before the wealth of the national gallery, and I shall do no more than to simply enumerate a few of the great names whose works are here. The Spanish school is naturally the most numerous; there are forty-six by Murillo, sixty-two by Velazquez, fifty-three by Ribera, fifty-five by Lucas Giordano, twenty-seven by Bassano, sixty-two by Rubens, ten by Raphael, forty-three by Titian, fifty-two by Teniers, twenty-two by Vandyke, twenty-seven by Tintoretto, and large numbers by Claude, Wouvermans, Snyders, Guido, and all who are eminent in every country. Nor is Spain exhausted in forming this collection, for the palace at Madrid, the Escorial, San Yldefonso and every other royal, and many private resi.

dances and churches, are crowded still with the productions of art.

The palace at Madrid is one of the most beautiful in Europe. By far the best view of it is seen coming up to the gate of the city from *La Florida* and the river Manzanares, as given in our November number. There it rises, a kingly pile, perched on the solid rock. It occupies the site of the original Alcazar of the Moors which Henry IV. made his residence. During the revels of Christmas Eve 1784, the old edifice took fire and was entirely destroyed, when Philip V. determined to build a rival to Versailles. It is a square of four hundred and seventy feet each way, and one hundred feet high, but the wings and the hanging gardens looking towards the Manzanares are yet unfinished. The base is of granite, and the window work of the beautiful white stone of Colmenar, which in the bright sun glitters as a fair palace of marble. But by moonlight it is most beautiful, for then in the silent loneliness it looms up like the home of an enchanter or a palace of snow.

While I was still at Madrid the queen prepared to depart for the spring residence at Aranjuez, and our excellent and worthy minister, Mr. Barringer, whose noble efforts in behalf of the Cuban prisoners have endeared his name to every heart, invited me to accompany him on the morning of her departure, to visit the palace before the carpets were taken up, the linen covers put upon the furniture, and the objects of *vertu* removed from the rooms. I was naturally desirous to see the home of a queen, in its garb of every day royalty, and I accepted gladly.

The principal entrance is from the Plaza del Oriente, on the south-east side, and opens into an immense quadrangular court-yard, with a glazed upper gallery. Between the arches stand the statues of the Spanish Roman emperors, Trajan, Adrian, Honorius and Theodosius. The grand staircase is noble in design and of easy ascent, and is ornamented with a statue of Charles III., and two magnificent lions in marble. It is said that when Joseph Bonaparte received Napoleon on his arrival at Madrid, and conducted him up these steps, the latter remarked to him, "You will be better lodged than I."

We found the palace in the state of confusion that any house might be were the family suddenly to go out of town and leave to servants the putting of things away. Objects of use and ornament were scattered over the tables and mantelpieces, just as if they had been taken up and put down by some careless or



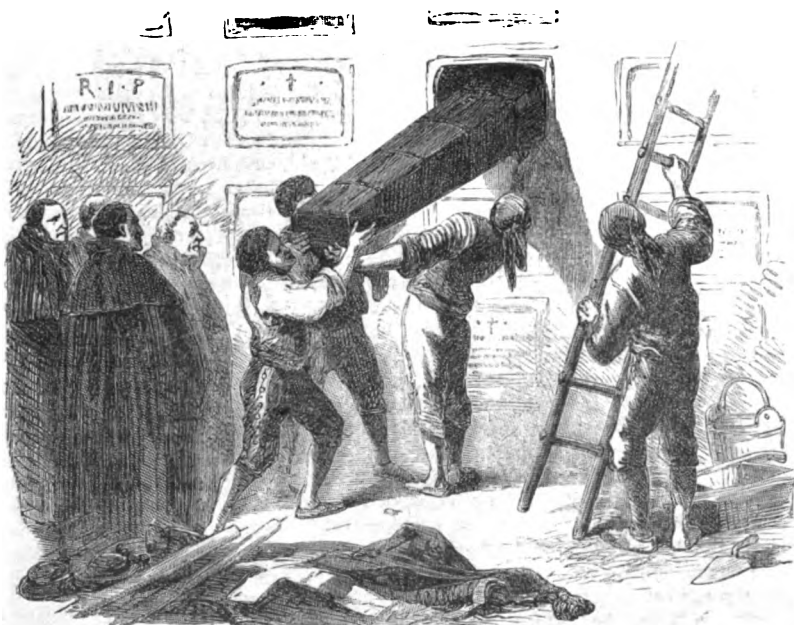
ASTURIAN NURSES AT MADRID.

disorderly person, while others were arranged in the best manner for producing a beautiful effect.

The suite of rooms occupied by the queen were each furnished and ornamented with a uniformity of color, making a green room, a blue room, a rose room and so on, with the tone of which the carpets, walls, furniture and ceilings were in perfect keeping. In arrangement and in the quality of the furniture and carpets, there was nothing to surpass what may be seen in any of our best New York houses, but the rooms were much larger and the pictures were by the greatest pencils that art has known.

Of these and of finely painted ceilings and walls *à fresco*, there was great profusion. Many of the rooms were not carpeted, but had mosaic floors, some in wood, others in marble, and others again in the fine colored stones of Spain. One peculiarity, however, struck me. On every mantelpiece, and on many of the tables, there was a clock. Often were there three or four in a room, and hardly one but had two.

From the queen's apartments, which front upon the city, we passed into the "Hall of the Ambassadors," as the reception room is called. Its decorations are princely. From the ceiling are pendant numerous magnificent crystal chandeliers, while the walls are covered with colossal mirrors, and the windows and doorways hung with rich crimson velvet and gold tapestry. Magnificent marble tables, with furniture to match the hangings, and a throne on one side, slightly raised from the marble mosaic floor, covered and canopied with crimson and gold, combine to form a scene of magic



A SPANISH FUNERAL.

splendor. Here the monarchs of Spain receive on grand occasions, when alive, and here they lie in state when dead.

Passing through the suite of rooms on the south-west side of the palace, we came to the king's apartments, which look to the north-west over the hanging gardens, and below where the Manzanares threads its slender way. Beyond stretch the rugged woods of the *Casa del Campo* (country house), and then the tawny steppes, bounded by the icy Sierra de la Guadarama, whose sharp and snowy outline cuts and freezes the bright sky.

The apartments of the king were stately, dull and cheerless. In the bed-chamber, an altar, on which stood a crucifix, was erected opposite to the bed, and though he has the reputation of being devoted to the church, there was an air, a certain something about it, that seemed to say plainly, "I am more for effect than for use." One of the rooms of his suite was fitted up as a Chinese room, and had a pleasing effect.

On the north-east side are the apartments formerly inhabited by the queen's sister, the present Duchess de Montpensier, but now used as the nursery and apartments of the Princess of Asturias. They are very much in the same state as when occupied by the present duchess, and give evidences of better taste than many other of the royal apartments. On this side is also the royal chapel, which though small is still splendid. The pillars are of the Corinthian order, with rich marbles and gilt stucco work. A box, like an opera box, is arranged on the side opposite to the altar, in which stands two chairs with crowns



AN OX CART IN NORTHERN SPAIN.

upon them, and soft cushions before, for the accommodation of the royal couple.

As we passed through the corridors toward the grand stairway, the gentleman who accompanied us called our attention to a dark stain upon the white marble floor near a doorway, and remarked, "This is the blood of the queen; here stood the assassin Merino when he stabbed her as she came out of this door."

After the birth of the young Princess of Asturias, the queen, upon her recovery, was about to proceed in state with the young princess to the church of the Virgin of Atocha, to render thanks. The corridor and stairway were lined with people



A POPULAR INSTITUTION IN SPAIN.

among whom was an old priest by the name of Merino, who, although a stranger, had obtained admittance to the palace in virtue of his sacred garb.

As the queen passed out of the door into the corridor he was standing close to the lintel, and struck at her with a large dagger. Fortunately she perceived the movement and raising her arm quickly warded off the blow, but was severely cut in the arm.

As the blood spirted the queen cried out, "My child, my child; save my child!" and the attendants rushed upon the assassin, but not before he had attempted another blow. He was at once knocked down by a multitude of blows and dragged off, while the queen, still bleeding, was carried back to her apartments.

The dead struck horror and consternation into the mind of every Spaniard, for it is a national pride and boast that no Spanish monarch has ever been assassinated or driven from the throne. Whether Merino was the agent of some conspiracy or acted solely upon his own impulse is not known. He was an ignorant curate, and from his subsequent demeanor probably an insane enthusiast.

Within a week he was tried and executed, and there was something wild in the tone and manner he exhibited to the very last. When the confessor entered his cell, and the tunic in which he was to be led to execution was thrown over him, he said he would not exchange it for the mantle of the Cæsars. When conducted to the scaffold he was mounted, according to custom, upon a donkey, and as he passed the fields to the execution ground outside of the city he spoke of their requiring irrigation, and complained that the procession went slowly, which the coldness of the weather made unnecessary.

His last words denied any accomplices in his crime, and he died in the same exultant frame of mind, in the sixty-third year of age. His body, the dagger, his clothing, and everything belonging to him were then burnt, and their ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, so that no memorial of his crime might remain.

The court of Madrid has the reputation, and it is doubtless well merited, of being the most intriguing court in Europe. The example of the queen is not of the purest kind, and her courtiers of both sexes do not strive to abash her with the semblance of virtues they do not possess. Her majesty generally dines alone, and the ladies in waiting do not reside in the palace, as is customary in the other European courts, but go there only when they are specially summoned.

In person her majesty is short and very stout, and with the most good-natured looking face in the world, but without anything to boast of in elegance of manner or dignity of deportment. She is exceedingly kind-hearted, very charitable and even lavish with money; but always acting on the impulse of the moment, obeying her own will in all things. Notwithstanding the vast quantity of clocks around her, she is exceedingly tardy and unpunctual in her habits.

She seldom rises before four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and retires to rest about the same hour in the morning. In all things she is usually two or three hours behind time. If she fixes a reception at two o'clock she comes in about five; if a dinner party is announced at seven she usually enters the room about nine or ten; and if she goes in state to the theatre, and the performance is announced at eight, her majesty makes her appearance about ten. She is still passionately fond of dancing, and usually keeps it up till four or five in the morning, her partners finding that the qualification of dancing well is a greater recommendation than rank or station.

The king consort is a most insignificant little man, with a pot belly and pipe-stem legs, and a most awkward and mean look. As a general thing he and the queen are not on good terms, and sometimes do not speak to each other for months. He is ostensibly very religious, to such a degree that his regard for a certain celebrated nun is frequently the cause of scandal.

Maria Christina, the queen mother, is a historical personage. In her youth she was exceedingly beautiful and charming, and though she has now grown very stout, she still possesses the same fascinating manner and bewitching voice and smile that make all who approach her bow before the irresistible charm she knows so well how to exercise. It was this that procured the repeal of the ancient Gallic law in Spain, and gave the

throne to her daughter Isabel. But she is extravagantly fond of money, her greed for which has been the cause of her repeated troubles and expulsion from the peninsula. Her business talents are very great, and she is supposed to be the richest person in Europe. She has made investments and has her agents in every country, all of whom correspond directly with herself. It is supposed that she has one or two millions of dollars invested in the United States, principally at Philadelphia and New Orleans, and she is the present owner of Josephine's palace, Malmaison, near Paris, where she usually resides when banished from Madrid.

Her present husband, the Duke of Rianzares, rose from the ranks of the king's guard, to become her lover and now her partner for life. He is a remarkably fine-looking man, and their children, all daughters, are much handsomer than the queen and her sister. He takes a minor part, however, in all the business of his wife and family, Christina being evidently the better manager.

The whole style of everything connected with the court of Spain is on a scale of great magnificence. The list of grantees embraces some of the highest names in the history of the world. Not to mention those of Old World renown, there are the heirs of Columbus, with the title of Duke of Veraguas, who still enjoys an annual pension of sixteen thousand dollars from the New World, and which is paid from the royal treasury of Havana; the Marquis del Valle, descended from Hernan Cortés; the descendants of Pizarro, and of many others famous in the early history of America. The court dress and equipages of the many illustrious houses that still live in Spain, their plumed horses and the fine liveries of their footmen and runners are all beautifully got up, and on state occasions the splendor surpasses that of any other court in the world.

Among the few pleasant rides around Madrid is that to the hermitage of San Antonio. Leaving the city by the gate at the side of the palace we descend at once to the bank of the little river Manzanares, which is the Hudson, the Thames or the Seine of Madrid. It is a very diminutive stream, and is often nearly dry. When the French entered Madrid in 1808, they said in derision that even the river had run away.

Here is the paradise of the Madrilénian washerwomen, and always in the earlier part of the week they may be seen stretched along its banks for miles in tiers two or three deep, each one with her flat rubbing stone and portion of clothes-line stretched across the mead behind. The lavation, especially under the royal palace, by the tree-fringed banks, is garrulous and picturesque, for brightly do the many colored garments glitter in the sun. Many of the young girls too are exceedingly beautiful, and look like naiads in the water, or sylphs, as with form erect and lithe they wend their way across the meadow with their baskets upon their heads.

Passing over the fine bridge that spans the Manzanares, we come to the avenues, and *La Florida*, once a famous drive, but now eclipsed by the Prado. A little farther on is the hermitage of San Antonio. It is a small church with a great reputation, and the miracles of San Antonio are finely painted, *al fresco*, upon its walls.

Attached to it is a small burial ground, which is laid out prettily as a garden-plot, and where the dead are not placed under ground, but in niches, or a kind of oven, a high tier of which encircles three sides of the plat behind the church.

While we were there, a small funeral cortege drove up to the church with the remains of one who had been well-to-do in life, and whose heirs could now afford him a niche for his body and sundry masses for his soul. The corpse was taken into the little chapel that served for the purpose, and several priests hurriedly putting on the vestments, and bearing incense, holy water and the cross, gathered near the corpse, around which large candles had already been lighted. They chanted the prayers for the dead, sprinkled the coffin with holy water and perfumed it with incense.

When the prayers were finished, the cortege, with the exception of one or two friends, departed, and the attendants hurried the body off to the cemetery, followed by one or two priests and friends of the deceased. These stood uncovered while the servants, throwing off their hats and cloaks, quickly thrust the coffin head foremost into the oven-like space assigned to it, and a mason stood by with ladder, trowel, a few bricks and a hod

of mortar, ready to wall up the small space between the living and the dead.

There are few interesting tombs in modern-built Madrid, though the rest of the peninsula is crowded with spots where the illustrious dead repose, and over which hover the memories of mighty names and deeds. Lope de Vega lies in the church of San Sebastian, Velasquez in that of San Juan, and Cervantes was buried in that of the nuns Las Trinitarias Descalsas, but when they removed to another convent the site was forgotten and they are now unhonored. Quevedo, too, died here in poverty, and Calderon de la Barca once rested in the church of San Salvador, but his remains have been removed to the cemetery near the Atocha gate. Madrid has no cathedral nor poet's corner in some mighty fane, where the honored remains of genius may repose.

Though there is still much of interest to note in Madrid, amid which we could linger with delight, the limits of the article with which we can trespass upon the readers of our magazine, warn us that we must prepare for the Escorial and our route to the frontier. One more visit in the capital and then we will leave for other scenes.

The collection of ancient armor in the royal armory is well worthy of a visit and a study. It is arranged in an ancient building near the south side of the palace, and in order to get to it we had to ascend a narrow winding stairway in an old tower, where the windows let in little light and the uneven stone steps reverberated as we stumbled darkly up them.

Reaching the head of the stairs we entered at once into an open space in a large hall, and at the first glance I started back with surprised alarm. A cavalcade of knights, with waving banners and dancing plumes, the front ranks with lances couched, were seemingly coming down at a fast trot through a long lane of men-at-arms and halberdiers on either side, and were close upon me. Recovering from my surprise, I saw at once that it was but a semblance of the pageantry and warfare of the middle ages, when knighthood and knight-errantry were held in high esteem.

Down the centre of the long saloon are arranged men in armor, on horses and on foot, advancing as it were to the front of battle, or to the tournament, while on the sides are a row of armed esquires seeming to guard the pageant.

Here may be seen the long unwieldy lances for the battle and the lighter ones for the tournament and joust; the heavy single and double handed swords that have done good service on Moor and Moslem, the shield and battle axe, the coat of mail and the plated armor; the plumed helmet with open and with closed visor; the arquebus and the culverin; the lordly knight and the lowly man at arms. All are here in their true stern nature—the armor and the weapons reality, their bearers the fancies of former daring and knighthood.

Of the Emperor Charles V. there are no less than nineteen suits, all more or less beautifully chased and elaborately ornamented. His son Philip II., the builder of the Escorial, also contributes largely, and the suits around belonged to heroes whose actions are immortalised in the days of chivalry. One of the most elegant is that of Don John of Austria, the hero knight, who won Lepanto's fight at twenty-five, and died at the early age of thirty-three while commanding in the Netherlands; others of *El Gran Capitan*, Gonzalo de Cordova; Guzman "the Good"; Garcilaso de la Vega, the youthful and knightly poet who fell in the assault at Frejus; Boabdil, the *rey chico* of Granada, and many others not less known to fame. The suit of equestrian armor worn by Charles V. when he entered Tunis in triumph, in July 1535, weighs one hundred and eighty-nine pounds.

Among the swords, too, are brands of mighty name. The great two-handed sword of Jaime, *El Conquistador*; the famous sword of El Cid, wrested in the death struggle from Berenguer, and ever after the terror of Moorish Spain. That of Bernardo del Carpio, whose name is so beautifully wreathed with poetry by Mrs. Hemans; of Suero de Quiñones, him of *El Paso Honroso*, the joust of honor; of Ferdinand the Sainted King, of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Ysabel the patron of Columbus, Boabdil and a hundred others. There is also a model of the sword taken at Pavia from Francis I. of France; the original was carried back to Paris by the French when they invaded Spain.

Moorish swords and scimetars innumerable are here, with their inscriptions from the Koran.

But here, as elsewhere in Spain, was I rejoiced to find things upon which I loved to dwell, for they spoke to me of America and its story. There is a full suit of armor that belonged to Columbus; black and white with silver medallions. As I looked upon it there rose before me the whole scene of his triumphant entry into Barcelona on his first return, followed by a long train bearing the gold and incense, the precious woods and birds of gay plumage, the fruits and flowers of a new found world.

Here, too, was the armor of Hernan Cortés, with the sword of stout Bernal Diaz, the chronicler of *la noche triste*, "the sorrowful night" of the retreat from Mexico, and of the valiant deeds of his companions in arms. Would that his brave old pen, too, had been there. The sword of Pizarro, gaped and battered on the crowns of the Incas, with many others whose truthful stories surpass the deeds of romance chronicled of all the old world knights.

Of these the story of Suero de Quiñones is the best attested, and worthy of a place here. He was a knight of Leon who in 1434 held the joust at the bridge of Orbigo, three leagues from Astorga, which has ever since been known in the chronicles of knight errantry as *El Paso Honroso* ("The Joust of Honor"). His challenge was delivered in a speech to King Juan II., and published through a large portion of Christendom, and runs thus:

"It is a just and reasonable desire of all captives, or who are in prison detained, to desire freedom; and as I, your natural vassal, am captive to a lady long years since, in sign of which I wear on every Thursday upon my neck this iron collar, as is well-known in your magnificent court and kingdom, and beyond them by the hazards through which this captivity has been borne with my arms; now, powerful señor, in the name of the apostle James, I have concerted my ransom, which is three hundred lances broken by me and these cavaliers who are here in harness of war—counting each as broken that shall draw blood—in the right road by which most people use to pass to the city where his holy sepulchre is; making known to all strangers that there they will find armor and horses, and lances such as every good knight may fearlessly couch without fear of their being lightly broken. And be it known to every lady of honor that may pass by that place, where I will be, that if she has no cavalier or gentleman to take arms for her, she must leave the glove of her right hand."

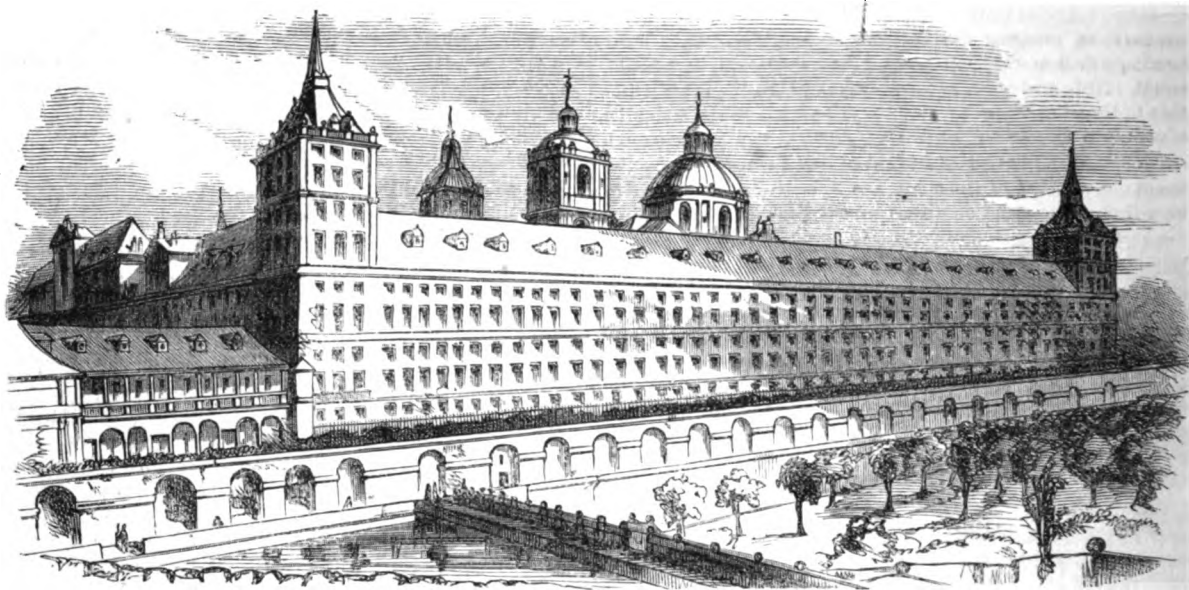
The challenge closes with the following arrogant but knightly phrase:

"To all the ladies of the world be it known, that if the lady, the which I know, should pass by that place, her right hand may be assured it will lose the glove, and no cavalier or gentleman, other than I, shall defend it, for the world has no one who so truly can bear arms for her."

Quiñones and his eight companions held the bridge for thirty days, against sixty-eight knights who came from various parts of Spain, Germany, Brittany, Portugal, and Italy, to accept the challenge. On the last day one only of the nine champions was in a state to bear arms, and none of the opponents. One, Albert of Claramonte, was killed by a lance thrust through the visor of his helmet and the left eye to the brain; eleven were sorely, and many others lightly wounded. The whole affair is a picture of valor, devotion, and gallantry of the times, and is minutely described in "The Book of the Joust of Honor." It is pleasing to know that the three hundred lances were victoriously broken, and the valiant knight released from his iron collar and love's fond bondage.

Passion week came upon us before we got away from Madrid. As the *Villa y Corte* has no cathedral or bishop, the ceremonies here are not so magnificent as at Seville, but still they were gorgeous and interesting. From Thursday morning at ten o'clock till Saturday at the same hour, no bells were struck nor carriages allowed in the streets. In order to mark the hours parties of boys sallied forth at the proper time from each church, and made the circuit of a few squares in the vicinity, with pieces of board upon which loose irons were fastened, and with these they made a great racket.

The churches were draped in black, and the ceremonies of the crucifixion of our Saviour were performed. On Thursday he



MONASTERY OF SAN LORENZO DEL ESCORIAL

was duly crucified in one church, and on the morrow the body was taken down from the cross and carried in solemn procession through the streets to another church, where the tomb was erected.

First came a regiment of troops with a fine military band, followed by long lines of people bearing large wax tapers. After these a body of clergy and friars, singing from time to time as they walked along; then the banner of the church borne by a goodly priest upon a silver standard, after which followed the image of the body of our Saviour laid upon a bier and borne by men clothed in long white robes, with white mantles thrown over their faces. The body reposed under a canopy on the top of which were figures representing the flagellation of our Saviour, over the head being the sun surrounding the letters I. H. S., with a cross above them.

Then came another band of soldiers with music, and the statue of the Virgin, borne also upon the shoulders of men. Behind followed a troop of cavalry, citizens, and then the banner of the Virgin beautifully embroidered. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with soldiers to keep the way clear, and as the body passed the people uncovered, and the more devout knelt upon the pavement.

The whole scene was beautiful and solemn. The gorgeous dresses of the priests and officers, the doleful music, and the devotion of the people, contributed to impress the senses with the solemnity of the occasion. On the morrow, Saturday, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the shouting of the people, and the rush of carriages through the streets, announced that He had risen, and Madrid assumed again its every day garb.

The Escorial, the famous monastery of Philip II., styled by Spaniards the eighth wonder of the world, stands about eight leagues from Madrid toward the Sierra de Guadarrama. At nine the diligence started, and crossing the Manzanares where the washerwomen were in full assemblage, took the fine road that has been built to it especially for the accommodation of living and dead royalty.

For several leagues it runs through the game covers of El Pardo, a royal shooting box two leagues from Madrid, where the country round for fifteen leagues in circumference is preserved from the plough, that it may breed game for the king's sport. Beyond it we passed through the small and poor villages of Las Rosas, Puente del Retamar, and Galapagar, all of

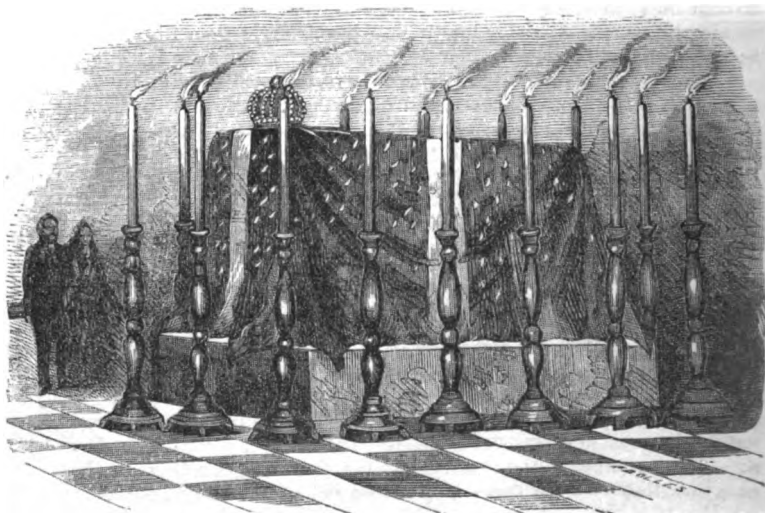
which presented the poverty-stricken features that characterize the high plateau of central Spain.

The road was the highway to the Asturias and a part of the north-western coast, and every little while we passed groups of Asturians, in their blue garb and belt, wending their way on foot to Madrid and toward the south, in search of fortune. The whole route was barren, the soil poor, the country desolate and without grandeur. Near a large boulder of granite a stone cross indicates the former dominion of the cowl, and from here the road ascends through poplars and pollarded elms to the wind-blown hamlet at the base of the mountains.

When still three leagues distant we had caught occasional views of the gloomy pile rising in solitary state under the jagged sullen Sierra, looming so large that it is not lost even among the mountains. It rises grandly from the gardens and terraces which embosom it. The day was nearly gone when we reached the small hamlet that squats beside the monastery, and we had only time to dine and prepare for the next day's tour before it was dark.

During the evening Cornelio, the blind guide to the monastery, came to make arrangements with us for the next day's movements. It was arranged that we should breakfast early and start immediately afterward.

The origin of this monastery is differently stated, but the church favors the following incident: When the Spaniards under Philip II. were about to attack the French at the small village of San Quentin in the north of Spain, it was found



CATALIQUE OF THE KINGS AT THE ESCORIAL.

necessary, in bringing the batteries to bear, to raze a small hermitage dedicated to San Lorenzo and inhabited by a single hermit. This was done, and the hermit went at once to complain to the king whom he found praying and making the most solemn vows for the success of his troops.

"You have destroyed the house of San Lorenzo," said the hermit; "you have turned him out to be at the mercy of the tempest, and how can you expect to succeed?"

The king implored him to moderate the ire of the saint, and finally promised that if his saintship would fight on his side and they were victorious, he would build him a magnificent house and they would live in it together. The saint it is said embraced the conditions, and fought with legions of angels against the enemy, and the king fulfilled his promise by building the Escorial.

It was a work well suited to the grave and ascetic character of Philip, who had no doubt inherited it from his father, Charles V., the recluse of Yuste.

The edifice is a rectangular parallelogram, seven hundred and forty-four feet from north to south, and five hundred and eight feet from east to west, with an extended wing from the centre of the south side for the residence of the king. Four large towers upon each corner, and the subdivision of the building into courts, are so placed as to give the whole the figure of an immense gridiron inverted and laid upon the ground. This is also in compliment to San Lorenzo, who is said to have been broiled to death upon a gridiron; and among the innumerable paintings that adorn it is one by Titian, with figures larger than life, where the saint is being broiled alive. It makes the blood run cold to look upon it.

Cornelio was true to his appointment, and led us through the courts and galleries, the chapels and corridors, up dark winding staircases built within the thickness of the granite walls, and down into cellars and subterranean passages, with a rapidity and aplomb that almost made me, in some of the dark passages, envy him his blindness.

All the while he went on describing the places over which we were passing; some times calling attention to beauties in the frescoes that adorned the walls, at others to some noted spot where the king had stood or sat, and never once making a mistake or requiring a correction.

The cells were designed to accommodate two hundred monks, each one having a double room, one for study and one to sleep in. Those on the south side were the favorite ones, and many of the windows still contain the little wooden bins where the old monks of yore were used to sun and ripen the vintage of the plain.

Our space does not permit us to stay long in this ramble, and we will therefore limit our description to a few of the most remarkable things. Entering by the grand portal on the west side, we proceeded at once to the church. Here, in front of the high altar, and in the centre of the principal nave, stands the perpetual catafalque, robed in black and surmounted with a brass crown, perpetuating the ceremonial of the burial of the dead kings.

Under the altar is the Pantheon where they repose. We descended to it through a gate of gilded brass, and by steps of variegated marbles. On the left side, half way down, is *el púdridero*, the rotting place; and on the other, tombs for princes of the royal family.

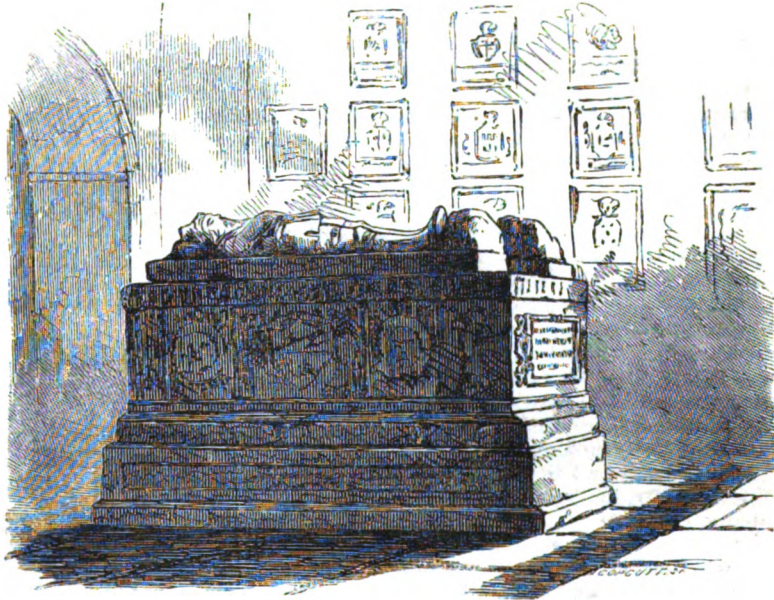
Descending again by a green and yellow colored jasper lined stair, we reached the Pantheon, which is an octagon thirty-six feet in diameter by thirty-eight feet wide. There are twenty-six niches hollowed in the eight sides, with black marble urns, each inscribed with the name of its occupant, containing the remains of a king or a king's mother. None others can enter the Pantheon.

We spent the whole day going through the vast edifice, where

now only fourteen monks reside, so as to keep up the service of the church, and it exhibited everywhere the signs of desolation. Closed windows, doors that creaked hoarsely on their rusty hinges, heaps of dust gathered on threshold and window-sill, streaks of light streaming through shrunken and cracked shutters, and that damp coldness that settles where the hand of man dwells not, met us at every turn.

We entered the magnificent library, where heaps of Christian and of Moslem lore stand in gloomy silence on the dusty shelves, their pages rarely sunned by light of intelligence. A worthy monk, who still broods over the treasures under his charge, opened for us some of the ancient bibles that Cardinal Ximenes had gathered from which to make the celebrated Complutensium edition. He showed us, too, magnificently written and bound Korans that had been captured from Moslem kings, and many other most rare and curious works.

The palace exhibits even greater signs of decay than the monastery. While we were there men were at work taking down the fine embroidered tapestry that adorned the walls, for the moths had got into it, and were rapidly eating it away. We were shown the room where the monkish Philip lived, and the little cell close to the side of the high altar, with a port-hole window, through which he could look from the bed of death and see the host as the priest raised it on high during the sacrament of mass.



TOMB OF EL CID.

Here were a common wooden table, about which, in his time, the grave council of Castile were wont to gather, to decide upon questions that affected a large portion of the Old and more than half of the New World; a rough X chair with strips of coarse cloth to make its seat and back; and a piece of board which the king used to place upon his knees for the purpose of signing the documents of state. A few old pens and a rusty inkstand still lie upon the table, and half a dozen common chairs in the outer room comprise all the furniture of the king monk, Philip of Spain and the Indies.

The grounds are beautifully laid out, but now are much neglected. A pretty palace built for Charles IV. when he was prince, is still called *La Casa del Principe*. It is a beautiful little box, filled with pictures and rare works of art, and much more lively in appearance than the gloomy monastery.

On the east side of the Escorial, and separated from it by a wide street, down which tempests of wind often rage furiously, stand three or four stone houses of two stories, formerly residences of the ministers.

A subterranean passage has been constructed under the street, communicating with the monastery, so that the ministers might pass with their portfolios without danger of being blown away. It is stated that these wind tempests once hoisted an ambassador, coach and all, who had come to visit the king.

Darkness came upon us before we got back to the *posada*, and a night's rest in its cheerless rooms, but comforter piled beds, prepared us for our return to Madrid in the morning.

That evening we sat in the dark little room of the *posada*, a motley party of us, including English, Spaniards and Americans, discussing the wonders we had that day seen, and the character of him under whose bigoted will they had been brought together. What power has superstition! Here we see in the enormous pile that the fanaticism of one man has raised, how ill the genius and energies of men may be directed where power is absolute.

How much labor, how much wealth, how many men's lives sacrificed, what seas of tears have here been spent upon this monkish pile; to adorn one name, to make one soul's fancied path to heaven easy. For three years he lay here, the old man whose sands of three score years and ten had more than run out, bedridden, his body covered with lice-breeding boils, and his mind haunted with doubts whether his bloody bigotry, the supposed merit of his life, was not in truth a damning crime. I doubt not the lesson came home to every heart around that little fireside, and from mine I am sure the Escorial and its teachings will never die out.

But we have lingered too long here already, and now must hasten to the frontier. We have been able only in these short articles to skim fitfully over the rich mines of Spain and her history and her lore, where there are volumes upon volumes of yet unexplored and unwritten interest and delight; and we leave them with regret, in the hope that it may some day be our good fortune to return to them and to our theme.

Our second day's journey by diligence from Madrid, brought us to Burgos, the cradle of Castile, where we were detained a few hours. We improved them by visiting the cathedral, one of the celebrated ones of Spain. Though only a little over six hundred years old, it is crowded with monuments of the illustrious dead, whose deeds at home and abroad carried the banner and the fame of their country round the circuit of the world, while other nations were still swaddled in the ducal mantles of the feudal ages.

It is a glorious old gothic pile, round which the houses cluster close up to it, as though they feared to lose it. The various chapels of the cathedral are worthy of a much longer stay than we could make, for they are fitted with good sculpture, tombs and painted glass. I have since seen Louis Philippe's bantling at Versailles, and the boastful Westminster of England; but after Burgos they were modern, dull and comparatively empty.

The grandest of all is the chapel built for the tomb of the Velasco family, the hereditary constables of Castile. It is as large as some churches, and is admirable inside and out. We were shown here, too, the coffer of El Cid, *honra de España*, an old worm-eaten chest, now fixed to the wall, which, as his chronicle tells us, he once filled with sand and pledged for a large sum of money to the Jews, Rachel and Bidas, with his word for the value of its contents. The honest old Cid was a Castilian, and his honor was strictly redeemed.

His tomb still stands in the monastery of San Pedro de Cardena, a short distance from Burgos. Over the doorway is the Cid mounted on Babieca, famous in all Spanish story, cutting down hosts of unbelieving Moslems. In a small side chapel stands his tomb, with the effigy of Ximena, his wife, lying by his side, with a dog, the emblem of fidelity, at her feet. The Cid died in 1099, and though by many esteemed a fabulous hero, there is no reason to doubt that he was a real character. His marriage contract with Ximena has been discovered in Spain during the present year.

Two days' rapid travelling carried us through the beautiful provinces of northern Spain, the cradle and home of a representative form of government long before the New World was discovered, to the little river Bidasoa that divides France from Spain. Here a custom-house on each side of the small bridge bears the arms of different monarchs, and a different tongue at once prevails.

RARE INSTANCES OF TRUTH, SAGACITY AND LOVE, IN THE DOG.

Among all the animal creation there is none that exhibits such attachment to, and love for man as the dog. In every country

and every clime he is an admitted member of the family, and it is doubtful whether his fidelity and sagacity are most useful in savage or in civilized life. One thing, however, is certain, whether his master be rich or poor, wise or ignorant, the love entertained for him by his dog is equally deep and true, and often continues long after death has deprived him of the power of rewarding the faithful animal. This is faithfully exhibited in the following instance that occurred during Napoleon's invasion of Russia and retreat from Moscow:

A common soldier in the Italian regiment of the Veliti of the guards had, when at Milan, a dog that was much attached to him, following him to all his various military duties, and invariably mounting guard with him, and sharing his sentry-box whenever he stood sentry at the gate of the vice-regal palace.

In 1812, at the time of the disastrous Russian campaign, among the numerous regiments composing the fine Italian army that marched with the Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais, went the Veliti, and with them the master of the dog. Tofino, who was already well-known to the soldiers, marched after his master, and crossing the Alps and traversing a great portion of the European continent (having been present at several battles where the Veliti were engaged), finally arrived at Moscow. When the armies of Bonaparte were obliged to withdraw from that capital in flames, Tofino still followed his master, and went through all the horrors of that memorable retreat. He was at the murderous battle of Malorajoshlewitz, where the Italians behaved gallantly and suffered great loss. The viceroy's Veliti, though they had suffered tremendously, had still the consistence and appearance of a regiment when they reached the Berezina; but on the fatal passage of that river where so many thousands perished, they lost more than half of their remaining men, and the master of poor Tofino was among the number. After that passage there was no order preserved in the retreat; the fragments of the Veliti were mixed up with the fragments of other regiments, and all went on in fearful confusion. Tofino, however, who had crossed the river in safety, and had lingered some time on the bank, barking and moaning as though he missed somebody, was soon after seen trotting after some of the Veliti; and so he continued to be seen day after day and week after week keeping up with the retreating soldiery, and always close to those who wore the uniform of his unfortunate master. The circumstance naturally made an impression on the men; and some of his master's comrades, in the midst of their own miseries and privations, attended to the wants of the dog who showed such fidelity to the regiment. But in spite of these cares and their caresses, Tofino would never exclusively attach himself to any one man; on the contrary, he always looked out for the greatest number of the Veliti, and where they went he followed, regardless of the individuals who would have retained him by their particular kindness. In this manner from Moscow he reached Wilna, then traversing the rest of Lithuania and Poland, the Kingdom of Prussia, a part of Saxony, the States of the Confederacy of the Rhine, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and the Alps—in short, after having performed a journey of more than two thousand five hundred English miles, Tofino again entered Milan in the summer of 1813, in the rear of a small body of the Veliti. How this poor Italian dog had travelled through regions and swum over freezing rivers, where the very horses of the country had died, was a marvel to all who witnessed the tragical retreat.

As soon as he was within the walls of Milan, Tofino went straight to the barracks which the Veliti had occupied, and after waiting there some time, he trotted to the sentry-box by the palace-gate, where he had so often mounted guard with his master—and he never more moved a hundred yards from it! The first two or three days he was heard to howl and moan, but this sad mood past, and he occupied his corner in the sentry-box in silence. The interesting anecdote reached the ears of the Viceroy Beauharnais, who ordered that poor Tofino should be kindly treated and well-fed, and considered as a pensioner of the state. But there was no need for these orders—the whole army, the whole population of Milan regarded the dog almost as a sacred animal, and were accustomed to show him to all strangers as one of the wonders and ornaments of the city.

In 1814, when the French were driven out of Italy, Tofino fell, with all Lombardy and the States of Venice, into the power of the Austrians, who (whatever they did with the

human beings that returned to their yoke) treated the dog as kindly as ever; he still occupied his corner of the sentry-box, and was feasted and pointed out as heretofore. Tofino lived several months under the régime of the house of Austria, and then died full of honors and deeply regretted by the Milanese.

Tofino had nothing striking in his outward appearance—he could not even pretend to purity of blood or descent, for he was a mongrel—rough-haired, clumsily made, and about the size of our common breed of terriers.

It is not alone in savage life that the dog assists his master to gain his livelihood; but even in the centres of civilization, and using the arts that may be supposed to belong only to his sharp-witted teacher, do we often find him pursuing his avocation with a keenness of perception and as sharp an eye to business as the most astute man.

An English officer who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well-polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeblack was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and took him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge.

This sagacity of the dog in returning to his master, travelling long distances, and his attachment to his progeny, is touchingly exemplified in the following well authenticated anecdote:

A celebrated preacher, named Bucholz, who resided at Hasmark, in Hungary, had occasion to go to the village of Eperies, distant about twenty English miles from his own place of abode. He travelled on foot, and took with him a small terrier bitch, then in the last week of her pregnancy. After having been detained several days at Eperies by floods, he was compelled to return home without his dog, which in the meantime had brought forth a litter of five puppies. He had not been in the house an hour, when to his surprise the bitch came in bearing a puppy in her mouth, which she carefully placed upon the mat where she ordinarily lay, and immediately rushed out of the house again on the road to Eperies. In the space of twenty-four hours, she went and returned four times more; on each occasion bringing home a puppy in her mouth. It is hardly necessary to state that the puppies were quite dead as the mother brought them into the house. As the poor creature laid the last puppy upon the mat, she could scarcely stand for weariness; she whined and trembled, looking pitifully upon her dead puppies; and after walking once or twice round the mat, she laid herself down beside them, and died in a few minutes. In twenty-four hours the animal had run about one hundred and eighty miles.

A dog, belonging to the late Dr. Robert Hooper, had been in the constant habit of performing various little personal services for his master, such as fetching his slippers, &c. It happened one day that Dr. Hooper had been detained by his professional duties much beyond his usual dinner hour. The dog impatiently waited for his arrival, and he at last returned, weary and hungry. After showing his pleasure at the arrival of his master, greeting him with his usual attention, the animal remained tolerably quiet until he conceived a reasonable time had elapsed for the preparation of the doctor's dinner. As it did not, however, make its appearance, the dog went into the kitchen, seized with his mouth a half-broiled beefsteak, with which he hastened back to his master, placing it on the table-cloth before him.

The following anecdote shows an extraordinary sense, if not a reasoning faculty in a dog:

A lady of high rank has a sort of Colley, or Scotch sheep-dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so, but if he is told

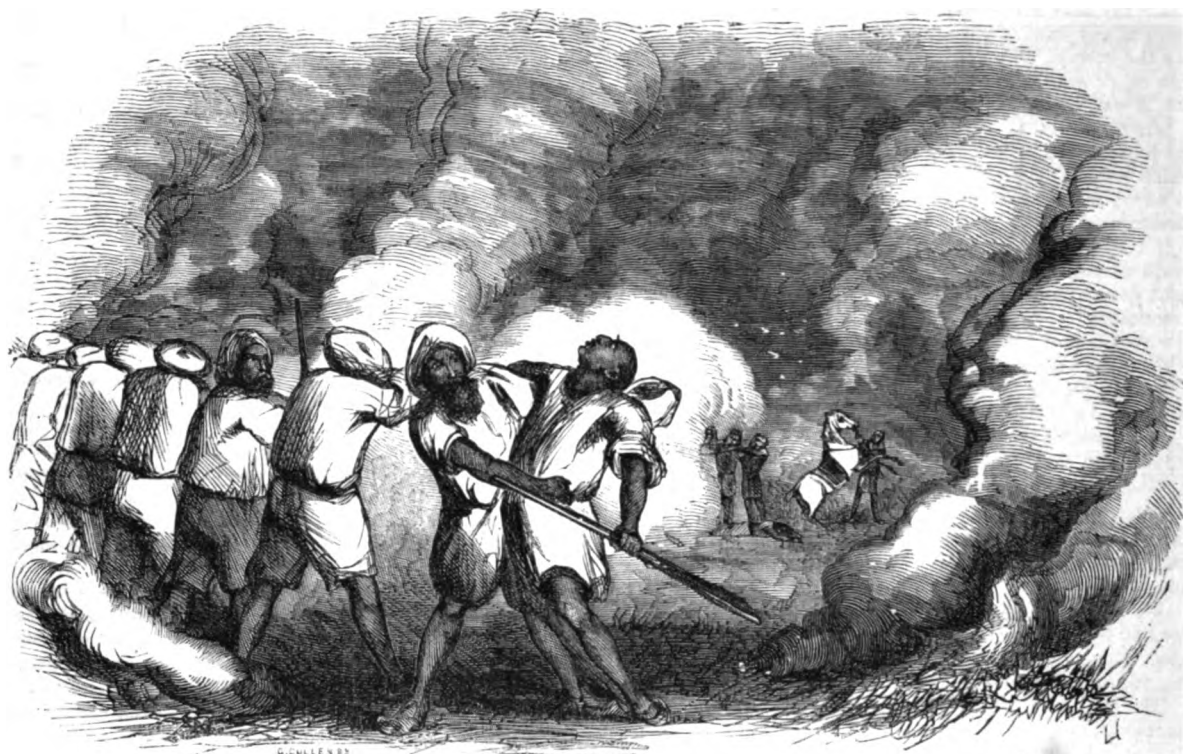
to ring the bell, when the servant is in the room whose duty it to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place. His mistress says, "Ring the bell, dog." The dog looks at the servant and then barks his bow-wow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him—"Don't you hear that I am to ring the bell for you—come to my lady!" His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on, but during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say—if he could—"It is all right now."

Mr. Smellie, in his *Philosophy of Natural History*, mentions a curious instance of the intellectual faculty of a dog. He states that "a grocer in Edinburgh had one, which for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighborhood. A man who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling pies happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, he ran impetuously towards him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks, and on receiving a penny he instantly carried it in his mouth to the pieman, and received his pie. This traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog continued to be daily practised for several months."

The delight of the Newfoundland dog appears to be in the preservation of human life. The great utility and sagacity of the Newfoundland dog, in cases of drowning, were shown in the following instance. Eleven sailors, a woman and the waterman had reached a sloop of war in Hamoaze in a shore boat. One of the sailors, stooping rather suddenly over the side of the boat to reach his hat, which had fallen into the sea, the boat upset, and they were all plunged into the water. A Newfoundland dog, on the quarter deck of the sloop, seeing the accident, instantly leaped amongst the unfortunate persons, and seizing one man by the collar of his coat, he supported his head above water until a boat had hastened to the spot and saved the lives of all, but the waterman. After delivering his burthen in safety, the noble animal made a wide circuit round the ship in search of another person, but not finding one, he took up an oar in his mouth which was floating away, and brought it to the side of the ship.

A gentleman in Ireland had a remarkably fine and intelligent Newfoundland dog, named Boatswain, whose acts were the constant theme of admiration. On one occasion, an aged lady who resided in the house, and the mother-in-law of the owner of the dog, was indisposed and confined to her bed. The old lady was tired of chickens and other productions of the farm-yard, and a consultation was held in her room as to what could be procured to please her fancy for dinner. Various things were mentioned and declined, in the midst of which Boatswain, who was greatly attached to the old lady, entered her room with a fine young rabbit in his mouth, which he laid at the foot of the bed, wagging his tail with great exultation. It is not meant to infer that the dog knew anything of the difficulty of finding a dinner to the lady's taste, but seeing her distressed in mind and body, it is not improbable that he had brought his offering in the hopes of pleasing her.

On another occasion, his master found this dog early one summer's morning, keeping watch over an unfortunate countryman, who was standing with his back to a wall in the rear of the premises, pale with terror. He was a simple, honest creature, living in the neighborhood. Having to attend some fair or market, about four o'clock in the morning, he made a short cut through the grounds, which were under the protection of Boatswain, who drove the intruder to the wall, and kept him there, showing his teeth and giving a growl whenever he offered to stir from the spot. In this way he was kept a prisoner till the owner of the faithful animal released him.



SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE MUSSULMEN AND THE BRITISH OFFICERS.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE JUNGLE;

A SKETCH OF THE MAHRATTA REBELLION IN INDIA, BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

We left the main body near Lucknow, at about seven and a half o'clock in the morning. Our object was a *reconnaissance* of the Rajah's position. The major's famous full-blood, Stebbins' Mogul, and my Blaubeurg, were three better horses than often took a run together on a fine morning over the jungle-dotted savannas of India. Each seemed to appreciate the excellent, gentlemanly company he was in, and each did his best to show himself *au fait* in all the accomplishments of a well-bred horse.

We rode merrily over wide plains, covered with interminable oceans of grass, through forests and brakes, and past malaria-teeming vales, wherever the wide trail of the enemy took us, never stopping to recover wind, till about noon we drew rein in a delicious grove, loaded with the damask breath of the hedge-rose and the *kuskus*.

In scarce half an hour we were in the saddle again, and bounding over the pest-teeming country, as hot, each, as the well-worked Sisyphus of Grecian mythology.

It was getting towards evening, and we were skirting an immense, wide, waving patch of tall jungle-grass, which stretched interminably towards all four points of the compass, till circumscribed by the flaming belt of the horizon, when the captain, who was riding in the lead, at a neck-breaking pace—a practice which sometimes sunk him up to his saddle-girths in the bog, before he knew the ground was soft, turned, and bolting into cover, roared—

"Down into the grass!"

We instantly obeyed, and sliding out of our saddles stood up in the tall grass, which, when not trampled down by our horses, rose a foot above our heads. We had complied because the order was so fierce and peremptory as to leave thought for nothing else.

"What is the matter, Stebbins?" inquired Duncombe, as we were ensconced in our retreat.

"Follow me!" said the captain; "you shall see!"

Having an equal interest in the explanation, I followed also. Leaving our horses where they stood, we proceeded cautiously to the edge of the grass, on foot. Stebbins then got down upon all fours, and shortening his legs and arms so as to bring his

body close to the earth, crawled in this manner to a little grass-topped knoll, about fifty yards off in a straight line.

We followed in the same sneaking style, and all three brought up behind the knoll—our lengths stretched along its verdure-carpeted sides.

"Now, captain, show us the Anthropophagus!" said the major.

"There he is!" said Stebbins, "on the top of that ridge of low hills, two miles, I should think, to the northward! See how plainly that horse's outline stands out in relief against the white cloud beyond. By Heavens! he is mounted! There's another, mounted, too!"

"I see a third and fourth," said the major, "just to the right of the cluster of trees; they are both mounted, and, by Jove, they're coming down the side of the ridge! Can they have seen us?"

"It is more than possible," said the captain; "I shouted as soon as I saw the knaves, but they had the advantage of high ground and may have desecrated us scouring the country long first!"

"That is too true!" said Duncombe, "and if they be the Rajah's men they will take an alarm to him, which will bring upon us some more of his knavish tricks!"

"There are three, four, yes, half a dozen more of them!" said the captain, "all bursting over the ridge at a flying pace. With your concurrence, gentlemen, I shall retire; in an emergency like this I prefer to be by my horse—when I have as good a one as Mogul."

We, crouching and crawling back again into the grass, regained our beasts.

"Hark!" said the major, stepping into one of his stirrups, and peering vainly over the tall grass-spears. No sound was audible, but that might well have been, for the ground was not of a nature to give back the sound of clattering hoofs.

"We have neglected one precaution, if we intend to remain in this cover," said Stebbins. "That bent and trampled grass would give a clue to a blind man!"

"That is unfortunately true!" said Duncombe; "but it is too late to attempt to provide against that blunder; besides, our hoof-prints would betray us!"

"Then we must stand to our arms," said the captain, springing back the hammer of his rifle with a sharp click.

"Not yet, not yet!" said Duncombe, "we must avoid them if possible! Follow me!"

It is my duty here to explain that this prudence was not the result of any want of pluck, nor of disinclination on our part to face the enemy. We were not yet sure that the rascals had seen us, or were aware of our immediate vicinity. If they were not, it was, beyond all question, the best policy to keep them in ignorance, for, as there could be no doubt that they were the Rajah's men, a discovery would result in a warning to him, which would put that wily knave on his guard, and induce him to adopt measures of precaution or defence which might be disastrous.

If they had seen us, as was in all probability the case, there could certainly be no harm in our precautions, for we could fight them at any time, if that course should be decided most practicable.

"Follow me!" said the major, taking his horse by the bit; "I think we can mystify them yet."

Leading on our beasts, we trod rapidly upon his heels, as he penetrated still deeper into the tall dense maze. We could not have proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when we heard a rush, and then the snorting of hard-ridden horses, and then distinctly the voices and exclamations of men.

"Follow faster!" said the major, in a low, stern tone, turning outward again towards the edge of the jungle, almost at right angles to the course we had been pursuing, and increasing his pace to a dog-trot.

We could hear the scoundrels behind us at the point where we had entered, discussing the subject before them with loud dissenting voices; they had not entered the grass yet, for the sounds grew fainter as we advanced.

The earth under us was marshy and irregular, and there were premonitory symptoms of tigers, but we made excellent time for pedestrians with led-horses, and in less than ten minutes reached the limit of the jungle, close outside of which were our own broad and deep advance tracks.

We halted for an instant, and Duncombe and myself peered cautiously out of the cover to ascertain if any of the knaves were visible. There was an inward bend in the line of the grass, just beyond, so that in the direction in which our Mussulmen friends should be but a few yards of its margin could be seen, and those were all clear.

"Now, mount and ride!" said the major cheerily.

In an instant we were in the stirrups, and had made an in-

conceivably quick run of three-quarters of a mile along the tracks we had left in our advance but a short hour previously, when Duncombe called a halt.

"Do you intend to take to the cover again?" asked Stebbins.

"Most decidedly," said the major; "and this time we will do it in Bristol fashion!"

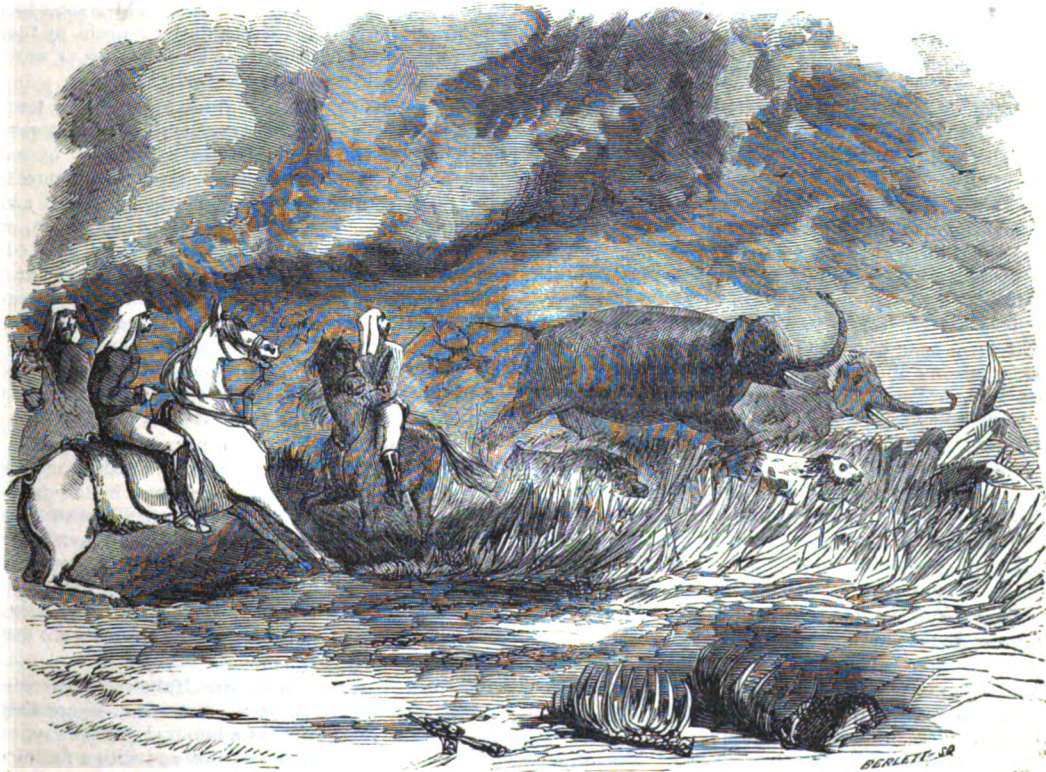
We dismounted and entered the grass again in single file, each man over the other's tracks, Duncombe bringing up the rear, and carefully straightening and replacing the few bent spears in their natural position. It was not difficult, for we had stepped with extreme caution, and our path was narrow.

"There," said the major, after he had completed half a dozen yards of his work; "it will take a keener scent than a Mussulman's to find that clue! Neither are there any hoof prints to blab, and the vagabonds will never know whether we came in here or a mile below, or whether we have come in at all!"

No sound was heard which indicated the proximity of enemies, and we pressed fast into the jungle in the hope of finding a clear spot or knoll on which to bivouac, for we did not shut our eyes to the fact that the grass served the same useful purpose of protection and concealment to tigers, leopards, wild hogs, and other interesting beasts of the jungle, as it did to us.

In half an hour we succeeded in finding such a spot as suited our purpose. The grass began to grow more thin and stunted, and presently we emerged upon a place where, for want of nutriment, it was cropped and shorn close to the earth for an area of fifty square yards. The grinning teeth and white bleaching ribs of an animal, probably an antelope, showed that some carnivorous denizen of the jungle had once made the spot his dinner room.

The sun had just sunk into a red abyss in the western sky, as we led our horses upon the dry glade and commenced preparations for picquetting them. I was driving the peg which secured Blauberg's tether, when one of the men called my attention to the brilliant red glow along the western horizon. It was indeed brilliant. A glorious deep crimson garnished the inflamed vault of heaven all around and about the spot, when the luminous ball had fallen into space behind the belt of the horizon.



TERROR OF THE WILD BEASTS AT THE JUNGLE BEING ON FIRE.

The attention of Stebbins and Duncombe was at the same moment called to the strange lustrous blazonry of the heavens. A lurid belt of bright scarlet rose for a little distance above the low line of the grass tops, and above that was the black and awful mystery of clouds rolling up in vast masses right out of the luminous glow, and cloaking the blue vault with their dingy volumes.

"By Jove, Hardy! this is the sublimity of nature's spectacles!" said the major, carried away by the excitement of the resplendent scene.

The glare grew brighter and more effulgent, spreading upward and outward like the vivid coruscations of the aurora, and driving higher up the black impending piles of clouds, till the whole west was reluctant with a shimmering blaze. Spite of its resplendence it was an awful sight, too radiant for the work of nature, and almost too appalling for the work of man.

Stebbins had gazed at the terrible phenomenon without uttering a word, when all at once a fearful conviction was forced upon his mind.

"My God, gentlemen! they have fired the jungle, and in five minutes we shall be smoked like bacon!"

We were right to the leeward of the raging blaze, and presently the grass tops waved in a tortuous line a few yards in front of us, and a royal tiger bounded out of the covert and over the opening without casting a glance at our spell-bound group. Close on his heels came a herd of half a dozen wild elephants, screaming and slashing the air with their trunks and tails, with a noise like the echoes of a mad-house. They rushed past crashing through the grass like thunderbolts and cleaving the air with hideous trumpetings, too thoroughly scared to observe the presence of man. After these Brobdingnag furies came *kuckers* or barking deer, wild hogs in pairs, and then the spotted leopard, all driving headlong in their fierce fright, regardless of each other, and intent only on avoiding the terrors of the invading element, till the whole wide waste of jungle for miles about us was alive and throbbing with the spasmodic throes of the fierce life with which it teemed.

Our horses now began to grow restive, and to show signs of obstinacy and faint-heartedness, as is often the case with the best blood under the terror-inspiring influence of fire. The nostrils of Blaubeurg expanded to the thinness of parchment, his large eyes glared around him in an ecstasy of fear, and he jerked his supple neck about in a way that made it very wearisome for the arm that held his bridle. The other beasts were quivering and restless with equal fright, and filling the air with distressing neighs.

"Our stratagem has recoiled upon us!" said the major; "The varlets doubtless followed our crooked trail out of the jungle, and then being at a loss, devised this infernal scheme of roasting us alive!"

"It was the wisest policy, under the circumstances," said Stebbins. "Only imps of hell could have foreseen this! They must have lighted the jungle at a dozen different points, for see, the belt of flame is stretching round to the north and south with fearful rapidity!"

"They have a terrible ally in the wind, which drives the smoke right down upon us!" said the major.

"The air is already filled with it. Be quiet, Mogul! Something must be done quickly. What say you, major; shall we run for it? We're no salamanders, and if we stay here we shall be broiled like snipes!"

"And if we run, we shall be eaten like bear steaks!" said the major. "Whither shall we fly? The fire is on all sides of us but one, and on that side is a menagerie of wild beasts, larger and fiercer than the whole batch embraced in the *Journal des Chasseurs*, from title-page to fly-leaf!"

"You don't mean to stay here to be baked to a cinder!" exclaimed Stebbins, choking with the nauseous vapor, that already began to hover round our retreat. "For God's sake, suggest something!"

The peril was growing terribly imminent. Long, forked streams of flame were plainly visible, shooting up into the overshadowing, pitchy folds, and the approach of the pitiless element was now heralded by an appalling roar. The beaming horizon, which at first was so distant as to cheat us into the belief that its garish lustre was the effulgence of the setting sun, had been in a few moments transferred to within a few hundred

yards of us, and was travelling nearer every instant, with hot, hoarse-rumbling strides. At this moment thin wreaths of smoke, *avant couriers* of the vaporous mountains behind, were hovering above our heads, irritating our lungs with every inhalation, and rendering our poor, horror-stricken beasts nearly unmanageable. Added to all, the air was growing hotter and more stifling each moment, with the light cinders and ashes blown into our teeth by the hostile wind. Every beast had long since fled, we were the only things animate that still braved the awful fire.

"I have known hunters who have been caught thus," said Duncombe, speaking earnestly, and half to himself; "to light the grass opposite to where the line of flame was raging, and make fire fight fire; but that would be impossible here, for the wind is so high and strong that it would drive both fires in the same direction, and they could never meet to annihilate each other!"

"By Jove, I have it!" roared Stebbins; "leave your horses and fall to with your guns, men! There is no time to waste; this damnable smoke has made bacon of my wind-pipe already!"

Rushing to the eastern edge of the opening, he fired both barrels of his rifle in quick succession into the dry grass. The blazing wads which fell upon the crisp spears were fanned tenderly at first, and then more boldly by the captain's breath, till the young flame gained good strength, and presently with a loud, cheery crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up and spread to leeward with wonderful rapidity. Half a dozen other spots were fired by the men in the same way, till we had a second broad belt of flames roaring behind us, and striding with the wind rapidly away from us.

We were now between two fires, one advancing, and the other receding. The advancing fire, the moment it reached the spot where the receding one had been kindled, would, of course, die out for want of nutriment. The captain calculated that both being urged by the same wind would advance in about the same ratio, and that by keeping close on the heels of his conflagration, we should avoid the heat and smoke of the other.

The experiment had been delayed to so late a moment, that though there could be no doubt of its ultimate success, there was danger that we should all strangle before we saw that devoutly prayed for consummation. The horses, when let loose, to enable us to set fire to the grass, had, strange to say, made no attempt to run, and we held them again by their bridles, compelling them reluctantly to keep close by us, as we followed up the hot earth left by the fast retiring flame.

The smoke of the fire in front kept rolling towards us in thicker masses; fortunately the heavier part of it was dissipated by the wind before it reached us, and floated over our heads. Had the captain's service been delayed five minutes longer, we must all have inevitably been smothered. As it was, we were constantly enveloped in a thin cloud of smoke, which was sufficiently torturing, until the fire in front reached the spot where the second one had been ignited. Then the black veil lifted gradually from the obscured earth and grew rapidly thinner, and the air more clear, until we could see through it the wide black waste it had made, and as we lived, a score of the Rajah's mounted Mussulmen! They had kept close behind the fire they had set, doubtless with the pleasant anticipation of picking up half a dozen roasted Englishmen!

Our situation at this moment was as desperate as it well could be. In front we were beset by a body of mounted knaves who out-numbered us three to one, and in the rear by a flaming foe more terrible and merciless still. Both flanks were held by the raging element, for Stebbins' fire having been kindled along a much narrower line than the original one, though constantly spreading as it advanced, had thus far only eaten out the huge gap on which we now stood, and along the northern and southern sides of this gap the flames were driving with headlong fury.

The instant I realized the dreadful strait we were in, I turned to the right and left to see what means of escape they afforded. Along the right, and about a hundred yards away, the fire was roaring with remorseless violence, and with a feeling quite akin to despair, I turned my gaze to the other side. There, fifty yards from the spot on which we stood, the monster strode with equal fury, and I was forced to yield to the terrible conviction

that we were completely encircled. I seized, however, upon one peculiarity of the ground on this side which seemed to afford not a ray but a slight glimmering of hope.

The levelling element had uncovered in its progress the deep bed of a nullah, which I remembered well to have crossed on our march, before we met these Mussulman miscreants. Its course was south-westwardly, and consequently crossed at an acute angle both lines of fire, which extended from north to south. Stebbins' fire, as far as it had yet penetrated, had swept everything clean to the very brink of the nullah on this side; on the other side the original conflagration was still crackling, for the Mussulmen, with infernal ingenuity, had lighted the flame on both sides of the little streamlet, well knowing that otherwise their infamous plot would be easily frustrated by its interjacent waters.

The nullah at this moment intersected the flames about forty yards to the right of us, and from its angular course with reference to the line of fire, could not be far in our rear, so that there was a slight hope that if we could keep our faces in front, at bay, till the devouring element behind could reach the edge of the little brook, we might escape along its muddy bed.

The moment the curtain of smoke had risen sufficiently to enable the vagabonds to see our critical position, they all together set up a frightful hoot of triumph, and half a dozen of them, bringing their guns to their shoulders, gave us a volley. They fired too quickly, or else the still lingering smoke and approaching darkness disconcerted their aim, for their balls fell wide, and not a shot touched one of us.

At this moment I hurriedly explained to Stebbins the plan I had conceived of escaping by the nullah.

"I have thought of that," said he; "it is our last hope!"

The major stood at his horse's head, right in front of us all, his form assuming its usual noble, soldierly mien when dangers thickened, and there was need of coolness and courage. None of us had yet mounted, for we saw no means of flight as yet, and our uneasy beasts would only have disconcerted our aim.

"Now fall a little more into line, men!" said the major, dropping back as we got their first volley, and speaking as calmly as if on parade; "Aim between their horses' ears, and remember that for every man you miss there is one more barrel left for you: fire!"

Five out of the twenty turbaned scoundrels fell to the shots, and tumbled out of their saddles to the earth. The smoke had scarcely died away, when there was a stream of fire all along the hostile line, and four of our poor fellows answered the volley by dropping dead on the blackened ground.

"Fire!" repeated the major, in a steady, martial tone, not backing a step from the position he had assumed, nor turning round to see the havoc which the last volley had made among us. Only his own pistols obeyed the order.

"Fly! you mean;" roared Stebbins; "it is worse than folly to stand here firing, major, till we are all shot down like jackals!"

"For God's sake, whither shall we fly, with blazing death on every side of us!" shouted Duncombe. "I am ready to charge through them, though!"

"No, no!" shouted the captain; "follow me; each man for himself. It is our only hope!"

Just then there was another volley from our foes in front. A ball tore through my coat sleeve, and there was a crimson spot on Stebbins' cheek.

"Do as I do!" shouted the veteran, only scratched, and not injured seriously. He tore his jacket from his back, and tied it, by the arms, tight around his head; then wrenching away his saddle-cloth, and bounding into his stirrups he stretched forward, held the thick woollen stuff over the eyes and nostrils of Mogul, and plunging into the dark, simmering abyss behind, was lost to view.

The instant I could gather from his movements the nature of his desperate scheme I imitated his example in each particular. In less time than it takes to write it, I had my coat tied strongly around my face and head, and leaping into the saddle and falling along the neck of Blaumberg, enveloped his head in the manner of the captain, in the folds of the riven saddle-cloth. I knew that Stebbins, in plunging into the belt of fire, reckoned on coming immediately upon the nullah, which could not be far in our rear, and driving the spurs into Blaumberg's belly, I dashed after him right into the seething furnace.

I could see nothing, for my eyes were completely swathed, but I felt the infernal heat as the flames licked my legs, which were frantically urging the spurs into the Arab's tortured sides. I held my breath till I could feel the blood thumping against my temples, and my brain seemed bursting. The tight cloth about my head pressed upon it with the weight of mountains, and in an agony of pain, feeling that quick death by suffocation was preferable to this hideous torture, I was about to tear away the slight shield which alone stood between me and eternity, when Blaumberg stumbled, then plunged, then vainly essaying to recover himself in the pitchy darkness, partly rolled and partly staggered down a neck-breaking descent, and brought up on his knees and haunches in a stream of water.

I had long since lost my hold of the saddle-cloth, and I knew by his terrific snortings and short, stifled breathing, that the poor beast was choking with the gases that filled the air. The only remedy was to push on, at whatever risk, and I mercilessly drove my reeking heels into his flanks. With a furious struggle that nearly tossed me into the water, the half-mad brute regained his feet and pitched headlong forward, panting and blowing the noxious air from his nostrils, with a noise like half a dozen high pressure engines.

The weight on my brain had become less tormenting, and I now took breath at short intervals without inhaling much smoke. Though I had seen nothing since I dived into the fire, I knew the reason of this must be that the heaviest volumes of smoke floated above the bottom of the nullah in which I was, and only a thin film was driven by the wind below the level of the fire.

I dared not yet, however, remove the hood which had served me so usefully, and still plunging the spurs into poor Blaumberg's wounded sides I drove ahead at a steeple-chasing pace. Presently the animal's inhalations became less difficult and distressing, and a grateful coolness penetrated through my smoke-steeped headpiece and into my temples.

I tore the coat from my head and tried to gaze around me. My sight was so blurred that it was full three minutes before I could distinguish an object. Gradually things assumed their proper shape and distinctness, and I could see that I was beyond the smoke and fire, and traversing the almost dry bed of the ravine. Its banks rose up for a dozen feet on either side of me, and I was completely shut out by them from objects on the burnt and black plain.

Sharp, quick sensations of pain in both my legs, which in my excitement and the pre-occupation of all my faculties I had hitherto completely overlooked, now called my attention to them. Both trowser-legs were burnt off just above the knees, and my limbs were completely cauterized. The water of the nullah had extinguished the fire, or it might have extended to my upper garments and created serious damage. My London boots were crisped and shrivelled, and being considerably shrunk by the heat, clung to my tender feet with painful tenacity. My hands were badly burned, but with these exceptions my body and clothes were in a tolerable state of preservation.

The condition of Blaumberg was indeed pitiable. His belly on both sides was torn and dreadfully lacerated, where the sharp irons had sunk into it; the hair was almost completely burned off his legs, close up to his body, and in several places the skin had been knocked or scraped off, in long strips, by his headlong tumble in the dark over the edge of the nullah. He was as deplorable an object as could well be conceived; the nerves of his legs twitched convulsively with the acute pain, and his skin quivered all over, like jelly. Above all, his poor muscles had been so overstrained that he began to show signs of weakness and lassitude.

I dismounted, and commenced leading him along the side of the pool. Scarcely was I on my feet, when I became aware of the presence of another horseman in the bottom of the ravine. It was almost dark, and objects but a few yards in advance had already assumed a dim and hazy appearance, which rendered them nearly indistinguishable; but I was sure that I recognized characteristics in the mounted figure before me that were unmistakable.

I shouted at the top of my lungs, not at all fearful that my voice would betray me in that deep hollow—

"Stebbins! Captain! For God's sake, wait one moment!"

The hazy figure bent round its head, and presently the shadowy horse wheeled to the right about. I hurried up, and we, the veteran and myself, gazed at each other with a stare of equal horror.

The captain's saddle-flaps were crisped and rolled up with the heat; one of his horse's haunches was completely raw, nearly to the crupper, and his long, thick tail was half burned off. His own legs were in rather better condition than mine, from the fact that his boots reached higher up and afforded them more protection. The trowsers were considerably burned, however, and showed by their muddy state that he, as well as myself, had been indebted to the nullah for indemnity against a more destructive personal conflagration. His hands were grimed with smoke, and terribly burned.

"In Heaven's name, where is Major Duncombe?" he exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered a little from his amazement.

I informed him that the last I had seen of the major was just as I was binding my coat around my head. He had just mounted his horse and was ramming a charge into a pistol, with the intention, I had no doubt, of charging through the miscreants, and escaping that way.

"He could not do it? he could not do it!" said the captain, mournfully shaking his head. "They were fifteen to one, and all cross-firing in different directions! He was sure to get knocked over before he reached them. I thought it all over; had there been any hope in that direction I should not have swathed myself like a mummy and run the risk of being roasted like bear's meat! I am afraid, Hardy, it is all over with the major by this time!"

I thought it was more than probable, but suggested that we should wait for a few moments, as perhaps observing the course we had pursued, he might finally have concluded to adopt the same desperate plan.

"This is rather a disastrous upshot to my reconnoitring scheme!" said the captain, dismounting and gazing wofully at the naked and blistered legs around him; "and if we allow those fellows to go home and repeat to the Rajah what they have seen and done, it will go hard, I fear, with the expedition."

"It must be prevented, at all hazards!" said I.

"I think so, too," said Stebbins; "and we must reach camp to-night, if it costs all the horse-flesh we have left to do it! I thank Heaven that there are no bones broken. There was one moment, as I was floundering down the bank, when I thought every bone in Mogul's legs was cracking."

"Your experience was very much like mine, captain," said I; "but I think it is useless to wait here longer. I see no one coming along the ravine; if Duncombe had escaped, he would have been here before this."

It was fast growing dark, but the moon was coming up, and we felt no anxiety about finding camp if our horses kept up. There was a spot just ahead where the nullah bank was more sloping and less precipitous than usual. We led our horses to it, and carefully guided them up the broken and rugged ascent to the dark plain above. Not an object was to be seen, but the field spread out a vast, inky waste for miles around. The ground was still hot, and crisped under our horses' hoofs.

We mounted and urged our fagged and sore beasts at a fair pace along the edge of the ravine. We remembered to have crossed it in the afternoon, and there was no doubt, that by skirting along its brink for a sufficient distance, we should come upon our tracks, and then the road to camp was broad and plain, for our course through the day had been along the Rajah's trail, and that was the clue which Cameron, with the main body, was following.

We neither of us spoke much, for we were both absorbed in our own reflections, and sensations also; my legs began smarting dreadfully with the fire that was in them.

In half an hour we reached the place where the numerous footprints crossed the nullah, and turning at right angles, we followed their course with as much speed as our sorry plight would allow. We had proceeded during the day nearly twice as fast as it was possible for Cameron to have marched, with all his baggage and camp impedimenta, and there was little prospect of reaching camp before midnight.

Our horses had completed a long day's work before their last terrible experience in the blazing jungle, and we scarcely expected that they would hold out. They were of splendid mettle though, and as yet trotted easily at the ambling gait to which we put them. The evening air blew cool and soothing upon their blistered legs, and I knew that if I could count on Blauberg's bottom, the scorching and skinning would not stand in the way of my reaching my destination.

Stebbins' animal was in rather worse condition than mine, but we reckoned with confidence upon his powers of endurance, for we had been often tried in the many adventures into which his master's precarious soldier's life had led him.

Could anybody have seen us on this wretched march, he could not but have been reminded of that flower of knight errantry, the chivalrous De La Mancha, and his squatty, proverb-teeming squire. Stebbins, with his lank visage, and gaunt ragged limbs, would have passed well for the Don, while, though I will not confess to a figure which emulated in all respects the dumptiness of the sagacious Sancho, I doubt not that in every other particular the parallel between us was complete.

We eyed the dark thickets rather jealously as we passed them, and often looked guardedly to our rifles, as we heard in the forests the crashing and trumpeting of wild elephants, descending into the valleys to drink at the nullahs, or the far off voice of the tiger in his night prowling, or the screamings of jackals and hyenas, sauntering through the woods for their hideous suppers.

We were not disturbed, however, and steadily pursued our lonesome course with spirits, half-roasted as we were, at about the usual point, and I was busying myself in conjuring up theories of Duncombe's possible escape, when rising to the top of a low wooded hill, we were suddenly challenged by an outpost.

"Friends," said Stebbins hoarsely, "well done, to be sure; but our hearts are not yet cinders!"

The sentinel seemed to question the validity of the claims to brotherhood of two such poor, scrubby-looking fellows, and demanded further assurance of it.

"I am what is left uncooked of Captain Stebbins, of his majesty's native cavalry. Let us pass!"

The man either recognized the voice, or else the terrors of the name were a sufficient password, for he made no farther opposition, and we entered the camp, which was pitched in the valley at the foot of the declivity, and rode without further question up to the door of our marquise in the centre.

We dismounted, and rousing our grooms delivered into their charge the sore and well-blown beasts. We then awaked Dr. Boulée, and after taxing his surgical skill for our legs' sake, for the better part of an hour, spent the rest of the night on our *charpoys*, in the enjoyment of the very slight repose which our terrible burns allowed us.

We had made scarce an hour's march on the following morning, when we fell in with Major Duncombe, prostrate on the earth under the dead body of his horse. The gallant fellow was almost a complete cinder as far as his waist, and though he would doubtless have reached camp had his horse held out, he was in a terribly exhausted state as well from the effects of the fire as from a couple of bullet wounds in the fleshy parts of his body. We halted for an hour, and the doctor meanwhile, by using every appliance of his craft, succeeded in rendering his condition more comfortable.

As soon as he had recovered sufficient strength to talk, we learned from him that he had escaped through the fire by the ravine, in the same manner as the captain and myself. The rest of our poor fellows were shot down, or not having sufficient hardihood to face the terrible element, had voluntarily surrendered themselves to the Mussulmen.

Mr. SPURGEON was asked to lash the prevailing folly, the *invisible* bonnet. This he did in the following words: "I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day." All faces were immediately upturned, and scanning the ladies of the congregation, he added, "Really, I see none!"—a more bitter rebuke than any other words could have conveyed.

THE FORGOTTEN HOURS.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

FAR off, 'mid dim funereal pines,
And starred with lotus flowers,
Where solemn shadows ever droop
Above the phantom bowers—
They sleep—those buried shrines of hope,
The sweet, forgotten hours!

No memory wakes their tender ghosts,
With thoughts of long ago,
And but a shadowed purple stream
Goes moaning, faint and low,
Among the gloomy cypress trees,
That veil its sunless flow.

A lonely star, with spear of gold,
Is ever bending o'er;
The radiant glow of noontide suns
Can reach it nevermore;
But dim, eternal twilight reigns
Above the mystic shore.

Oh, let them slumber, lulled to rest
By silver rain of tears;
Freighted with tender memories
And human hopes and fears,
And covered with the fragrant mould
Of long departed years!

COSTLY DINNERS IN ANCIENT ROME.

It is recorded of Pompey and Cicero that they one day planned to drop in upon Lucullus at his dinner hour, to gratify their curiosity with a sight of those famous feasting for which the latter, even on ordinary occasions, was so noted. Meeting him in the Forum, they accordingly proposed to dine with him in a friendly manner, just taking him as they found him. Lucullus begged his self-invited guests to defer their visit till the next day, that he might receive them in a worthy manner. They, however, persisted in their proposal, and would not even allow him to send orders to his servants to prepare a dinner suitable to the rank of his guests. Only this much did they consent to, that he should send home his attendant with the message that he would dine that day "in Apollo," that being the name of one of his dining halls; but with this seemingly innocent message he deceived his friends. Each of his dining rooms had a definite sum always laid out upon its wines and viands, while the remaining arrangements were at the same time all upon the same scale. The servants, therefore, knew their master's pleasure, and prepared accordingly, so that only a few hours after the intimation was given, Cicero and Pompey partook of a dinner which cost a sum equal in our currency to \$6,000.

We are naturally astounded at so immense a sum being expended upon a repast for three persons, and at so short a notice; and when we remember that the value of money was then probably ten times greater than it is now, our astonishment is unbounded. But far larger sums than these used to be spent upon dinners. In Seneca's time a banquet given by a magistrate on entering upon his office cost \$15,000, and he was regarded as an economical man too. The Emperor Vitellius often spent \$15,000 a day upon his own table; this, however, is a mere bagatelle compared with the prodigality of the Emperor Verus, who squandered no less than \$225,000 upon one dinner, or with that of Caligula, who devoted \$875,000 to a similar purpose. Even half a ton of gold was not enough for the folly of Heliogabalus! How was this possible? The following items of the feast will assist in making it credible. In a banquet which he on one occasion gave, he caused to be served up in great abundance, camel's heels, cocks' combs, peacocks' and nightingales' tongues, and a multitude of other delicate and costly rarities. Every day he had thousands of breasts of pork served up. Peas were mingled with gold leaves, beans with amber, and rice with pearls. He expressed the wish that the eatables were much dearer, as it would give a greater stimulus to his appetite. He even promised to set before his guests a phoenix—the bird which appears only once in a century—or, failing in that, to present each of them with a thousand pounds of gold!

By the help of some fragmentary references in old authors, and the cookery book of Apicius, we are able to show what constituted a respectable dinner in the time of Lucullus. The meal consisted of three courses—the *entrée*, or *promulsis*, the dinner properly so called, and the dessert. The meats of the *entrée* were generally cold, and served rather to stimulate than to satisfy the appetite; they consisted chiefly of eggs or oysters, and sea fishes with strong sauce. A green salad almost invariably appeared in the *entrée*—that salad of unusual fineness and tenderness, with a milky flavor, which Goethe has celebrated, and which the Romans contrived to have on their tables all the year round. A mixed beverage called *mulsum*, compounded of wine, honey, and must, formed the drink of the *promulsis*.

The dinner proper was called *cæna*, and consisted of very many courses, each of which again was formed of many dishes. One principal dish formed the central point of the whole, and for this purpose a boar of prodigious size was often selected. It was customary to serve him up whole, and especial pains were necessary to get him on the spit, and, when roasted, to get him into the dining hall, for all which Roman culinary skill was amply sufficient.

The dessert consisted chiefly of fruit, sweetmeats, and pastry confections. The wines that were served at dinner were of great variety. The Romans possessed 195 kinds of wine, and as many more varieties of them, and this will help us to judge of the immense outlay incurred by this part of the entertainment. In addition, the host had also to provide cooling drinks, which in the Italian climate was of great importance. In earlier times, ice and snow used to be put into the wine and other drinks to cool them; but subsequently water bottles were placed in snow and ice, which were kept all through the year in an ice-cellar.

By a fortunate circumstance, the bill of fare of a dinner provided by a priest on his election to office has been preserved. This entertainment was given at a period almost contemporaneous with that at which Pompey and Cicero dined with Lucullus "in Apollo," and may serve farther to illustrate the costliness of that celebrated dinner. This banquet was a perfect one of its kind. Even the *entrées* had two courses. The first course consisted of sea-urchins, fresh oysters *ad libitum*, large Pelorium mussels, porcupine mussels, sea ousels served with asparagus, fat pullets, a dish of oysters and Pelorian mussels with sauce, black and white centre fish. In the second course were porcupine mussels, probably in another form, sweet Pelorian mussels, sea-nettles, beccaficoes, haunches of venison and wild boar, pullet-pasty, venus shells, and purple fish. Then followed the dinner proper, which consisted of breasts of pork, wild boars' heads, dishes of baked fish, ragout of swines' teats, hares, roast fowls, fricasee of teals, Picentine biscuits in milk, &c. The items of the dessert and the wines are omitted; but there can be no doubt that they were on a scale of extravagance corresponding with the rest of the dinner. This sumptuous entertainment was provided for a party of only sixteen persons, and at our day it seems incredible that it should have cost anything like the sum Lucullus lavished on his banquet. How the latter came to absorb so enormous a sum may be guessed from the following charges:—For a single fieldfare, 75 cents used to be given, \$10 for a peacock, and \$150 for a pair of doves: a barb weighing 4½ lbs. was purchased for \$200, another of 6 lbs. for \$300. It used, moreover, to be no extraordinary thing to lay out \$750 in rose leaves, for garlands, and to scatter over the floor and sofas at a single dinner. So that, if these items are a fair sample of the components of the feast, we can have no difficulty in understanding how Lucullus managed to squander \$6,000 upon his banquet "in Apollo." In connection with these items, however, it should be remembered that between the real value of the articles and the prices they fetched, there was no proportion whatever, and that such prices were only kept up by the morbid whims and extravagant fancies of the wealthy.

The Roman epicures made their kitchen regulations very stringent. The oysters must come from Circeii, or the Lucrine Lake: indeed, they were fetched even from Brundisium and Tarentum, and not unfrequently from the remote Richborough in England. The last named, after their passage, were fattened in the Lucrine Lake. These gourmards had a fine selection of shellfish; the Pelorian mussels of the Lucrine Lake were particularly prized, as were also the sea-urchin of Misenum and the

comb mussel of Tarentum. It was extremely difficult to satisfy the epicure with fishes, as may be judged by the facts that the cod-fish had to be fetched from Pessinus, in Asia; the sword-fish from Rhodes; the parrot-fish from the Straits of Sicily, or from the shores of Cilicia; and the gilt-bream from the Lucrine. The best sea-wolf was caught in the Tiber, at a particular spot between two bridges; the most savory plaice came from Ravenna, and the barbs from Corsica and Sicily. The choicest thunny-fish was that which, under a year old, came from Chalcedon; the lampreys that were in the greatest request were from the Straits of Sicily, or from Tartessus, on the Spanish coast. The fastidiousness of Roman taste was equally seen in the case of fowls; Samos yielded them their favorite peacocks; their pheasants came from Colchia, water-hens from Seleucia on the Tigris, cranes from Media, and hazel hens from Phrygia. Their favorite roast dish was the boar, which they obtained from Lucania, Umbria, and Etruria. The kids of Ambracia, too, were favorites.

Of the many vegetables cultivated by the Romans, only two were in any request among the gluttons, namely, the asparagus and the artichoke. Of the former they preferred that of Ravenna, which attained such magnitude that only three stalks went to the pound. The latter, when brought from Corduba, was specially prized. A favorite delicacy among the wealthy was a kind of mushroom, soaked in its own gravy, and swallowed as hot as it could be borne, and the glowing morsel was immediately followed by a quantity of ice to cool the palate. Of the fruits that came up for dessert, the figs were from Tuscum, the nuts from Thasos, chestnuts from Spain, and the dates from Egypt. Of cheeses, that of Nismes was the favorite; the cheese of Velabra was smoked, and that of Trebula was eaten either toasted or soaked in water.

Thus we see how many seas and countries were laid under contribution to furnish luxuries for Rome. The meats were universally highly seasoned, Spanish pepper being used in great quantities for many dishes. Two piquant sauces were in great vogue, namely, garum and muria. Garum was prepared from the entrails and blood of certain sea-fishes, particularly the African mackerel, and fetched so high a price that Lucullus had to pay about \$40 for a flask containing about two quarts of it. The muria somewhat resembles this, though it was not so expensive; the best of it was procured from the Byzantine thunny-fish.

Great care was taken to have the viands as fresh as possible, especially in the case of fishes. If they came from distant seas they were brought home in perforated fish-boxes fastened to the ship's keel; if obtained in the neighborhood, running porters carried them in tubs to their destination. Many of them had to be shown alive to the guests before dinner, and some even at the table, as the parrot-fish and the Lucrine mussels; the sea-barb and some others were killed in the presence of the guests, who delighted in watching the changing colors of the expiring fish, which varied from a dazzling white to sky-blue, and from this to the deepest vermillion. On the other hand, they lacked the *haut goût* which prevails in modern times in the case of game, which the ancients always ate fresh. Fowls, however, were kept some time before they were eaten, and only sheer necessity would reconcile them to a fresh-killed fowl; but the skill of the cook easily removed the objection. The fowl was suffocated in red wine, which made the flesh eat short and tender; white hens and geese were thought to be more savory than those of other colors. To impart a good flavor to the fowls, they were fed on figs and dates, and to expedite their fattening, in the dark. A sufficient number of all kinds of fowls had to be served up to enable all the guests to be helped off the breast, the remaining parts being sent away. Of flamingoes the tongues only were eaten. Snipes alone were sufficient favorites to be eaten altogether. Swine were fed upon millet and figs, to make their flesh luscious and succulent, and by such feeding sometimes grew to the size of two cwt. Fifty different dishes used to be prepared out of the swine, which were served at all the courses of the dinner.

A host of cooks were in constant employ in the household of every wealthy Roman, who were all subordinate to a professed *artiste* and a scientific baker. In the earlier times of the Republic, a common servant attended to all this business; but after the influx of wealth and luxury from Asia, the occupa-

tion of the cook was elevated into a specific art, and an expert professional was held in high estimation. Pastrycooks, in particular, were in high repute, and such was their artistic skill that the statues of the gods used to appear at table constructed of paste, and even whole forts and cities were represented by it.

Other luxuries yet were demanded to complete the feast. Singers were stationed in the vacant spaces of the dining-room, and sometimes Greek girls with their harps were introduced, while occasionally the playing of the sambuca, an instrument of three strings, was called into exercise. Alternating with these, were plays and pantomimes; rope-dancers displayed their dexterity upon a rope stretched across the apartment, and ballet-dancers also were occasionally employed; while in the most refined society selections from the most eminent Greek and Latin authors used to be recited.

The servants and other functionaries whom these entertainments called into exercise were very numerous, to the most important of whom we can only allude. On the occasion of a banquet, the array of attendants, at a given signal, hastened into the room, each one to his appointed place. One set of servants brought the meats to the door of the room, if they were hot, in hot metal dishes. Here they were met by another set, who took them into the room itself. The silver dishes were often so large and heavy that they had to be furnished with handles, and required several persons to carry them. The *Structor* was the person who arranged the several dishes of each course upon the most costly plate, and was responsible for their all coming to table in the most approved manner. It was the custom in distinguished houses not to serve the meats up in single dishes, but every course was laid out upon a service of plate, and in this style brought to table. The office of carver required no small skill. With the utmost grace and a practised hand, he could dexterously separate the joints, especially of fowls; he even used to go through his work dancing, keeping time with the music. He attended the lectures of a distinguished professor of the art of carving, and had so much to study, that expertness in his art could only be regarded as the product of a whole life of study.

The duties of the *Nomenclator* consisted in calling out the names of rare dishes, or drawing attention to the sumptuous manner in which they were dressed, and also in telling the guests who carried the wine round. The cup-bearer was generally a youth of remarkable beauty and dexterity. The servants who looked after the silver plate were constantly occupied in necessary services; others handed round the bread in small baskets, while some superintended the lighting. These attendants were all loosely attired, with their hair curled; they were nimble in their movements, of great stature where possible, and went through their evolutions in a manner that would be creditable in the waiters of our modern hotels. A particular snap of the finger, a whistle, or smack of the tongue, easily communicated to the servant his master's wishes, which were promptly replied to. At the same time, almost impossibilities were required of the servants; without touching a morsel or daring to speak a word, the poor slaves were often obliged to be in attendance through the whole of the night, and were severely forbidden to sigh, sneeze, or cough.

All distinguished Romans had a number of dining-rooms, known by various names—as Lucullus's "*Apollo*," for instance—which were specially adapted from their situation to certain seasons of the year. The Romans were very careful to have their rooms warmed by the natural heat of the sun, where it was practicable; on this account, the winter dining-rooms were so arranged that they could be both lighted and warmed by the mid-day sun. On the other hand, every effort was made to shelter them from the sun's heat in summer; and this would be all the more necessary, as the heat was so greatly raised by the multitude of attendants and the vast number of the lamps employed. On this account chiefly the summer dining-rooms faced the north; they were of considerable height, and were protected from penetrating winds by means of curtains and glass windows. At table, the guests wore a loose garment called *synthesis*, which they were in the habit of frequently changing; and during the feast, slaves were busily occupied in keeping up a supply of fresh air by means of fans made of peacocks' feathers. Canals of water not unfrequently

flowed through the room, with a pleasing ripple, and helped to purify the atmosphere. Baths also supplied agreeable refreshment. These were filled in the summer with melted snow, in winter with lukewarm water, and were taken more than once during a single dinner.

As a rule, the *triclinium*—the common name for a dining-hall—was twice as long as it was broad. The table, with its surrounding couches and sofas, occupied the upper end; the lower part was appropriated to the sideboard, the servants, and the hired players or reciters. The walls were adorned with stucco and suitable paintings. All round up to a certain height were tiers of shelves, on which were placed costly vessels, and over which wire gratings were drawn for greater security, together with curtains to protect them from dust. Small sideboards were arranged against the walls, on which goblets and other gaudy vessels were exhibited. The flooring was generally of mosaic work. The ceiling was adorned with great art and magnificence. The beautiful stucco-work was embellished with paintings and rich gilding; but wainscoting, inlaid with gold, often took the place of stucco. By means of some secret apparatus, a number of changes could be made in the appearance of the ceiling. At every successive course, a new picture met the gaze of the guest, supposed to correspond with the meats that were being served. The paintings were executed upon ivory, slips of which, being bound together in a fan-shaped fashion, could easily be put in motion. This apparatus was also used to scatter down rose leaves from the ceiling upon the guests, who keenly appreciated their fragrance.

The Romans displayed an extraordinary prodigality in tables, and almost incredible sums were expended upon them. The most costly were made of the veined wood of the *thya* tree, which grew on Mount Atlas, and were specially prized for their consisting of only one piece. It is a known fact that Cicero, who is not usually open to the reproach of prodigality, spent upon such a table no less a sum than \$37,500! and there are many instances in which much higher prices were given; but we must not assume that the dining-tables, exposed to injury as they were from daily use, were of so costly a kind.

The rest of the decorations of the room were in harmony with the magnificence we have described. All round the tables, sofas, mostly of bronze, were arranged, embellished with silver, pure gold, and tortoiseshell. Mattresses of Gallic wool, of a purple color, were laid upon these, and the cushions were stuffed with feathers and embroidered with a variegated tapestry. Bronze lamps, with chains of the same metal, were suspended from the ceiling, while others were fixed in chandeliers. These were elaborated with extreme good taste, and are a proof of the zeal with which the ancients stamped upon the objects of daily life the impress of art. Vases, table service, goblets, bowls, and other vessels, were heaped upon the sideboards, and only a nod from the master of the house was needed to expose all these to the gaze of the astonished guests.

When the hour of dinner arrived, which was regulated by the time of year, the guests began to assemble. Each was attended by his own servant; for although the servants in the house of a distinguished Roman were very numerous, and waiting at table was all that could be desired, yet every invited guest brought his own servant with him. He knew his master's habits best, and had to give his whole attention to him, while the servants of the host had to attend to the arrangement of the dishes and other necessary matters. He had to carry his master's slippers, as the shoes he had worn in the street were put off when he entered his host's dwelling. He also brought his master's napkin, which was made of soft wool; and those who were privileged to wear a purple stripe on their tunic had a similar border on their napkin, which served to wipe their hands and mouths on after every dish; for we must observe that the Romans knew nothing of the knife and fork at dinner; even the use of the spoon was very limited; as they took no soups, the guests only had small spoons handed to them when they took an egg or some sweetmeat. In other respects, the fingers alone were used. After the joints had been placed on the table whole, they were first separated by the carver, and again further divided by the servants, so that the guests could easily eat them, reclining on the sofa. This feeding one's self, and the contact with gravies and broths, rendered a frequent cleansing very necessary, and gave occasion to the custom of

laying aside rings before dinner. Water was presented to the guests with the napkins, which in summer was mingled with snow. The invited guests were often permitted to bring with them others not invited, who were generally called *umbræ*, or shadows. According to a rule generally adopted, the number of guests at a dinner must not be below the number of the Graces, nor exceed that of the Muses. Greater banquets, at which sixty or more persons were invited, were exceptions; on such occasions, however, they were not held in the dining-halls, but in the spacious atria, which in large palaces, would contain upwards of a thousand.

When the guests were numerous, one sofa served for three. The mode of reclining was to lean upon the left arm, leaving the right hand free. The middle person on the sofa leant with his head towards the feet of the first, and the third rested at the feet of the second. The first place on the middle sofa was the most honorable; the host occupied the first place of the sofa on the left, so that he was nearest to the most distinguished guest. In the dinner of Lucullus, where only three were present, each had a sofa to himself, and we shall then find Pompey occupying the middle sofa, as the guest who, after his brilliant victories in the east, deserved an especial distinction—Lucullus being on the left sofa, and Cicero on the right. In most cases there was no particular assigning of places to the guest, as every one seemed instinctively to know which place became him, and appropriated it.

One more glance at unfortunate Rome, and we have done. There we find Lucullus feeding upon \$6,000, and disdaining to retrench when only "Lucullus dined with Lucullus," while the dinner of the poor citizen has cost him a halfpenny! What a chasm between wealth and indigence! What a gulf between gluttony and poverty! What was the issue of so unnatural a separation between citizens of one city? Let the history of Rome answer the question.

It is worthy of observation that two attempts have been made in modern times to dress dinners according to the ancient recipes. The Abbé Margon tells us he received a present of 30,000 francs from Philip Duke of Orleans, to be applied to the reproduction of the banquet which Trimalchio is said to have given in the time of Nero, following Petronius's account of it. The difficulties of the undertaking were all surmounted, though at an immense cost, and the assembly of guests, who were all attired in the ancient costume, presented a most imposing appearance. The Duke of Orleans himself was present, and confessed that the scene perfectly bewildered him. Whether the entertainment satisfied the gourmands or not, we cannot say.

In the second instance, the Empress Josephine commanded a repast to be prepared according to the directions of Apicius. It was on the 3rd of November, 1806, just when the empress had received the intelligence of her spouse's victorious entry into Berlin. She resolved to celebrate the joyful event privately at Malmaison, among a few of her most intimate friends. She had just before been reading Chaussard's celebrated description of the voluptuous banquets in the time of Heliogabalus, and flushed by the news of victory, under the impulse of the moment she gave orders for a dinner to be got up altogether in the style that prevailed in Rome eighteen hundred years ago. The procuring of the materials for the feast demanded no little labor and cost. The Jardin des Plantes was ransacked for the rare vegetables, while the strange animals were supplied by the imperial menagerie. But the empress, without having satisfied her guests, drew upon herself the displeasure of Napoleon, who was grieved at the plundering of the garden and menagerie. The emperor is said to have been particularly vexed at the loss of a parrot, which had learnt to cry "Vive l'Empereur!" in seven different languages; and Josephine is reported to have appeased her illustrious consort by these words of flattery: "Your majesty can well afford to lose this parrot that has only been trained to the cry, so long as there are whole nations of men that are shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

A BETTER INVESTMENT THAN RAILROAD STOCK.—Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest."

THE BLUE BEETLE, A WONDROUS TALE OF ALCHEMY.

DAY after day, and night after night, did I brood over the great discovery which I thought was about to be opened up to me. I had long had a belief in the progressive development of creation; I believed that it was still possible to find the speck—the germ from which I could raise up a perfectly organized living being. I felt a new and strange pleasure in believing that the mystery of creation was now solved—that from the first inorganic atom which had received the force of life all other created beings had slowly, gradually, regularly advanced, up to the period in which I had lived.

The power of creation—the secret of life, was my goal. My belief was, that the force of life might be given to this inorganic atom. My books were those of the alchemists. With what wild delight I hailed the writings of Geber, of Albertus Magnus, of Arnold de Villeneuve, Heidenburg of Tritheim, Raymond Lully, and Bernard of Treves. I believed in the alchemists. I struggled through the intricacies of their hidden language; their experiments in search of gold I passed over, wonderful as they were, and strangely as they opened my mind to the real truth. I repeated all their experiments on life force, and substantiated every fact I read. My laboratory was perfectly furnished; my days were spent there, and often entire nights. My mind was absorbed in the great truth I was bringing to light.

The confined air of my laboratory at length affected my health; a change was absolutely necessary. I struggled against the idea of removing for some time, and often left my little wife with the tears standing in her deep blue eyes, after she had unsuccessfully implored me to leave London for a short while. Dear Annie! And yet I loved her! Heavens, to think that I—, but I must proceed with my story as it occurred.

We went to the north of Northumberland to stay with my old friend C—, who had frequently asked us to come on previous occasions. We were received warmly; and, as it was winter time, we had plenty of occupation.

A few brisk runs with the county foxhounds almost made me forget my laboratory. The weather at length changed, first to severe frost with snow, and then to a complete thaw. The dismal north-east wind shrieked through the leafless trees, and drove torrents of sleet splashing against the old-fashioned windows.

Tired of hoping and weary of grumbling, I was driven to take refuge in C—'s library. After a long search for something interesting, I came upon a little brown volume bound with two dingy metal clasps. On opening its dark and discolored pages, I found that it was written in French manuscript. A hurried glance showed me that the work was on alchemy, a translation from the Arabic. All my former hopes returned in an instant. I pored over the pages of my newly obtained treasure till late on in the evening—heedless of the impatience of my friends, who, after several useless attempts to draw me away, at last left me to my book and self. . . . The secret, then, was now mine; here, in this old neglected book, I had found a groundwork for my exertions. All the truths I had collected, all the experiments I had made, bore me out. I saw what had prevented others, in ancient times, from carrying out their designs. They knew not the life-giving power; the wonders of electricity had not then been discovered. Vaguely hinted at and darkly guessed at in their works, I saw them groping their way in mist and uncertainty; but I—I was surrounded by the light of science. Wonderful, mysterious truths broke upon my mind. My whole method and plan of operations stood out clearly before me. A resistless force urged me to commence my scheme instantly. I must leave for London that very night.

I found my wife and friends retiring to rest. I told them my intention of starting for town immediately. Remonstrance and entreaty were of no avail, and in less than an hour I had reached the train at the neighboring railway station, and was hastening through the stormy night toward London. The train seemed to drag slowly through the darkness, but about noon next day I arrived at my house.

Without rest I commenced my operations; late at night I had nearly completed them, and worn out in body and mind I

threw myself on the floor to sleep, lulled by the subdued sound of my furnace, which moaned and muttered like an unhappy spirit.

Early in the morning, after a feverish sleep, I rose tired and unrefreshed, and began to complete the last portion of my arrangements. This was to prepare the liquid from which the beings to whom I was to impart life were to spring. On account of the experiments made in my late studies I had all the ingredients ready in my laboratory. I poured the mixture then carefully into a large silver trough. The liquid was perfectly limpid and of a beautiful blue color, probably on account of a salt of copper entering largely into its composition.

And now I prepared my batteries, and soon afterwards the electric agent was applied. To my astonishment no decomposition took place—the liquid remained clear and beautifully blue. Thus it remained for some hours. I hung over it in breathless expectation; the only change apparently being that the color seemed deeper and purer.

Night came on, and the electric fluid still quietly streamed into the liquid. By accident, in adjusting one of the wires, I dashed a few drops from the trough on the floor. There was a hissing sound as they fell, and as they touched the ground they burst into flame. This I extinguished, and then applied myself to observing closely the contents of the vessel, for I knew that a great change had taken place in their constitution. I removed the light to a distance, fearing lest it should ignite the vapors which were now rising from the surface. On returning in the dark I found strange flashes of light circling in the interior of the fluid; these gradually became brighter till I was enabled to see every object in the room clearly by their radiance.

Subtle fumes also were rising from the surface. On inhaling these fumes at first I felt faint, but the sensation passed away. The perfume now was delicious—it was heavenly; I drank it in like nectar. I gazed upon the corruscating surface, and a delicious ecstasy seemed to pervade my whole being; delicious streams of music fell softly on my ears, and shadowy forms of ineffable beauty floated in the air around me. Suddenly an insane desire took possession of me: I longed to seize the silver vessel and quaff the deep blue poison. I stretched out my hands with a cry of joy—and then . . . I recovered at last from a fever which had kept me insensible for a week. It was some days before I could get any explanation of how I came to be in my own bed-room, with my little wife attending to my every want, her little hands ever busy, and her eyes beaming with love and tenderness.

Gradually the details of my late occupation dawned upon my memory. I imagined I perceived the subtle odor diffusing itself through the chamber, and shuddered as I lay back on my pillow. A feeling of remorse came over me when I thought of my design. I felt as if I had intruded where man should fear to tread, and I felt a gratification in thinking that my designs had been frustrated.

One morning, when the physician said that I was able to bear the news, I was told that one of the domestics hearing a scream on that fearful night, had forced open the door of the laboratory. A strange, overpowering perfume, he said, at first drove him back, but rushing in a second time, he found me lying insensible on the floor.

With breathless eagerness I asked if any of the apparatus in the room had been touched? No, nothing had been touched; the windows had been opened to allow the poisonous vapors to escape; the doors had then been locked and had never been opened since. A weight seemed removed from my mind—I would instantly go down and destroy all that remained of my strange experiment.

I was still too weak: three or four days passed over, and then I was able to go down stairs. With trembling hands and beating heart (why I could not tell) I turned the key and entered the laboratory alone. Everything remained as I had left it a fortnight before.

There stood the ponderous batteries, long since worked out; there loosely hung the copper connecting wires covered with green rust. The silver trough was tarnished and dim, but everything stood as I had left it.

The interior of the trough was coated with metallic copper, while the solution had almost entirely evaporated: there was

still a small quantity of liquid at the bottom, covered with thick, opal-tinted mould.

On looking closely at this mould-covered residue, I noticed a peculiar irregularity, or rather regularity in its surface. There were five little heaps or hillocks in regular arrangement—one at each angle of a square, and one in the centre—exactly like the *five-side of a gaming die*. These heaps were of such equal size and uniform shape, that I could not attribute their presence to chance. I supposed that electricity had so acted upon the particles of the solution as to make them take up their present position.

I examined the mould under the microscope, and found it to be a fungus of a peculiar kind, but in removing some more of the mould with a glass rod, I happened to touch one of the little heaps, and found under it a small blue crystal of cubic form, and under each of the other three angular hillocks I found a similar crystal. On removing the mould from the centre hillock I found what, at first, I thought was a circular mass of the same crystalline substance; but imagine my surprise and horror when I saw the mass begin to struggle among the liquid, and, clearing away the silky needles of the mould, disclose to my view a large scarabæus of perfect shape and of a deep blue transparent color.

A feeling of terror filled my mind. Whence had come this strange creature? Whence came the powers with which he stretched out his antennæ, drew the blue case-covers from his back, and cleared the mould from his filmy wings? Could this be the result of my researches—my days of toil, my nights of unrest? A beetle! I strove to laugh, but the attempt failed, and my heart sank within me with a strange foreboding. At this moment, from the interior of the trough arose a peculiar sound—like the rapid ticking of a clock, although louder, and with a metallic tinkle in it—it was the same sound as that produced by the “death-tick” beetle.

As soon as the sound died away I looked once more at the creature: he was half in and half out of the liquid, and evidently as yet unable to fly. The prominent desire in my mind was to destroy the insect, for his unearthly sounds and the strange flashing of his beadlike eyes made me tremble with a vague terror. However, I overcame the feeling, and determined to let him live for a few days.

Early the next morning I visited the laboratory, but on looking into the silver vessel, I was unable to detect any traces of the scarabæus. Puzzled and annoyed, I began to inspect the room, when I suddenly heard the ominous “death-tick,” and after a few preliminary flights round the room, the beetle alighted upon the rim of the trough. A ray of sunlight glancing in fell upon him; his color was exquisite—a rich deep cerulean blue, he seemed a living sapphire, and would have been beautiful but for his loathsome form.

I had brought a piece of sugar with me, which I thought might please the taste of my new favorite. I placed it on the bench near—he flew directly towards it and settled upon it, but, as if dissatisfied, a moment afterwards he flew back to the rim of the trough. I heard a low whine at my feet, and looking down, saw my wife's little dog, “Lalette.” I threw the rejected sugar towards her, and soon heard her crunching it up in her little jaws. Shortly afterwards I left the room, and as I closed the door, louder than ever I heard the sound of the “death-tick.”

I was engaged out of doors during the day, and in the evening my wife's first question was, whether I had seen “Lalette” that day? I then remembered that he had been in the laboratory with me in the morning, and fancying that she must be locked in, I went to the door, and, opening it, called her by name. There was no movement or response; but as I called again, something whirled past me in the air and dashed out into the hall. I felt certain that my beetle had escaped. Shutting the door hastily, I rushed back for a light. On re-entering the laboratory I could neither see nor hear anything of the beetle; but in the middle of the floor, exactly where I had left her in the morning, poor “Lalette” was lying dead.

Some portions of the sugar were still lying beside her—she had been poisoned. Once more before leaving I sought diligently for the beetle, but no trace was to be found; “Lalette” was a great favorite, and my poor wife was inconsolable. I told her the dog must have picked up some poison in my room; and

with promises of a new canine favorite soon her grief calmed down.

All that night an indefinable horror took possession of me. When I thought of that living sapphire being at large in the house, a firm belief possessed me that “Lalette” had been killed by that poisonous insect. All that night he haunted my dreams; several times I started from slumber, thinking I heard that unearthly death-tick. I determined in my feverish sleeplessness to search every nook and corner of the house, on the morrow. Somehow I felt at times that my existence, my destiny, was bound up in the life of this hideous insect.

Reproaches seemed spoken to me, in one dream of that long night, that I had created a living poison, and sent it out into the world. I shuddered and awoke. The words seemed burnt upon my brain. Could I ever forget them. Listen!

Next morning I heard that one of the domestics, a young pretty girl of nineteen years, was ill. Three days afterwards she died. The doctors said it was heart disease. One of them, a sententious old empiric, said the only peculiarity of the case was a strange mark upon the girl's breast. A pang shot through my whole frame. A mark! What mark! What was it like? By a mysterious perception I knew that this mark concerned me. But how? I soon knew. On the cold white breast of the corpse were *five blue spots*, arranged like the spots on the *five-side of a die*. Controlling my emotion as best I could, I locked myself in my own room, and, burying my face in my hands, cried, in agony—“Accursed beast! this is thy work; the blood of an innocent being is on my hands!” My brain seemed whirling round, and every attempt to collect my thoughts was in vain. The infernal creature—my creature?—had murdered this young girl, and how knew I where he would stop? One thing was plain; my wife and the whole household must be removed immediately. Seizing a pen, I hurriedly wrote to C—, and explaining, as best I could, the unexpected visit of my wife, I went up to the station and saw her start by the first train to the North. The corpse of the young girl was removed by her friends in the afternoon, and the other servants were despatched to their respective homes.

I was left alone in the house all that long, lonely night. I waited in each room listening for that fearful death-tick. Never lover waited more anxiously for a loving whisper from loved lips than I for that hideous sound. But, save the hushed murmur of the mighty city, and the clang of the slow hours as they passed, and the beating of my own heart, all was silence. I searched all that night, and the next day; ay! and the next day, and the next, but no vestige of the loathsome creature could I find. On the fourth day came a letter from my wife. My friend C— was ill; he was sinking fast, and wished to see me.

Locking up my house—not without some dread—I journeyed northward to C—'s house. As I drove up the long avenue in the afternoon, I thought the old mansion had a mournful gloom brooding over it. My heart was depressed—a presentiment of evil hung about me. I could not cast it off. The tearful face of the servant who admitted me added to my mournful forebodings.

I found C— in bed, dying. Dying! The first glance showed me that his days were numbered. A sickly smile of welcome played over his features as I approached him; but it almost instantly changed for a look of intense suffering. I asked what the particular symptoms of his illness were. The medical man in attendance tried to explain the malady, but left me painfully impressed with the idea that he was entirely ignorant of the disease. I had turned to speak to some of the family who were in the room, when I was startled by a piercing cry of agony from the bed.

C— was sitting up in bed, his wan face distorted with pain; he was grasping his neck with his white nervous hands. “My throat is on fire!” he shrieked. “It burns, it burns! Water! for the love of heaven! a drop of water!” Trembling, I held a tumbler of water to his lips; he had scarcely tasted it when he dashed the glass from my hands to the floor, exclaiming, “Devil! I did not ask for vitriol—give me water—water!” As he said this he tore open the neck of his dressing-gown. Merciful heavens! could I believe my eyesight? There was the fatal mark. There—even among the purple distended veins which interlaced like strong cords around his neck—I could see

it. *Five blue spots arranged like the five-side of a die!* The room swam before my eyes, and the word "Murderer!" seemed ringing in my ears. . . . When I recovered, C— was dead. My agitation had been attributed to grief at my friend's death; no one had noticed the cursed mark but myself. The members of the family were absorbed in grief; my wife strove to soothe and solace them; but such work was not for me. I gave myself up to my own frightful reflections.

The creature had then found his way to this remote place; how I knew not, nor did I ever know. It was enough for me to know that he was there. My oldest, truest friend was dead, and a happy home had been rendered wretched, and through me! Through this cursed creation of mine. Why had I not obeyed the first impulse, and killed him as he lay in the mould in the silver trough?

I wandered out into the night; my mind was all in desolate confusion. It was a lovely night—the sky glimmered with stars, and the full moon rose as I walked with uneven steps under the trees. I threw myself down on the wet grass and wept like a child. Soon the soft shimmer of the moonlight broke out into full radiance, and bathed the whole country in a flood of beautiful light. The gentleness of the scene after a time impressed me. I became calmer and reflected on my position. "If the creature is here, he must be hunted down." I dare not tell the household; there was guilt and blood on my conscience. They would deem me mad, I thought. Then, again, I thought that the excitement of the last few days, together with my late illness, might have produced the effect of an optical illusion—that there was no mark. This conviction strengthened, I turned again to the house.

The servant who opened the door started when he saw my altered appearance, matted hair, and wet disorderly dress. But I asked calmly to be shown to the room where the body of C— was lying. I went in alone. Need I tell the result?—the fearful mark was there, and stood out brightly against the cold white skin.

Every corner of the room I searched, but no trace of the fiendish beast was there. After some time spent in this vain search I left the room, and gained my wife and her friends below. They were shocked at my changed appearance. I sat apart, moody and silent. A heavy suffocating cloud of presentiment overpowered me—I felt that my cup was not yet filled, but that, when filled, I should have to drink it to its bitter—bitter dregs. We separated to retire to rest; but though few of us expected to sleep, no sooner had I laid my head on the pillow than I fell asleep—a dull, heavy sleep—as dreamless and almost as breathless as that of the corpse in the next chamber. I do not know how long I had slept, when I awoke suddenly with an unaccountable feeling of terror.

How dark the room is getting—put your ear closer to my mouth—I feel faint with speaking loud—but I must tell you all.

I awoke, and, seemingly, close by my ear!—loud and distinct—I heard the death-tick! My hands clenched till the nails penetrated the flesh when I knew he was within my reach—close by my ear! Heaven help me if I do not crush the creature now!

The moonbeams poured in through the windows and filled the room with a mysterious light. The rays struck across the pillows of the bed and fell softly on the upturned face of my little wife. She slumbered peacefully; but on her snowy brow, glittering as blue as heaven itself, was the loathsome beetle! With one blow I struck him from her face, and then leaped from the bed. I saw his glittering, jewel-like form upon the ground—I seized it and crushed it in my hands—a fierce pain shot up my arm—my blood seemed changed to molten lead. The agony was excruciating, I dropped the vile abortion; he flew from me, and, dashing through the glass of the window, disappeared in the moonlight night.

My story is well nigh told. You know—you know how my wife sickened and—died. But listen! you did not see the black mark upon her white brow.

How dark the room is—and how slowly my heart is beating. Look at this arm—here!—above the elbow, there is the death brand. *Five blue spots arranged like the spots on a die.* I have but an hour to live. You know my secret. . . . Let me rest.

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.—"Beautiful exceedingly," is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother, who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*—God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the "poet's" utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here, and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever lives in the thought.

A BIRD-CLOCK.—As botanists have constructed a flower-clock, so (we read in the foreign journals) a German woodman has recently invented an ornithological clock, by marking the hours of the waking and the first notes of the little singers. The signal is given by the chaffinch, the earliest riser among all the feathery tribes. Its song precedes the dawn, and is heard in summer from half-past one to two o'clock A.M. Next, from two to half-past three o'clock, comes the blackcap, whose warblings would equal those of the nightingale if they were not so very short. From half-past two to three o'clock the quail is heard. From three to half-past three the hedge-sparrow. Then from half-past three to four o'clock we have the blackbird, the mocking-bird of our climate, which imitates all tunes so well, that M. Dureau de la Malle made all the blackbirds of a French canton sing the Marseillaise hymn, by letting loose a blackbird which had been taught that tune. From four to half-past four o'clock the lark pours forth its melodies; from half-past four to five o'clock the black-headed titmouse is heard. Lastly, from five to half-past five o'clock, the sparrow, the *gamin* of the skies, awakes and begins to chirp.

SNAKES IN CHOW CHOW.—Snakes are more common than tigers. At the hills there are long, bright ones; these often cling to the boughs of trees, and I have seen one dart down from a tree into the verandah of a bungalow, where two servants were sitting. It was soon killed. There is a small dark snake, called the carpet snake; it often enters houses, and being of the same color as the mats, when lying on the floor is not always visible. I nearly trod on one once under similar circumstances. Considering the number of those reptiles, it is astonishing how the natives, whose feet are only protected by slippers, escape being bitten. In our household, during a period of five years, one servant only was bitten; but he, poor fellow, died. There is a tiny frog, known by the name of the flying frog; it has a singular power of jumping and attaching itself to anything and everything. One of the creatures leaped up and fastened itself on the face of one of my maids. It was not pleasant, I admit, but there was something very ludicrous in it. However, it is surprising how indifferent one becomes to frogs, snakes, cheetahs, hyenas and tigers. One evening I was highly amused by a person coming to dine with us, exclaiming, "I have just killed a snake at the door!" Another guest followed, saying, "The hyenas are howling dreadfully;" while a third came in and told us there had been a cry among his servants of "baugh" (tiger), in his compound.

HOW TO SECURE A LONG LIFE.—Rabbi Sera was asked by his disciples how he attained such a long life. "Never," he answered, "was I easily excited in my house; never did I precede him whom I thought greater in honor and station; never did I think on the law in an unclean place; never did I walk four yards without studying on some part of it; never did I sleep or slumber in a house where they taught the Word of God; never did I rejoice at an evil which happened to my neighbor; and never did I call any man by a nickname given to him in derision or sport."

AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—A gentleman walking in the fields with a lady, picked up a blue-bell, and taking out his pencil, wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

This pretty flower, of heavenly hue,
Must surely be allied to you;
For you, dear girl, are heavenly, too.

To which the lady replied:

If, sir, your compliment be true,
I'm sorry that I look so blue.

THE WHISPER OF THE WIND.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

ALL in the early morning, when the stars had paled away,
 When the east was coyly blushing with the sun's returning ray,
 The Earth was full of welcome as she first began to trace
 The faint reflected smile upon her sister Ocean's face.
 The wind was faint with flowers as it pressed the fertile land,
 As the father smooths the maiden's hair with fond caressing hand—
 And spring-tide bribed the flowers with dewdrops bright and gay,
 To open a little sooner than they opened yesterday,
 And all was calm and lovely—As the day began to break
 A sunbeam fell across my face, I could not choose but wake;
 I had arisen from a dream wherein thy voice did sound:
 The morning breezes caught the tone and echoed it around.
 It seemed to say, "Live on—Love on—
 Our souls are plighted;
 Time is as nothing—space is not—
 Our spirits are united."

I wandered by the little stream and thro' the silent grove,
 Where thou and I in happy days gone by were wont to rove;
 The same wild flowers blossomed like jewels in the green,
 They seemed to mark the places where thy footsteps once had been:
 The same old robin fluttered that we nursed a year ago,
 When you found him lying famished and half buried in the snow,
 While silence reigned around me, and at its still command
 The child of silence, "Thought," arose, and led me by the hand.
 It led me by the heart to every blessed word of thine.
 It led me where thy hand had led, so often clasped in mine;
 And then thy spirit's presence, in the murmur that I love,
 Was waked by memory on earth, and echoed from above.
 It seemed to say, "Live on—Love on—
 Our souls are plighted;
 Time is as nothing—space is not—
 Our spirits are united."

And so while hanging o'er the bridge I fell into a dream,
 And almost thought I saw thy face reflected on the stream.
 But no! the faithless waters that so oft have mirrored thee,
 Are helping now to part us in the billows of the sea.
 'Twas here in gentle fain'ring voice to me thou didst impart
 The love you told me, and I knew, was graven on thy heart;
 The breezes yet retain the voice, the kiss is not yet cold,
 I feel thine arms around me clasped, they will not lose their fold.
 So in this stilly morning—nothing sounding but the moan
 Of the restless little rivulet—I am not all alone;
 Night's pictures now are spread around thy pillow o'er the sea,
 And morrow brings thy dreaming thoughts to commune sweet with me.
 It seems to say, "Live on—Love on—
 Our souls are plighted;
 Time is as nothing—space is not—
 Our spirits are united."

Here in the early morn—in the infancy of day,
 Before the breath of cities sucks its purity away—
 Here! where thy parting tear was shed and made it holy ground,
 Here! with thy memory blossoming in everything around,
 I bless the love that waits on while Hope is making less
 That second ocean, Time, that lies between our happiness.
 I sometimes think there is a spell the breezes can command,
 To bear some comfort unto thee in thy far distant land.
 If it be so—ah true—how true have I still been to Thee:
 And oh! thou loved and lovely one! art thou still true to me?
 True: well I know that thou art true—I have no cause to fear!
 While the blessed spirit's presence ever whispers in mine ear,
 "Live on—Love on—
 Our souls are plighted;
 Time is as nothing—space is not—
 Our spirits are united."

HOW SHALL I ESCAPE FROM MRS. BADGERY?

Is there any law in England which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

I am a bachelor, and Mrs. Badgery is a widow. Let nobody rashly imagine that I am about to relate a common-place grievance, because I have suffered that first sentence to escape my pen. My objection to Mrs. Badgery is, not that she is too fond of me, but that she is too fond of the memory of her late husband. She has not attempted to marry me; she would not think of marrying me, even if I asked her. Understand, therefore, if you please, at the outset, that my grievance in relation to this widow lady is a grievance of an entirely new kind.

Let me begin again. I am a bachelor of a certain age. I have a large circle of acquaintance; but I solemnly declare that the late Mr. Badgery was never numbered on the list of my

friends. I never heard of him in my life; I never knew that he had left a relic; I never set eyes on Mrs. Badgery until one fatal morning when I went to see if the fixtures were all right in my new house.

My new house is in the suburbs of London. I looked at it, liked it, took it. Three times I visited it before I sent my furniture in. Once with a friend, once with a surveyor, once by myself, to throw a sharp eye, as I have already intimated, over the fixtures. The third visit marked the fatal occasion on which I first saw Mrs. Badgery. A deep interest attaches to this event, and I shall go into details in describing it.

I rang at the bell of the garden-door. The old woman appointed to keep the house answered it. I directly saw something strange and confused in her face and manner. Some men would have pondered a little and questioned her. I am by nature impetuous and a rusher at conclusions. "Drunk," I said to myself, and walked on into the house perfectly satisfied.

I looked into the front parlor. Grate all right, curtain-pole all right, gas chandelier all right. I looked into the back parlor—ditto, ditto, ditto, as we men of business say. I mounted the stairs. Blind on back window right? Yes; blind on back window right. I opened the door of the front drawing-room—and there, sitting in the middle of the bare floor, was a large woman on a little camp-stool! She was dressed in the deepest mourning, her face was hidden by the thickest crape veil I ever saw, and she was groaning softly to herself in the desolate solitude of my new unfurnished house.

What did I do? Do! I bounced back into the landing as if I had been shot, uttering the national exclamation of terror and astonishment: "Hullo!" (And here I particularly beg in parenthesis, that the printer will follow my spelling of the word, and not put *Hillo*, or *Halloa*, instead, both of which are base compromises which represent no sound that ever yet issued from any Englishman's lips). I said "Hullo!" and then I turned round fiercely upon the old woman who kept the house, and said "Hullo!" again.

She understood the irresistible appeal that I had made to her feelings, and curtsied, and looked towards the drawing-room, and humbly hoped that I was not startled or put out. I asked who the crape-covered woman on the camp-stool was, and what she wanted there. Before the old woman could answer, the soft groaning in the drawing-room ceased, and a muffled voice, speaking from behind the crape veil, addressed me reproachfully, and said:

"I am the widow of the late Mr. Badgery."

What did I say in answer? Exactly the words which, I flatter myself any other sensible man in my situation would have said. And what words were they? These two.

"Oh, indeed!"

"Mr. Badgery and myself were the last tenants who inhabited this house," continued the muffled voice. "Mr. Badgery died here." The voice ceased, and the soft groans began again.

It was perhaps not necessary to answer this; but I did answer it. How? In one word.

"Ha!"

"Our house has been long empty," resumed the voice, choked by sobs. "Our establishment has been broken up. Being left in reduced circumstances, I now live in a cottage near; but it is not home to me. This is home. However long I live, wherever I go, whatever changes may happen to this being left house, nothing can ever prevent me from looking on it as my home. I came here, sir, with Mr. Badgery after our honeymoon. All the brief happiness of my life was once contained within these four walls. Every dear remembrance that I fondly cherish is shut up in these sacred rooms."

Again the voice ceased, and again the soft groans echoed round my empty walls, and oozed out past me down my uncarpeted staircase.

I reflected. Mrs. Badgery's brief happiness and dear remembrances were not included in the list of fixtures. Why could she not take them away with her? Why should she leave them littered about in the way of my furniture? I was just thinking how I could put this view of the case strongly to Mrs. Badgery, when she suddenly left off groaning, and addressed me once more.

"While this house has been empty," she said, "I have been

In the habit of looking in from time to time, and renewing my tender associations with the place. I have lived, as it were, in the sacred memories of Mr. Badgery and of the past, which these dear, these priceless rooms call up, dismantled and dusty as they are at the present moment. It has been my practice to give a remuneration to the attendant for any slight trouble that I might occasion—"

"Only sixpence, sir," whispered the old woman close at my ear.

"And to ask nothing in return," continued Mrs. Badgery, "but the permission to bring my camp-stool with me, and to meditate on Mr. Badgery in the empty rooms, with every one of which some happy thought, or eloquent word, or tender action of his, is so sweetly associated. I came here on my usual errand to-day. I am discovered, I presume, by the new proprietor of the house—discovered, I am quite ready to admit, as an intruder. I am willing to go, if you wish it after hearing my explanation. My heart is full, sir; I am quite incapable of contending with you. You would hardly think it, but I am sitting on the spot once occupied by our ottoman. I am looking towards the window in which my flower-stand once stood. In this very place Mr. Badgery first sat down and clasped me to his heart, when we came back from our honeymoon trip. 'Matilda,' he said, 'your drawing-room has been expensively papered, carpeted, and furnished for a month; but it has only been adorned, love, since you entered it.' If you have no sympathy, sir, for such remembrances as these; if you see nothing pitiable in my position, taken in connection with my presence here; if you cannot enter into my feelings, and thoroughly understand that this is not a house, but a shrine—you have only to say so, and I am quite willing to go."

She spoke with the air of a martyr—a martyr to my insensibility. If she had been the proprietor and I had been the intruder, she could not have been more mournfully magnanimous. All this time, too, she never raised her veil—she never has raised it, in my presence, from that time to this. I have no idea whether she is young or old, dark or fair, handsome or ugly: my impression is, that she is in every respect a finished and perfect Gorgon, but I have no basis of fact on which I can support that dismal idea. A moving mass of crape, and a muffled voice—that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, in a personal point of view, of Mrs. Badgery.

"Ever since my irreparable loss, this has been the shrine of my pilgrimage, and the altar of my worship," proceeded the voice. "One man may call himself a landlord, and say that he will let it; another man may call himself a tenant, and say that he will take it. I don't blame either of those two men; I don't wish to intrude on either of those two men; I only tell them that this is my home; that my heart is still in possession, and that no mortal laws, landlords or tenants can ever turn it out. If you don't understand this, sir; if the holiest feelings that do honor to our common nature have no particular sanctity in your estimation, pray do not scruple to say so; pray tell me to go."

"I don't wish to do anything uncivil, ma'am," said I. "But I am a single man, and I am not sentimental." (Mrs. Badgery groaned.) "Nobody told me I was coming into a Shrine when I took this house; nobody warned me, when I first went over it, that there was a Heart in possession. I regret to have disturbed your meditations, and I am sorry to hear that Mr. Badgery is dead. That is all I have to say about it; and, now, with your kind permission, I will do myself the honor of wishing you good morning, and will go up-stairs to look after the fixtures on the second floor."

Could I have given a gentler hint than this? Could I have spoken more compassionately to a woman whom I sincerely believe to be old and ugly? Where is the man to be found who can lay his hand on his heart, and honestly say that he ever really pitied the sorrows of a Gorgon? Search through the whole surface of the globe; and you will discover human phenomena of all sorts, but you will not find that man.

To resume. I made her a bow, and left her on the camp-stool, in the middle of the drawing-room floor, exactly as I had found her. I ascended to the second floor, walked into the back room first, and inspected the grate. It appeared to be a little out of repair, so I stooped down to look at it closer. While I was kneeling over the bars, I was violently startled by the fall

of one large drop of warm water, from a great height, exactly in the middle of a bald place, which has been widening a great deal of late years on the top of my head. I turned on my knees, and looked round. Heaven and earth! the crape-covered woman had followed me up-stairs—the source from which the drop of water had fallen was no other than Mrs. Badgery's eye.

"I wish you could contrive not to cry over the top of my head, ma'am," said I. My patience was becoming exhausted, and I spoke with considerable asperity. The curly-headed youth of the present age may not be able to sympathise with my feelings on this occasion; but my bald brethren know, as well as I do, that the most unpardonable of all liberties is a liberty taken with the unguarded top of the human head.

Mrs. Badgery did not seem to hear me. When she had dropped the tear, she was standing exactly over me, looking down at the grate; and she never stirred an inch after I had spoken. "Don't cry over my head, ma'am," I repeated, more irritably than before.

"This was his dressing-room," said Mrs. Badgery, indulging in muffled soliloquy. "He was singularly particular about his shaving-water. He always liked to have it in a little tin pot, and he invariably desired that it might be placed on this hob." She groaned again, and tapped one side of the grate with the leg of her camp-stool.

If I had been a woman, or if Mrs. Badgery had been a man, I should now have proceeded to extremities, and should have vindicated my right to my own house by an appeal to physical force. Under existing circumstances, all that I could do was to express my indignation by a glance. The glance produced not the slightest result—and no wonder. Who can look at a woman with any effect, through a crape veil?

I retreated into the second floor front room, and instantly shut the door after me. The next moment I heard the rustling of the crape garments outside, and the muffled voice of Mrs. Badgery poured lamentably through the keyhole.

"Do you mean to make that your bed-room?" asked the voice on the other side of the door. "Oh, don't, don't make that your bed-room! I am going away directly—but, oh pray, pray let that one room be sacred! Don't sleep there! If you can possibly help it, don't sleep there!"

I opened the window, and looked up and down the road. If I had seen a policeman within hail I should certainly have called him in. No such person was visible. I shut the window again, and warned Mrs. Badgery, through the door, in my sternest tones, not to interfere with my domestic arrangements, "I mean to have my bedstead put up here," I said. "And, what is more, I mean to sleep here. And, what is more, I mean to snore here!" Severe, I think, that last sentence? It completely crushed Mrs. Badgery for the moment. I heard the crape garments rustling away from the door; I heard the muffled groans going slowly and solemnly down the stairs again.

In due course of time, I also descended to the ground floor. Had Mrs. Badgery really left the premises? I looked into the front parlor—empty. Back parlor—empty. Any other room on the ground floor? Yes; a long room at the end of the passage. The door was closed. I opened it cautiously, and peeped in. A faint scream, and a smack of two distractedly-clasped hands saluted my appearance. There she was, again on the camp-stool, again sitting exactly in the middle of the floor.

"Don't, don't look in, in that way!" cried Mrs. Badgery, wringing her hands. "I could bear it in any other room, but I can't bear it in this. Every Monday morning I looked out the things for the wash in this room. He was difficult to please about his linen; the washerwoman never put starch enough into his collars to satisfy him. Oh, how often and often has he popped his head in here, as you popped yours just now; and said, in his amusing way, 'More starch!' Oh, how droll he always was—how very, very droll in this dear little back room!"

I said nothing. The situation had now got beyond words. I stood with the door in my hand, looking down the passage towards the garden, and waiting doggedly for Mrs. Badgery to go out. My plan succeeded. She rose, sighed, shut up the camp-stool, stalked along the passage, paused on the hall mat, said to herself, "Sweet, sweet spot?" descended the steps,

groaned along the gravel-walk, and disappeared from view at last through the garden door.

"Let her in again at your peril," said I to the woman who kept the house. She curtsied and trembled. I left the premises, satisfied with my own conduct under very trying circumstances, delusively convinced also that I had done with Mrs. Badgery.

The next day I sent in the furniture. The most unprotected object on the face of this earth is a house when the furniture is going in. The doors must be kept open; and employ as many servants as you may, nobody can be depended on as a domestic sentry so long as the van is at the gate. The confusion of "moving in" demoralises the steadiest disposition, and there is no such thing as a properly-guarded post from the top of the house to the bottom. How the invasion was managed, how the surprise was effected, I know not; but it is certainly the fact, that when my furniture went in, the inevitable Mrs. Badgery went in along with it.

I have some very choice engravings, after the old masters; and I was first awakened to a consciousness of Mrs. Badgery's presence in the house while I was hanging up my proof impression of Titian's Venus over the front parlor fireplace. "Not there!" cried the muffled voice imploringly. "His portrait used to hang there. Oh, what a print—what a dreadful, dreadful print to put where his dear portrait used to be!" I turned round in a fury. There she was, still muffled up in crape, still carrying her abominable camp-stool. Before I could say a word in remonstrance, six men in green baize aprons staggered in with my sideboard, and Mrs. Badgery suddenly disappeared. Had they trampled her under foot, or crushed her in the doorway? Though not an inhuman man by nature, I asked myself those questions quite composedly. No very long time elapsed before they were practically answered in the negative by the re-appearance of Mrs. Badgery herself, in a perfectly unruffled condition of chronic grief. In the course of the day I had my toes trodden on, I was knocked about by my own furniture, the six men in baize aprons dropped all sorts of small articles over me in going up and down stairs; but Mrs. Badgery escaped unscathed. Every time I thought she had been turned out of the house she proved, on the contrary, to be groaning close behind me. She wept over Mr. Badgery's memory in every room, perfectly undisturbed to the last, by the chaotic confusion of moving in. I am not sure, but I think she brought a tin box of sandwiches with her, and celebrated a tearful picnic of her own in the groves of my front garden. I say I am not sure of this; but I am positively certain that I never entirely got rid of her all day; and I know to my cost that she insisted on making me as well acquainted with Mr. Badgery's favorite notions and habits as I am with my own. It may interest the reader if I report that my taste in carpets is not equal to Mr. Badgery's; that my ideas on the subject of servants' wages are not so generous as Mr. Badgery's; and that I ignorantly persisted in placing a sofa in the position which Mr. Badgery, in his time, considered to be particularly fitted for an arm-chair. I could go nowhere, look nowhere, do nothing, say nothing, all that day, without bringing the widowed incubus in the crape garments down upon me immediately. I tried civil remonstrances, I tried rude speeches, I tried sulky silence—nothing had the least effect on her. The memory of Mr. Badgery was the shield of proof with which she warded off my fiercest attacks. Not till the last article of furniture had been moved in, did I lose sight of her; and even then she had not really left the house. One of my six men in green baize aprons routed her out of the back garden area, where she was telling my servants, with floods of tears, of Mr. Badgery's virtuous strictness with his housemaid in the matter of followers. My admirable man in green baize courageously saw her out, and shut the garden door after her. I gave him half a crown on the spot; and if anything happens to him, I am ready to make the future prosperity of his fatherless family my own peculiar care.

The next day was Sunday. I attended morning service at my new parish church. A popular preacher had been announced, and the building was crowded. I advanced a little way up the nave, and looked to my right, and saw no room. Before I could look to my left, I felt a hand laid persuasively on my arm. I turned round—and there was Mrs. Badgery, with her pew

door open, solemnly beckoning me in. The crowd had closed up behind me; the eyes of a dozen members of the congregation, at least, were fixed on me. I had no choice but to save appearances, and accept the dreadful invitation. There was a vacant place next to the door of the pew. I tried to drop into it, but Mrs. Badgery stopped me. "His seat," she whispered, and signed to me to place myself on the other side of her. It is unnecessary to say that I had to climb over a hassock, and that I knocked down all Mrs. Badgery's devotional books before I succeeded in passing between her and the front of the pew. She cried uninterruptedly through the service; composed herself when it was over; and began to tell me what Mr. Badgery's opinions had been on points of abstract theology. Fortunately there was great confusion and crowding at the door of the church; and I escaped, at the hazard of my life, by running round the back of the carriages. I passed the interval between the services alone in the fields, being deterred from going home by the fear that Mrs. Badgery might have got there before me.

Monday came. I positively ordered my servants to let no lady in deep mourning pass inside the garden door, without first consulting me. After that, feeling tolerably secure, I occupied myself in arranging my books and prints. I had not pursued this employment much more than an hour, when one of the servants burst excitably into the room, and informed me that a lady in deep mourning had been taken faint, just outside my door, and had requested leave to come in and sit down for a few moments. I ran down the garden path to bolt the door, and arrived just in time to see it violently pushed open by an officious and sympathising crowd. They drew away on either side as they saw me. There she was, leaning on the grocer's shoulder, with the butcher's boy in attendance, carrying her camp-stool! Leaving my servants to do what they liked with her, I ran back and locked myself up in my bed-room. When she evacuated the premises, some hours afterwards, I received a message of apology informing me that this particular Monday was the sad anniversary of her wedding day, and that she had been taken faint, in consequence, at the sight of her lost husband's house.

Tuesday forenoon passed away happily, without any new invasion. After lunch, I thought I would go out and take a walk. My garden door has a sort of peep-hole in it, covered with a wire grating. As I got close to this grating, I thought I saw something mysteriously dark on the outer side of it. I bent my head down to look through, and instantly found myself face to face with the crape veil. "Sweet, sweet spot!" said the muffled voice, speaking straight into my eyes through the grating. The usual groans followed, and the name of Mr. Badgery was plaintively pronounced before I could recover myself sufficiently to retreat to the house.

Wednesday is the day on which I am writing this narrative. It is not twelve o'clock yet, and there is every probability that some new form of sentimental persecution is in store for me before the evening. Thus far, these lines contain a perfectly true statement of Mrs. Badgery's conduct towards me since I entered on the possession of my house and her shrine. What am I to do? that is the point I wish to insist on—what am I to do? How am I to get away from the memory of Mr. Badgery, and the unappeasable grief of his disconsolate widow? Any other species of invasion it is possible to resist; but how is a man placed in my unhappy and unparalleled circumstances to defend himself? I can't keep a dog ready to fly at Mrs. Badgery. I can't charge her at a police court with being oppressively fond of the house in which her husband died. I can't set man-traps for a woman, or persecute a weeping widow as a trespasser and a nuisance. I am helplessly involved in the unrelaxing folds of Mrs. Badgery's crape veil. Surely there was no exaggeration in my language when I said that I was a sufferer under a perfectly new grievance! Can anybody advise me? If anybody can, is there any legal gentleman in the united kingdom who can answer the all-important question which appears at the head of this narrative? I began by asking that question because it was uppermost in my mind. It is uppermost in my mind still, and I therefore beg leave to conclude appropriately by asking it again:

Is there any law in England which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

THE DEATH PAINTER.

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting!"

I NEED not now relate the causes, real or supposititious, of the dreadful curse that has for so many generations hung over all the males of our doomed family; it is enough to state that such a curse does exist, and that, in all probability, I, the last of my race, must also endure it. My father, by an early death, escaped the fearful fate; but if he had lived to his fortieth year—the age at which his progenitors were seized by the malady—he too must have become a maniac.

I remember when and how I first became acquainted with the terrible secret. On the death of my father I was removed from the school where all my early boyish years had been passed, and taken home. I was then about sixteen. Shortly after my return, my mother, by my guardian's advice, called me to the room which had been my father's study, and (after preparing my mind for the disclosure as well as her agitated feelings would permit) told me how the horrible truth—till then carefully concealed from her by my father—had, first, by delirious ravings in his last illness, afterwards, when he was no more, by his private papers, come to her knowledge; how several physicians (to whom, as the same papers proved, the case had been submitted) had unanimously decided that nothing could avert the catastrophe from him or his offspring; and how others, to whom she had since applied on my behalf, had concurred in a like opinion.

As she proceeded to recount all this, I saw, young though I was, how such an affliction would have pained her, or any other true and loving woman, more than the loss of the object of her affection; and mentally vowed that, however tempted, I would never marry.

My poor father! His moodiness and fits of gloom, my irritability and morbid sensitiveness, were now all explained.

As may be supposed, the intelligence of my future fate fell on me with the force of a thunderbolt, and for the time crushed me; but I grew by degrees accustomed to regard it more calmly, though the gloom and bitterness of my spirit naturally increased.

I had but one solace, I was fond of painting, and to that art I now entirely devoted myself, to the exclusion of nearly every other study; but my morbid tendencies did not even in this desert me, for the subjects I chose were all of a mystical, preternatural, horrible, or fantastic nature. If I studied the human form divine, it was only to reproduce it, distorted and rendered hideous, in the figures of demons, imps, gnomes, or other weird creatures of the poet's mind; if I spent whole days in transferring a few of the beauties of English landscape to canvas, I bestowed whole weeks on imaginary, goblin oaks, haunted springs, or enchanted caverns; while, in reading, it was still the same—fiction, especially of a dreamy and improbable character, impressed me far more than truth, romance than reality. My "beautiful" was ever the unnatural—the reflection of my perturbed and disordered spirit.

Anatomy, of all the stepping-stones to art, was my favorite study. In order to obtain better opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of it, I went to London, and entered myself as a student at one of the hospitals; where I was continually to be found, either in the dissecting-rooms, or the dead-house, drawing from both natural and abnormal subjects, as if I had at last found the true end and object of my being.

While thus employed, a new fancy took possession of me, that of painting the dead in their shrouds, and at this I worked incessantly.

The students thought me mad, though, but for something in my manner which repelled curiosity and forbade insult, I have little doubt that I should have formed acquaintance, or become the butt of the class. As it was, I only inspired distrust and dread, and many a "first year's man" have I seen turn pale and retreat when he unthinkingly entered the dissecting-room at an unusual hour, and found me alone with a "fresh subject."

The porter, moreover (who was too much at home with all kinds of horrors to be discomforted by anything), used to terrify

the outpatients by pointing me out as the "young painter-gentleman as pulled the stiff-uns about more than any six of the other students."

My feelings at this period I can hardly analyse through the lapse of time; but I think that (when I could spare any from the object that engrossed, as it were, my whole being) I perceived a kind of savage exultation at the impression I produced, and endeavored rather to increase than to diminish it.

At last I thought I had studied enough, and determined to prepare a picture for exhibition at the Royal Academy.

Edgar Poe's works about this time made their first appearance in England; their wild *diableries* pleased me, and I decided on taking my subject from one of his tales or poems. After reading over and over again all I thought I should like to portray scenes from, I chose, as being least likely to revolt the lovers of the beautiful, and most suited to my own peculiar bias, the poem of "Lenore."

My picture was very simple; merely the young girl lying dead, and her lover mourning over her; but to it I devoted all the energy of my mind and body, every result of my study, and all the poetic feeling of my soul. It was my first labored composition; when completed, I sent it off, and sat myself down to wait patiently as I might for the result.

Oh! my mother, but for thee, in the intense excitement of those days of hope deferred, I must have maddened or died.

The answer came at length; I could not read it. I tossed it across the table to my mother, who was as powerless as myself to embody it in language, but who looked her congratulations when she had glanced over it. My picture was accepted and commended.

The day of the opening of the Exhibition arrived. I went to the rooms, which were already crowded. When I entered, at first I dared not approach my picture, fearing to be discovered as the artist, and taxed with the production of the scene; but after a while I overcame this ridiculous and puerile fancy, and made my way towards the part of the room where it was: this I had seen and marked on my first entrance. An old lady and gentleman, with a young lady, probably their daughter, were standing before it. As I came up, the young lady had just turned to her catalogue, and was reading,

"No. 238. Lenore. A. T. Ashleigh."

Then, leaning forward, she repeated (in a very musical voice, and with the most appropriate and appreciative tone I had ever heard) the lines I had caused to be painted on the dead-gold margin which, as the interior of the frame, surrounded the picture. They were:

"The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild, for the dear child that should have been thy bride—
For her the fair and debonnaire, who now so lowly lies,
The life still there upon her hair, but not within her eyes,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes."

When she had finished, she said, unconscious of the presence of any one but her parents, "Oh is it not beautiful? Is it not natural? Almost too natural! Now I can understand the meaning of those beautiful lines of Byron. You know them, mamma; they begin,

'He who hath bent him o'er the dead.'

Papa, shall you think me very foolish and romantic if I tell you that I should almost like to die young, and be mourned over like poor Lenore? It would be better—oh! how much better than living

'Till friendship's decay,
And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away.'"

"Nonsense, my child," said the half frightened father, as if the possibility of such a thing as the death of one so young had never entered into his mind: "nonsense, you mustn't talk of dying! What can put such things into your head? Here, come away from that horrid picture."

Her mother, at the same moment, leant over her, and whispered something of which I caught the word "strangers."

The young lady raised her eyes to my face, and blushed slightly. I tried to look unconscious, but feeling that I could not succeed, I turned shortly on my heel and walked away. What had I to do with living youth and beauty?

The next morning I was at the exhibition again, standing, through the whole day, as long and as often near my picture as I fancied I could without attracting attention—listening to the

remarks that were made, and internally criticising the critiques of the persons who passed judgment upon it.

Occasionally I made a tour of the room, and on my return from one of these rambles found the party of the day before again examining my picture, and heard the young lady say, "I wonder what kind of man the artist is; whether he is young and good looking? Do you know him, papa?"

"No, my dear, I do not," was the answer. "He is a new man, he never exhibited here before; but is probably not very young. Few very young men ever paint anything worth exhibiting; or, where they do, venture to submit it to the committee of the Academy. Exhibitors are very seldom under thirty, or four-and-thirty, which I suppose you would call old; and sometimes a great deal older."

"Do you know, papa, that if I died I should like the same artist who painted that to take my likeness. I think you would wish to have something of the kind to remind you of me."

"My dear child, I really cannot allow you to entertain such gloomy thoughts. You must come from that picture: you quite put me out. I wish you had never seen it," replied the old gentleman. His daughter laughed gaily, and they passed on.

I continued to visit the Exhibition at intervals while it remained open, in hopes of seeing her again, and in this I was twice successful. For these opportunities I neglected everything. I was in love, and I knew it, but I did not attempt to control the feeling, as it was to me a new and brighter existence, and could not affect or annoy her; for she neither knew, nor was likely to know me, and was, besides, evidently of a rank that placed an insuperable bar between her and an unknown painter.

The season was over: the Exhibition closed, and I saw her no more, save "in my mind's eye," where her portrait lived with a reality that no art could equal.

Troubles now rose fast and heavy on my life. My mother died, and I was left alone in the world; to struggle through it as I might, for the little property we possessed was an annuity which terminated with her life, and left me after her death penniless.

I sold my picture, however, and thus provided for the present; but the future, how was I to meet that? I was not long left in doubt. Many persons saw my picture, which was now in the gallery of a well-known collector, and struck with the treatment of the subject, offered me commissions to paint those whom they loved and admired, and whom death had removed from their social or domestic circle.

I was thus in my element; my studies were of a class in society which I had never had open to me before, and which gave me opportunities of increasing the delicacy and refinement of my compositions. I became celebrated as a death-painter, and even took a delight in my *bizarre* occupation.

Three years passed away after the exhibition of my first picture, and I was beginning to thrive, when one day, or rather one night, for it was after dark, I was disturbed in a reverie about "the lady of my love" (whom I still loved, and had never forgotten, though I had not seen her since my mother's death) by a knock at the door of my chambers. I called out to the visitor to enter, and an *employé* of the Electric Telegraph Company presented himself, and handed me a printed form, to which these words were added in writing: "Lord—— will feel obliged, if Mr. Ashleigh will come without any delay to-night, if possible, to —— House, ——, and bring the implements of his art with him."

The address was that of a country house, a few miles to the north of London, and there remained still an hour to the departure of the last train from the King's Cross Station. I gave the messenger a reply, to the effect that I would come at once, and, hastily thrusting a few necessaries into a carpet-bag, I packed up my easel, colors and brushes, hailed a Hansom, and hurried to the railway. The second bell was being rung as I was driven into the station-yard, and in five minutes more I had regularly begun my journey.

I endeavored, as the train proceeded, to guess at the reasons which could have induced Lord ——, to whom I was personally unknown, to send for me in such haste, and at such a time of

the evening; but in all my surmises, I never arrived at the truth.

It wanted half an hour to midnight as the train stopped at the —— station. A servant was waiting for me with a gig, which I entered, and we proceeded at a rapid pace towards —— House. On the road I learnt the cause of my being sent for. Lady Ethel —— the only daughter and sole heiress of the family of ——, had been killed by a fall from her horse, which had taken fright at a railway train, become unmanageable, and finally thrown her, causing such injuries that her death, within a few hours, was the result.

After a quarter-of-an-hour's drive, we reached the house, where everything seemed in hopeless disorder, and where I, with difficulty, found any one to convey the intelligence of my arrival to the master.

Lady ——, his wife, I heard, had been insensible ever since the fatal termination of the accident, while he himself had never left his daughter's room. When he knew of my arrival he sent to request that I would join him there, as he wished to say something to me—I went; following the messenger through long corridors and up massive staircases, till I thought we should never reach our journey's end: at last, my guide stopped, and, pointing to a door at the end of the passage, said, "His lordship is there." I know not how it was, or what gave rise to the sensation, but at these words I felt a sharp, thrilling chill run through me, such as one is supposed to feel when the spot of earth which is to contain his body after death is walked over by the unheeding and unconscious tread of the rambler in the churchyard.

The feeling increased to such an extent, as I neared the door, that I rather staggered than walked into the room.

Lord —— was standing by the fireplace, intently regarding the burning logs; when the servant announced me, he turned hastily round, and we met face to face. The recognition was mutual, and our minds simultaneously recurred to our first meeting at the opening of the Exhibition.

I could restrain myself no longer; but striding to the bed, put gently back the curtains that concealed the face of the dead. My worst presentiments were realised; it was the face of the only woman I ever had—ever could have—loved. She seemed more like one asleep than one dead, but too lovely to be a creature of this finite world. Her face was infinitely calm.

"Death had left on it
Only the beautiful."

Such, indeed, might be the appearance of "an angel" sleeping; but nothing tainted with a mortal life could be so fair.

I buried my face in my hands, and for several moments could not control myself. At length, I raised my head. We had neither of us spoken a word as yet; but I saw that he had arrived at the secret of my love, and that, though in her lifetime it might have enraged him, he now felt for me as for a fellow mourner, for his voice trembled audibly, with emotion and pity, as he whispered, "Can you undertake it?" I bowed my head in assent, and the servant was desired to show me to my room.

Oh! what a night that was of terror and amazement. How I dwelt on the past dreams, the present realities, and the future blank of my existence.

How I recalled each action, each look of hers that I had noticed, and prayed for the day which seemed as though it would never come.

Again, I pictured her as she was now with the slight bruise upon her temple, the only outward sign of the breath that had let out life—the holy transfigured expression of her pale countenance; and

"The life still there upon her hair, but not within her eyes,
The lie upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes."

But the morrow came, at last; and the day after I had finished her head for my picture, and they had "buried her away out of sight," but not before, unrestrained by her father, I had pressed a kiss, the only kiss I could ever remember to have given to any woman besides my mother on her pale, calm brow; and again I was alone—more than ever alone in the world.

I am making a name; and Lord ——, who would have been a father to me, for her sake, if I could have borne his presence, has done much to forward my interests; but I work without feeling; and but for one thing should scarcely

love even my art: it is a copy which, with his permission, I made of her likeness when I had it at home to complete it. Occasionally, not often, for I do not need it, I raise the curtain which conceals it from vulgar eyes, and gaze at it long and lovingly. Sometimes I dream of what might have been, if she had lived; but I see the shadow of my fortieth year approaching; and remembering the scene in my father's study, I wake, with a shudder, to say, "It is better as it is." And her picture hangs there ever and always in my sight, and I whisper wild words to the senseless canvas—words of love and hope, that mortal ears may never hear; but though I love that picture, and should die without it, it is my fatal remembrance.

A PROVENCALE BALLAD.

BY ISABEL HILL.

No, stay! for thou wert out of place
 'Mong pilgrims fierce as those;
 Thy thoughts and feelings, form and face,
 A happier doom disclose;
 Thy daily air the breath of grace,
 Thou hast been near the rose!
 Then do not leave this bower of mine,
 Tho' now 'tis rude and poor—
 Thou art not fit for Palestine,
 My pagelike troubadour!

Histories of old and classic time
 Lurk in thy youthful smile;
 Whoe'er hath lived in that sweet clime
 Which sunned thine infant wile,
 Would trace its influence o'er thy prime
 On earth's most barren isle.
 Let mindless, heartless giants, then,
 Go brave the billows rage,
 To meet the savage Saracen—
 But not our minstrel-page!

Thou could'st not live 'mid such alarms,
 For ever far away
 From scenes where Nature's grandest charms
 Echoed our poet's lay—
 Tones from that realm of arts and arms
 Are thine unto this day—
 Thou'dst lose them on the blood-stained sand
 Of slave and brutish Moor—
 Be home thy glory's Holy Land,
 My page, my troubadour!

THE CHILDREN OF THE QUEEN.

We beg to introduce to the attention of our readers the members of a highly distinguished and right royal family. We are not disposed to mystify our friends by attempting to preserve the incognita of the royal personages thus introduced. We own at the outset they are neither more nor less than honey bees; and sure are we that a description of their home-life will be quite as interesting and instructive as many regal memoirs that might be named.

Now the little bee, instructed by her great Father in heaven, erects for herself her many-storied palace, each storey containing innumerable chambers, of a material wondrously pliant and durable, and yet unknown to all the arts of man. The tiny mathematicians, it is well known, follow now, as of old, the same simple scheme, knowing, as they did, long before the greatest of architects, under what form their cell would occupy the least space, and yet afford the greatest accommodation. With incredible rapidity they draw forth, from between the gleaves of their scaly armor, one little disc of wax after another, cut them and carve them with their small, sharp jaws, and thus form a cell all around their own active bodies. Not a moment is lost, for one returning laborer takes the place of another; the pollen they bring from abroad is eagerly seized by the nurses at home, who chew it and swallow it, and soon after produce it as wax. All bees are alike masters of their art; each one continues where the other has left off, and although thousands work at once on the same hive, and although one tiny cell a trifle out of order would destroy the symmetry of the whole comb, an error has never as yet been perceived. What

wonderful instinct guides the humble architects, the true free-masons of nature, to commence, with an almost invisible grain of wax, at the precise place where, when completed, the beautiful structure will fit in and join the adjacent apartments? Each cell, has, moreover, its own particular place and size assigned in advance, for its future purpose. Those for laborers are smallest; the houses of the nobles are large and well polished; but the royal palace surpasses them all, and requires as much wax as one hundred and fifty of laborers' cells. The poor little slaves work as no slaves do upon earth: six or eight times they return, during the day, with well-filled trowsers, and an ample supply of sweet honey. Some are so very industrious, that, worn out by incessant labor and overburdened with loads of honey and wax, they die, as Virgil says, "exhaling their soul under the burden." Or a weary bee, heavily laden, misses her footing on the little board at the entrance gate, and falls to the ground; there sits a monstrous toad, watching with grim, greedy eye, and as soon as the insect falls, stretches out its long, limber tongue, seizes the unlucky bee, and drawing it in, closes his huge jaws upon the poor tiny victim.

The noble drones take no part in these labors. Like the great of other races, they also rise late, about eleven o'clock, long after the humbler classes have busily been at work: and when the sun shines warm, they fly out, not to work in the sweat of their brow, but to revel in bud and blossom, to fare sumptuously on the rich, ever ready table of nature, and to return towards eve, after a day of pride and pleasure. Their only duty on earth seems to be to wait on their queen, whom they all love—and some praise is due to them for this—without envy or jealousy, although one only is always the royal favorite. She holds her levees like other queens, and follows the skill of Elizabeth in bestowing her favors with equal hand and wise discretion. With reverential respect they surround the monarch; the body bent low, their wings spread out broadly, and their feelers lowered in humble submission. If she move, they all hasten to follow her, and each one strives, in uncontrollable zeal, to be nearest to her sacred person; the happy courtiers, who are successful, kiss her and caress her with their long, lithe lip, arrange her downy hair, and stroke her wings with unceasing affection.

When the first cells have been made, the queen begins her great royal duty, to create a nation! She is literally the mother of her people—the royal heirs of the throne, the haughty nobles, the poor slaves, they are all, in the true sense of the word, the children of the queen. With genuine Yankee curiosity, naturalists have inspected the innermost secrets of the royal family circle, and yet there are moments in the life of the queen unknown to the most curious observer. Early in the morning, when the idle drones are still asleep, the queen issues forth, a small retinue of ten or twelve stalwart ladies in waiting following her with grave, sedate tread. Full of reverence, each bee turns her head with humbly lowered feelers towards the royal face, and those who precede her move backward, like the best trained courtiers. The nurses, who are already busy in the cells, look up, lower their feelers also, and greet the sovereign with a gentle humming. Most gravely the queen proceeds, glancing right and left, until she perceives a ready, empty cell; she examines it carefully, her courtiers surround her so as to make her perfectly invisible to others, and when she re-appears, a tiny white egg hangs freely suspended from the roof of the cell. Thus she lays perhaps five eggs, and then rests awhile. During the interval her noble courtiers treat her with the utmost tenderness and affection, tap her gently with their feelers on breast and head, lick her whole golden body with their long flexible tongues, and offer her, in turns, tiny drops of honey, which she, most graciously, never refuses. With admirable activity, the queen continues her great work, and, ere a couple of months have passed, she has often laid ten thousand eggs!

The first of these produce laborers only. Three days after they have been laid, a little, whitish worm leaves them, having no feet, but a hard yellow head. Naked and helpless, like man, the bee appears in the world; and like him, it also requires all a mother's tenderest cares. The poor little creatures can hardly move—only now and then they rub their hard, horny mouth against the walls of their cells, to make their wants known.



THE DANCING LESSON.—BY R. T. ROSS, A.R.S.A.

Immediately busy nurses appear ; they clean them, they adorn them, they cheer their solitude by a pleasant humming of wings, and feed them almost incessantly with a kind of pap, made of honey and pollen, and offered daintily on the tip of their under lip. The hives now are the exact models of the French "*crèches*"—the public nurseries for infants. Careful nurses wander indefatigably from crib to crib and from cell to cell, offer here the little ones sweet, wholesome food, caress them there with their feelers, and load them with tokens of an unselfish affection.

The drones care nothing for the young ; they know not the troubles, as they know not the joys, of family life. It is strange enough, that here, also, as among us, that touching, self-denying love of children, which we admire and honor beyond all other home virtues, is found most glowing and active among the poorest and humblest classes, where the daily honey has to be earned with hard labor, where, in bad years, the poor cannot even find work for long, long days, and where the starving laborers must literally take the food out of their own mouths to save their beloved ones from bitter starvation. But these faithful nurses watch thus anxiously not only the offspring that belongs to their own caste, but nurse with equal care the future noblemen and the royal children—nay, they acknowledge the superiority of the latter, from their birth, by giving them better and specially prepared food, finer and more aromatic than the common honey, and neglect their own family to attend to the wants of the privileged aristocracy and the royal race.

Thus the worms of laborers are fed for five days ; those of drones for four days longer. Then the nurses carefully close the cells ; ring after ring of fine wax is laid around the opening until only a minute little hole is left, which they close, as a key stone, with a tiny grain of wax. The worm within spins himself, of silky threads, a little shroud, awkward as he is, and handless. The task takes him three days. At last the chrysalis is ready, and when the appointed time comes, the young bee tears the web with her sharp jaws, gnaws open the cover, bursts it with her hard head, and appears on the top of her cell, as a perfect insect, at once in full size and beauty.

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The whole childhood of laborers lasts twenty days, that of the nobles, twenty-four ; but the queen appears as soon as the sixteenth. A strange coincidence again, that here, also, the scions of royal families should be earlier of age and sooner able to govern than the children of the people ! Almost all over the earth, the peasant and the mechanic, the artisan and the artist, require twenty-four, or, at least, twenty-one years to be trusted and treated as men, whilst the sons of monarchs have, even at eighteen, the ability not only to care for themselves, but to direct the fate of millions.

The bees, however, can well afford to have youthful monarchs, for true to the principles of a genuine constitutional monarchy, they obey a principle only, and not the person. They acknowledge the queen as the representative of supreme power—the embodied head of the state. But she has no will of her own—she can give no laws or commands. As long as she lives all is peace and prosperity. Should she die without a successor, the compact that held the realm together is instantaneously broken. For the bee is free, and obeys only the law and not the queen. Hence, it is utterly indifferent to the affairs of the state, whether the sovereign be an egg, a bee, or a maggot. You can take their queen from them and substitute another ; the nation takes no notice of the change, and the new monarch is as much honored and as well obeyed as the former. Even her death matters not, if she but leave a successor. The bees say with truth, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi !*" Even if only royal eggs are there, the whole mechanism moves on without interruption. Does this not remind us of the advice the great ironmaster Coquerel gave his Belgi in fellow-citizens, who, like the Jews of old, wanted a king ?—"Cast a king of iron ; he does the same service, costs nothing for his support, and if he please you no longer, he can be recast without trouble."

Still, we must not assume that the principles of monarchy are the only ones represented by the strange little citizens of a bee-hive. As France was, before the revolution, called a monarchy tempered by songs, and Russia has more recently been called a despotism tempered by assassinations, so the bee-monarchy also is an autocracy, tempered by socialism. For the bee state is, in truth, a most complicated system, combining certain

features of almost every known variety of government; and thus even Fourier, riding on his cameleopard and rewarding shoe-blackening as the highest of virtues, would have found something to approve in a bee-hive. The bee, returning from her foray, retains of her carefully gathered treasures, of the fruit of her labor, only what she needs for her first wants; all the rest she surrenders to the commonwealth and conscientiously carries to national store-houses and magazines. Here it is hoarded up against the evil day—the season of famine—when the doors are thrown open to all but the idle drones; for with retributive justice, those who have neither toiled nor spun are now excluded from the benefits of the common labor.

This communism among the laborers, which actually declares property to be theft, goes so far as to abolish the family as an obsolete custom. No laborer has a home of his own; he enters the first vacant cell, or like the serfs of Russia, sleeps in the passages and on the threshold of the royal palace. The children are not raised by loving mothers—how could the one great mother, the queen, attend to such endless duties?—but in common cells and by common nurses. With unparalleled impartiality the latter feed all the little ones, and all with equal care and attention. These socialistic features produce, of course, an extreme simplicity in budget and taxation. All taxes are voluntarily and invariably imposed upon the income only. The nobles alone do not contribute to the burdens of the state; but they have, fortunately, also no claims upon the common property of the state, nor upon fat offices and pleasant sinecures. The greatest burden of all other monarchies, a standing army, does not exist among the industrious bees. Every citizen in this community is armed, and familiar with the use of his weapons, and the safety of the state is intrusted to the protection of all. Woe to the bold wasp or the impudent hornet that dares enter a bee-hive! Hundreds of brave bees fall upon the luckless intruder, piercing him with their sharp stings, and although they know that their own lives ebb with that of the foe, the patriots defend themselves to the last man. Thus they enjoy security without and peace within their happy kingdom.

Bees are certainly sad "Know-nothings;" the hives hate each other with incredible bitterness, and the unfortunate foreigner, whom choice or misfortune leads among a strange republic, is immediately driven away with biting and stinging. They carry this so far, that not even a visit is permitted; and a poor little bee, that perhaps had lost its way and returns after an absence of a few days, is sternly refused re-admittance. As soon as a new swarm settles abroad, the watchword is changed at their former home, and brothers and sisters returning to visit the paternal roof, to greet their relations, are driven off with a fury that reminds us of the words: "The Amorites chased you as bees in Seir." There is but one curious remedy known to naturalists, by which this hate may be softened, and native and foreigner may be bound in ties of true friendship. To reconcile and to unite the citizens of two hives, they are both thrown into the water; there they become senseless and benumbed. Then they are picked out and exposed to the warm rays of the sun; one after another they return to consciousness, shake themselves like Newfoundland dogs, and stretch their feet and feelers as if they were awaking from deep slumber. Their next care is tenderly to rouse their neighbors from the same stupor by brushing and licking their stiff little bodies, and after this common misfortune, and these services of mutual love and affection, all former aversion is lost, the hostile camps are reconciled, they move together in a new hive, and ever after live in sweet, happy peace with each other. A quaint German author wonders, not without point, whether the thirty-nine fractions of his fatherland, who hate each other with the same sweet jealousy, may not, by an all-wise Providence, in like manner, be sent across the great waters of the Atlantic, to forget, in their new home, their petty strifes, and there become Germans not only in name, but in spirit and harmony. Nor is it altogether unlikely that the clever commanders who dispersed riotous mobs and even an incipient rebellion by powerful fire engines, may have learned their practical wisdom by watching bee owners. For they also restore peace and order among too frolicsome bees, and contending tribes, by using a syringe and letting the water fall upon them like a shower of rain from on high.

As long as the queen is alone in her hive, she lives entirely for her royal duties and the welfare of her kingdom. She lets the sun of her favor shine upon all; she provides future generations and converses graciously with the noble drones; in fine, she shows herself the happiest, kindest and best of sovereign ladies, in the midst of a loyal, grateful people. You can take her fearlessly and place her on your hand; she will bear even your caresses with true dignity and royal composure. Hence the ancients thought that she was unarmed, as if it were unworthy of a monarch to be ever clad in armor. What would they have said of modern sovereigns, who are born generals in their cradles, and even hide the gentlest heart under the gay costume of a soldier!

This peace and happiness do not last, however, beyond a season. When the last laid eggs of royal scions are near maturity, a sudden and terrible commotion seizes the whole kingdom. Crowds gather around the palace, cover the vast cells all around with their bodies, and, with loud and incessant humming, seem to sing, to the chrysalis within, songs of future greatness and glory. The older bees sit without at the entrance gate, in grave council and anxious expectation. At last one of the young princesses begins to gnaw at the roof of her cell; instantaneously telegraphic messages are sent to announce the great event in the most remote regions. A new crowd gathers, anxious hummings are heard, and the queen mother approaches the fatal cell, surrounded by servants and drones. Alas! she comes not to greet her newborn child; fierce wrath shows itself in all her movements! The young laborers rush between her and her threatened offspring; again and again they fill up the openings made by the impatient princess, while others stand boldly and bravely before the cell, and protect the child against her unnatural mother. Then the Megara desists from her terrible design; restlessly, in terrible excitement, she rushes up and down, the victim of uncontrollable passion. At last calm reason prevails; like the first Napoleon at Fontainebleau, she yields, she resigns in favor of her child. At the gate she meets with the older and graver subjects, her faithful guards and personal friends: with them she rises high into the blue, bland summer air, and bustling they go to seek a new home, there to found a new kingdom.

Whilst thus a swarm of emigrants leave their native land, the young princess has found her way out of her cell. Those who have saved her life are also the first to do homage. But the earliest thoughts that fill her mind are those of bitter jealousy. With winged haste she hurries to the cells in which her royal sisters wait for release. The frightened guards shrink back in fear and terror. The new queen, claiming the sceptre as the first right, steps with furious vigor upon the cell and pierces the lid, and, through it, the head of her unfortunate sister, with her strong, venomous sting. No one is spared. Horror seizes the young citizens; their wings droop, and with pendent feelers they stand around as if petrified with awe and anguish. But the torpor passes away; that strong sense of duty which marks the wonderful people among all other created beings on earth, prompts them to immediate activity. They fall upon the cells, so sadly polluted by horrible murder; they pull them to pieces; they destroy the least remnant, until not a vestige is left of the blood-stained edifice. From that moment the new queen reigns absolute; her presence restores vigor and exertion, and her voice commands universal respect and obedience. The same fickle people—fickle as men—who but just now shuddered at her abominable crimes, now kiss her feet with humble submission, feed her from their own lips with sweetest honey, and love and honor her as their sacred monarch.

Sometimes it happens that two or more royal scions leave their cells at the same moment. Then the scene is still grander. All who have not followed the self-banished queen, group themselves around their favorite princess, and army marches against army. Not, however, to fight—bees are too sensible to shed their blood for the good of their rulers—but to witness the contest for the throne between the pretenders. In densely crowded ranks they array themselves on either side, while the duellists meet with fierce fury. They seize each other with their jaws by the neck, by the head, or the legs; they beat with their powerful wings to benumb the adversary. Head pressed against head, each sting seeks an entrance, a vulnerable place between

the well-fitting armor, in which the whole body is safely encased. At last the subtle dagger enters, the sting pierces deep into the enemy; she trembles, she sinks; a few convulsive movements and all is over.

The victor approaches her fallen rival and touches her with contempt, as if to make sure of her death; at once the ever-ready nobles rush up to their new monarch, and cover her with caresses and offers of humble service. At once, also, a great coronation feast is arranged. The queen is to choose a husband, and the marriage must be celebrated as it becomes a royal bride. The sun is shining warmly, and sweet perfumes arise from far and near. The queen, in youthful beauty, heads the airy caravan, and inspects her beauteous flower-beds, her shady parks, and her still meadows near fresh, purling brooks. Noble drones only surround her—for the poor slaves are not admitted at court, and thus, followed by hundreds anxious to please her, she rises high into the blue ether, far beyond the sight of human eyes.

A few hours later they return; the queen is weary and worn, but by her side flies her newly chosen consort. Her people receive her with joy and jubilation; she is overwhelmed with offers of honey, with humble caresses, and countless attentions. The cloutish laborers form long lines, their hind-parts lifted on high, with the sting protruding, and their outstretched wings tremble, and cause a gentle humming. Through rows of thousands of loyal subjects, the queen walks slowly and solemnly to her royal chamber.

No honor, however, falls to the share of the royal consort; with more than ordinary jealousy, the bees ignore his existence altogether, and count—following the advice of Herodotus—their pedigree in the female line only. So, then, it is utterly indifferent whoever the consort may chance to be; he lives unknown and dies unregretted.

The death of a queen, on the contrary, is proclaimed far and near by a loud, often uninterrupted, humming. If she should die without children, there occurs one of the most remarkable acts of political wisdom, peculiar to bees. The keepers of hives at once perceive the calamity; the bees are listless and helpless; they fly to and fro, but they accomplish nothing. Some young ones, perhaps, leave the desolate halls and seek to conquer a distant kingdom; others remain and die of grief and sorrow in the midst of plenty. Generally, however, they recover from their stupor in time to save the kingdom, if there be but a few eggs left. It is then, above all, that they act with such evident forethought and clear intention, as to have led the ancients to think that a slight breath of the Divine Spirit must have entered the marvellous little insects. They consider that, by such an act of providence, the crown has fallen back to the sovereign people, and show us that their monarchy is not one "by the grace of God," or hereditary, but truly elective. They choose a new queen, and the choice of the future ruler is made by the whole people, when she is still in the cradle, in a manner and according to motives of preference which, useful as they might be to us, are as yet unknown, and probably will for ever elude the penetration of the most sagacious naturalists. This only we know, that they choose not from abroad, like the unfortunate Poles and the Swedes, nor from their royal race, but from their own ranks, a true child of the people.

Great activity is immediately seen to prevail; a few eggs are laid, to produce common laborers, but not over a day old, are selected; all adjoining rooms are torn down, and the chosen cells quickly enlarged and improved. All are busy; some bringing wax, others royal honey. The little worms are placed upside down—how little surely serves to make a king! and in a few days, the ampler room, the greater care, and the choicer food, have changed the common worms into royal scions. At the moment of their birth, the usual scenes of cold, cruel murder are repeated by the first-born, and at last the new queen is triumphant and acknowledged by her loyal nation.

But among bees, also, peace does not reign for ever, and the wheels of their little mechanism are not always in motion without jarring and breaking. Here, as among men, revolutions will happen, according to the laws of nations, which no power on earth can prevent. Joyful and content, the very picture of peaceful happiness, the bee-hives thrive during spring and early summer. Cells and storehouses are filled by the honest industry of active citizens. Rarely only disputes happen; and then we

find that justice among bees is still in the mediæval stage of ordeals: the duel is the only decision known in the hive. But the royal palace is sacred, and within it no drawing of swords is permitted. The two combatants leave the hive, and the lists are opened near the entrance gate. Like tiny rams, they butt against each other, and then, with sharp and hostile sound, they close and try to stab with their fatal dagger. They fight not to "heal wounded honor," but only for grievous causes, and then until death. No law punishes the survivor; his friends receive him with loud and joyous humming of wings.

Thus approaches the fulness of summer; flowers begin to fade on field and meadow, and the clustering ivy alone still bears small, honey-sweet blossoms. The pale, descending year has seen the fragrant heather sadly withered, and the rich ripe wheat carried home, into ample barns. The poor slaves return listless and hopeless, without honey, without pollen. The noble drones begin to hunger; some actually die of starvation; others, driven by despair, approach the well-filled store-houses, and attempt to steal, to rob, and to plunder. The laborers interfere, and claim the fruit of their labor as their own; a battle ensues, and the standard of order and justice is marched against the red flag of communism and—hunger. But the well-armed workmen fall in fierce fury upon the idle drones, crush them by overwhelming masses, poison them, or drive them to the furthest corners of the hive, there to be slain. Guards are set at the entrance, and the unlucky noblemen who wish to emigrate are massacred there in cold blood. It is a day of retribution; the indolent, effeminate nobles have to pay a fearful penalty for their life of pleasure. Even the young are killed; not an egg, not a maggot is spared, until the whole race is destroyed, and then their cells are torn down, so that not a vestige remains of a once numerous and powerful aristocracy. The queen is kept a close prisoner, while the bloody scenes are enacted; now, when the carnage is over, her voice is obeyed as of old, and her rule respected. The next spring, however, she takes her revenge, for she cannot forget her humiliation and the death of her beloved peers, from among whom she had chosen her husband. No sooner have mild, balmy airs brought messages of sunny days and fragrant meadows without, than she lays, anew, countless eggs for another generation of nobles. And the loyal laborers, hoping that the drones may remember the fatal lesson which brought death to their fathers, feed the little scions, and nurse them and tend them as their own children. But the drones leave their dark early homes, only to be exactly like their fathers; they, also, have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, and thus queen succeeds queen, and revolution follows revolution, until winter decks their home with its pale, cold shroud, and queen, nobles, and slaves, all fall alike into the deep, deathlike slumber.

MARGARET'S FORTUNES.—A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

On a sheltered ledge, about half way up the white cliffs that overhang the little town of Dartmouth, there stood some years since—probably stands there still—a pretty white walled cottage, surrounded by a perfect wilderness of shrubs and flowers, spreading ivy, and blossoming creepers, hiding the white face of the cliff, and giving a bower-like appearance to the nook; while round a jutting point, where it could command an extensive view of the sea, was a turret-like summer-house, adding still further to the attractions of the cottage. From the foot of the cliff a flight of broad steps, cut in the chalky rock, led up to this abode, while another narrower flight wound up to the top of the cliff above.

It was in this pleasant haven that Captain Leigh had cast anchor at the end of his long and arduous, but not unprofitable, voyage of life. On his last return from sea, he had found his home almost desolated by scarlet fever; his wife in her grave, and his three eldest children lying beside her, and only the youngest left to soothe his sorrow. Such events lessen men's interest in the battle for gold; and considering that he already possessed sufficient for his little daughter and himself, he gave up his sea life, and established himself in the secluded home we have described, devoting himself to the welfare and happiness of his sole remaining treasure.

At first thought a weather-beaten sailor may seem a strange instructor for a little girl, even though he be her father; but though Captain Leigh, from the early age at which he went to sea, was necessarily but imperfectly educated, he had availed himself of the abundant leisure his profession afforded, to become an exceedingly well-read man, and, better still, he had pondered on what he read. In all, save the strictly feminine acquirements and accomplishments, which she learned at school, little Margaret was her father's pupil, and it would have been difficult to find a more able or gentler instructor. Side by side the father and child would sit for hours, in warm weather in the summer-house, in winter in the cosy parlor, while with equal interest they pursued the task in hand; for Margaret possessed that eagerness to learn which is more efficacious than genius for the acquirement of knowledge. She loved, when the geography lesson was finished, to look over the map, while her father pointed out the confines of the country they had been reading about, and frequently added from his own observation particulars of its productions, and the habits and manners of its inhabitants, that individualised it to her mind, so that the knowledge was never forgotten. In like manner history, science, and many other subjects were discussed, until above the barren facts there arose fruitful illustrations and explanations which rendered study charming.

Conducted in this manner, Margaret Leigh's education more resembled that sound invigorating culture bestowed on boys, than the superficial knowledge which is usually esteemed sufficient for girls. Algebra even found favor with these secluded students; and when the first difficulties were overcome, they really enjoyed the employment. It was strange to see the young girl sitting there, with her sunny face and golden ringlets, bending over her abstruse calculations; and if by chance she attained the solution before her father, to hear the merry laugh that rang through the room, when he, with feigned reluctance, owned her victory.

It was at this time, when Margaret was about sixteen, that her father first proposed to teach her navigation. She agreed, with delight (even to less ardent scholars the science is a pleasant one); and every subsequent day, when noon approached and the weather was clear, the captain and his daughter were to be seen upon the cliff, sextant in hand, awaiting the proper moment to take the sun's altitude; and afterwards descending to the nook, they worked out the latitude by aid of logarithms, and then tracing the course of ideal ships upon the charts, discussed how they should steer to gain their destination, and escape the dangers which beset them; or else the busy students corrected imaginary errors in chronometers, by lunar observation.

Unlike their other studies, all this could not be achieved without attracting observation; and many were the well-meaning remonstrances Captain Leigh met with, from his female friends, on the extraordinary education he was bestowing on his daughter.

"What can you think will be the end of it, Captain Leigh," they exclaimed, "teaching her things out of any woman's province? No good ever came to girls of such unfeminine knowledge. You may expect she will run off to sea, some morning, disguised as a boy!"

"Indeed I expect no such thing," replied the old seaman, laughing; "I consider that all knowledge is, or may be, useful, and can never be an incumbrance."

"She had much better learn to rule an honest man's house," persisted one of his counsellors; "it won't forward that much, to desire the cook to put the meat 'hard-a-port' instead of on the spit."

The remainder of the party laughed at this; but scarcely so loudly as did Captain Leigh himself.

"But many an honest man has not a house—only a ship," he retorted; "and there both accomplishments would be equally useful. If her husband be sick she could guide his ship; if she have sailor sons, she could help their education. And setting all these considerations aside, as I have done," he added, gravely, "why should not the intellect of woman be enlarged and strengthened by various kinds of knowledge, as well as that of man? and why should an inquiring mind be dwarfed and crippled, because it dwells in a female form?"

"You will stultify your young brain," observed another. But the sound of Margaret's birdlike voice, singing joyously through the cottage, seemed so eloquently to refute that assertion, that the visitors retreated, silenced though not convinced; leaving the captain's eccentric ideas unchanged.

CHAPTER II.

ONE day, after a violent storm, Captain Leigh sat in the little summer-house, striving to invent an instrument for measuring the speed of the waves, which came rushing up Channel with great rapidity. Margaret stood beside him, watching the attempt with equal interest. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and pointed to a vessel which had approached unobserved, while they were thus occupied. She was a large ship, and had evidently encountered severe weather; for all her masts had been carried away, and their places were supplied by jury-masts.

It soon became evident that the stranger was about to enter the port, and Margaret stood leaning intently over the iron fence that guarded the nook, watching the ship as she drew near, and then passed almost beneath her lofty stand. Close as she lived to the ocean, it was the first time that Margaret had ever seen a large vessel dismantled; and as she looked on the shattered bulwarks, the broken wheel, the boatless deck and the splintered remains of what had once been lofty masts, she felt as if she had never before rightly comprehended her father's tales of the howling winds and raging waters, and the fearful scene of crashing timbers and wave-swept decks, among which the foundering vessel yields to her fate, or by a merciful Providence, joined to the skill, energy and daring of her crew, escapes that doom, and arrives at her destination, a battered wave-worn hull, like that before her.

The news soon spread through Dartmouth that the new-comer had suffered great disasters at sea; that in the commencement of the storm which had cost her her mast, her captain and chief mate had been swept off by a sea, so that during the trying period which followed, the command and responsibility had devolved on the second mate, a young man not long out of his apprenticeship; and all the crew were loud in their praise of his presence of mind and skill, to which alone they considered they owed their preservation.

Such a report was enough to attract the attention of one who regarded moral courage and good seamanship as much as Captain Leigh did; and as he bore his honors modestly, he soon became a great favorite with the old gentleman, and a welcome guest at Ross Nook, as the cottage was called.

It soon appeared that the owners of the ship Alfred Walpole had saved, entertained so high an opinion of his services that he was not only desired to see her properly repaired, but also appointed to the command when she should be again seaworthy. And though he was greatly occupied during the day, there were few evenings in which he did not appear at the cottage, to ask its master's advice concerning some of the repairs in progress on the Sea Queen; and while they sat discussing naval architecture and marine affairs in general, and the old sailor related many a tale of bygone peril, a more observant man would have noted how often his guest's eye followed the light form of his daughter as she flitted about the garden, or was bent on her sweet face while she sang, or played the exquisite pieces of the old masters, in which she so much delighted.

It was not until the good ship was nearly ready for sea, that Captain Leigh's eyes were opened to the attachment which already bound together the hearts of his daughter and his friend. We will not say it did not give him a pang. To the parent of an only daughter the discovery can scarcely be painless that a day is coming when he shall be called upon to give her up, to be the joy and light of another home. Captain Leigh was not a worldly man; therefore the knowledge that her suitor was not wealthy caused him little regret, especially as he really prized the young sailor's worth and gallantry, and had himself a sufficiency to bequeath to his daughter; so as blithely as he could, not to cloud their joy, he yielded his consent to their marriage, only imposing on their constancy the trial of waiting until the Sea Queen should have performed a voyage to India and back.

CHAPTER III.

REGRETFULLY, but with the hopefulness natural to those whom life has shown its brightest side, Margaret and Walpole parted, mutually consoling themselves with the thought that the few months of absence would soon pass by, and each secretly pondering schemes to occupy the time: Walpole resolving to read and study so as to improve himself, that he might be a more fitting companion for the intelligent being who had promised him her hand; and Margaret intending to pay more attention than ever to domestic affairs—though her father already declared her the very model of a housekeeper—and to work with her own hands the bridal dress and veil she should require on the Sea Queen's return.

Old Captain Leigh had his resolution likewise, and it was that ere Margaret became a sailor's wife she should learn to swim. How the young girl's laughter rang through the nook at this proposal! and how vehemently she declared it the very drollest fancy which had ever taken possession of her dear father's brain! and in a tone whose gravity mimicked his own, she suggested aerial locomotion as preferable; and when laughter failed had recourse to coaxing. But Captain Leigh was neither to be laughed nor persuaded out of anything which he deemed right, and considered it essential to his daughter's safety that in marrying a sailor (when she might sometimes be on shipboard), she should be able to aid herself in case of wreck or accident. He did not tell her how he had seen one, young and fair as she was, fall overboard on a sunny day, and, ere aid could come, sink out of reach; but that remembrance decided him.

Autumn and winter had passed, and summer had come again, and Margaret had got over her first fear of the deep water, and even began to enjoy that feeling of independence which comes to the swimmer when he feels himself moving at will in the yielding element; and ere the summer drew to its close Alfred Walpole returned, and they were married, the bridegroom receiving as a welcome and unexpected gift from his father-in-law a part-ownership in the Sea Queen, which had been purchased on his behalf.

It had been settled that as Captain Leigh had no other child, and Walpole would be so much away, Margaret should remain her father's companion; but in consideration of the warm attachment of the young couple, and the short period which would again separate them, the kind-hearted old gentleman proposed that Margaret should accompany her husband on his first voyage. The young people were delighted, and Margaret thought how charming it would be to see with her own eyes those lands which her father had so often described, and to return to talk with him of them again.

When the hour of parting came, however, Margaret found nothing could compensate for the pain of leaving one whose life for years had been devoted to her; not even the thought of her return, of which the brave old man spoke, could check her tears. But with one of her age and joyous disposition, the depression did not last long, and ere the first outline of Madeira broke through the silver haze, Margaret was again her own brilliant self, noting all things with an observant gaze; charmed with the gorgeous tropic sky, and the graceful tropic bird floating like a snowy star in mid-air; watching the tiny bark of the nautilus, as it floated quickly by, on the clear blue sea, or that yet smaller voyager, called by sailors the Portuguese man-of-war, with its tissue-like sail reflecting in the sunshine the brightest prismatic hues. The dolphins; the silvery flying-fish, flashing out of the waves; the porpoises; the floating sea-weed—all were objects of pleasure and interest to her. And the glorious summer nights, how they delighted her! when the stars shone forth in the cloudless sky with dazzling brilliancy, the well-known constellations which had been her friends from childhood, gradually sinking towards the northern horizon, while the more splendid star-worlds of the south rose nightly higher above her head, and most remarkable of them all, the well-known Southern Cross. Then, when the hour of noon came round, she never failed to share her husband's task, of taking the observation, and afterwards working out the Sea Queen's day's progress, as she had often in the nook done that of imaginary ships; thus Margaret's life on the ocean was never dreary.

Then they touched at strange lands, and Margaret saw Rio Janeiro, with its splendid scenery and gorgeous flowers; the

African Cape, with its mountain crest, and the fair city nestling at its feet; Mauritius, that garden of the south, whose valleys are immortalized by the romance of Paul and Virginia; and then Calcutta, the eastern city of palaces. From this point Margaret had hoped to return home to the parent whom both his letters and her own heart pictured as being lonely without her. But the charm of travel was yet new; therefore it was with the less regret that she learned that the Sea Queen had been chartered for a voyage to the Philippine Islands and back. And a beautiful voyage it was, coasting the fair islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and threading their mazes, while the perfumed air that swept through the spice groves filled the Sea Queen's sails, and sent her on her way.

On their return to Calcutta there came a little daughter to fill yet higher the cup of Margaret's happiness. What a treasure the young mother felt her as she clasped her to her bosom! and what an intense longing there came over her to present this new blessing to her beloved father, who she knew would prize it so highly! and she felt impatient for her homeward voyage to begin. But for the first time in her life Margaret's wishes were to be thwarted, and she shed floods of tears on finding that the Sea Queen was to return once more to the Philippines; despite her husband's attempts at consolation, in the first hours of disappointment she felt as if some great misfortune threatened her.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGARET's presentiments were not destined to be long unrealized; for in passing through the straits of Malacca, the Sea Queen was overtaken by one of the sudden gales peculiar to those latitudes, in which she lost her mizen topmast, and sadder loss still, her second mate, who fell from one of the yards into the sea, which was at the time surging and boiling angrily around them, so that no aid could be given to the drowning man. A few days after they arrived at Manilla, and there they were attacked by fever: and the first mate and two of the crew sank beneath it. Margaret trembled for the safety of her husband and child; but satisfied with these victims, the disease passed away, and without further casualty the Sea Queen completed her valuable lading of cigars and spices, which she was to convey to England.

A few days after their departure, in passing through the Archipelago, the ship arrived at an island rarely visited, but which was said to abound in precious stones, and to be peculiarly rich in the beautiful large pearls of the Orient. Walpole had orders to pause here, and purchase some of these; so anchoring in the bay opposite a cluster of huts which formed the town, he loaded a boat with various articles of merchandise for barter, and started for the shore. This expedition among people known to be uncivilized caused Margaret much anxiety; but her husband laughed at her fears, and as the boat sped on towards the land, he waved his hand gaily to her, as she stood on the deck with her child in her arms.

She held up the babe in answer to the greeting, and then looked after him, until his form was lost in the distance; when laying down the child, she resumed her watch with the aid of the telescope. She saw the boat approach the strand, and the natives came crowding to the beach; she saw the Malay interpreter stand up in the boat to explain the reason of their visit; she saw, though she could not hear, the noisy demonstrations of joy at the information; amid which her husband and his companions landed, and took their goods on shore; then the crowd concentrated, so that she could see no more; and with a sigh of anxiety she laid down the glass and tried to assure herself that all would go well.

Half an hour and Margaret was again leaning over the vessel's side, glass in hand. There was now a larger and denser crowd, and natives were hurrying in from every direction, and, to Margaret's horror, they were armed. Hastily mentioning this to the third mate, who was now in command, she requested an armed boat's crew might be sent to their aid, which was instantly done, and then she returned to her watch. It was a fearful sight that awaited the poor wife; an infuriated mob, uplifted weapons, and wild yells which rang far over the water, and brought to her very ears the knell of her husband's death—for what chance had a handful of men among hundreds of armed savages, maddened by the thirst for plunder? Meanwhile the

second boat's crew hastened away; but when they drew near, the natives mocked them, and cast out a dark object toward them—it was a human head, the men said their captain's. To have gone on would have been but uselessly to cast away their lives; so the boat's crew returned reluctantly without their shipmates.

Thus by a fearful death, and almost beneath her own eye, did Margaret lose her husband. The blow was terrible, and for a time overwhelmed her; but she roused herself from her deep sorrow to entreat that a boat might be sent to endeavor to recover his remains. It was done, but fruitlessly; not a vestige existed of the day's events, save the crimson stains upon the sand. And with heavy hearts the ship's crew raised the anchor and spread the sails; and Margaret felt as if her heart would break, as she found herself speeding on her homeward journey alone, and almost desolate.

She dared not think of it, she said mentally; and yet days and weeks passed, and she thought of nothing else, and the words with which she soothed her child to sleep were murmured mournings over their loss. At length the smiles of her little Alice roused her to the recollection that she had duties still left, both to her child and to her aged father, who had loved her with so fond and generous a love, and she resolved to fulfil them; but it is a hard thing trying to live after our best beloved have departed.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the *Sea Queen* was bounding along under the command of the former third mate, who now assumed the title of Captain Hulk; and Margaret thought no more of her once favorite occupation of tracing the vessel's course. But one day in a difficulty, Hulk applied to her for assistance, and then she discovered that the *Sea Queen* was considerably out of her proper course, for by defective observations he had lost all knowledge of the longitude, and by omitting to change the manner of calculating after crossing the line, he was even out as to the latitude.

It was at once evident to Margaret that, though an excellent practical seaman—which was all poor Walpole required of him—Hulk was quite incompetent to his present position, and that if he were allowed to retain command of the *Sea Queen*, not only would the safety of the ship, but her own life, and that of her child, be endangered. This thought roused the young mother from her indulgence of grief, and she herself undertook the navigation of the ship, a task Hulk was quite ready to cede to her; though as a matter of dignity, he invariably sat down to the cabin table, and went through the form of making up the day's work, though he never came to a right conclusion.

The navigation of the *Sea Queen* brought Margaret into a frequency of communication with this man, who was forward and self-sufficient, as well as ignorant; and made himself exceedingly disagreeable, by intruding himself upon her on the slightest excuse—nay, sometimes without any; and as time went on, he even began to rally her on the necessity of keeping up her spirits, and looking on the bright side of life again.

To a delicate and sensitive nature like Margaret's, this bold familiarity was most repulsive; but she could scarce believe the strange fears which, like dark spectres, flitted across her thoughts, or credit that the late third mate meant more than to reproach her for her grief, when one day he ventured to insult her recent widowhood, by breaking forth into praises of her beauty and grace; and ere she could stop him, ended by proposing himself as her husband.

Daring as Hulk was, Margaret's burst of indignation awed him; and when she commanded him from her presence, he retired silent and humbled. But this impression did not last long; he knew, as well as did Margaret herself, how impossible it was for her to avoid him, and over and over again he took advantage of the intercourse which the management of the ship necessitated, to obtrude upon her some expression of his feelings.

Many were the bitter tears Margaret shed over this indignity; but the sense of it aroused a spirit of resistance in her heart which she had never suspected she possessed, and silently and gradually, so as not to excite Hulk's suspicions, she changed the vessel's course, and while that worthy was inwardly congratulating himself that Margaret could not escape his persecu-

tion for the next three months, the *Sea Queen* was steadily bearing down upon the Cape, from which by Hulk's method of calculation she was still three hundred miles to the eastward, and when one evening the look-out aloft cried, "Land!"

"Impossible!" was his reply. "We are far enough from any land."

"Yet it shows quite plain, sir; high land on the lee bow."

Still incredulous, Hulk went aloft, and there, clearly defined against the evening sky, was a deep blue tracing of hills. Without a word, he went below to communicate this to Margaret.

"It is the Cape," she said quietly; and taking down a chart she began to trace the ship's course upon it. "We must steer nor'-west, Mr. Hulk, until we pass these rocks; then we will bear closer into the land. We will put in for a week to refresh."

For a few moments Hulk was silent from pure astonishment, then while a wicked gleam flashed from his eyes, he said, calmly,

"And then we can be married."

"Mr. Hulk," exclaimed Margaret indignantly, "have I not already told you I will not suffer such language?"

He laughed a scornful laugh. "That must be as I please, fair lady; not as you please. And now, remember I am captain of this ship; and I say she shall not go into Table Bay unless you promise to become my wife."

The determined manner and daring tone in which these words were pronounced, made Margaret tremble; but it was not the moment to quail, or all was lost. So firmly and fearlessly she declared, as part-owner, her intention of putting into Table Bay, and directed the insolent officer to go on deck and see her orders obeyed. But he did not go until he had made many vain efforts to frighten her into compliance; and then he went with muttered threats, which alarmed her the more that they were indefinite.

Ascending to the deck, Hulk commenced walking over her head with a quick moody tread. Hour after hour the sound continued; but faster and faster, as the walker pondered on something which disturbed him.

In renewed alarm, Margaret remembered his threat of standing out to sea; but a glance at the "tell-tale" above her head re-assured her—the course was still nor'-west.

At length she heard him call the crew aft. Wondering what this might mean, she was about to go on deck, but at the foot of the companion a voice arrested her; and there, unsuspected, she stood, and overheard Hulk unfolding to the crew a proposal to take possession of the ship and cargo, to come over to America and sell them, and then share the proceeds.

A shout of applause, which curdled Margaret's blood, followed this speech. Then Hulk went on to say that, though it was lawful for a captain to marry in blue-water, yet he could not marry himself; therefore he intended that his mate should marry him to Margaret on the following morning. A shout of laughter followed this, in which no voice was raised for the helpless widow but that of the ship's black cook, who remarked—

"Perhaps de poor lady not like such rough man."

But a blow from Hulk struck this solitary partisan to the deck.

Crushed down with misery and despair, Margaret crept back into the cabin, and stood beside her child with clasped hands and reeling brain. The next moment the course of the *Sea Queen* was changed, and she stood out to sea; and through the cabin-windows Margaret could see the dark outline of the land she had so longed for, and was now going from.

Suddenly a warm gush thrilled through her heart, and a bright light gleamed in her eyes, and hastily collecting the most valuable of the jewels which Walpole had bestowed on her, she secured them in her dress; then lifting her sleeping child from its little berth, she approached a window where Walpole's care had fixed a rope to aid her descent in case of accident, and by its assistance she slid down into sea.

The ship passed on, and she was alone in the wide waters. Fortunately for Margaret, the calmness of early morning was on them; and there, in the lee of the land, even the long ocean-swell was scarce perceptible, yet it was a fearful situation. But it was for life and freedom she struggled, and these thoughts

banished fear. Claspings Alice in one arm, she stretched out with the other towards the land, which was not far distant.

But so burthened, her progress was necessarily slow. Alternately swimming and floating, for a short time she continued her wearying way, though the coldness of despair, chillier than the encircling waters, gathered round her heart as she perceived how little her efforts availed. Suddenly, with the rapidity peculiar to those latitudes, dawn burst over the sea, and it revealed to Margaret a vessel near at hand, bearing down towards her. For a moment her heart seemed to leap for joy at this near hope of rescue; but it was quickly followed by a trembling fear whether the vessel might not pass her by unseen, or whether it might not sail over her, and so end her sorrows and fears together.

The next instant, oh, joy! a boat was lowered, and the exhausted woman and child lifted carefully into it. The vessel was a coaster, proceeding to Table Bay; and thither it bore Margaret and her infant. The captain landed with them, and took them to his house, where they were made most truly welcome. But the agitation and exposure had been too much for Margaret, and a severe fever ensued, during which she remained the guest of her rescuer; but life was strong in her young frame, and she was at length restored to health and strength.

By the sale of her jewels, Margaret realized sufficient to pay her passage to England. The voyage was uneventful until they drew near the Channel, when they encountered a succession of violent storms, and were at last driven to take shelter in one of the ports under their lee. Margaret knew not even of this intention, until coming by chance on deck she found herself passing almost beneath that well-known summer-house whence she had first seen the *Sea Queen*; and in a few minutes more they came in sight of the flowery nook where her happy childhood had been passed. It still wore the old air of tranquil seclusion, and Margaret sighed to think how great a change was in herself, returning to her father's house bankrupt in happiness and hope.

As Margaret had written announcing her safety, she felt no hesitation in at once hastening to her father's home. She mounted the steps with trembling eagerness, at the thought of what tidings might await her, and hastened along the well-known path.

Suddenly she stopped, and uttered a loud scream; was it the power of her excited imagination, or did indeed her murdered husband stand before her? There was no time for a second thought; for with a joyous cry the young man bounded forward, and clasped her in his arms.

Mutually believed dead, mutually mourned, how unspeakable was the joy of that meeting! and when her cries brought the wondering old Captain Leigh to join them, how blest were those re-united hearts! A few words explained the mystery of this unexpected meeting. Margaret had arrived quicker than her letters. As regarded Walpole, when the first carnage on the island was over, finding that he still lived, the women had dressed his wounds and saved him, in hopes of obtaining a gift from some passing ship; and so they did.

And now from far and near came Captain Leigh's friends, to see the still young girl, whose unusual acquirements had been, under Providence, the means of saving her own life and that of her child; but they made no allusion to their former disapproval of them, nor did Captain Leigh, for the father's heart was too full of thankfulness to make a jest of aught concerning Margaret or Margaret's education. The *Sea Queen* was never heard of more; but in their happy restoration to each other, the Walpoles heeded very little that portion of their fortune that had perished with her.

MEDICAL ANNOTATIONS.—Truly writes Byron, "this is an age of oddities let loose." After some five thousand years' employment of the juice of the grape, mankind is now gravely assured it is a poison; that those who partake of it are on the royal road to all sorts of disagreeable things and places; and that the only preservative is a total and immediate suppression of the sale of all fermented liquors. Directly opposed to these thorough going reformers are many medical and scientific gen-

tle men of high repute, seeking an abatement of the duties on the importation of wholesome wines; a measure which, as there is now no wine to import, government will probably soon pass, in accordance with their peculiar adaptation of the principle of "slow and sure"—slow to act and sure to be too late. There is a second batch of reformers who, ignoring their molars, "eat roots" like Apemantus; and argue tooth and nail for vegetarianism. It is scandalously reported that they keep their strongest point of argument in reserve, so that, if caught over a savory steak, they may always be enabled to get out of the difficulty by asserting that all flesh is grass. In direct opposition to the vegetarians stand Monsieur Geoffrey St. Hilaire and his troop of horse eaters. Monsieur St. Hilaire is Honorary Inspector of Public Education in Paris, and Professor of Zoology to the Academy. He has lately given to the world his "Theory and Practice of Hippophagy," extending over a period of ten years, and filling two hundred and sixty pages. We too highly esteem the acknowledged learning and general wisdom of the author to attempt any solemn review of this work. Every man has his weaknesses. Shakespeare stole deer, and Monsieur St. Hilaire eats horses. It is told that a certain epicurean Frenchman, after visiting London, complained that he had been disappointed in the beef. An astonished Englishman suggested that it certainly was superior in some respects to the French, "Oh, yes," said the grumbler, "it is more convenient—very handy, indeed, the slices being brought on little skewers to the very door of your house!" He had been eating dogs' meat.

RUNNING FOOTMEN.—The following description of this now extinct class of retainers is extracted from a volume of MS. Notes on Old Plays, in the handwriting of the Rev. George Ashby, Rector of Borrow in Suffolk, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1780. "The running footmen drink white wine and eggs. One told me, fifty years ago, that they carried some white wine in the large silver ball of their tall cane or pole, which unscrews; that they could easily keep ahead of the coach and six in uphill and down countries (N.B. bad roads), but that in the plain they were glad to sign to the coachman with the pole to pull in, as they could not hold out. I have often wondered how he came to tell us little boys of Croydon thus much. Since the roads have been made good, the carriages and cattle lightened, we have little of them; yet I remember he told us of vast performances, threescore miles a day, and seven miles an hour. They would probably now go further in a day than a gentleman and his own horses, but perhaps take a little more time. The last exploit of one of them that I recollect was, the late Duke of Marlborough drove his phaeton and four for a wager from London to Windsor, against one, and just beat him, but the poor fellow died soon. No carriage could have done Powell's York journey. They wore no breeches, but a short silk petticoat, kept down by a deep gold fringe." In these long poles of the running footmen we have, I presume, the origin of the long silver-headed canes carried by the footmen of many families at the present day. I have been told that the late Duke of Queensbury was the last nobleman who kept running footmen; that he was in the habit, before engaging them, of trying their paces, by seeing how they could run up and down Piccadilly, he watching and timing them from his balcony. They put on his livery before the trial. One one occasion a candidate presented himself, dressed, and ran. At the conclusion of his performance he stood before the balcony. "You'll do very well for me," said the duke; "Your livery will do very well for me," replied the man, and gave the duke a last proof of his ability as a runner by then running away with it.

INDIAN NAMES.—"Poor" or "pore," which is found to make the termination of so many Indian cities and settlements, signifies town. Thus Nagpore means the Town of Serpents—a definition, by the way, sufficiently appropriate when we reflect on the treacherous character of the Sepoys by whom it was so recently garrisoned. "Abad" and "patam" also signify town; Hyderabad being Hyder's Town, and Seringapatam—from Seringa, a name of the god Vishnoo—being the town of Seringa. Allahabad, from "Allah," God, and "abad," abode, means the abode of God; that city being the capital of Agra, the chief school of the Brahmins, and much resorted to by pilgrims. Punjab is the country of the Five Rivers, and Doab is applied to a part of the country between two rivers.

TO THE RAINBOW.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow.

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold, material laws.

A-d yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's cov'nant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign?

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy rush-room springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast,
O'er mountain, tower and town:
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a good deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovel of dirt after another; one shovel at a time. Thus, drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another; speaking a word here, giving a tract there; and setting a good example all the time; we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next and the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power. This Emerson must have thought when he said, "Oh, excellent wife! encumber not yourself and me, to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will,

in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparingly and sleep cold to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds." Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. Those may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as the child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

THE LAST BET, OR THE BITER BIT.—At seven o'clock the dinner was served up, and a better one was never given in Calcutta; but as every pleasure must come to an end, so this excellent dinner was at last finished. The dessert was served up, and the hookahs began to emit their guttural notes. Many were the subjects broached and got rid of—many the toasts which enlivened the fashionable feast. At length, by the most skilful manoeuvring, and with infinite tact, Macaulay brought the beauty of the new tables on the *tapis*. Every one admired them for having supported the rich dinner of their host. "They are too high!" chimed in Charley Macaulay, with affected indifference; "just a little too high! Don't you think so, Gordon?" "On the contrary," replied the host, "if anything, I consider them a shade too low!" "You are mistaken, my dear fellow! I have an excellent eye, and I am sure I am right! No table should exceed two feet six, and these are at least an inch higher!" "You are in error—they are not more than two feet and a half!" "Don't bet, James—don't—for I am sure of the fact! I tell you I cannot be deceived—my eye is always correct!" "Not bet! If the tables were not my own—and consequently I should not bet on a certainty—I'd lay you a lac of rupees that they are not more than thirty inches in height!" "Oh, if you are willing, I take the bet; but remember, gentlemen, I tell you beforehand that I am certain of the fact! I say these tables are at least thirty-one inches from the ground!" "Done for a lac of rupees." "Done!" re-echoed Charley. The wager was duly registered. A servant was ordered to bring in a yard measure, when Macaulay turned round with an air of triumph, and said, "You may save yourself the trouble of measuring! Ha! ha!" And he chuckled with delight. "I warned you fairly that I bet on a certainty—so the bet must be binding, James!" "I stand to my bet," said Gordon. "Well, then pay me the money. I measured the tables this very morning while you were shaving, and here is the memorandum of height—thirty-one inches exactly!" And the colonel burst into a roar of laughter, as he produced his pocket-book with the memorandum in it. "I know you did," said James, "I saw you do so, in my looking glass!" The colonel started. Yes, I saw you do it; and as you had gone away, knowing well your object, I had an inch sawed off every leg; so for once, my very knowing friend, the tables are turned!" The roar that shook the table would have drowned Niagara. Charley Macaulay left Calcutta the next day ten thousand pounds sterling poorer than he was the day he arrived; and what was still worse, the very youngest ensigns in the army quizzed him about it for ever afterwards. Perhaps, however, he was richer in the end—for it was his last bet.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Lord Brougham gives it as his opinion that the child learns more the first eighteen months of its life than at any other period; in fact, settling its mental capacity and future well-being. Dr. Babbington states the period of the first nine years as the seedtime for life. The Roman Catholic priest wants the child for the first seven years of training, when its character is moulded for time and eternity. If the early training of the child is of such paramount importance, should not those who naturally have the care of infants and young children, mothers and nurses, be thoroughly instructed themselves before undertaking this great work of educators? Who will establish a school for children's nurses? It is more needed in our country than institutions for idiots.



THE RAINBOW.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH : A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

ABOUT a year ago, in the course of my travels, I found myself one evening after sunset in one of the most mountainous regions of Switzerland. I had lost my way, and was vainly seeking the path by which I had come, in order to return. Just then the moon, rising like a silver crescent from Lake Zurich, threw a pale glimmer on the icy summits of the distant glaciers. By its light I discovered what appeared to be the path I sought. I walked hastily, that I might soon reach the village where I intended to pass that night.

The solitary gloom around me made me redouble my pace. I descended from mountain to mountain, and scrambled from rock to rock as well as the darkness would permit. After slipping down half a dozen times, and encountering various difficulties, I felt pretty well used up, and discovered that I had lost my way.

Hoping that some solitary cottage would perhaps afford shelter to a lost and weary traveller, I toiled on, though not without great danger. Impenetrable ledges extended before me like dark clouds; trees that had existed for ages stood single and erect like spectres, the moon shooting her pale rays through their moaning branches. A deathly shudder ran through my veins. After long and fruitless wanderings I strayed into a small footpath, over whose sides hung huge masses of rocks which threatened every moment to crush me by their fall.

After a long and tedious walk I reached a sudden bend in the path which led to a deep ravine. Beyond this a huge mountain loomed up in the distance. At the foot of it appeared a hut in which a light still glimmered. To cross over to it was simply impossible; one false step, and I should be dashed to pieces in the abyss beneath. To reach it by any other road was out of the question; for an endless chain of jagged cliffs stretched out like a barrier before me.

Compelled, therefore, to decide on remaining for the night in the open air, I tried to find some place where I could sleep without risking my life by a fall into the yawning chasm beneath. My valise served as a pillow, and as the moon now shone brightly I could see by my watch that it was near midnight.

I was tired as a dog, and soon fell into a slumber, from which I was aroused by the sound of footsteps. I listened, but all was silent. I began to think it an illusion, and was just composing myself to sleep again, when I heard a voice close by me singing.

The tones were those of a young girl, and the trembling accents seemed to proceed from a heart oppressed by sorrow. I rose softly, and discovered that she was kneeling on the ground, gathering plants, which she placed in a basket beside her. In answer to the question whether she could not direct me to some hut where I could pass the night, she very kindly pointed out that of her parents, the one that I had previously noticed.

We soon reached a mountain torrent, across which was a hanging bridge. She glided lightly over it; and when at a short distance from the hut, I inquired,

"Are you not afraid to be out alone in this wild place at this time of night?"

"Oh, no! my heart feels no fear. It is for my William, who is dangerously ill, and in the hope of saving his life I would remain out all night in a far more lonesome and dangerous place."

"But why gather these herbs at midnight?" I inquired, in surprise.

"Because they have not so much virtue when gathered at any other time."

"And why not?"

"Because their spirits are abroad at no other hour."

During this conversation we reached the hut. A light still burned dimly in the room—the same which I had seen on the rock. The girl hastened before me to speak to William. The old man whom I had seen at the window came out to meet me. His countenance inspired me with respect. Frank and honest, like a true Swiss, he pressed my hand, and with expressions of sincere regret that he could not entertain me better than as the inhabitant of a poor Swiss canton, he led me into a small but

neat room. An old woman with silver locks sat at a table, reading the Bible with deep attention.

On my entering the room she removed her spectacles, arose slowly, tottered towards me, held out her trembling hand, and bade me welcome. At the further end of the apartment on a bed lay a young man. He had not observed my entrance, neither could I see his face, for the girl was covering it with kisses while she laid the flowers on his heart.

After a while she raised herself from the bed of the invalid, took me by the hand, and led me to him. He was remarkably handsome, with fine, expressive eyes and a noble countenance. He held out his hand to me, looked at me a long time without speaking, and then pressed the poor girl to his heart.

As I had formerly paid some little attention to medicine, I tried to find what was the matter with him; but he evidently tried to avoid conversation, shook his head with a smile, and laid his hand on his heart. My attempts to ascertain the cause of his illness were in vain; but as it struck me he was not dangerously ill, I ventured to predict a speedy recovery.

Lisette seized my hand and pressed it fervently, thanking me for the consolation I offered. The invalid only shook his head with a faint smile.

Soon after he glanced towards the window, fixing his eyes wildly on one spot. He then looked at me, his countenance still paler than before, and said, trembling and in so low a voice that neither the old woman nor Lisette could hear him, "It will soon be over!"

There was something very mysterious in the young man's conduct, and I hardly knew what to make of it myself. I was too tired to think; so I begged my venerable host to show me to my room. A bed and a wardrobe was all it contained. Before I retired, the old man told me he had taken the youth into his house after the death of his parents, and brought him up with Lisette; of their subsequent attachment, and that, as soon as William should get well, they were to be married.

In answer to my questions about the young man's illness, he could only reply that a few evenings before he had returned home unwell from the chamois hunt. Before my host left me, he entreated me so earnestly to remain with them till William should be better, that unable to refuse, I consented.

I was too sleepy to keep awake long; but I had scarcely closed my eyes, however, when a frightful storm arose, which, beating through the open panes of my window, awoke me. I looked up—the moon was no longer clear. Heavy clouds were rolling over it, and just then the door softly opened. I knew perfectly well I had bolted it, and could not comprehend how it had been opened from without. I started up in bed, but all was dark.

Soon I observed a tall figure approaching cautiously, clad in a white robe. The countenance was pale, the eyes fixed and staring.

"Who's there?" I cried.

Paying no attention to my question, the figure walked slowly up to the old wardrobe, opened it, seemed for a long time to be seeking something within it, and at last brought out a white bundle. She—for the appearance was that of a woman—unfolded it; and I perceived distinctly that it was a winding-sheet. She looked at it some minutes, bowed her head three times, refolded it, placed it again in the wardrobe, which she locked, and then left the room as softly as she had entered.

I was not afraid, for fear was a sensation I had never experienced; but I must say I felt a sort of cold shuddering creeping over me. Indeed I was not certain but that I was dreaming all the time.

Finally I got up, and went to the wardrobe. It was bolted. However, I opened it, and looked in, but it was dark, and I saw nothing that could give me any explanation of what had passed.

"Nonsense!" said I to myself, "it was nothing but a dream." So I laid down again to sleep; but I found this impossible.

Early the next morning my host came to my room. I told him what I had seen, and asked him if any one had been up during the night. The old man's countenance changed suddenly. Tears came into his eyes—he folded his hands together, and I saw his lips move as if in prayer. At length he said to me, trembling, "Alas! my dear sir, it was the Bride of Death

that you saw! I am afraid it is a bad sign—some of us will soon die."

"This is a warning, then," said I, shaking my head, and accompanying the old man into the room of the sick youth.

He appeared somewhat better than when I last saw him. He was sitting up and Lisette near him; but there was something unaccountable and peculiar about his eyes, which were constantly turned towards the window. After all except the old woman had left the apartment, he called me to his bedside, and made me sit down by him.

"I want you to be kind to Lisette!" he said, "for my time on earth is short. To-day the Bride of Death will carry me away!"

"The Bride of Death!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; and the figure I had seen the night before at once rushed to my mind.

"Listen," said he, after a pause. "I will tell you all. You are the only one who will ever know it, for I would not grieve Lisette and her aged parents, until it is necessary."

I drew nearer to his bed, in order not to lose a word, and after a short pause he began: "A few days ago," said he, "I got separated from my companions at a chamois hunt. It was dark as midnight, when I perceived I was on a frightfully high glacier. I looked round to see which way I should take to return home. Suddenly a most beautiful girl stood before me, more beautiful even than Lisette. How she had ascended the glacier, I could not understand. For several minutes she looked at me without speaking a word. At last, in a sweeter voice than I had ever heard before, she called me her husband. I felt a singular sensation at my heart. 'I am already betrothed,' said I; 'Lisette is my bride.' 'I am your bride, and you are my bridegroom,' said she, in a soft voice, accompanied by a smile; 'and when you see me for the third time, then will be our wedding.' Saying thus, she pressed me to her bosom; but I disengaged myself with horror, for I felt that no heart beat within. She, however, drew me forcibly towards her, and again and again embraced me. I gazed wildly about; all around the morning twilight seemed to glimmer. Soon she commenced a song so sweet and soothing, that I fell asleep in her arms. I dreamed that I saw the maiden who held me in her arms, struggle for me with Lisette. Poor girl! she was soon overpowered, and I saw tears streaming from her eyes. She looked at me for a moment, and then with a deep-drawn sigh disappeared. All around was gloom, and soon the strange apparition laid me asleep in a couch—it was a coffin! In a few moments I awoke. Daylight was fast dawning; and in the east as many suns seemed to rise as had set since the creation of the world. Soon the stars were changed into myriads of spirits that fled away with the suns; and again I saw the maiden who had lulled me to sleep, and laid me in the coffin. Presently her features changed, and she stood before me in ethereal robes under the semblance of Lisette. I seized her hand to kiss it, but the effort awoke me. I was no longer on the glacier at a distance from home, but lying under a tree not far from the house. It was night, and I saw a light burning within. All seemed to me like a frightful dream; at the same time I could not comprehend how or why I had got under the tree. I got up as quick as I could, and went into the house. I suppose I must have looked very pale, for the inmates seemed frightened at the sight of me. Lisette's father asked me where my gun was, and why I had staid out so late hunting. I had just strength enough to reply that I had lost it, when a sudden faintness overcame me, and I seized hold of the nearest chair to keep me from falling. Finally, I grew so weak that I could scarcely stand, and at last laid down never more to rise.

"It was the Bride of Death!" said he, after a short silence, "that I saw upon the glacier. She had already appeared to me twice. When I saw her last night, she had a crown in her hand. She will appear to me a third time, and then it will be all over."

The invalid became so fatigued with the relation of this narrative, that suddenly he fell into a slumber. I saw him smile frequently in his sleep, and attempt to seize something with his hand. In a few hours he awoke in the arms of Lisette. He appeared cheerful, and felt much refreshed and strengthened. I considered this a good sign, and disposed to regard his whole narrative as the creation of a morbid fancy. His cheerfulness

continued till towards evening, when he became sad and melancholy. Lisette wished to get something to relieve him; but he would not allow her to quit his side.

The evening grew darker and more gloomy, the invalid weaker and more low-spirited. I now for the first time perceived a woman with dishevelled hair, and ghastly pale, gazing fixedly at the house. I called Lisette's attention to the apparition. In an instant she turned deathly white, and shrieking "Merciful God! the Bride of Death!" fell senseless on the floor.

"What appearance is that?" said I to the old man.

"Alas! it is the Bride of Death! She walks in a circle for two hours round the spot where some one is soon to die."

William was at that time occupied with Lisette, and through our assistance she soon recovered. Poor girl! she seemed almost a maniac, and wept incessantly. As night came on, the invalid grew weaker and weaker. Everything seemed so gloomy and mysterious around me, that I felt strangely affected. The father stood with his hands clasped together, praying fervently, while his old dame sat at the table, sometimes reading aloud from the Bible, and at others repeating the Lord's Prayer. Lisette was lying on the bed close to William, weeping.

Suddenly an owl fluttered across the window. A pale face, with fixed eyes and widely streaming hair, was seen looking through the casement. It was the fatal spectre.

"The Bride!" cried William; then springing up, he seized Lisette's hand, pressed it convulsively, fell back—and expired.

In the morning, I bade farewell to the old people, leaving Lisette standing over the corpse of her lover in wild despair.

A year elapsed. I had made the tour of Italy, and was again in Switzerland, on my return to my native country. It was a fine evening in autumn, when I reached the spot where dwelt my hospitable host. My road led me by the house; I decided on again passing the night in it.

I looked through the window, and saw the old man sitting alone by the fireside. I knocked at the door. It was a long time before he recognised me, but then he gave me a hearty welcome. When I entered, I inquired after his wife and Lisette.

"They are gone before, but I shall soon follow them," was his reply. "Yesterday I saw the Bride of Death. She has been here for the last time, for the winding-sheet is no longer in the wardrobe—a proof that she will come no more."

He was cheerful, and assured me that he placed all his hopes in the other world. After a while he showed me to my former chamber, where I soon fell asleep.

It was a long time after sunrise when I awoke. I dressed myself quickly and went down stairs. The old man still sat at the table, his head resting on his hand, and he seemed to be reading the Bible!

I was unwilling to disturb him; but after waiting a considerable time I grew impatient, and went up to him to take my leave. But it was too late—the old man was dead. The Bible lay open before him, his finger pointing to the following words: "The ways of the Almighty are mysterious and past finding out."

A LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

At the beginning of January, 1854, three stories in the house opposite to that in which I lodge, that is to say, three stories of No. —, Rue —, in the quartier de la Madeleine, city of Paris, were taken possession of by a French family. They were what is usually styled a family "of distinction," and consisted of a count and countess, their daughter (a young lady of nineteen), their son (a boy of twelve), and various attendants whom they had brought with them from their chateau in Brittany. They had passed, I was informed, the previous winter in the same apartments, and were very well known to my cronies and gossips, the tradesmen of the street. Jules, the count's valet, used to submit his magnificent head of hair to the irons of Monsieur Duvernoy, *artiste capillaire*, over the way. Célestine, madame's maid, was a constant visitress at the little glove shop, on her own account, as well as on that of her mistress. The countess herself, with her son and daughter, was not above spending a quarter of an hour, every now and

then, at Madame Zucchini's, next door, in the discussion of those *savarins* and *gâteaux d'amandes*, for which my Italian friend is so justly famous; and as a natural consequence, Herr Möller, round the corner, was in frequent request, to purge and physic the whole family.

The first time that I saw Mademoiselle de Montcontour I must confess to having been much struck with her appearance. It was at the confectioner's, and the lovely being was disposing of an ice, revealing in the act a set of teeth of the most dazzling whiteness. She was a brunette, tall, and a trifle too slim, but of an elegant figure notwithstanding. Her skin was very clear and pale, and her large dark lustrous eyes had a decided expression of melancholy. She was not a handsome girl, if you please; but she was something better—a very graceful and interesting one. I had not, however, more than a few seconds to make my observations, for the young lady, hastily gathering up her gloves, left the shop under convoy of madame her mother's swelling frouces, gliding past me with the timid fawnlike step of the French demoiselle.

"Mademoiselle de Montcontour and her mother?" said I, interrogatively, as soon as I found myself alone with the good-natured Madame Zucchini.

"The Countess de Montcontour and her daughter? Yes," replied she.

"What in the world makes the young lady so melancholy, I wonder?"

"Ah! you find in her an air of melancholy. Monsieur must have looked at her very closely, for she was leaving as he came in."

"Oh! all the world may see that at the first *coup d'œil*, madame; I should not be surprised if there were some love affair under all that."

"Ah! monsieur thinks so?" replied my fair friend, with her peculiar smile, which I know so well, and love so much to see beaming on her honest fat face.

"Madame Zucchini," said I, with an air of decision, "you know it. So now for another *gâteau au Madère*, and the whole story."

"*Mon Dieu*, there was no story to tell," said Madame Zucchini. Still, what there was to tell was this: she had learned it only yesterday from Mademoiselle Célestine ("under promise of the strictest secrecy," said I to myself, in English—"Oh! nothing; pray go on, madame"). Monsieur le Comte, like most French fathers, was desirous that his daughter, arrived at a certain age, should marry. Monsieur le Comte, in this respect also like most French fathers, was desirous that the man whom his daughter married should be possessed of a property at least equal to that which she would one day inherit. Now the count's fortune was large—at least three millions of francs. The number of his children was two. The very slightest arithmetical knowledge will, therefore, lead to the result, that the son-in-law, in search of whom the count's paternal eyes were vainly wandering, must be in the possession of a million and a half at the very least. But where to find so gifted a being? In Paris, the great city itself, *on ne les remue pas à la pelle*, one does not turn them up by the spadeful, these children of fortune: judge, then, of the difficulty of lighting upon them among the rock-bound coasts and on the desert plains of Brittany. The count, then, had reason to esteem himself a lucky man, when at last, through the medium of one of those *tapissières*, or ladies who specially devote their valuable lives to the making up of marriages, he was furnished with the name and address of a likely candidate. This was Monsieur de Prasles, a gentleman aged forty, with a clear fortune of two millions, and endowed with the usual noble and excellent qualities which always accompany the possession of so large a sum. He was invited to the chateau, his notary consulted, and his title-deeds duly examined and approved. The little piece of business was immediately arranged, and the count (the fondest of fathers) was able to announce, one evening, to his daughter, with a heart bursting with emotion, that he had put the last stone to the fabric of her happiness.

Unfortunately, the lady herself did not fall in with her father's views. There was also another person who did not in the least fall in with those views. This was exactly the character who usually puts in an appearance at this stage of the proceedings—the handsome, amiable, excellent, perfect young fellow, with an immense stock of devotion and very little

ready money. He was, in fact, the son of a poor gentleman of the town of St. Brieux, a doctor by profession, who had come, seen, and conquered only a few months previously at a time when Mademoiselle de Montcontour was at school at Rennes. He had been in the habit of attending the small weekly parties given by the schoolmistress, at which the three or four senior pupils were permitted, with the consent of their parents, to be present. Despite all the vigilance of good Madame Dehodecq, these innocent tea-meetings had been converted into archery meetings—I mean that the arrow of Cupid had been shot; and subsequent events proved only too plainly that it had reached its mark. The count and countess had never set eyes on—had not even heard of the existence of the happy toxophilite. Well, the lovers held a council of war, by post, the day after the count's dreadful communication to his daughter. At its conclusion, Mademoiselle at once proceeded to her father's study, and there respectfully, but firmly, declined the hand that held out two millions for her acceptance, while Monsieur de Kerkambiou, at the same time, in an elegant and highly scented epistle, ventured to ask leave to substitute his own, which was a very nice white hand indeed, with tapering fingers, but laden with very little gold, save what was on the signet ring. You may imagine the astonishment of the count and countess. Not so great, perhaps, was the astonishment of Célestine, who, as will be readily imagined, happened at the moment to be setting things to rights in the passage.

The count did not storm or rave, like the *père noble* of a comedy. He contented himself with forbidding M. de Kerkambiou from ever setting foot in the chateau, and informed his daughter that though he had no wish to force upon her the husband of his choice, he had as little notion of accepting the object of her silly preference. Very soon after, the heavy travelling carriage was dragged out of the *remise*, and the family started for Paris. The count thought that a round of balls and gaieties would be the best remedy for his daughter's disease: in other words, that he should bring her to reason by a road strewn with follies. They had, accordingly, spent the last winter here, but with indifferent success, as far as the main object was concerned. It seemed that M. de Kerkambiou, though he had almost immediately taken his departure from St. Brieux, and gone no one knew whither, was not to be dislodged quite so readily from the heart of mademoiselle. A second dose of Paris was, therefore, deemed necessary; and in fact here was the whole family at their old quarters again, with what success remained to be seen.

"In all this," said La Zucchini very truly, in conclusion, "there is nothing out of the way—nothing but what happens daily in almost every family. But I fancy that that child, with her dark romantic eyes, will go far. Be sure of it, monsieur, we shall hear news of her. *Mon Dieu, je ne suis pas bavarde*; but I could tell—what I could tell."

I did not stop at the moment to pump out Madame Zucchini's secret (which is a process to which that worthy soul always submits with the most cheerful alacrity—working the pump-handle for one, if I may so speak), simply because I firmly believed that she had none to communicate.

Mademoiselle de Montcontour's story dwelt, however, in my mind, though I do not think I once caught sight of her between that time and the middle of the ensuing March. In the course of that month we had a glimpse of summer weather. A glorious sun put out our fires and drew us all to the open case-ments. I used often to see mademoiselle standing at her bedroom window, and from a little post of observation, which I had contrived for myself behind my gauze curtains, could watch her pale face, and note the movements of her graceful figure, without fear of interruption. What would not the rogue de What's-his-name, with the Breton termination—thought I to myself—what would not that ardent rascal, now perhaps enlisted and going to the wars, give for half-an-hour's standing room in this snug little recess?

One morning—surely I could not be mistaken—it appeared to me that a glance of rather a peculiar kind was darted from mademoiselle's eyes right over to the window just above mine. It must have been caught up there, too, and returned with interest, for mademoiselle's pale cheeks became suffused with a blush, and her countenance was lighted up with an air of satisfaction, which I had not noticed on it before. What could be

the meaning of this pantomime? On the two following days it was repeated without variation, but on the third morning the fair Julie distinctly and unmistakably—yes, my little hole in the gauze curtain enabled me to witness everything—began to talk on her fingers. When a lady talks in any fashion she usually talks a good deal, and this established fact was not controverted by what I witnessed over the way. Those little fingers were constantly going, and not only amongst their little selves, but sometimes, I am shocked to say, to a little mouth, from which invisible kisses were blown to the happy personage who lodged above me. Whether this person were a male or a female it was impossible to swear in a court of justice; still it was possible to make a guess, as is indeed proved by the fact of my having made one at the time, which turned out subsequently to be entirely correct. The mystery involved in these proceedings began to weigh on my mind, the more so as it was impossible to reveal what I had seen to Madame Zucchini, to the little glove-maker, to the barber, or any of my other gossips. To have done so would have been about equivalent to hiring a herald to proclaim the fact, with sound of trumpet, from the steps of the Madeleine. And there was evidently a secret in all this—a love secret no doubt—which I was bound to respect, instead of bringing ruin and discovery upon my two *protégés*. Such I began to consider them, now that chance had made me an unsuspected witness of their dialogues.

The first thing to be done was obviously to purchase a complete treatise on the art of talking with one's fingers, "adapted to the use of the deaf and dumb." It must be some consolation to those unhappy persons to feel that, had they never existed, this method of consolation, so useful to others beside themselves, would perhaps never have been invented. My progress with the manual was at first slow, and my soliloquies, practised of an evening with the view of acquiring the language, were drawn out like those of Mr. James Anderson, at the rate of a word in a minute. As to understanding what any one else said, you might as well have addressed me in one of those languages which I am happy to say are dead, though their ghosts were plaguily troublesome to me in my youth, I can tell you. By means of patient application, however, and perhaps a natural light-fingeredness (in its good sense be it understood), I was enabled, at the end of the week, to gather the purport of what was not too rapidly spoken. You may figure to yourself the joy with which I found myself able at last to note down any of those conversations (five stories above the ground, as I before observed) which passed daily across our street. Here you have it. Of course, from the nature of the circumstances, it is only an *ex parte* report—that is, I can only give what was said on one side. The observations which fell from the window above me were naturally inaudible, or rather invisible. They form the sentences in *italic*, which I flatter myself are rather ingeniously supplied from conjecture, but which the reader, should he happen to think otherwise, may alter to his fancy.

I entered my observatory just as the young lady spoke as follows:—

"Impossible. I tried again, but there is no approaching the subject with him."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Is there no danger of our being discovered?"

"No—re-assure yourself—none whatever. Who can see me?"

"Is not Célestine to be trusted?"

"No! I tell you again, I should not dare trust her with a note or message. She is so *bavarde*. Why not go on communicating as we do at present?"

"Has your father spoken to you yet of M. de Prasles?"

"No! he continues to be perfectly silent about him. Patience, and we shall arrive at last. Wait, I hear some one at my door! *A demain*."

Lovers' conversations, I have been given to understand, are not particularly interesting to third parties, and as none of those which I witnessed contained anything more strikingly original than is to be found in the above scrap, I shall forbear inflicting them upon the reader. I continued, however, at my post every day, and became more and more convinced that the person above me was no other than de Kerkumbiou, the young doctor of St. Brioux. Now the demon of curiosity is exceed-

ingly strong in my breast, as he is probably in the breasts of all nervous, fidgetty, idle old bachelors. I determined to satisfy myself on this point, and by all means to have a look at the face and figure which had raised up such a miracle of constancy in the person of my lovely *ris-à-vis*. I was destined to see them just exactly in the place where I least expected—that is to say, going in and out of the house over the way, and that not once, or twice, but regularly every morning.

It was thus that the event came to pass. My landlady begged to express a hope, one afternoon, that I had not been disturbed the previous night.

"Not more than usual," was my reply, "by the heavy omnibuses and carts which usually begin rattling over the stones at six A.M."

"Ah! that was good, because——"

"Because what, madame?"

"Why, a gentleman over the way, the Count de Montcours, had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill in the middle of the night, and the countess's maid had rushed over, almost in her bed-dress, to call up a young doctor who lodged above me."

"Monsieur Lafond?"

"The same. There had been a good deal of scuffling and loud talking on the stairs, and one or two of the lodgers had come out on their landings to see what was the matter."

La Zucchini (the little glove-maker), Herr Möller (who supplied the drugs, and looked not altogether unconscious that he was in for a very good affair), all confirmed the account given me by my landlady. "The count had been seized with a kind of apoplectic fit, at about two A.M., and would assuredly have transmitted his title to the young vicomte in the course of a very few hours, if some one present had not happened to know that there was a doctor staying in the house opposite. This gentleman was sent for—a young Dr. Lafond, from Brest, happening to be staying in Paris for a few weeks—and appeared to have acted in a very straightforward and sensible manner," said Herr Möller, with an air of importance. "He already impressions very favorably the count, and is sympathetic to the whole family," added my informant. "Though the celebrated Dr. — has been called in, M. Lafond will continue to watch the case and call every day."

M. Lafond did, in effect, continue to watch not only the case, but—if you will pardon me the expression—the jewel which that case contained. I used to see him go into the house opposite regularly at about eleven o'clock, and a very fine dashing young fellow he was. His visits increased in length as his patient grew out of danger. There was no more deaf and dumb conversation at the window now. Ere long, as the days increased in length and brightness, an open carriage used to draw up, of an afternoon, to the door of No. —, and the count, leaning on the young doctor's arm, would come out for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. Sometimes the countess accompanied him, and occasionally, though more rarely, Mademoiselle Julie. The latter had lost all traces of her melancholy, and her eyes sparkled so merrily now, that I wondered that they had ever been capable of any other expression. At the end of April it was announced that the count was about to set out with his family for a tour in Italy, with a view to the complete restoration of his health, and I was not in the least surprised to learn that M. Lafond had been engaged to accompany him, at a liberal salary, as his medical adviser. "*Il a gagné le cœur de tout le monde*," said Célestine across the counter to Frau Möller. "*Il n'est pas mal*," I heard Jules, the valet, exclaim one day, while bleeding under the razor of Duvernoy, *artiste capillaire*, "*notre mademoiselle pourrait bien ma foi*"—but the enormous dab of lather, which Duvernoy, *artiste capillaire*, is so skilful in introducing at the same time up the nose and down the throat of the sufferer, turned the remainder of the indiscreet speech into a sneeze.

At about the same epoch my own foot was on the shore, and my bark (one of the South Eastern Company's swift sailers) on the sea. In plain prose, I was bound for London, and had to leave behind me the unfinished story of my opposite neighbors. I did not hear of them again till the ensuing January, when the following facts came to my ears, through whom, or by what means, it is quite unnecessary to relate.

The count and his family explored the wonders of northern

Italy, till at last they reached Naples, where it was agreed to remain a couple of months. It was here that the doctor received a letter from France, which announcing (as he said) the death of a relative, and the bequest to him of a small sum of money, compelled him to return. He had by this time—the cunning rogue—rendered himself almost indispensable to his patient. He accompanied the count on his walks and botanical expeditions as the latter grew stronger, prescribed nauseous drugs to him, read to him of an evening out of Chateaubriand and his favorite authors, and abused the emperor and the empire to the hearty satisfaction of his hearer. The announcement that he would be compelled to absent himself for a few months for the affair of a succession was, accordingly, extremely distasteful to his patron. The latter had of late frequently said to himself, and I presume aloud to the countess (otherwise how should my informant know anything of the matter)? that if that young fellow Lafond were only in the necessary position of fortune, there was no man on earth whom he should prefer for a son-in-law. But you are not to suppose that with all his regard for the doctor he had been brought to modify even a jot or a tittle of his projects with respect to his daughter. The man with a million and a half was as necessary as ever to his parental peace of mind. Indeed, as his illness wore away, and his head recovered strength, he reverted more and more often to this subject, till at last he felt that the time for doing something decisive had arrived.

On the evening before Lafond's departure from Naples, he chanced to remark—poor thing! she was not well, in fact had the *migraine* that day—“*Mon enfant*, you are nearly twenty-one.”

Julie had not arrived at the time of life when ladies make so many unaccountable mistakes about their ages. She accordingly looked up from her work with a sign of assent.

“And you must be thinking of marriage, and of establishing yourself; or rather, it is to me to occupy myself of your interest in those respects.”

The young lady turned pale, and began to make false stitches as a matter of course.

“At the age at which you are you must have gained sense. Suppose now, some agreeable man of antecedents known to me—as—as Monsieur le Docteur Lafond, for instance—were to offer you his hand, you would not be foolish enough to refuse it?”

“Oh, no, *mon papa*!” replied Julie, a ray of hope darting into her mind.

“You promise?”

“Oh, I promise you with all my heart.”

“Good!” replied the count, delighted. “I knew it would be so. A year ago you were dying of love for that young De Kerkambiou, and now he has utterly slipped out of your mind. So long as I believed you faithful to him, I never breathed a word to you of marriage—but now—*autre affaire*. There is no reason why you should turn off poor de Prasles—I write to him to-morrow.”

“De Prasles!” exclaimed Julie, stupified, and bursting into tears.

“Incomprehensible enfant,” said the count; “there, now, you change your mind again. Stay—Lafond shall be informed of this subject; I have already thought of telling him once or twice—he is a sensible, right-thinking young man, probity and good sense personified—he shall talk to you, here, this evening, in my presence, when he comes to take leave. Perhaps his counsels will have weight.”

“If Monsieur le Docteur Lafond,” said Julie, pretty well assured of what those counsels would be, “advises me to take Monsieur de Prasles’ hand, I promise to accept it.”

“You promise?” returned the count.

“I do.”

“A promise with me is a sacred thing. In less than two months my child, you will be a married woman.”

When Lafond came to take leave that night (the countess, a good natured but insignificant woman, was snoring peacefully in her bed), Monsieur de Montcontour at once opened the ball in presence of his daughter.

“You may have heard, docteur,” said he, “of a certain Monsieur Olivier de Prasles?”

“Olivier de Prasles,” exclaimed the doctor, with a start;

“why, yes, I have. Pardon me, the barking of mademoiselle’s King Charles made me jump.”

“Well, it is of Monsieur de Prasles that we have a few words to say,” and the count at once proceeded to communicate to the docteur the circumstances which we already know, and which, indeed, the docteur himself was perfectly acquainted with. “Now, then, that you know all, my young friend,” he continued, “join your counsels to mine. Julie has promised to abide by your decision.”

“I advise Mademoiselle Julie,” said the docteur, with his eyes fixed on the carpet, “I advise her to accept the hand of Monsieur Olivier de Prasles.”

The count positively screamed with delight. As for Julie, I suppose that surprise deprived her of utterance, for not a word did she say when, a few minutes afterwards, she put the tips of her ice-cold fingers into the hand of her lover, in reply to his respectful adieu.

The next day, before dawn, Lafond had taken his departure in the Vesuvio, bound for Marseilles. The same afternoon, a letter was posted by the count to Monsieur de Prasles. It brought a reply in less than a fortnight, in which the writer announced his intention of starting in a few weeks for Naples, and hoped that the marriage would be concluded as soon as possible. Monsieur de Montcontour, overjoyed, left his apartments in the Hotel Vittoria, and took a magnificent house on the Chiaja. The air of the place agreed with him—he would spend the next winter there with his son-in-law and daughter under the same roof; Lafond would, ere long, be back—the well-counselling Lafond—and he would recommence his botanical excursions and the tenth volume of St. Simon. His joy was increased by observing that his daughter, who had at first pouted and sulked and miscondacted herself, now of a sudden fell in with his views with an alacrity which surprised him. Orange-flowers, *trousseaux*, *corbeilles*, marriage settlements, formed the subjects of conversation among the happy family.

At length, one afternoon, the packet of the French messageries was observed steaming up the bay. It seemed an age between the period of its touching the quay, and the arrival at the house of the expected visitor; but then travellers in these sunny climes have so many formalities to undergo in the way of exhibiting passports, seeing the officials who do not search their luggage, and so forth. It was six o’clock (the very witching hour of the evening repast), when a tall footman, throwing open the door of the salon, announced “Monsieur Olivier de Prasles!”

And in walked—to the surprise of everybody—the young gentleman better known to the parties present as Monsieur le Docteur Lafond!

“How is this?” asked the count, amazed.

“Thus,” replied the new comer: “The name under which I have had the honor of residing more than eight months under your roof is not my real one. I am named Olivier de Prasles, and have just returned from Normandy, where I have taken possession of a small heritage, and arranged the affairs of a deceased namesake and cousin whom—whom I think you know. I have come to claim the hand of mademoiselle, your daughter, in accordance with the promise contained in your letter of the 12th ultimo, which I have the honor of reproducing to your eyes.”

“Oh, stay,” said the count, a little bewildered, “not so quick if you please. That letter was written to another person, and can have no force in your hands. Besides, I dislike people with aliases. Perhaps you have others which I know not of.”

“Yes, I called myself at one time, when a student at Rennes, by the name of De Kerkambiou.”

“De Kerkambiou!”

“Ah, I see that that alias is known to you. Now, having mademoiselle’s solemn promise that she will never marry any one but De Kerkambiou, and your no less solemn engagement that you will never urge her to marry any one but De Prasles, I really don’t see any way out of the difficulty but to take as your son-in-law the humble individual who unites both those names and both those qualifications.”

“One question,” said the count, “before I give you an answer—What is the amount of your cousin’s bequest?”

“Five hundred thousand francs.”

"Oh, the thing is not to be thought of! A million, and I might have yielded a little—considering—considering—"

"But your promise is a solemn thing," said De Prasles.

"Celibacy is very—very—dreadful," sobbed out Julie.

"All the expense and trouble you have been at in hiring and preparing this hotel for your son-in-law," put in the countess, gained over by the sob to the weak side.

"Your botanical excursions and Chateaubriand," added Léonce, a mischievous little imp of thirteen.

"Let us go to dinner," said the count, beginning to find his head give way midst the hubbub around him. And I am afraid that at that dinner the count drank too much champagne and Læcryma Christi. I am afraid that his naturally strong sense came to be disturbed in its citadel, which might very easily have been the case, considering the weakness which must have resulted from his late attack. Certain it is, that before the end of the repast he was to give a promise which he may have regretted next morning, but which, being a man of his word, he did not attempt to break. Monsieur and Madame de Prasles live happily together in Brittany, and even their bitterest enemies admit that it will be at least a couple of years before they begin to quarrel. The rooms opposite mine have passed into the hands of a fresh set of tenants—an elderly gentleman, who leans out into the street with a flowered dressing-gown and a continual cigar, and a plain English family, who sit down to a plain English dinner at one o'clock in the hot summer days, with open windows. The perfume of love and mystery which lingered about the balcony has been replaced by the execrable odor of mignonette, cultivated in little pots by the daughters of Albion. I return from my frequent excursions to the window-curtains with a sense of disappointment, and feel, in the tolerably well-known words of a deceased poet, that now that the occupation of No. 5 by the de Montcontours has ceased, the "occupation of Othello" has ceased along with it.

HOPE.—There is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain or increase of happiness. Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of general blessings; or that life, when the gift of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent. Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGE: MAHOMMEDAN INTEGRITY.—A poor man claimed a house which a rich man had seized. The former produced his deeds and instruments to prove his right, but the latter had provided a number of witnesses; and to support their evidence more effectually, he presented the *cadi* with a bag containing five hundred ducats, which the *cadi* received. When it came to a hearing the poor man told his story, produced his writings, but wanted witnesses, the most essential and only valid proof of the merits of his cause. The other, provided with witnesses, laid his whole stress on them and on his adversary's defective law, who could produce none; he therefore urged the *cadi* to give sentence in his favor. After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew from beneath the sofa the bag of five hundred ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe, saying to him very gravely: "You have been much mistaken in the suit: for if the poor man could produce no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can furnish him with at least five hundred." He then threw him the bag with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

THE TWIN ROSES.—Far down a lone secluded valley seldom trod by the foot of man, by the murmuring brook, whose pure waters wander through bright green fields and shady lanes, grew, side by side, two rose bushes. Long had they grown together, nourished by the passing stream, and hiding themselves from the rude gaze of the world, happy and content in the solitude in which nature had planted them. One bright summer's morning, two green buds appeared upon the rose trees; very small they were at first, it is true, but day by day they grew in size and beauty, each day growing lovelier, till one morning there appeared upon the stems two beautiful white roses. With strange delight they raised their heads and looked tremblingly around, but naught in the green valley resembled themselves; and with wonder at their new-found existence, step by step they neared each other, and twined themselves into one. No longer were they unnoticed by all, save the pearly brook. The other flowers of the field acknowledged their superiority and bowed their heads before them; but the twin roses heeded them not. All day long their perfume floated through the valley, casting sweet incense on the summer air; and as night drew nigh, silently they crept together, closed their pale leaves, and hung their modest heads towards the stream. Then the bright stars came forth; the pale moon silently performed her journey on high; the tall trees bowed their green branches as the breeze swept through them; and the night birds sweetly sang till morning dawned. Once a pebble rolled down the mountain into the brook, causing its pure waters to dance on all sides. Then the dew-drops kissed the pale roses; and again the brook flowed on as before. Oh! then how beautiful was the valley! But the white roses were not always to deck the stream. One day a rude hand culled one of the flowers and bore it from its companion. Days passed, but the now solitary rose held not up its head as formerly; silently it drooped, and finally withered—and the roses were soon forgotten by all save the brook in the valley. Thus it sometimes is with man. When those whom we long have loved and cherished are torn from our side, we pine for them till we meet them again in another world. Still the birds sing, the trees bend, and the brook murmurs; but the twin roses will never bloom again.

KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT FURING COLD WEATHER.—Before you leave the room, bundle up well, gloves, cloak and comforter; shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. Not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement; but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, making a cold impossible, if you don't get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year.

AN AWKWARD BEDFELLOW.—A circumstance recently occurred while a party of settlers were digging a well in Australia, that made a great sensation. One of the men employed, while sleeping in a hammock suspended between two trees, was disturbed during the night by something dragging away the blanket that covered him; and on looking over the side of the hammock, he discovered, to his intense horror, that the intruder was a large alligator. His shouts alarmed the animal, which retreated in great haste into the sea. The man's story was not at first credited by those who came to his assistance; but in the morning, sure enough, the blanket was found on the beach half immersed in water, and the animal itself was shot a few nights afterwards, the ball striking the forehead above the eye, and splintering off a portion of the skull, thus exposing the brain. He did not die, however, until after a violent struggle of many minutes, during which he lashed the sea around him into a foam.

"Never judge from manners," says Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with."

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

When sad of heart and spirit-tir'd
We strive to pierce the gloom,
Which shrouds our onward, weary path,
Thro' sorrow to the tomb:
From out the gloom a ray appears—
Familiar faces shine;
Endear'd by childhood's memories,
Eashtin'd by love divine.
They come like gleams of sunshine,
To glad our later years;
They lift the gloom from off the heart
And dry up sorrow's tears!

The searcher on the path of fame,
The toiler by the way,
May gain a laurel, win a name,
The marvel of a day.
But wearied with the world's applause
How will his heart rejoice?
When from the dreamy past he hears
Some old familiar voice!
It comes like gleams of sunshine,
To glad our later years;
It lifts the gloom from off the heart,
And dries up sorrow's tears!

VERE EGERTON; OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFETIME.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—"SURVEILLANCE."

I DID not question my friend as to his success in the *chasse*. Victor was evidently ill at ease, and after a few commonplace remarks returned to his apartments, from whence he did not re-appear till dinner time. Valérie, too, was nowhere to be found, and I spent the afternoon in the *salon* with a strange visitor, who was announced by the groom of the chambers as Monsieur Stein, and whose business at Edeldorf I confess I was at a loss to discover.

The time passed agreeably enough. I was indisposed for reflection, a process which, under existing circumstances, could only have involved me in a labyrinth of perplexities; and my new acquaintance was possessed of a fund of information and small-talk which must have been acquired by much intercourse with the world.

He seemed perfectly familiar with English habits and English politics, professing great admiration for the one and interest in the other. He had served too, he said, although I did not make out exactly in what grade; and altogether he was evidently a man of varied experience and considerable acquirements.

Silent as I naturally am, and especially reserved with strangers, there was something about my new acquaintance that led me to be communicative in spite of myself. His whole address and exterior was so thoroughly confidential, his manner so easy and unaffected; there was so much good humor and *bonhomie* in his quiet smile and subdued enunciation, that I found myself almost unconsciously detailing events and imparting information with a facility of which I should have once thought I was incapable. Monsieur Stein listened, and bowed, and smiled, and put in a slight query here, or hazarded an observation there, which proved that he too was well acquainted with the topics on which I was enlarging; nor did he fail to compliment me on the lucid manner in which he was good enough to say I had explained to him the whole system of Turkish politics, and the relations of that tottering country with our own. As we went to make

our toilettes before dinner, I could not help asking my friend, the groom of the chambers, whose arm assisted me up stairs (ah! it was Valérie's the night before), "who he was, this Monsieur Stein, who had arrived so unexpectedly, and had not yet seen the count?" The man's face assumed a comical expression of mingled terror and disgust as he professed an utter ignorance of the guest; but when I added an inquiry as to whether he was a friend of Count Victor, his disclaimer was far more vigorous than the occasion seemed to demand. "Well," thought I, "I shall know all about it from Valérie this evening;" and proceeded with my toilette—shall I confess it?—with more pains than I had ever taken in my life before.

But when we met at dinner a chill seemed to have fallen on our party, hitherto so merry and vivacious. Victor, though polite and courteous as ever, was reserved, absent, and out of spirits. Valérie turned red and white by turns, answered only by monosyllables, and never once allowed her eyes to wander in my direction. I, too, felt sad and pre-occupied. My coming departure seemed to cast a damp over my spirits; and yet when I thought of Valérie's unconcealed regret, and frank avowal of interest in my future, my heart leapt with a strange, startling thrill, half of pleasure half of pain. Monsieur Stein, however, appeared to suffer from none of these uncomfortable sensations. He ate, he drank, he talked, he made the agreeable, and amidst it all he seemed to note with a lynx-eye the gorgeous furniture, the glittering plate, the host of servants attired in their gaudy hussar uniforms, the choice wine, and excellent cookery, for which the *ménage* of Edeldorf had always been remarkable. In the brilliant light that shed its glare over the dining table I was able to examine my new acquaintance more minutely than I had previously done before we went to dress. He seemed to me, without exception, the *least* remarkable man I had ever met. He was neither young nor old, neither dark nor fair, neither short nor tall, stout nor thin; his dress, that of a civilian, was plain and unstudied in the extreme; his demeanor, quiet and unaffected, was in admirable keeping with his whole exterior. There was nothing military about the man save a closely-clipped and carefully-trained moustache; but this warlike appendage was again contradicted by a slight stoop, and a somewhat hesitating gait, by



VERE AND LA DAME AUX CAMELLIAS.

no means that of a soldier. His eyes, too, of a cold, dead gray with light eyelashes, were soft and sleepy. Once I fancied I caught a lightning glance directed at Valérie; but the orbs were so quickly veiled by their drooping lids that I could not be satisfied it was more than a trick of my own imagination. Altogether M. Stein was a man that in England would have been described emphatically as a "very gentlemanlike," for want of any more characteristic qualifications; in France he would have been passed over as an undemonstrative cipher; my friends the Turks would have conferred a silent approval on his quiet, unassuming demeanor. Why was it that in Hungary his presence should act as what we call at home "a wet blanket?"

Dinner progressed slowly. Monsieur Stein addressed himself chiefly to Count de Rohan; and I could not help remarking that the latter's answers to his guest were marked by a caution and reserve totally foreign to his usual straightforward manner and off-hand way of saying whatever came uppermost. His air gave me the idea of a man who was determined not to be pumped. He drank less wine also than usual; and altogether was certainly not at his ease. Valérie, too, whenever she raised her eyes from the tablecloth, glanced uneasily toward Monsieur Stein; and when I made a casual remark to her, answered so absently and stiffly as to cause me for my part to feel uncomfortable and *de trop* in this small ill-organized party. It was a relief to all of us when coffee made its appearance, and the newly-arrived guest, giving his hand to Valérie with a courtly bow, led her back to the drawing-room, whilst I followed with Victor, and took the opportunity of whispering to my old friend in English—

"Who is this gentleman, Victor, that seems to know a little of everything and everybody, and whose thirst for information seems so unquenchable?"

"Hush!" replied Victor, with an uneasy look at the couple in front of us; "he speaks English as well as you do, though I dare say he told you not. My dear Vere, for heaven's sake, to-night sit still and hold your tongue!"

At this instant Valérie turned round, and addressed some trifling observation to her brother, but with a warning expression of countenance that seemed to tell him he had been overheard. The next moment we were seated round her work-table, chatting as gaily upon the merits of her embroidery, as though we were all the most intimate friends in the world. Certainly ladies' work promotes conversation of the most harmless and least suspicious description; and I think it would indeed have been difficult to affix a definite meaning to the remarks made by any one of us on the intricacies of Countess Valérie's stitching, or the skill displayed by that lady in her graceful and feminine employment.

The evening dragged on. Monsieur Stein conversed freely on the state of the country, the condition of the peasantry, the plans of the government, and a projected railroad, for the construction of which he did not seem to think it possible the Austrian exchequer would ever be able to pay. Victor listened, and scarcely spoke; Valérie seemed interested in the railway, and determined to pursue that subject as long as possible; whilst I sat, out of spirits, and, truth to tell, out of humor, a silent observer of all three. I was deprived of my habitual occupations, and missed the care and interest to which I was accustomed as an invalid. Valérie did not make my tea for me as usual, nor explain to me, for the hundredth time, the cunning splendor of her embroidery, nor ask for my assistance in the thousand trifling ways with which a woman makes you fancy you are essential to her comfort; and I was childish enough to feel sad, if not a little sulky, in consequence. At last I lost patience, and throwing down abruptly the paper which I had been reading, I asked Countess Valérie to "give us a little music," adding in perfect innocence, "do play that beautiful march out of 'The Honyady,' it is so inspiring and so thoroughly national!"

If a shell had fallen into the room, and commenced its whizzing operations under Valérie's work-table, it could not have created greater consternation than did my very natural request. The countess turned deadly pale, and her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold her needle. Victor rose from his chair with a tremendous oath, and walking off to the fireplace (for he was sufficiently an Englishman to prefer a grate to a stove),

commenced stirring an already huge fire with much unnecessary energy, talking the whole time as if to drown my unlucky observation. Monsieur Stein flashed one of his lightning glances—there was no mistaking it this time—upon the whole of us, and then relapsed into his previous composure; whilst I felt that I had committed some unpardonable *gaucherie*, but could not, for the life of me, discover how or why.

It was hopeless that evening to make any more attempts at conversation. Even the guest seemed to think he had exerted himself sufficiently, and at an earlier hour than usual we retired for the night. When I came down next morning, he was gone.

Victor did not appear at breakfast, and Valérie's excuses for her brother were delivered with a degree of restraint and formality which made me feel very uncomfortable.

"Victor was busy," she said, "with the steward and the land-agent. He had a great deal to do; he would not be at leisure for hours, but he would see me before he started on his journey."

"Journey!" said I; "what journey does he mean to take? and what is all this mystery and confusion? Pardon me, Countess Valérie, I am a straightforward man, Victor is my oldest friend, and I do claim to be in the secret, if I can be of any assistance or comfort to you in anything."

She looked at me once more with the frank, confiding look that reminded me so of another; and putting her hand in mine, she said:

"I know we can trust you; I know I can trust you. Victor is compromised; he must go to Vienna to clear himself. He has yesterday received a hint that amounts indeed to an order. We are not even free to live on our own lands," she added bitterly, and with the old gleam of defiance flashing over her features, "the proudest noble in Hungary is but a serf after all."

"And Monsieur Stein?" I asked, for I was beginning to penetrate the mystery.

"Is an agent of police," she replied, "and one of the cleverest in the emperor's service. Did you remark how *civil* we were forced to be to him? Did you not notice Victor's constrained and uncomfortable manner? Whilst he remained, that man was our master—that lowborn spy *our* master! This is what we have come to. His mission was understood plainly enough by both of us. He came with a hint from the emperor that we were very remiss in our attendance at court; that his imperial majesty valued our loyalty too much to doubt its sincerity; and that it would be better, all things considered, if we were to spend the winter at Vienna. Also, I doubt not, information was required as to what our English friend was about; and when it is reported—as reported it will be—that his musical taste leads him to admire 'the march in the Honyady,' why we shall probably be put under 'surveillance' for six months, and be obliged to reside in the capital for a year or two, till we have got thoroughly Austrianized, when we shall return here, feeling our degradation more bitterly than ever."

"And why may I not consult my own taste in music?" I inquired; "or what is there so deadly in that beautiful march which you play with such brilliancy and spirit?"

Valérie laughed.

"Do you not know," said she, "that the Honyáds were nearly connected with our ancestors—that the De Rohans, originally Norman, only became Hungarian through their alliance with that princely family—a race who were never found wanting when it was necessary to assert the independence of their country? It was a Honyady that rolled the Turks back from the very gates of Vienna. It was a Honyady that first resisted the oppression of Austrian despotism. It was a Honyady that shed the last drop of noble blood spilt in our late struggle for independence. The finest of our operas is founded on the history of this devoted family, and the Honyady march is the very gathering tune of all who hate the iron yoke under which we groan. Only look at the faces of a Hungarian audience as they listen to its forbidden tones—for it must now only be played in secret—and you will comprehend why, of all the airs that ever were composed, the last you should have asked for in the presence of Monsieur Stein was the march in 'The Honyady.'"

"I do truly regret my indiscretion," was my reply; "but if Victor is compelled to go to Vienna, I shall certainly accom-

pany him. It is not my practice to abandon a friend, and such a friend, in his distress. Though I can be of little use, my presence may be some comfort and amusement to him; besides, the very fact of my proceeding straight into the lion's mouth will show that I have not been staying here with any ulterior views."

"You are indeed true as steel," replied Valérie with a frank, honest smile that went straight to my heart. "We will all start together this very afternoon; and I am glad—at least it is far better—that you should not be parted from your nurse till you are quite strong again. Your presence will be a great comfort to my brother, who is——" Valérie hesitated; blushed up to her forehead, and added, abruptly, "Mr. Egerton, have you not remarked any difference in Victor lately?"

I replied that "I thought his spirits were less mercurial than formerly, but that probably he had the anticipation of yesterday's domiciliary visit hanging over him, which would at once account for any amount of discontent and depression."

"No, it is not that," answered Valérie, with increasing embarrassment. "It is worse even than that. My poor Victor! I know him so well—I love him so much! and he is breaking his noble heart for one who is totally unworthy of him. If there is one being on earth that I hate and despise more than another, it is a coquette," added the girl, with flashing eyes; "a woman who is so wanting in womanly pride as to lay herself out for admiration—so false to her own nature as to despise it when it is won."

"All women like admiration," I ventured to interpose very humbly, for it struck me that the young Countess herself was in this respect no abnormal variety of her species; "and I conclude that in this, as in everything else, difficulty enhances the pleasure of success."

She darted a reproachful look at me from under her dark eyelashes, but she had her say out notwithstanding.

"No woman," she exclaimed, "has a right, any more than a man, to trifle with the affections of another. Why should any one human being for the sake of an hour's amusement, or the gratification of a mere passing vanity, inflict on another the greatest pain which mortal heart can suffer?" You would be thought a monster so to torture the body; and are not the pangs of the soul infinitely worse to bear? No! I repeat it, she has deceived my brother with her silver accents and her false, false smiles; she is torturing the noblest, truest, kindest heart that ever brave man bore, and I hate her for it with a deadly, quenchless hatred!"

I never found Valérie so charming as when she thus played the termagant. There was something so piquante in her wild, reckless manner on these occasions—in the flash of her bright eyes, the play of her chiselled features, and the attitudes of her lithe, graceful figure when she said she hated, that I could have found it in my heart to make her say she hated me rather than not hear the well-known word. I replied accordingly, rather mischievously, I own—

"Do you not think, Valerie, you are throwing away a great deal of indignation unnecessarily? Men are not so sensitive as you seem to think. We do not break our hearts very readily, I assure you; and even when we do, we mend them again nearly as good as new. Besides, the rest of you take compassion on us when we are ill-treated by one. They console us, and we accept their consolation. If the rose is not in bloom, what shall prevent us from gathering the violet? Decidedly, Countess Valérie, we are more philosophers than you."

"You do not know Victor, if you say so," she burst forth. "You do not think as you speak. You are a dishonest reasoner, and you try to impose upon me! I tell you, you are the last man in the world to hold such opinions. You are wrong, and you know you are wrong, and you only speak thus to provoke me. I judge of others by myself. I believe that all of us are more or less alike, and I know that I could never forgive such an injury. What! to be led on day by day, to feel if not to confess a preference, to find it bit by bit eating into one's being, till at length one belongs no longer to oneself, but knows one's whole existence to be wrapped up in another, and then at the last moment to discover that one has been deceived! that one has been giving gold for silver! that the world is empty, and the heart dead for ever! I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" I asked, half amused and half alarmed at her excited gestures.

"Take a De Rohan's revenge, if I broke my heart for it the next instant," she replied; and then, as if ashamed of her enthusiasm, and the passion into which she had very unnecessarily put herself, rushed from the room.

"What a dangerous lady to have anything to do with," I remarked to Bold, as he rose from the hearthrug with a stretch and a yawn. "Well, old dog, so you and I are bound for Vienna this afternoon; I wonder what will come of it all?"

Yet there was a certain pleasant excitement about my position, too. It was evident that Valerie took more than a common interest in her brother's friend. Her temper had become very variable of the late; and I had remarked that although, until the scene in the garden, she had never shunned my society, she had often appeared provoked at any expression of opinion which I chanced to hazard contrary to her own. She had also of late been constantly absent, *distracted*, and preoccupied, sometimes causelessly satirical, bitter, and even rude, in her remarks. What could it all mean? Was I playing with edged tools? It might be so. Never mind, never mind, Bold; anything, anything for excitement and forgetfulness of the days gone by.

CHAPTER XXVII.—GHOSTS OF THE PAST.

EVERY one has heard of the gentleman who went to spend a fortnight at Vienna in the prime of his youth, and died there at a ripe old age, having never afterwards been beyond the walls of the town. Though the climate is allowed to be detestable, the heat of summer being aggravated by a paucity of shade and a superabundance of dust, whilst the rigorous cold of winter is enhanced by the absence of fireplaces and the scarcity of fuel; though the streets are narrow and the carriages numerous, the hotels always full and the shops very dear; though the police is strict and officious to a degree, and its regulations tyrannical in the extreme; though every house, private as well as public, must be closed at ten o'clock, and a ball-giver or lady who "receives" must have a special permission from the government—yet with all these drawbacks, no city in the world, not even lively Paris itself, seems so popular with the pleasure-seekers as Vienna. There is a gaiety in the very air of the town: a smiling, prosperous, good humor visible on the countenances of its inhabitants, a picturesque beauty in the houses, a splendid comfort in the shops, and a taste and magnificence in the public buildings, which form a most attractive *tout ensemble*.

Then you lead a pleasant, cheerful, do-nothing sort of life; you have your coffee in bed, where you can also read a novel in perfect comfort, for German beds have no curtains to intercept the morning light, or make a bonfire of the nocturnal student. You perform an elaborate toilette (are not Vienna gloves the only good fits in the world?), and you breakfast about noon in the *salon* of some luxurious hotel, where you may sit peradventure between an Austrian field-marshal, decorated with a dozen or so of orders, and a Polish beauty, who counts captives by the hundred, and breaks hearts by the score. Neither will think it necessary to avoid your neighborhood as if you had confluent small-pox, and your eye as if you were a basilisk, simply because you have not had the advantage of their previous acquaintance. On the contrary, should the courtesies of the table or any chance occurrence lead you to hazard a remark, you will find the warrior mild and benevolent, the beauty frank and unaffected. Even should you wrap yourself up in your truly British reserve, they will salute you when they depart; and people may say what they will about the humbug and insincerity of mere politeness, but there can be no doubt that such graceful amenities help to oil the wheels of life. Then if you like to walk, have you not the Prater, with its fine old trees and magnificent red deer, and its endless range of woodland scenery, reminding you of your own Windsor forest at home; if you wish to drive, there is much beautiful country in the immediate vicinity of the town, or would you prefer a quiet chat in the friendly intimacy of a morning visit, the Viennese ladies are the most conversational and the most hospitable in the world. Then you dine at half-past five, because the opera begins at seven, and with such a band who would miss the overture? Again you enter a brilliant, well-lighted apartment, gay with well-dressed women and Austrian officers

in their handsome uniforms, all full of politeness, *bonhomie*, and real kindness towards a stranger. Perhaps you occupy the next table to Meyerbeer, and you are more resolved than ever not to be too late. At seven you enjoy the harmony of the blessed, at a moderate outlay that would hardly pay for your entrance half-price to a farce in a London theatre, and at ten o'clock your day is over, and you may seek your couch.

I confess I liked Vienna very much. My intimacy with Victor gave me at once an introduction into society, and my old acquaintance with the German language made me feel thoroughly at home amongst these frank and warm-hearted people. It has always appeared to me that there is more homely kindness, more heart, and less straining after effect in German society than in any other with which I am acquainted. People are less artificial in Vienna than in Paris or in London, better satisfied to be taken for what they really are, and not what they wish to be, more tolerant of strangers, and less occupied about themselves.

I spent my days very happily, Victor had recovered his spirits, those constitutional good spirits that in the young it requires so much suffering to damp, that once lost never return again. Valérie was charming as ever, it may be a little more reserved than formerly, but all the more kind and considerate on that account; then when I wearied of society and longed for solitude and the indulgence of my own reflections, could I not pace those glorious galleries of ancient art, and feast my eyes upon the masterpieces of Rubens or Franceschini, in the Hotel Liechtenstein and the Belvedere? My father's blood ran in my veins, and although I had always lacked execution to become a painter, keenly and dearly could I appreciate the excellencies of the divine art. Ah! those Rubenses, I can see them now! the glorious athletic proportions of the men, heroes and champions every one; the soft, sensuous beauty of the women, none of your angels, or goddesses, or idealities, but, better still, warm, breathing, loving, palpable women, the energy of action, the majesty of repose, the drawing, the coloring, but above all the honest manly sentiment that pervades every picture. The direct intention so truthfully carried out to bid the human form and the human face express the passions and the feelings of the human heart. I could look at them for hours.

Valérie used to laugh at me for what she called my new passion—my devotion to art; the goddess whom I had so neglected in my childhood, when with my father's assistance I might have wooed and won from her some scraps of favor and encouragement. One morning I prevailed on Victor and his sister to accompany me to the Hotel Liechtenstein, there to inspect for the hundredth time what the countess termed my "last and fatal attachment," a Venus and Adonis of Franceschini, before which I could have spent many a long day, quenching the thirst of the eye. It was in my opinion the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; and yet taking it as a whole, there was no doubt it was far from a faultlessly-painted picture. The Adonis appeared to me stiffly and unskillfully drawn, as he lay stretched in slumber, with his leash of hounds, undisturbed by the nymphs peering at him from behind a tree, or the fat golden-haired Cupids playing on the turf at his feet. All this part of the picture I fancied cold and hard; but it was the Venus herself that seemed to me the impersonation of womanly beauty and womanly love. Emerging from a cloud, with her blue draperies defining the rounded symmetry of her form, and leaving one exquisite foot bare, she is gazing on the prostrate hunter with an expression of unspeakable tenderness and self-abandonment, such as comes but once in a lifetime over woman's face. One drooping hand carelessly lets an arrow slip through its fingers, the other fondling a rosy Cupid on her knee, presses his cheek against her own, as though the love overflowing at her heart must needs find relief in the caresses of her child.

"It is my favorite picture of all I ever saw, except one," I remarked to my two companions as we stopped to examine its merits: I to point out its beauties, they maliciously to enumerate its defects.

"And that other?" asked Valérie, with her quick, sharp glance.

"Is one you never saw," was my reply, as I thought of "the Dido" in the old dining-room at Beverley. "It is an Italian painting, with many faults, and probably you would not admire it as much as I do."

Valérie was not listening; her attention was fixed on a party of strangers at the other end of the room. "*Tenez, ce sont des Anglais*," said she, with that intuitive perception of an islander which seems born in all Continental nations. I knew it before she spoke. The party stopped and turned round—two gentlemen and a lady. I only saw her; of all the faces, animate and inanimate, that looked downward with smiles, or upward with admiration, in that crowded gallery, there was but one to me, and that one was Constance Beverley.

I have a confused recollection of much hand-shaking and "How do you do's?" and many expressions of wonder at our meeting there, of all places in the world, which did not strike me as so very extraordinary after all. And Valérie was so enchanted to make Miss Beverley's acquaintance; she had heard so much of her from Victor, and it was so delightful they should all be together in Vienna just at this gay time; and was affectionate and demonstrative as woman always is with her sister; and at the same time scanned her with a comprehensive glance, which seemed to take in at once the charms of mind and body, the graces of nature and art, that constituted the weapons of her competitor. For women are always more or less rivals; and with all her keenness of affections and natural softness of disposition, there is an unerring instinct implanted in the breast of every one of the gentler sex, which teaches her that her normal state is one of warfare with her kind—that "her hand is against every woman, and every woman's hand against her."

I dared not look in Miss Beverley's face as I shook her hand; I fancied that her voice was harder than it used to be. I was sure her manner to me was as cold as the merest forms of politeness would admit. She took Victor's arm, however, with an air of *empressment* very foreign to the reserve which I remembered was so distinguishing a characteristic in her demeanor. I heard her laughing at his remarks, and recalling to him scenes in London and elsewhere, which seemed to afford great amusement to themselves alone. Even Ropsley looked graver than usual, but masked his astonishment, or whatever it was, under a great show of civility to Valérie, who received his attentions, as she did those of every stranger, with a degree of pleasure which it was not in her nature to conceal. Sir Harry fell to my share, and I have a vague recollection of his being more than ever patronising and paternal, and full of good advice and good wishes; but the treasures of his wisdom and his little worldly sarcasms were wasted on a sadly heedless ear.

I put him into his carriage where she was already seated. I ventured on one stolen look at the face that had been in my dreams, sleeping and waking, for many a long day. It was pale and sad; but there was a hard, fixed expression that I did not recognise, and she never allowed her eyes to meet mine.

How cold the snowy streets looked, and the dull gray sky, as we walked home to our hotel—Victor and Ropsley on either side of Valérie, whilst I followed, soberly and silently, in the rear.

CHAPTER XXVII.—LA DAME AUX CAMELLIAS.

"My dear, you must go to this ball," said Sir Harry to his daughter, as they sat over their morning chocolate in a spacious room with a small glazed stove, very handsome, very luxurious, and very cold. "You have seen everything else here; you have been a good deal in society. I have taken you everywhere, although you know how "going out" bores me; and now you refuse to go to the best thing of the year. My dear you must!"

"But a masked ball, papa," urged Constance. "I never went to one in my life; indeed, if you please, I had rather not."

"Nonsense, child, everybody goes, there's your friend Countess Valérie wild about it, and Victor, and even sober Vere Egerton, but of course he goes in attendance on the young countess—besides, Ropsley wishes it."

Constance flushed crimson, then grew white, and bit her lip. "Captain Ropsley's wishes have nothing to do with me, papa," said she with more than her usual statelyness; "I do not see what right he has to express a wish at all."

Sir Harry rose from his chair; he was getting very feeble in his limbs, though he stoutly repudiated the notion that he grew

a day older in strength and spirits. He walked twice across the room, went to his daughter's chair, and took her hand in his. She knew what was coming, and trembled all over.

"My dear child," said he, with a shaky attempt at calmness, and a nervous quivering of his under lip—for loving, obedient, devoted as she was, Sir Harry stood in awe of his daughter—"you remind me I wish to speak to you on the subject of Captain Ropsley and his intimacy with ourselves. Constance, has it never occurred to you what all this must eventually lead to?"

She looked up at him with her clear shining eyes, and replied—

"It has, papa, and I quite dread the end of it."

"You know, dear, how I have encouraged him," continued her father, without noticing the unpropitious remark; "you can guess my wishes without my speaking more plainly. He is an excellent fellow—clever, popular, agreeable, and good-looking. There can be no objection, of course, on *your* side. I think your old father has not done so badly for you after all—eh, Constance?" and Sir Harry made a feeble attempt at a laugh, which stopped, and, as it were, "went out" all of a sudden.

She looked him full in the face. Truth shone brightly in the depths of those clear eyes.

"Papa," said she, slowly and steadily, "do you really mean you wish me to—to marry Captain Ropsley?"

"You ladies jump at conclusions very fast," answered the baronet, still striving, shakingly, to be jocose. "*Rem acu tetigitis*. Ha, ha! I have not forgotten my Latin, or that I was young once, my dear. You have run your needle into the very heart of the matter, you little witch! That is indeed my earnest wish and intention."

He changed at once into a tone of majestic and uncompromising decision, but he only looked at her askance, and once more left his place to amble up and down the room. She never took her eye off his face.

"And suppose I should tell you, papa, that I cannot comply with your wish; that I hate and loathe the very sight of the man whom you would make my husband; that I fear and distrust his intimacy with you more than anything in the world; that I implore you, papa, dear papa, to give up this dreadful idea; that for this once, and once only, you should listen to me, be guided by me, and, at any sacrifice, that you would break immediately and for ever with that bad, reckless, unprincipled man—what should you say then?"

She looked at him for an instant with a vague sort of half-hope in her truthful, shining eyes; but it was more resignation than disappointment that clouded her face over immediately afterwards.

"Say, my dear?" answered the baronet, gaily, but his teeth were set tight as he spoke; "why I should say that my girl was a romantic little fool, instead of one of the cleverest women of my acquaintance; or, more likely still, I should say she was joking, in order to try her father's patience and indulgence to the utmost. Listen to me, Constance. I have reasons of my own for wishing to see you married—of course I mean well married, and safely settled in life—never mind what they are; it may be that I am getting old, and feel I have not much time to lose. Well, I have promised you to Ropsley—of course with your own consent. In these days we don't lock up our refractory children, or use force when persuasion alone is necessary. Heaven forbid!" Sir Harry said it with an expression of countenance somewhat contradictory of his language. "But I feel sure I need only point out to you what my wishes are to have your sincere co-operation. You behaved so well once before, you will behave well this time. Constance, I am not used to entreat; you cannot surely refuse me now?"

She burst into tears.

"Oh, papa," she said, "anything—anything but this."

He thought to try the old sarcastic mood that had done him good service with many a woman before.

"What, we are premature, are we, Miss Beverley? We cannot forget old days and childish absurdities. We must, of course, be more sensitive than our boyish adorer. Psha! my dear, it's perfectly absurd; why, you can see with your own eyes that Vere Egerton is hopelessly entangled with that bold Hungarian girl, and I can tell you, to my certain knowledge, that

he is to marry her forthwith. What she can see in his ugly face is more than I can make out; but this I suppose is prejudice on my part. Good Heaven! Constance, are you really afraid of seeing them together to-night. You! my daughter! the proud Miss Beverley!"

The old reprobate knew how to manage a woman still. He had served a long apprenticeship to the trade, and paid pretty dearly for his lessons in his time.

She did not cry now.

"Papa, I will go to the ball," was all she said; and Sir Harry thought it wiser to push matters no farther for the present.

Our little party had been established in Vienna for several weeks when the above-mentioned conversation took place; and the De Rohans were living on terms of close intimacy with the Beverleys. Ropsley made no secret of his engagement to Constance, and bestowed all the attentions of a future husband on the unwilling girl, with a tact which made escape impossible. Victor took his place as an old friend by her side, and she seemed to find the more pleasure in his society that it relieved her from the guardsman's sarcastic though amusing conversation, and, as I once overheard her remark, with a deep sigh, "reminded her of old times." Valérie and I were, as usual, inseparable; but there was something of late in the manner of the young countess which grated on my feelings. She was gay, volatile, demonstrative as ever; but I missed those fits of abstraction, that restless, pre-occupied air which seems so charming when we fancy we can guess the cause; and altogether I never was in so much danger of falling in love with Valérie as now, when, piqued, hopeless, and miserable, I felt I was uncared for by every one on earth—even by her. I was one too many in the party. Sir Harry seemed worldly, sharp, and in good spirits as usual. Ropsley scheming, composed, self-contained, and successful. Victor lively, careless, and like his former self again. Constance haughty and reserved, habitually silent, and preserving an exterior of icy calmness. Valérie sparkling, triumphant, and *coquette* as possible. Only Bold and I were out of spirits; the old dog resenting with truly British energy the indignity of an enforced muzzle, without which no animal of his species was allowed to go at large in the streets of Vienna; whilst his master was wearied and ill at ease, tired of an aimless, hopeless life, and longing for the excitement of action, or the apathy of repose.

Such were the ingredients of the party that dined together at that well-known hotel rejoicing in the appropriate appellation of "Munch," on the day of the masked ball, to which all Vienna meant to go, to be mystified for pleasure, and have its secrets told and its weaknesses published for amusement.

Many were the glances of admiration cast at our table, and many, I doubt not, were the comparisons made between the stately beauty of the Englishwoman and the brilliant charms of her Hungarian friend. I sat next to Valérie, and opposite Miss Beverley—the latter scarcely ever spoke to me now, and save a formal greeting when we met and parted, seemed completely to ignore my existence; but she tolerated Bold, and the dog lay curled up under the table at her feet, keeping watch and ward over her—faithful Bold!—as he used to do long, long ago. Ropsley held forth upon the political state of Europe; and although Victor and Sir Harry expressed loudly their admiration of his sentiments, and the lucid manner in which he expressed them, I have yet reason to believe that, as he spoke in English, a very garbled and eccentric translation of his remarks reached the imperial and kingly *bureau* of police. Constance and Valérie seemed to have some secret understanding which called forth a smile even on the pale face of the former, whilst the latter was exuberant in mirth and spirits, and was ardently anticipating the pleasures of the ball. I was roused from my dreamy state of abstraction by her lively voice.

"Vere," she exclaimed with a sly glance across the table at her friend, "we are engaged for the first dance, you know."

She always called me "Vere" now, in imitation of her brother.

"Are we?" was my somewhat ungallant reply. "I was not aware of it. I do not think I shall go to the ball."

"Not go to the ball!" exclaimed Valérie; "and I have told you the color of my dress and everything. Not go to the ball! do you hear him, Victor? do you hear him, Sir Harry? do you hear him, Captain Ropsley?"

"We can hardly believe it," replied the latter, with a quiet smile; "but, Countess Valerie, he does not deserve your confidence: will you not tell us what your dress is to be?"

"Nobody but Vere," persisted the countess, with another arch smile at Constance; "you know he is engaged to me, at least for this evening. But he is cross and rude, and deserves to be mystified and made unhappy. But seriously, Vere, you will go? Ask him, Miss Beverley; he won't refuse you, although he is so ungallant towards me."

Constance looked up for a moment, and in a dry measured voice, like a child repeating a lesson, said, "I hope you will go, Mr Egerton;" and then resumed the study of her plate, paler and more reserved than ever.

I heard Polli's tail wagging against the floor. "What have I done to offend her?" I thought, "that she will thus scarcely even deign to speak to me." I bowed constrainedly, and said nothing; but the torture was beginning to get more severe than I could bear, and making an excuse that I should be late for the opera, whither none of my companions were going, I hurried from the table, Valerie giving me as I rose a camellia from her bouquet, and charging me to return it to her at the ball. "I shall count upon you, Vere," she said, as I adjusted it in my coat, "and keep myself disengaged."

I threaded my way through the dirty streets to the opera. I ensconced myself in the corner of De Rohans' box; and resting my head on my hand, I began to reflect for the first time for many weeks on my position and my prospects. I could not conceal from myself that I was no longer justified in living on the terms of intimacy with Victor and his sister, which had so long constituted such an agreeable distraction in my life. It was evident that Valerie considered me in the light of something more than a friend, and it was due to the lady, to her brother, and to myself, that such a misconception should be rectified at once and for ever. I was well aware in my heart of hearts that Constance Beverley was still, as she would always be, the idol of my life, but I was too proud to confess this even to myself. It was evident that she cared no longer for the friend of her childhood, that she was totally indifferent as to what became of the nameless, ill-starred adventurer who had once presumed to ask her to be his; and I ground my teeth as I told myself I was too proud, far too proud, to care for any woman that did not care for me. But I could not lead this life of inaction and duplicity any longer. No, I was well now, I was able to walk again (and I thought of my gentle nurse with a sigh). I would not go to the ball to-night; I would leave Vienna to-morrow; it was far better not to see Miss Beverley again, better for me at least, and ought I not to consult my own interest first? Others were selfish. I would be selfish too! Even Valérie, I had no doubt, was just like all other women; she wouldn't care, not she! And yet she was a frank, open-hearted girl, too. Poor Valérie! And mechanically I placed the camellia she had given me to my lips, and raised my eyes to examine the house for the first time since my entrance.

What was my surprise to remark the action I have just described imitated exactly by a lady in a box opposite mine, but whose face was so turned away from me, and so masked, moreover, by a bouquet she held in her hand, that I could not identify her features, or even make out whether she was young or old, handsome or plain? All I could see was a profusion of rich brown hair, and a well-turned arm holding the bouquet aforesaid, with the odors of which she seemed much gratified, so perseveringly did she apply it to her face. After a short interval, I adjusted my opera-glass, and took a long survey of the flower-loving dame. As soon as she was sure she had attracted my attention, she once more applied the white camellia to her lips with much energy and fervor, still, however, keeping her face as far as possible turned away from me, and shaded by the curtains of her box. Three times this absurd pantomime was enacted. So strong a partiality for so scentless a flower as the camellia could not be accidental; and at last I made up my mind that, in all probability, she mistook me for somebody else, and would soon find out her error without my giving myself any further trouble on the subject. I had too much to occupy my own mind to distress myself very long about the *Dame aux Camellias*; and I turned my attention to the stage, to seek relief, if only for half an hour, from the thoughts that were worrying at my heart.

The ballet of *Sattinella* was being enacted, and a man must have been indeed miserable who could entirely withdraw his attention from the magnificent figure of Marie Taglioni, as she bounded about in the character of that fire-born Temptress, a very impersonation of grace, symmetry, beauty, and *diablerie*. The moral of the piece is very properly not developed till the end, and it is too much to expect of the human heart that it shall sympathise with the unfortunate victim of Satan's charming daughter, as long as his tortures are confined to performing wondrous bounds towards the footlights in her fiendish company, and resting her diabolical form upon his knee in the most graceful and bewitching attitude that was ever invented below, and sent up expressly for the delectation of a Viennese audience. Neither did I think the "first male dancer" very much to be pitied when he was inveigled into a beautiful garden by moonlight, where he discovered the whole *corps de ballet* arranged in imitation of statues, in the most fascinating of *poses plastiques*, and so well drilled as scarcely even to wink more than the very marble it was their part to represent. Soft music playing the whole time, and fountains, real fountains, spouting and splashing the entire depth of the stage, constituted the voluptuous accessories of the scene, and it was not till the senses of the spectators had been thoroughly entranced by beauty and melody—by all that could fascinate the eye and charm the ear, that the whole spectacle changed to one of infernal splendor; the fountains becoming fireworks, the pure and snowy statues turning to gorgeous she-devils of the most diabolical beauty and fierceness, whilst *Sattinella* herself, appearing in a bewitching costume of crimson and flames, carried off the bewildered victim of her blandishments, to remain bound to her for ever in the dominions of her satanic father.

Having once got him, it is understood that she will never let him go again, and I could not pity him very sincerely notwithstanding.

The opera was over, the company rapidly departing, and I stood alone at the stove in the crush-room, wondering why the house was not burnt down every time this beautiful ballet was performed, and speculating lazily between whiles as to whether I was ever likely to witness an opera again. I was one of the last spectators left in the house, and was preparing to depart when a female figure, cloaked and hooded, passed rapidly under my very nose, and as she did so pressed a camellia to her lips in a manner which admitted of no misconception as to her motive. I could not see her face, for a black satin hood almost covered it, but I recognised the rounded arm and the handsome bouquet which I had before remarked in the opposite box. Of course I gave instantaneous chase, and equally of course came up with the lady before she reached her carriage. She turned round as she placed her foot on the step, and dropped her fan upon the muddy pavement; I picked it up, and returned it to her with a bow. She thanked me in French, and whispered hurriedly, "Monsieur will be at the Redouten-Saal to-night?" I was in no humor for an adventure, and answered, "No." She repeated in a marked manner, "Yes, monsieur will be at the ball; monsieur will find himself under the gallery of the emperor's band at midnight. *De grace*, monsieur will not refuse me this rendezvous."

"I had not intended to go," was my unavailing reply, "but of course to please madame it was my duty to make any sacrifice. I would be at the appointed place at the appointed time."

She thanked me warmly and earnestly. "She had travelled night and day for a week, the roads were impassable, frightful, the fatigue unheard of. She had a *migraine*, she had not slept for nights, and yet she was going to this ball. I would not fail her, I would be sure to be there. Adieu." "No." "*Au revoir*."

So the carriage drove off, splashing no small quantity of mud over my face and toilette. As I returned to my hotel to dress, I wondered what was going to happen now.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A MERRY MASQUE.

It was a beautiful sight, one calculated to inspire feelings of mirth and gaiety, even in a heart ill at ease with itself. Such a ball-room as the Redouten-Saal is perhaps hardly to be seen elsewhere in Europe. Such music I will venture to say can only be heard in Vienna, where the whole population, from the

highest to the lowest, seem to live only that they may dance. Everybody knows the effect of brilliant light on the animal spirits; the walls of these magnificent rooms are of a pale fawn color, almost approaching to white—the very shade that best refracts and enhances the effect of hundreds of wax candles, shedding their soft radiance on the votaries of pleasure below. No wonder people are in good spirits; no wonder they throng the spacious halls, or parade the long galleries above, and looking down from their elevated position, pass many a pointed jest and humorous sally on the varied scene that crowds the floor below. No wonder they frequent the refreshment-rooms that skirt these galleries, and flirt and talk nonsense, and quiz each other with the cumbrous vivacity of the Saxon race. When I entered from the quiet street, I was dazzled by the glare, and almost stupefied by the hum of many voices, and the pealing notes of one of those waltzes which Strauss seems to have composed expressly to remind the fallen children of Adam of their lost Paradise. From a boy music has made me melancholy—the sweeter the sadder: and although it is a morbid, unmanly feeling, which I have striven hard to overcome, it has always conquered me, it will always conquer me to the last. I felt bitterly out of place among these pleasure worshippers. What had I to do here, where all were merry and full of enjoyment? My very dress was out of keeping with the scene, for I was one of a very small minority in civil attire. Gorgeous uniforms, white, blue, and green, glittered all over the ball-room; for in Austria no officer now-a-days ever appears out of uniform; and as an army of six hundred thousand men is officered almost exclusively from the aristocracy, the fair ball-goers of Vienna find no lack of partners in gaudy and warlike attire. The ladies are all masked; not so their respective cavaliers, it being part of the amusement of these balls, that the gentler sex alone should appear incognito, and so torment their natural prey at more than their usual advantage; thus many a poisoned dart is planted, many a thrust driven securely home, without a chance of a parry or fear of a return. Though Pity is represented in a female garb, it seems to me that woman, when she does strike, strikes harder, straighter, swifter, more unsparingly than man. Perhaps she suffers as much as she inflicts, and this makes her ruthless and reckless—who knows? if so, she would rather die than acknowledge it. These are not thoughts for a ball, and yet they crowded on me more and more as I stood under the musicians' gallery, gazing vacantly at the throng.

Victor and his party had not yet arrived. I was sure to distinguish them by Ropsley's scarlet uniform, and I was also sure that in such an assemblage of military connoisseurs the costume of Queen Victoria's body-guard would attract observation and remark that could not pass unnoticed even by so pre-occupied a spectator as myself. Besides, I knew the color of Valérie's dress; it was to be pink, and of some fabric, beautiful exceedingly, of which I had forgotten the name as soon as told. I was consequently sure of finding them whenever I wished, so I stood quietly in my corner, and watched its crowd go by, without caring to mingle in the stream or partake of the amusements every one else seemed to find so delightful. How poor and rapid sounded the conversation of the passers-by; how strained the efforts at wit; how forced and unnatural the attempts at mystification! The Germans are too like ourselves to sustain for any length of time the artificial pace of *badinage* and *repartee*. It is not the genius of the nation, and they soon come to a humble jog-trot of old jokes and trite facetiæ, or worse still, break down completely, and stop once for all. The only man that seemed in his element was a French *attaché*, and he indeed entered into the spirit of the thing with the zest and enthusiasm of truly Parisian origin. Surrounded by masks, he kept up a fire of witticism which never failed or diminished for an instant; like the juggler who plays with half a dozen balls, now one, now another, now all up in air at once. The Frenchman seemed to ask no respite, to shrink from no emergency; he was little, he was ugly, he was not even gentlemanlike, but he was "the right man in the right place," and the ladies were enchanted with him accordingly. Surrounded by his admirers, he was at a sufficient distance from me to watch his proceedings without the risk of appearing impertinent, and so I looked on, half amused at his readiness, half disgusted with his flippancy, till I found my attention wandering once more to my own unprofitable and discontented thoughts.

"*Mouton qui rêve*," said a voice at my elbow, so close that it made me start.

I turned rapidly round, and saw a lady standing so near that her dress touched mine, masked, of course, and thoroughly disguised in figure and appearance. Had it not been for the handsome arm and the camellia she held to her lips, I should not have recognized her as the lady I had spoken to at the door of the Opera, and who had appointed to meet me at this very spot—a *rendezvous* which, truth to tell, I had nearly forgotten.

"*Mouton qui rêve*," she repeated, and added in the same language, "your dreams must be very pleasant if they can thus abstract you from all earthly considerations, even music and dancing, and your duty towards the fair sex."

"Now what can this woman want with me? I wish she would let me alone," was my inward thought; but my outward expression thereof was couched in more polite language.

"Dreaming! of course I was dreaming—and of Madame; so bright a vision, that I could hardly hope ever to see it realized. I place myself at Madame's feet as the humblest of her slaves."

She laughed in my face. "Do not attempt compliments," she said, "it is not your *metier*. The only thing I like about you English is your frankness and straightforward character. Take me up stairs. I want to speak seriously to you. Don't look so pre-occupied."

At this instant I recognized Ropsley's scarlet uniform showing to great advantage on his tall person in the distance; I could not help glancing towards the part of the room in which I knew the pink dress was to be found, for the pink dress would of course have entered with Ropsley, and where the pink dress was there would be another, whom, after to-night, I had resolved never, never to see again.

My mysterious acquaintance had now hooked herself on to my arm, and as we toiled up the stairs it was necessary to say something. I said the first thing that occurred to me, "How did you know I was an Englishman?" She laughed again.

"Not by your French," she answered; "for without compliment, you speak it as well as I do; but who except an Englishman would go to sleep with his eyes open in such a place as this? who else would forget such a *rendezvous* as I gave you here? who else, with a pretty woman on his arm (I am a pretty woman, though I don't mean to unmask), would be longing to get away, and hankering after a pink dress and a black domino at the other end of the room? You needn't wince, my friend; I know all your secrets. You were in the seventh heaven when I interrupted you. I wish you would come down to earth again."

I will not say where I wished *she* would go down to, but I answered gravely and politely enough—"It was not to tell me this you stopped your carriage after the Opera to-night; tell me how I can serve you—I am at the disposition of madame, though I am at a loss to discover what she means by her pink dresses and black dominoes."

"I will not laugh at you for being serious," she replied. "I am serious myself now, and I shall be for the next ten minutes. Frankly, I know you; I know all about you. I know the drawing-room at Edeldorf, and I know Valérie de Rohan—don't look so frightened, your secret is safe with me. Be equally frank, Monsieur l'Interprète, and interpret something for me, under promise of secrecy. You are an Englishman," she added, hurriedly, her manner changing suddenly to one of earnestness, not unmixed with agitation; "can I depend upon you?"

"Implicitly, madame," was my reply.

"Then, tell me why Victor de Rohan is constantly at the Hotel Munsch with his foreign friends; tell me why he is always in attendance on that proud young lady, that frigid specimen of an English 'meccas'? Is it true, I only ask you—tell me, is it true?"

Agitated as was the questioner, her words smote home to her listener's heart. How blind I had been, living with them every day, and never to see it! while here was a comparative stranger, one at least who, by her own account, had been absent from Vienna for weeks, and also was mistress of the details of our every-day life; she had been watching like a lynx, whilst I was sleeping or dreaming at my post; well, it mattered little which now. The hand which held her bouquet was shaking visibly,

but her voice was steady and even slightly sarcastic as she read her answer in my face, and resumed.

"What I have heard, then, is true, and Count de Rohan is indeed an enviable man. You need not say another word, Monsieur l'Interprète; I am satisfied. I thank you for your patience; you may kiss my hand," and she gave it me with the air of a queen. "I am an old friend of his and of his family; I shall go and congratulate him; you need not accompany me. Adieu! good sleep and pleasant dreams to you."

I followed her with my eyes as she moved away. I saw her walk up to Victor, who had a lady in blue, Constance, of course, upon his arm. She passed close by him and whispered in his ear. He started, and I could see that he turned deadly pale. For an instant he hesitated as if he would follow her, but in a twinkling she was lost amongst the crowd, and I saw her no more that night.

I threaded my way to where Ropsley in his scarlet uniform was conversing with a knot of distinguished Austrian officers; they were listening to his remarks with attention, and here, as elsewhere, in the ball-room at Vienna as in the play-ground at Everdon, it seemed natural that my old schoolfellow should take the lead. Sir Harry was by his side, occasionally putting in his word, somewhat *mal-à-propos*, for though a shrewd capable man, foreign politics were a little out of Sir Harry's depth. Behind him stood the much talked of pink dress; its wearer was closely masked, but I knew the flowers she held in her hand, and I thought now was the time to bid Valérie a long farewell. She was a little detached from her party, and I do not think expected to see me so soon, for she started when I spoke to her, but bowed in acquiescence, and put her arm within mine when I proposed to make the tour of the room with her, although, true to the spirit of a masquerade, not a word escaped her lips. I led her up to the galleries and placed a seat for her apart from the crowd. I did not quite know how to begin, and contrary to her wont, Valérie seemed as silently disposed as myself. At last I took courage, and made my plunge.

"I have asked to speak to you, to wish you good-bye," I said. "I am going away to-morrow. For my own sake I must stay here no longer. I am going back to the East. I am well now, and anxious to be on service again. I have stayed in the fatherland far too long as it is. To-morrow, at daybreak, Bold and I must be *en route* for Trieste." I paused; she winced and drew in her breath quickly, but bowed her head without speaking, and I went on—"Mine has been a strange lot, and not a very happy one; and this must account to you for my reserved, unsocial conduct—my seeming ingratitude to my best and kindest friends. Believe me, I am not ungrateful, only unhappy. I might have been, I ought to have been, a very different man. I shall to-night bid you farewell, perhaps for ever. You are a true friend; you have always borne and sympathized with me. I will tell you my history; bear and sympathize with me now. I have been a fool and an idolator all my life; but I have been at least consistent in my folly, and true in my idolatry. From my earliest boyhood there has been but one face on earth to me, and that one face will haunt me till I die. Was it my fault, that seeing her every day I could not choose but love her? that loving her I would have striven heart and soul, life and limb to win her? And I failed. I failed, though I would have poured out my heart's blood at her feet. I failed, and yet I loved her fondly, painfully, madly as ever. Why am I an exile from my country—a wanderer on the face of the earth—a ruined, desperate man? Why, because of her. And yet I would not have it otherwise, if I could. It is dearer to me to sorrow for her sake, than it could have been to be happy with another. Valérie, God forbid you should ever know what it is to love as I have done. God forbid that the feeling which ought to be the blessing and the sunshine of a life, should turn to its blight and its curse! Valérie."

She was shaking all over: she was weeping convulsively under her mask. I could hear her sobs, and yet I was pitiless. I went on. It was such a relief in the selfishness of my sorrow, to pour out the pent-up grief of years, to tell any one, even that merry, light-hearted girl, how bitterly I had suffered—how hopeless was my lot. It was not that I asked for sympathy, it was not that I required pity; but it seemed a necessity of my being, that I should establish in the ears of one living witness, the fact of my great sorrow, ere I carried it away with me, per-

haps to my grave. And all this time the melody of the "Weintrauben" was pealing on, as if in mockery. Oh, that waltz! How often she had played it to me in the drawing-room at Beverley! Surely, surely, it must strike that cold heart even now.

My companion's sobs were less violent, but she grasped the bouquet in her hand till every flower drooped and withered with the pressure.

"Valérie," I continued, "do not think me vain or presumptuous. I speak to you as a man who has death looking him in the face. I am resolved never to return. I am no braver than my neighbors, but I have nothing on earth to live for, and I pray to die. I can speak to you now as I would not dare to speak if I thought ever to look in your face again. You have been my consoler, my sister, my friend. Oh, I could have dared to love you, Valérie; to strive for you, to win you, had I but been free. You are, perhaps, far worthier than that proud, unfeling girl—and yet—it cannot be. Farewell, Valérie, dear Valérie; we shall never meet again. You will be happy, and prosperous, and beloved; and you will think sometimes of the poor wounded bird whose broken wing you healed, only that it might fly away once more into the storm. As for me, I have had no future for years. I live only in the past. Bold and I must begin our wanderings again to-morrow—Bold, whom she used to fondle, whom I love for her sake. It is not every man, Countess Valérie, that will sacrifice his all to an idea, and that idea a false one!"

"Stop, Vere!" she gasped out, wildly; "hush, for mercy's sake, hush!"

Oh! that voice—that voice! was I dreaming? was it possible? was I mad? Still the wild tones of the "Weintrauben" swelled and sank upon mine ear; still the motley crowd down below were whirling before my sight; and as surely as I saw and heard, so surely was it Constance Beverley who laid her hand in mine, and tearing down her mask turned upon me a look so wild, so mournful, so unearthly, that, through all my astonishment, all my confusion, it chilled me to the heart. Many a day afterwards—ay, in the very jaws of death, in the sulphurous breach, in the reeling tide of battle, that look haunted me still.

"So true," she muttered; "oh, misery, misery! too late."

"Forgive me, Miss Beverley," I resumed, bitterly, and with cold politeness; "this communication was not intended for you. I meant to bid Countess Valérie farewell. You have accidentally heard that which I would have died sooner than have told you. It would be affectation to deny it now. I shall not annoy you any further. I congratulate you on your many conquests, and wish you good-bye."

She was weeping once more, and wrung my hand convulsively.

"Vere, Vere," she pleaded, "do not be so hard upon me; so bitter, so mocking, so unlike yourself. Spare me, I entreat you, for I am very miserable. You do not know how I am situated. You do not know how I have struggled. But I must not talk thus now."

She recovered her self-command with a strong effort, and pale as death, she spoke steadily on.

"Vere, we may not make our own lot in life; whatever is, is for the best. It is too late to think of what might have been. Vere, dear Vere, you are my brother—you never can be more to me than a dear, dear brother."

"Why not?" I gasped, for her words, her voice, her trembling frame, her soft, sweet, mournful looks, had raised once more a legion of hopes that I thought were buried for ever in my breast; and despite my cruel taunts, I loved her, even whilst I smote, as the fierce human heart can love, and tear, and rend, and suffer the while, far, far more keenly than its victim.

"Because I am the promised wife of another. Your friend, Count de Rohan, proposed for me this very day, and I accepted him."

She was standing up as she said it, and she spoke in a steady measured voice, like a child repeating a lesson; but she sat down when she had finished and tried to put her mask on again. Her fingers trembled so that she could not tie the strings.

I offered her my arm, and we went down stairs. Not a word

did we exchange till we had nearly reached the place where Sir Harry was still standing talking to Victor de Rohan. Ropsley, in his scarlet uniform, was whirling away with a lady in a blue dress, whose figure I recognized at once for that of the Countess Valérie. It was easy to discover that the young ladies, who resembled each other in size and stature, had changed dresses; and the countess, to enhance the deception, had lent her bouquet to her friend. I was giddy and confused, like a man with his death-hurt, but pride whispered in my ear to bear it in silence and seeming unconcern.

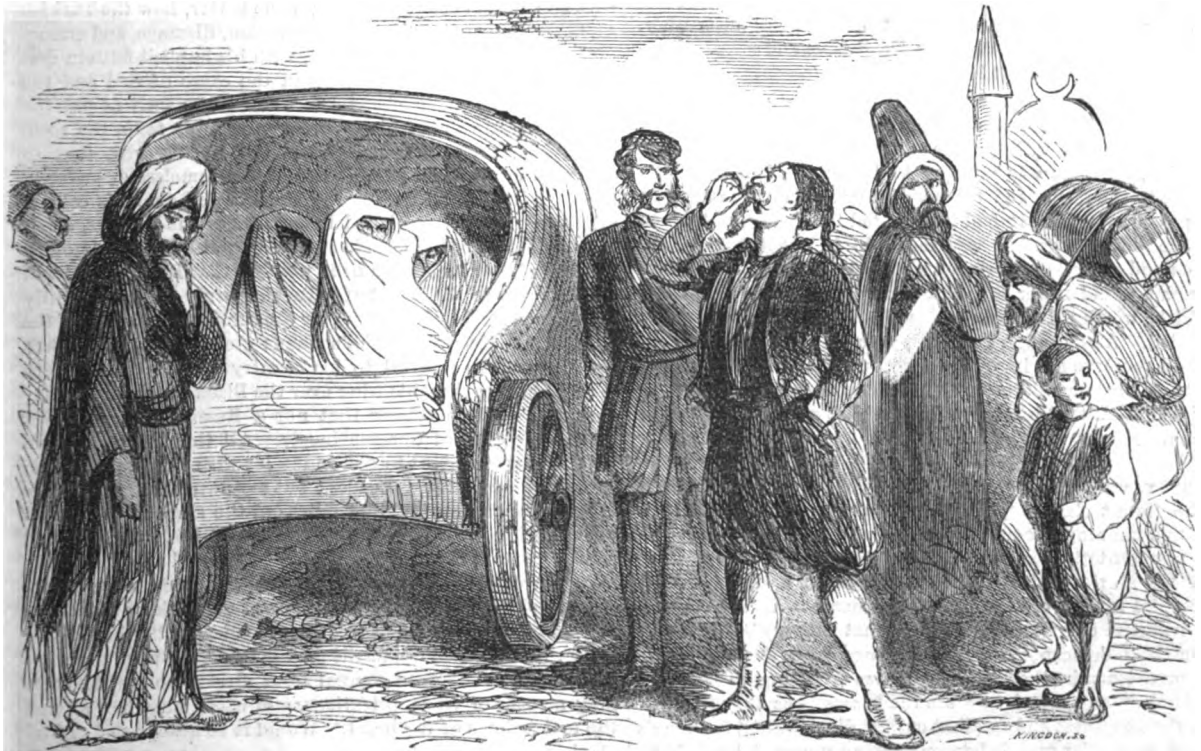
Three paces more would bring us to Sir Harry. I should never see her again. In a short time she might perhaps read my name in the *Gazette*, and then hard, haughty, false as she was, she would like to know that I had been true to her to the last. No, I would not part with her in anger; my better angel conquered, and I wrung her hand, and whispered, "God bless you, Constance." "God bless you, Vere," she replied; and the pressure of those soft trembling fingers thrilled on mine for many a day.

I recollect but little more of that ball in the Redouten-Saal. I believe I congratulated Victor on his approaching marriage. I believe I wished Valérie good-bye, and was a little disappointed at the resignation with which she accepted my departure. I have a vague impression that even Ropsley, usually so calm, so selfish, so unsympathizing, accompanied me home, under the impression that I was ill. My mind had been overstrung, and I walked about like a man in a dream. But morning came at last, and with my cased sword under my arm, and Beld in a leash at my feet, I stood on the platform of the railway station waiting for the departure of my train. An English servant in the well-known livery, touched his hat, as he put a letter into my hand. Miser that I was! I would not read it till I was fairly settled in the carriage. Little thought the faded belle, with her false front, opposite me, or the fat man, with a scolding on his fore-finger, by my side, how that scrap of paper was all my wealth on earth; but they were honest Germans, and possessed that truest of all politeness, which does as it would be done by. No inquisitive regards annoyed me during the perusal; no impertinent sympathy remarked on the tears which I am ashamed to say fell thick and fast upon it ere it closed. I have it by me now, that yellow, well-worn paper. I have read those delicate womanly characters by scorching sunlight, by the faint glimmer of a picket's lantern, far away on the boundless sea, cramped and close in the stifling tent. If indeed "every

bullet has its billet," and any one of them had been destined to lodge in my bosom, it must have found its way right through that fragile shield—ay, carried in with it the very words which were ineffaceably engraven on my heart. No wonder I can remember it all. Here it is:

"Vere, you must not judge me as men are prone to judge women—harshly, hastily, uncharitably. We are not all frivolous, selfish, and fond of change, caring only for our amusements, our conquests, as you call them, and our enmities. You were bitter and cruel to me last night. Indeed, indeed, I feel you had a right to be so. Vere, I am so, so sorry for you. But you must not think I have treated you unkindly, or with want of confidence. Remember how you have avoided me ever since we came to Vienna; remember how you have behaved to me as a stranger, or at most a mere acquaintance; how you have never once inquired about my prospects, or alluded to old times. Perhaps you were right; perhaps you felt proud, hurt and angry; and yet, Vere, I had expected better things from you. Had I been in your place, I think I could have forgiven, I think I could have cared for, sympathized with, and respected one whom I was forbidden to love. If I were a man, it seems to me that I should not place happiness, however great, as the one sole aim of my existence; that I should strive to win honor and distinction, to benefit my fellow-men, and above all, to fulfil my duty, even with no higher reward here below than my own approval. Vere, when a man feels he is doing right, others think so too. I could be proud, oh so proud, of my brother. Yes, Vere, it is my turn to implore now, and I entreat you to let me be a sister, a very dear sister to you. As such I will tell you all my griefs, all my doings; as such I can confide in you, write to you, think of you, pray for you, as indeed I do, Vere, every morning and evening of my life. And now let us dismiss at once and for ever the thoughts of what might have been. The past is beyond recall—the present, as you used to say, does not exist. The future none can call their own. There is but one reality in life, and that is Right. Vere, I have done right. I have followed the path of duty. Brother, I call upon you for your help along the rough steep way; you have never failed me yet, you will not fail me now.

"You knew my mother died when I was very young. Since then my father has fulfilled the duties of both parents towards his child. As I have grown older and seen more of the world, I have been better able to appreciate his affection and devotion to myself. A little girl must have been a sad clog upon a man



TURKISH ARABIA CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF PERA.

like my dear father—a high-spirited gentleman, fond of the world, fond of society, fond of pleasure. Besides, had it not been for me he would have married again, and he preferred to sacrifice his happiness to his child. Can I ever repay him? No. Whatever may have been his faults, he has been a kind, kind father to me. I will tell you all frankly, Vere, as this is the last time the subject can ever be mentioned between us. Had I been free to choose I would have been yours. I am not ashamed—nay, I am *proud* to own it. But you know how impossible it was, how absolutely my father forbade it. To have disobeyed him would have been wicked and ungrateful. I feel that even you would not have respected me had I done so. But of late he has been most anxious to see me settled in life. From his own hints and Captain Ropsley's open assertions, it seems this alone can stave off some dreadful evil. I do not understand it. I only know I am bound to do all in my power for papa; and that he is entangled with that bad, unprincipled man, I feel convinced. Oh, Vere, it might have been far, far worse. In accepting Count de Rohan, I have escaped a great and frightful danger. Besides, I esteem him highly, I like his society, I admire his open, honorable character. I have known him all my life; he is your oldest friend—I need not enlarge upon his merits to you. His sister, too, is a charming, frank-hearted girl. From all I heard, from all I saw, I had hoped, Vere, that she had effaced in your mind the unhappy recollections of former days. She is beautiful, accomplished and attractive; can you wonder that I believed what I was told, and judged, besides, by what I saw? Even now we might be related. You seem to like her, and she would make any one happy. Forgive me, Vere, forgive me for the suggestion. It seems so unfeeling now, whilst I have your tones of misery ringing in my ears; and yet, Heaven knows, your happiness is the wish nearest my heart. Consult only that, and I shall be satisfied. To hear of your welfare, your success, will make me happy. I cannot, I must not write to you again. You yourself would not wish it. I ought to write no more now. I feel for you, Vere, I know how you must suffer, but the steel must be tempered in the fire, and it is through suffering that men learn to be great and good. There are other prizes in life besides happiness. There is an hour coming for us all, when even the dearest and closest will have to part. May we both be ready when that hour arrives. And now it is time to bid the long farewell; our paths in life must henceforth be separate. Do not think unkindly of me, Vere; I may not be with you, but I may be proud of you, and wish you every happiness. Forget me—yet not altogether. Dear, dear brother, God bless you! and farewell!

"Take care of poor Bold!"

So it was really over at last. Well, and what then? Had it not been over, to all intents and purposes, long ago? Yes, there was something worth living for after all. There was no bitterness now, for there was nothing to hope; the cup had been drained to the dregs, and the very intoxication of the draught had passed away, but it had invigorated the system and given new life to the heart. It was much to feel that I had been valued and appreciated by such a woman—much to know that my name would never fall unmeaningly on her ear. And I would be worthy, I would never fail. The sacrifice should be perfected. And though I might never see her again on earth, I would preserve her image pure and unsullied in my heart of hearts. Constance Beverley should henceforth and for ever be my ideal of all that was purest and noblest and best beloved in woman.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE GOLDEN HORN.

"JOHNNY, want to see the bazaar?" The speaker was a Greek of the lowest class, depraved and dirty, with a flexibility of limb and cunning of countenance only to be seen in the present representatives of that race who furnished the sculptor with his glorious ideal of godlike strength and intellectual beauty. I longed to kick him—the climate of Constantinople is provocative of irritation, and I felt that with my bushy beard, my oriental demeanor, my acquaintance with Turkish habits and pronunciation in the language, it was irritating to be called "Johnny," and asked to "see the bazaar," as though I had been the smoothest and ruddiest ensign, disembarked for a day's leave from yonder crowded troop-ship, an innocent lamb frisking in the sun on my way up to the shambles before Sebastopol.

Yes, I was pretty well acclimatized in Turkey now. A year and more had passed over my head since I had left Vienna, the morning after that memorable ball at the Redouten-Saal, and what changes had that year brought forth! Sir Harry Beverley was gathered to his fathers, and an investigation into that worthy gentleman's affairs had explained much that was hitherto incomprehensible in his conduct as to his daughter's marriage, and his connexion with Ropsley. The latter had played his game scientifically throughout. He was aware that on a proper settlement being made, by marriage or otherwise, for his daughter, Sir Harry would obtain the fee-simple of certain property which, until such an event, he only held in trust for the young lady's benefit; and as these were the sole funds to which the far-seeing guardsman could look to liquidate Sir Harry's debts to himself, incurred no one knew exactly how, it was his object to expedite as speedily as possible the marriage of my early love. As she was an heiress he would have had no objection to wed her himself, and indeed, as we have already seen, had entered into terms with her father for the furtherance of this object. That scheme was, however, defeated by her own determination, and it had long been apparent to my mind that Constance had only married my old friend Victor to escape from the dreadful alternative of becoming Ropsley's wife; that such an alliance promised but ill for the future happiness of both, I could not conceal from myself, and yet so selfish is the human heart, so difficult is it to shake the "trail of the serpent" from off the flowrets of our earthly love, I could not regret as I ought to have done, that the two people whom most I cared for in the world, should not be as devoted to each other as is essential to the happiness of those whom the tie of marriage has bound indissolubly together.

Ah! she was Countess de Rohan now, living at Edeldorf in all that state and luxury which she was so well calculated to adorn; and I, what had I done since we parted at the masquerade? Well, I had striven to fulfil her wishes—to rise to honor and distinction, to be worthy of her friendship and esteem. Fame I had gained none, but I had done my duty. Omar Pasha, my kind patron, who had never forgotten the child that sympathized with him at Edeldorf, had expressed himself satisfied with my services; and 'Skender Bey, drunk or sober, never passed me without a cordial shake of the hand. For more than a year I had shared the fortunes of the Turkish commander and the Turkish army. I had seen the merits of these poor, patient, staunch, unflinching troops, and the shortcomings of their corrupt and venal officers. I knew, none better, how the Turkish soldier will bear hunger, thirst, privation, ill-usage, and arrears of pay, without a murmur; how, with his implicit faith in destiny, and his noble self-sacrifice in the cause of God and the Sultan, he is capable of endurance and effort such as put the ancient Spartan to the blush—witness the wan faces, the spectral forms, gaunt, famine-stricken and hollow-eyed, that so doggedly carried out the behests of the tameless defender of Kars. I had seen him starved and cheated that his colonel might gormandize—ay! and in defiance of the Prophet, drink to intoxication of the forbidden liquid—and I wondered not, as none who know the nation need wonder, that Russian gold will work its way to the defeat of a Turkish army far more swiftly than all the steel that bristles over the thronging columns of the Muscovite. Keep the pasha's hands clean, or make it worth his while to be faithful to his country—forbid the northern eagle from spreading his wing over the Black Sea, and you may trust the Turkish soldier that not a Russian regiment ever reaches the gates of Constantinople. All this I had seen, and for long I was content to cast in my lot with this brave people, struggling against the invader; but my own countrymen were in arms scarce two hundred miles off, the siege of Sebastopol was dragging wearily on from day to day—I felt that I would fain be under the dear old English flag; would fain strike one blow surrounded by the kindly English faces, cheered by the homely English tongues. She was more likely to hear of me, too, if I could obtain some employment with the English army; and this last argument proved to me too painfully what I had vainly striven to conceal from myself, how little these long months of trials, privations, and excitement had altered the real feelings of my heart. Would it be always so? Alas! alas! it was a weary lot.

"Johnny, want to see the bazaar?" He woke me from my

day-dream; but I felt more kindly toward him now, more cosmopolitan, more charitable. In such a scene as that, how could any man, a unit in such a throng, think only of his own individual interests or sufferings?

Never since the days of the Crusaders—ay, scarcely even in that romantic time, was there seen such a motley assemblage as now crowded the wooden bridge that traverses the Golden Horn between bustling, dirty, *dissonant* Pera, and stately, quiet, dignified Stamboul, those two suggestive quarters that constitute the Turkish capital. On that bridge might be seen a specimen of nearly every nation under the sun—the English soldier, with his burly, upright figure, and staid, well-disciplined air; the rakish Zouave, with his rollicking gait, and professed libertinism of demeanour, foreign to the real character of the man. Jauntily he sways and swaggers along, his hands thrust into the pockets of his enormous red petticoat trousers, his blonde hair shaved close “à la Khabye,” and his fair complexion burnt red by an African sun, long before he came here “en route, voyez-vous,” to fill the ditch of the Malakhoff. “Pardon,” he observes to a tall, stately Persian fresh from Astracan, whom he jostles unwittingly, for a Frenchman is never impolite save when he really intends insult; the fire-warrior in his long red-colored robes and high-pointed cap, wreathes his aquiline features into an expression of stately astonishment—for a Persian, too, has his notions of good-breeding, and is extremely punctilious in acting up to them. His picturesque costume, however, and dignified bearing are lost upon the Zouave, for a gilded arabia is at the moment passing, with its well-guarded freight, and the accursed Giaour ogles these flowers of the harem with an impudent pertinacity of truly Parisian growth. The beauties, fresh from their bath, attempt, with henna-tinted fingers, to draw their thin veils higher over their radiant features, their bedgown-looking dresses tighter round their plump forms; an arrangement which by some fatality invariably discloses the beauties of face and figure more liberally than before. Here a Jew, in his black dress and solemn turban, is counting his gains attentively on his fingers; there an Armenian priest, with square cap and long dusky draperies, tells his prayers upon his sandal-wood beads. A mad dervish, naked to the loins, his hair knotted in elf-locks, his limbs macerated by starvation, howls out his unearthly dirge, to which nobody seems to pay attention, save that Yankee skipper, in a round hat, fresh from Halifax to Balaklava, who is much astonished, if he would only confess it, and who sets down in his mental log-book all that he sees and hears in this strange country as an “almighty start.” Italian sailors, speaking as much with their fingers as their tongues, call perpetually on the Virgin; whilst Greeks, Maltese, and Ionian islanders scream, and gesticulate, and jabber, and cheat whenever and however they can. Yonder an Arab from the desert stalks grim and haughty, as though he trod the burning sands of his free, boundless home. Armed to the teeth, the costly shawl around his waist bristling with pistols and sword and deadly yataghan, he looks every inch the tameless war-hawk whose hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against him. Pre-occupied is he, though, for he has left his steed in a stable from whence he feels no certainty that priceless animal may not be stolen ere he returns; and should he lose his horse, what will his very life avail him then? Nevertheless, he can sneer bitterly on that gigantic Ethiopian—a slave, of course—who struts past him in all the borrowed importance of a great man’s favorite. At Constantinople, as at New Orleans—in the city of the sultan as in the land of the free, the swarthy skin, the flattened features, and the woolly hair of the negro denote the slave. That is a tall, stalwart fellow, though, and would fetch his price in South Carolina fast enough were he put up for sale to the highest bidder. Such a lot he need not dread here, and he leads some half-dozen of his comrades, like himself, splendidly dressed and armed, with a confident, not to say bellicose air, that seems to threaten all bystanders with annihilation if they do not speedily make way for his master the pasha. And now the pasha himself comes swinging by at the fast easy walk of his magnificent Turkish charger, not many crosses removed from the pure blood of the desert. The animal seems proud of its costly accoutrements, its head-stall embossed with gold, and housings sown with pearls, nor seems inclined to flag or waver under the goodly

weight it carries so jauntily. A gentleman of substantial proportions is the pasha; broad, strong and corpulent, with the quiet, contented air of one whose habitual life is spent among subordinates and inferiors. He is a true Turk, and it is easy to trace in his gestures and demeanor—haughty, grave and courteous—the bearing of the dominant race. His stout person is buttoned into a tight blue frock-coat, on the breast of which glitters the diamond Order of the Medjidjie, and a fez or crimson skull-cap, with a brass button on the crown, surmounts his broad placid face, clean and close shaved, all but the carefully-trimmed black moustache. A plain scimitar hangs at his side, and the long chibouques, with their costly amber mouth-pieces, are carried by the pipe-bearer in his rear. The cripple asking for alms at his horse’s feet narrowly escapes being crushed beneath its hoofs; but in Turkey nobody takes any trouble about anybody else, and the danger being past the cripple seems well satisfied to lie basking in the sun on those warm boards, and wait for his destiny, like a true Mussulman as he is. Loud are the cries of this Babel-like throng; and the porters of Galata stagger by under enormous loads, shouting the while with stentorian lungs, well adapted to their herculean frames. Water-carriers and sweetmeat vendors vie with each other in proclaiming the nature of their business in discordant tones; a line of donkeys, bearing on their patient backs long planks swaying to and fro, are violently addressed by their half-naked drivers in language of which the poetic force is equalled only by the energetic enunciation; and a string of Turkish firemen, hollowing as if for their lives, are hurrying—if an Osmanli can ever be said to hurry—to extinguish one of those conflagrations which periodically depopulate Pera and Stamboul.

The blue sparkling water, too, is alive with traffic, and is indeed anything but a “silent highway.” Graceful caiques, rowed by their lightly-clad watermen—by far the most picturesque of all the dwellers by the Bosphorus—shoot out in all directions from behind vessels of every rig and every tonnage; the boatmen screaming, of course, on every occasion, at the top of their voices. All is bustle, confusion and noise; but the tall black cedars in the gardens of the Seraglio-palace, tower, solemn and immovable, into the blue cloudless sky, for there is not a breath of air stirring to fan the scorching noon, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul’s countless mosques, glitter white and dazzling in the glare. It is refreshing to watch the ripple yonder on the radiant Bosphorus, where the breeze sighs gently up from the Sea of Marmora—alas! we have not a chance of it elsewhere; and it is curious to observe the restless white sea-fowl, whom the Turks believe to be the lost souls of the wicked, scouring ever along the surface of the waters, seemingly without stay or intermission, during the live-long day. It is ominous, too, to mark that enormous vulture poised aloft on his broad wing, like a shadow of evil impending over the devoted city. There are few places in the world so characteristic as the bridge between Galata and Stamboul.

And now the traffic is brought to a standstill, for the huge fabric has to be opened, and swings back on its hinges for the passage of some mighty craft moving slowly on to the inner harbor to refit. It is a work of time and labor; the former article of considerably less value to our Moslem friends than the latter, and is lavished accordingly; but though business may be suspended for the nonce, noise increases tenfold, every item of the throng deeming the present an opportune moment at which to deliver his, her, or its opinion on things in general. Nimble fingers roll the fragrant cigarette, and dissonant voices rise above the white spiral smoke into the clear bright air. Close behind me I recognize the well-known Saxon expletive adjuring Johnny to “drive on”—said “Johnny” invariably returning a blessing for a curse; but “driving on,” if by that expression is meant activity and progress, as little as may be. Turning round, I confront a florid Saxon face, with bushy beard and whiskers, surmounting a square form that somehow I think I have seen before. “Scant greeting serves in time of strife,” and taking my chance of a mistake, I salute my neighbor politely.

“Mr. Manners, I believe? I am afraid you do not recollect me.”

“Major Manners, sir; Major Manners—very much at your service,” is the reply, in a tone of mild correction. “No; I confess you have the advantage of me. And yet—can it be? Yes, it is—Vere Egerton!”

"The same," I answered, with a cordial grasp of the hand: "but it is strange we should meet here, of all places in the world."

"I always told you I was born to be a soldier, Egerton," said the usher, with his former jaunty air of good-humored bravado; "and here I am amongst the rest of you. Bless me, how you're grown! I should not have known you had you not spoken to me. And I—don't you think I am altered, eh? Improved, perhaps, but certainly altered—what?"

I glanced over my friend's dress, and agreed with him most cordially as to the alteration that had taken place in his appearance. The eye gets so accustomed to difference of costume at Constantinople, that it is hardly attracted by any eccentricity of habit, however uncommon; but when my attention was called by Manners himself to his exterior, I could not but confess that he was apparelled in a style of gorgeous magnificence, such as I had never seen before. High black riding boots of illustrious polish, with heavy steel spurs that would have become Prince Rupert; crimson pantaloons under a bright green tunic, single-breasted, and with a collar *à la guillotine*, that showed off to great advantage the manly neck and huge bushy beard, but at the same time suggested uncomfortable ideas of sore throats and gashing sabre-strokes; a sash of golden tissue, and a sword-belt, new and richly embroidered, sustaining a cavalry sabre nearly four feet long, all this was more provocative of admiration than envy; but when such a *tout ensemble* was surmounted by a white beaver helmet with a red plume, something of a compromise between the head-dress of the champion at Astley's and that which is much affected by the Prince Consort, the general effect, I am bound to confess, became striking in the extreme.

"I see," said I; "I admire you very much; but what is it?—the uniform, I mean. Staff corps? Land Transport? What?"

"Land Transport, indeed!" replied Manners, indignantly. "Not a bit of it—nothing half so low. The Bashi-Bazouks—Beatson's Horse—whatever you like to call them. Capital service—excellent pay—the officers a jovial set of fellows; and really—eh now? confess, a magnificent uniform. Come and join us, Egerton—we have lots of vacancies; it's the best thing out."

"And your men?" I asked, for I had heard something of these Bashi-Bazouks and their dashing leader. "What sort of soldiers are they?—can you depend upon them?"

"I'd lead them anywhere," replied my enthusiastic friend, whose experience of warfare was as yet purely theoretical. "The finest fellows you ever saw; full of confidence in their officers, and such horsemen! Talk of your English dragoons! why, our fellows will ride up to a brick wall at a gallop, and pull up dead short; pick a glove off the ground from the saddle, or put a bullet in it when going by as hard as they can lay legs to the ground. You should really see them under arms. My opinion is, they are the finest cavalry in the world."

"And their discipline?" I continued, knowing as I did something of these wild Asiatics and their predatory and irregular habits.

"Oh, discipline!" answered my embryo warrior; "bother the discipline! we mustn't begin by giving them too much of that; besides, it's nonsense to drill those fellows, it would only spoil their dash. They behave very well in camp. I have been with them now six weeks, and we have only had one row yet."

"And was that serious?" I asked, anxious to obtain the benefit of such long experience as my friend's.

"Serious," replied Manners, thoughtfully; "well, it was serious; pistols kept popping off, and I thought at one time things were beginning to look very ugly, but the chief soon put them to rights. They positively adore him. I don't know whether he punished the ringleaders. However," added he, brightening up, "you must expect these sort of things with irregulars. It was the first time I ever was shot at, Egerton; it's not half so bad as I expected; we are all dying to get into the field. Hullo! they have shut the bridge again, and I must be getting on. Which way are you going—to the Seraskerat? Come and dine with me to-day at Messire's—Salaam!"

And Manners strutted off, apparently on the best of terms with himself, his uniform, and his Bashi-Bazouks. Well! he,

too, had embarked on the stormy career of war. It was wonderful how men turned up at Constantinople, on their way to or from the Front. It seemed as if society in general had determined on making an expedition to the East. Dandies from St. James's street were amusing themselves by amateur soldiering before Sebastopol, and London fine ladies were to be seen mincing about on the rugged stones of Pera, talking bad French to the astonished Turks with a confidence that was truly touching. It was Europe invading Asia once more, and I could not always think Europe showed to advantage in the contrast. A native Turk, calm, dignified, kindly, and polite, is a nobler specimen of the human race than a bustling French barber or a greedy German Jew; and of the two latter classes Pera was unfortunately full even to overflowing. Well, it was refreshing to have crossed the bridge at last—to have left behind one the miserable attempt at Europeanism, the dirt, the turmoil, and the discomfort of Pera, for the quiet calm, the stately seclusion and the venerable magnificence of Stamboul.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

To be periodically funny is a serious affair; it is about as welcome as the quarterly dose of jalap to the schoolboy. One may become used to it, however, and, like the Christys, go through life upon the broad grin.

We are very fond of dogs, but we look upon dogs and babies in public conveyances as mild nuisances. We are not alone in our opinion, as the following will prove:

A lady was travelling in a stage coach, with a troublesome barking dog in her lap. A gentleman, a fellow-passenger, complained of the annoyance. "Dear me, sir!" exclaimed the lady with an air of astonishment, "I wonder you complain of my dog—everybody admires it; it is a real Peruvian." "Don't complain of your Peruvian dog, ma'am," replied he, "but I wish he would give us less of his Peruvian bark."

OUR friend was rather hard upon the lady. He must have been one of those crusty old fellows who said there are:

EIGHT KINDS OF WOMEN.—The Obstinate woman gets to sea in a bandbox. The Patient woman roasts an ox with a burning glass. The Curious woman would like to turn a rainbow over to see what was on the other side. The Vulgar woman is a spider attempting to spin silk. The Cautious woman writes promises on a slate. The Envious woman kills herself in endeavoring to lace tighter than her neighbors. The Extravagant woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match. The Happy woman died in a deaf and dumb asylum years ago.

A MORE ludicrous mistake than the one we are about to relate, which occurred in a colored congregation, can hardly be imagined:

At a church of color not two thousand miles from the city, not long since, the minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice,

"Git down off'n dem seats, boff white man and color; I care no more for de one dan de oder."

Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:

"Git down off'n dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I care no more for one man
Dan I does for de oder."

Our city policemen are so very efficient and so diligent in their duties, that we did not think they could spare time to be witty, but we were mistaken, as the anecdote will prove:

"Mister," said a tall stoop-shouldered lad from the country, to a policeman at the door of Barnum's Museum, one day last week, "I calculate you keep this show. How large is that ar' live whale you advertise to be seen here? Big enough to swallow a hull town, I 'spose, ain't he?"

"Well," was the reply of the wag, "I reckon he can't swallow any more towns until he has got rid of the city that's in him."

"What!" cried the greenhorn, with eyes projecting far enough to hang your hat on. "Then he's swallowed a city! Dew tell! mortal snakes! What city?"

"Sperma-city," replied the officer, and hurried off, to help a pretty woman across the crowded thoroughfare.

Nothing so suddenly subdues an irascible man as a well pointed jest, which shows the matter in a humorous point of view. By such means King George III., who was as obstinate



INTERESTING EPISODE.

SPOILED BOY—"I say, Tilly, Mr. Smith's forehead reaches way round to the back of his head."

as a pig and as touchy as gunpowder, was often subdued, as related in the following anecdote:

Hasty and rather obstinate in his disposition, the king often found it difficult to yield to the state reasons, or other reasons of policy, by which the cabinet were generally guided. On one occasion he had promised a vacant situation, of some consequence, to one whom he wished to oblige, but the cabinet was as obstinate as himself, and resolved to carry their point; accordingly, the next time when they sat in the palace, in an apartment next to the king's closet, a blank appointment was drawn up, in order that they might pay to his majesty the empty compliment of asking what name should be inserted in the commission. The difficulty was, however, to fix upon the individual member who should brave the royal anger in the closet; and the choice fell upon the witty Lord Chesterfield, who boldly but respectfully entered the closet, with a pen in one hand and the blank commission in the other, and inquired of the king to whom he pleased that the vacancy should be given.

"Give it to the devil!" replied the angry monarch; when Chesterfield very coolly prepared to fill up the blank, but stopped short saying, "Would your majesty please that this commission should run in the usual form—To our trusty and well beloved cousin the devil?" The clouded brow was instantly relaxed into a smile, and the cabinet carried their point.

COOLNESS in cases of emergency is a glorious faculty; it enables a man to do the most impudent as well as the most courageous actions. Under which category our "Hoosier's" coolness comes, our readers must decide:

On the steamboat St. Louis, not long since, a raw Hoosier came on board. At night the Hoosier turned into his berth with his boots on. The steward, seeing this, said, "Sir, you have laid down in your boots."

The raw one raised his head, and looking down at his boots, innocently replied,

"Well, it won't hurt 'em; they ain't the best I've got."

In this country where education is so widely disseminated, there will always be found some one person or the other to teach you whatever you may wish to learn. We have to pay for it of course, but who is not willing to pay for acquiring wisdom. Some persons, however, would grumble at anything, as did the persons who got what they sought for as related below:

A man in Albany recently advertised an "infallible method to detect counterfeit bank note," which he proposed to impart to all who chose to learn it for \$2 each. A good many "green ones" paid the amount, in return for which they received the following instructions, which, though good enough in their way, were hardly worth the money: "Whenever you take a bill about which you entertain the slightest doubt, at once proceed to the banker in whom you place the most confidence, offer him the bill with the request that he will change it, if he declines so to do, make up your mind that the note is bad."

Fast driving has become a favorite modern vice, but it would not probably have become so prevalent had we a few more stable keepers like old Spurr:

Some years ago, Spurr kept a stable. Spurr had his peculiarities, one of which was this: he never let a horse go out of the stable without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day there came to Spurr's stable a young man to get a horse and carriage to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast!"

"Why, just look a here, old fellow," exclaimed the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!"



PROMISING PROSPECT.

MARY, who is pretty, but snubbed—"Mother, I wish I could go to parties and dress like sister Amelia Augusta."

INDIGNANT MOTHER—"I am astonished at your impudence; you must be content to stay at home until your sister is married."

WISDOM cometh from out of the mouths of babes! The following colloquy might be read with advantage by the stockholders in fancy railroad stocks and other fashionable financial bubbles:

STOCKHOLDERS MAY DO THE SPITTING.—Two gentlemen were chatting on the Boulevards, in Paris; one was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project; the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. Near these two passed a couple of youngsters, of ten or twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cries out to the other,

"I'd like to smoke a sou's worth, but I haven't the sou."

"Hold on! I've got two sous."

"That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe and one for the tobacco."

"Oh, yes! but what am I to do?"

"You! oh, you shall be the stockholder, you can spit."

It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled.

MEDICAL men and lawyers are the favored butts of the humorists. But we do not approve of such grave jokes as:

PAYING TOLL.—The principal avenue of our city, writes a learned friend in Detroit, has a toll-gate just by the Elmwood Cemetery road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was made one of the conditions of the company's charter that all funeral processions should go back and forth free. One day, as Dr. Price, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," the keeper readily replied, "we couldn't afford that. You send too many dead heads through here as it is!"

The doctor paid his toll and never asked any favor after that.

WHEN the deacon and the clergyman are a little at variance the times are generally pretty lively. Not even politicians dispute with half the vigor that of congregations; there is a spice of acrimony that no other class can equal. But the deacon and the clergyman in the following instance were fully able to fight their own battles:

In a small country town on the Susquehanna river, there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, "run completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical power had been gradually failing.

One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measure rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and said,

"Brother B—— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot conscientiously pray after such singing!"

The deacon very composedly pitched it to another tune, with a manifest improvement upon the first effort, and the clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up the book to give out the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation,

"Will Mr. —— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that."

THE following incident which occurred at a country post-office has the advantage of being true:

A rap at the delivery.

Postmaster.—"Well, my lad, what will you have?"

Boy.—"Here's a letter, she wants to go along as fast as it can, 'cause there's a feller wants to have her, here, and she's courted by another feller what ain't here; and she wants to know whether he is going to have her or not."

DETRACTION is the meanest of all vices. Nothing escapes its venom. We give the following sublime quotation, leaving the reader to judge what sort of a man he must be who could append what follows:

"Innocence dwells in the dark clusters of her hair." A waggy editor suggests that a fine tooth comb would take it out.

THE Spanish barbers have been from time immemorial famous for the equal glibness of tongue and razor; we feel much pride in stating that most of our negro barbers fully equal their Spanish compeers in tongue, and have a decided advantage over them in main strength, which assertion we thus illustrate:

A Hoosier is in the hands of a sable knight of the lather and brush who applies a rusty razor.

"Stop, that won't do."

"What's the matter, boss?"

"That razor pulls."

"Well, no matter for dat, sah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, de beard is bound to come off."

We give the following as an illustration of the advantage of

a fashionable liberal education. The fair girl had evidently studied the science of figures and natural philosophy:

A Chicago banker asked a young lady of that city what kind of money she liked best;

"Matrimony," she replied.

"What interest does it bring?" asked the sharp banker.

"If properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years," she replied.

SAMBO upon the bankrupt law is unusually definite and particularly demonstrative. His explanation is made apparent to the meanest capacity:

BANKRUPT LAWS EXPLAINED.—"Sambo, what is your opinion ob dat bankrupt law?"

"Tink him fuss rate, Pompey; I apply for de application myself."

"Just explain him principles."

"Why you see here now; jest lend me dat haff dollar you get from whitewashing."

Pompey hands him the money, and Sambo deliberately puts it into his pocket.

"Dere, den," says Sambo, "now I owes de shoemaker free shilling, and you half a dollar, besides de grocer's bill; now, dis haff dollar is all the property I got; I divides him according to de debts."

Pompey.—"I take de haff dollar back."

Sambo (with amazement).—"Do you tink dis child green? I'm a bankrupt! you get yours wid de odder creditors!"

AN ill-natured or unfeeling remark always leaves a sting behind. A sensitive nature, though it may forgive, but rarely forgets it. The following, as a retaliation, though rude, was deserved, and was really witty:

General Sir Charles J. Napier tells the following story of his childhood: "There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of Dr. Murphy. When she heard of my misfortune, she said, 'Poor boy! I suppose a fly kicked his spindle-shanks.' Being a little fellow then, though now, be it known, five feet seven inches and a half high, this offended me greatly; and as the Lord would have it, she broke her leg just as I was getting well. Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock kicked Mrs. Murphy and hurt its leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me."

KINDNESSES conferred are not unfrequently misconstrued. Selfishness is so gross and blind in its nature, that it puts down to personal desert what was in reality but charity, and believes that it confers the favor it receives:

When Duchenois, the celebrated French actress, died, a person met an old man who was one of her most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "Her loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrid ingratitude. Would you believe it? she died without leaving me anything in her will—I, who have *dined with her, at her own house, three times a week for thirty years!*"

THE pride of wealth and the vanity of success are singularly illustrated in the following brief anecdote:

The mother of the Rothschilds lived at Frankfort, and was taken ill at ninety-eight years of age. She said she was sure to live to one hundred, as no one belonging to the house of Rothschild must go *below par*. She did, however, for she died at ninety-nine and a half.

INSANITY is subtle in its developments, and is frequently so well disguised that it defies the closest scrutiny and the most elaborate investigation; but it will manifest itself immediately, as in the following illustration, should its peculiar weakness be but faintly hinted at:

Lord Chancellor Loughborough told me that he ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, put various questions to him, to all of which he made most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he. "Verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with!" Towards the end of his examination, however, was put into Lord Loughborough's hand a little scrap of paper torn from a letter, on which was written with a pencil, "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as Lord Loughborough; he forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!"

"Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew."

"And how well Jeremiah wrote!"

"Surely," said the man.

"What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!"

"Do you like him?" said the man. "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"

We make some extracts from a new dictionary, about to be

issued for the benefit of the ladies. The definitions are very close, and are derived from the very best authorities.

Husband—A person who writes cheques, and dresses as his wife directs.

Duck, in Ornithology—A trussed bridegroom, with his gilets under his arm.

Brute—A domestic endearment for a husband.

Marriage—The only habit to which women are constant.

Lover—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

Clergyman—One alternative of a lover.

Brother—The other alternative.

Honeymoon—A wife's opportunity.

Horrid; Hideous—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face anywhere but in the looking-glass.

Nice; Dear—Expressions of delight at anything, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

Appetite—A monstrous abortion, which is stifled in the kitchen that it may not exist during dinner.

Wrinkle—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

Time—What any lady remarks in a watch, but what none detect in the glass.

Men seem to be losing all the delicate gallantry and deference due to women. They are always saying ill-natured things, and what is worse, publishing them. We publish the following to show how far man's boorishness can go:

A wretch of a husband, coming home at one in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you will fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest *It is never too late to mend.*"

The following are well enough in their way, and tell their own story without need of comment:

HORACE WALPOLE mentions a sceptical *bon vivant* who, being urged to become a Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining too many fasts and requiring such implicit faith. "You give us," he observed, "too little to eat and too much to swallow."

"WHAT do you think of whisky, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy.

"Sir," said the doctor, "It penetrates my soul like the still small voice of conscience, and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies."

"WHERE is the hoe, Sambo?"

"Wid de rake, massa."

"Well, where is the rake?"

"Wid de hoe."

"But where are both?"

"Why, bof togedder, old massa; you 'pears to be very 'ticular dis morning."

A SAILOR was recently brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the "weaker vessel."

"If she is, she hadn't ought to carry so much sail," said Jack.

FOOTE once asked a man without a sense of tune in him, "Why are you for ever humming that tune?"

"Because it haunts me," was the reply.

"No wonder," said Foote, "you are for ever murdering it."

"CLASS in the middle geography, stand up. What is a pyramid?"

"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of t'other."

"Where is Egypt?"

"Where it allers was."

"Where is that, you young vagabond, you?"

"Dunno, sir."

"Go down to the foot."

We perceive from a foreign paper that a criminal who has been imprisoned for a considerable period at Presburg, has acquired a complete mastery over the violin. It has been announced that he will shortly make his appearance in public. Doubtless his performance will be a *solo on one string*.

"JOHN, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"

"Yes, sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents him getting up again."

THE son of Buffon was a natural. Rivarol said of him, "He is the worst chapter of his father's 'Natural History.'"

We have succeeded, after a painfully laborious search, in collecting the following batch of conundrums, which we believe to be the worst ever published. Conundrums to be good must be, it is said, very bad indeed, we therefore feel exceedingly proud of our selection. In badness they cannot be beat:

Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more liable to *see* sickness.

Why are the much abused Peter Funks all godly men? Because whenever they meet a stranger, they always *take him in*.

What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved *pairs*.

Why is a butcher like a language master? Because he is a *retailer* of tongues.

Why are batteries and soldiers like the hands and feet of tailors? Because the former make breaches (*breeches*), and the latter pass through them.

Why is a roasted pig on a spit like a missionary? Because it is going round doing good.

Why is the pupil of the eye to be pitied? Because it is continually under the lash.

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

What letter changes a vessel to a bird? Letter L makes an ark a lark.

Why is a restless sleeper like a lawyer? Because he *lies* on one side, then turns, and *lies* on the other.

How do the occupations of the glazier and surgeon resemble each other? In the fact that both are engaged in *painful* operations.

"SAM, where have you been?"

"We've been swimming, father."

"We? who's been swimming with you?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Well, but you have said, we've been swimming, didn't you?"

"We've been swimming, father."

"Whom did you swim with, then, you young rascal?"

"Me, father?" said the pert urchin, "why, with the tide, to be sure."

"BRIDGET," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate, last night?"

"Sure, no one but my oldest brother, mam," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek.

"Your brother! I don't know you had a brother. What is his name?"

"Barney Octoolan, n'am."

"Indeed, how comes it that the name is not the same as yours?"

"Troth, mam," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

"MA," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?"

"Pshaw! What are you talking about?"

"Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't do so."

SNORING.—Old Hicks was an awful snorer. He could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but his wife became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple, never slept apart for many years. At length the old man was required to attend court at some distance. The first night after his departure his wife never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The next night passed away in the same manner, without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl. She took the coffee mill into her mistress's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once!

STEERING BY THE NORTH STAR.—A year or two since, an ebony individual answering to the name of "Bob" (in fact no one knew whether he had any other name), was employed by a skipper to assist him in sailing a small schooner. Bob did not understand and could not be made to learn the compass; so the skipper never dared to trust him to manage the craft except during a very light night, when he could point out to him some headland to steer for. On one occasion, however, the captain, who had been up two nights previously, concluded he would trust the schooner to Bob, and take a little rest on deck; so he pointed out the north star to his companion, and told him to continue steering for it until he waked up. After watching him a short time, and finding that he could keep the vessel headed right, the skipper stretched himself upon deck and was soon asleep. Shortly afterwards a squall arose from the north and blew the craft completely away from her course. After it had cleared away somewhat Bob looked round and found the north star at his back. He sailed along and cogitating how he should get out of his difficulty; but at last he gave it up, and shoving his slumbering master into wakefulness with his feet, shouted: "Cap'n! give me another star to steer by; I've got clean by that one!"

"HOLLOA, driver, your wheel is running round," sang out a little urchin to a cart driver who was driving furiously through the street, the other day.

Carty pulled up and looked anxiously, first on one side and then on the other.

"You needn't look now—it's stopped!" coolly added the provoking little rascal.

THE SADDLE ON THE WRONG HORSE.—There was a ball at Eff, near Forres, at which one of the company danced till he was "blin' fu'." Whether the *valtee* or the whiskey, or both, were to blame, is not known—but so it was; and when, in the early morning, he went to saddle his nag for home, nothing went right with him. The brevity of the belly-band perplexed him; he knew not what to make of a horse's head over which the bridle would not go; and when the tail-band came to be adjusted, he roared out to one of his cronies, "Losh, Jock! this is no my powny, or the hair's fa'en aff o' her sin' yestreen!" Jock, not quite so far gone as Wully, went to his assistance, and found him saddling the cow!

ADVERSITY.—"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?"

"Yes, Jem, yes."

"Well, well, cheer up, mal; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities."

"Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was a county judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."



A DELICACY FOR SUPPER.

"The sardines seem very large, waiter!"

"Yes, sir, very fine at present, large as 'No. 4', mackerel, but very fine—very."

HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.—"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Starlight. "Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off." "I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested, one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth; and as they gape, my friend whips them out, peppers 'em and swallows them." "That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of the bivalves here now—they'd open easy."

ELECTIONEERING.—The courts and the hustings frolics of a frontier State usually furnish abundant material for story and fun. Judge R., formerly of the Western Circuit, Fla., canvassed that circuit in 1844 as a candidate for the Territorial Senate, and was cheered by the promise of a little Frenchman, living in one of the counties of the senatorial district, to do "all he could" for him. Not a solitary vote, however, was cast for the judge in that county, and he seized the first opportunity thereafter to tax his backer with false promise. "Sir," said the Frenchman, very much offended, "I tell you no lie; I travel over dis country three, four, five days, and I say to every man, 'Will you vote for my friend, ze judge?' and he say, 'No, I will be darned if I do!'" "But," said the judge, "you did not vote for me yourself." "No, judge; when I come back, I shut myself up in my own room, and I 'lectioneer myself two day—but I no get my consent to vote for you."

"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS"—A friend of the late Dr. Maginn, dining with him, was praising the fine flavor of his wine, and begged to be informed of the merchant's name. "Oh,

I get it from the London Tavern, a house close by, just as I happen to want it," replied the host. "Indeed!" said the other, "a capital cellar, unquestionably; but have you not to pay rather an extravagant price?" "I don't know—I don't know," returned the Doctor; "I believe they put down something in a book."

FIT FOR A LAWYER.—A lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place. "Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him?" "The boy appears rather young, madam. How old is he?" "Seven years, sir." "He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?" "O, yes, sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my man I thought this little feller would make a first-rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him." "No, madam—he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy so much better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?" "Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was only five, he'd lie like all natur; when he got to be six, he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on."

MUCH TO BE PROUD OF.—Two gentlemen of opposite politics meeting, one inquired the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered, "I am proud to say, sir, that I am wholly ignorant of it." "Oh, you are proud of your ignorance, eh, sir?" "Yes, I am," replied the belligerent gentleman; "and what then, sir?" "O, nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that's all."

"Boy, what's become of the hole you had in your pants the other day?" "It's worn out, sir."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC EDITOR, speaking of a new prima donna, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

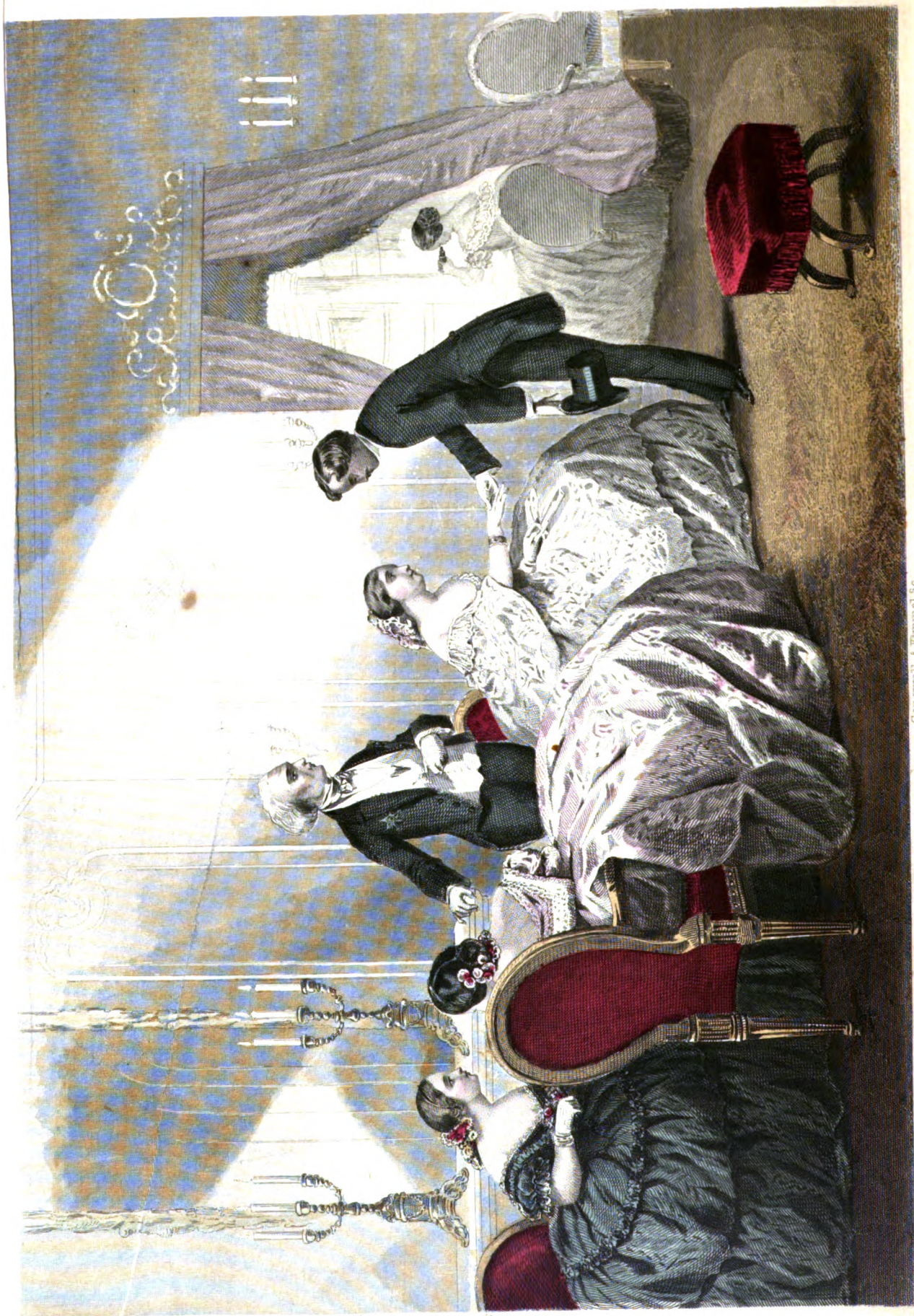


DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

WIFE, overtaken with duties of the household.

INDIGNANT HUSBAND—"You profess to be very much attached to me, my dear, yet you neglect to sew buttons on wristbands."

M. S. Guineo



Capewell & Kimmel, So.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JANUARY.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

The principal season for shopping, that great item in feminine existence, is nearly over now; the great emporiums of fashion have been thoroughly ransacked and robbed of all that was beautiful, rich or rare; whence passing into the hands of the modiste,

they have, with skilful additions and combinations, assisted in the advancement of that delicate beauty for which our countrywomen are so famous.

The early part of the past fall witnessed a curious phenomena in city shopping, never known in New York before, and this was, in a rage for cheap goods. Generally, the fastidious purchasers desire only to obtain "something new," or that will



not become "common," without regard to the cost; but during the past season, on the contrary, whatever was *cheap* was desirable, and merchants had an excellent chance, which they improved, of getting rid of old stock and goods which were likely to depreciate rapidly in value, if left upon their hands.

Thus, if private advices from Paris informed them that the reign of flounced silk robes was over, at least for the present; that they were actually a drug in the market and should be got rid of at any price, we do not consider it a very great piece of self-sacrifice on their part to relinquish twenty-five of their fifty per cent., and put the one hundred dollar robes down to seventy-five, or the thirty dollar ones down to twenty; on the contrary, we think they ought to consider themselves particularly fortunate in getting it, and feel assured that many of the victims will think so when they find out that they exhausted their pocket-money and power of coaxing, and only obtained a dress that is going out of fashion, after all.

How many nice new blacks and browns, blues and greens, and other fashionable colors, have been discovered to be fresh from the Staten Island dyeing establishment, or some more objectionable depot for restoring youth and beauty to remnants of departed glory in the silk-goods' line.

How many of "Lupin's best French merinos," at five shillings per yard, have been discovered to be inferior cashmere, dear at fifty cents. How many superb sets of furs, at the most astonishingly reduced prices, have been discovered as the prey of solitude and moths some time previous to the insertion of the advertisements which called the purchaser's attention to the disinterested sacrifice of the proprietor.

It is quite amazing in how many ways it is possible for the inexperienced to become the victims of those whose interest it is to deceive them, especially in a city like New York, where the floating character of the population enables dealers who have no particular scruples of conscience, to do so with impunity.

In other cases, where they do not absolutely cheat, they have many different prices to suit different classes of customers. For experienced city purchasers there is generally a standard price, and to them are shown the newest goods, of the styles most suited to their calibre and standing, according to the judgment of the clerks, who scrutinize all visitors with mathematical nicety.

Western people, who are generally understood to be rather "close," and economical housekeepers from the country, have cheap goods at a low figure exhibited to them, with the exception of the merchants from the large cities, who are thoroughly posted, and where the taste is nearly equal to that of which so great a boast is made in New York.

The class, however, who are systematically made to "bleed" the most freely are the wealthy Southerners, who, accustomed to high prices at home, know not to how great an extent they are swindled, unless a long residence at the North gives them a deeper insight into the peculiarities of our business management than they can otherwise acquire.

A distinguished Georgian lady, now resident in this city some three or four years, expressed herself as perfectly astonished at the prices which were persistently asked her for the most ordinary goods, upon her first arrival, and she only discovered the injustice by comparing the cost of articles with those of her more experienced friends.

She is also accustomed to receive large orders from the South from female relatives, upon which it is her custom to select from one or two establishments, if possible, the entire list of goods, so that they may be sent without further trouble. On two of these occasions the goods were immediately returned, being all of inferior quality, and not at all like those which had been selected.

It is therefore necessary to possess judgment, discrimination and experience, as well as taste, before undertaking the difficult rôle of a successful shopper in New York. To the person possessing these qualities, a fine field is always open for their exercise, as well as one which affords a keen insight into the weaknesses and the eccentricities which find a place in poor human nature.

The doubt and uncertainty which a knowledge of such facts as these occasion, make the period of shopping anticipated with anything but pleasure by many ladies, and they feel re-

lieved from a painful duty when the larger part of the anticipated difficulty is over. By this time, therefore, most of them are relieved from apprehension, and we have only to congratulate them on their success, or condole with them in their sufferings, if they have found themselves victimized.

Since the lady of the first Governor of New York wore a tip-pet made from the skin of a bear shot in the woods in Canal street, we have never seen such a universal rage for furs as seems to have seized upon all femininity this season. From the little daughter of five years to the stately mamma of forty-five, from the leaders of fashion in Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth street to the niece of the old applewoman in Washington Market (not so great a distance as it seems), every one must have a "set of furs," sable and mink taking the lead, and followed by the whole tribe of furry animals, including many that while living are not viewed with especial favor.

In truth, on a bright winter day, when the snow-crust crackles beneath your feet, and the golden sunlight reflects on its clear surface a thousand rainbow hues, nothing so heightens the glow on the cheek of a beautiful woman as a suit of rich sables, and no costume, however magnificent, appears complete without them.

The exact value of these costly garments is, however, as difficult to decide as that of diamonds, laces or an India shawl; and it is quite impossible for persons without experience to do so with precision, they are therefore left wholly to the conscience of the dealer and the extent of their purses, guided by, perhaps, some traditional notions of the cost of those belonging to some other individuals. Now we do not think it necessary for the husbands, brothers, or lovers of all our female friends to take the trouble to shoot the animals and dress the skins in order to be certain that they are genuine, particularly as all the conveniences for a day's sport of that kind have long since been removed from Canal street. But we advise the ladies themselves to go always to a respectable establishment, where they have a reputation to lose, and purchase at a price which will guarantee the artisans through whose hands the goods have passed, a fair living price for their labor.

After a whole day has been spent hunting up one small store which is a little cheaper than another, the purchasers have the satisfaction of knowing that the small sum they have saved has been pinched out of the hard earnings of some poor girl, or perhaps discover that they have paid a large sum for a very inferior article.

We are pleased to see that ermine has again received the sanction of the capricious goddess who presides over these affairs, and that it is very much in demand for concert, opera and general evening purposes. No other fur is so delicate, graceful and perfectly adapted to this specific use, and it will probably long retain its place in fashionable estimation.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our lady readers to a superb ermine cloak, illustrated in another part of the *GAZETTE*, and which for exquisite beauty of color, texture and delicate shading, we have not seen equalled in the city; it is also very graceful in form, and finished with the artistic and perfect beauty of workmanship which belongs to the establishment from whence it originated.

The set of Hudson Bay sables which accompany it are also perfect of their kind, excellent in material, elegant in form, beautifully finished, and sold at exceedingly moderate prices by Mr. MOLYNEUX BELL, in Canal street, who furnished these illustrations. We saw also at this old and well-known house the best selected stock of fur goods which are to be found in the city, the styles embracing every variety and all the latest novelties, including fur gloves and the magnificent Russian cloak which has only made its appearance this season.

Enveloped in such wrappings as these the most delicate frame may defy the blasts of the keenest north-easter, and looks indeed as if impervious to the accumulation of snows in the mountains of Siberia.

Mr. GEORGE BULPIN, in Broadway, also brings the benefit of a most experienced and cultivated taste in catering for the ladies of New York, in goods of this description. His stock includes sets of very fine mink and real Russian sable, besides several novelties not to be found elsewhere. The style and quality may also be relied upon at this establishment.

So many well dressed women now appear on the promenades,

at the opera, and even at the morning concert, that tests of taste, that we imagine our advice has been extensively taken during the past few months, and that it has led somewhat to this result. Less incongruities are observable, and more of that sense of harmony and fitness which is the invariable concomitant of a cultivated and refined perception. Occasionally still something is seen excessively droll, when placed in comparison with the general beauty and order exhibited.

On the night of the *debut* of CARL FORMES, a lady who belonged to the heavy style of architecture occupied a conspicuous position in the parquette of the Academy of Music. If one should simply say that she was dressed in black velvet with a magnificent opera cloak and white lace bonnet, a picture of great elegance would be presented; and these in truth composed her toilette, which, however, was neither becoming nor elegant, from the want of a proper sense of fitness in the wearer.

The original intention had probably been to cut the corsage of the robe low, but a painful feeling of modesty which should have dictated a high close body, had left the shoulders just sufficiently covered to be ungraceful, and then added a standing lace frill, which looked like a feeble attempt at Queen Elizabeth's ruff.

The cloak had fallen entirely off, and disclosed the fat, mottled arms swelling under the short tight sleeves, and ornamented with gold bracelets and bright green gloves. The bonnet was a curious specimen of tulle, and lace in a state of the wildest insanity at being caught in a cabbage rose-bush, and the whole was surmounted by a black lace veil of extraordinary dimensions.

This personage attracted the attention of many opera glasses, and evidently congratulated herself on the success of her appearance. Quite in contrast to her was a fair, almost perfect blonde lady, who sat in one of the side boxes. Her robe was of rich emerald green satin with high body, closed up to the throat, and fastened with diamond buttons. The sleeves flowed over light and elegant sleeves of tulle, which closed at the waist with knotted cherry ribbons. An opera cloak of white cashmere bound with a deep border of silver plush and lined with white satin was surmounted by a charming hat of white imperial velvet, ornamented with a wreath of white marabout feathers tipped with cherry, which formed a fringe over the front of the hat, and gracefully shaded the fair face. An air of unstudied refinement which pervaded the whole *ensemble* was perhaps the greatest charm, mingled with apparently an entire unconsciousness of the effect her loveliness and exquisite taste produced.

There was of course the usual appliances which such a toilette requires. A small collar of fine English point was fastened by a tiny brilliant set in pearls; her handkerchief, and the heading to perfectly fitting white kid gloves, was of the same rich yet delicate fabric, and over all was a faint rose odor, which seemed only the necessary fragrance of the air she breathed.

Many beautiful women were present, elegantly dressed, but looking like beds of variegated carnations, all alike, the same mixture of reds, pinks and blues, presenting an heterogeneous mass of coloring, but nothing distinct and harmonious upon which the eye can rest with pleasure. This is the principal difficulty with our habits of dress, wearing a miscellaneous assortment of colors at one time, which give a brilliant patchwork appearance to the general outline, but destroys all unity of effect.

But we have digressed somewhat in these strictures upon dress, and must return to the department which more particularly belongs under this head.

It would seem as if the prospect of a gay season had been transferred for the present from New York to Washington, and as a consequence most of our belles are on the *qui vive* to spend at least part of the winter in the capital. The preparations for this and the festivities which always precede and follow the opening of the New Year, are observed in the increasing number of elegant toilettes which have been placed in the hands of our fashionable modistes. Among these we noticed a dress of claret-colored velvet, with a close corsage which rose high at the back, but was open at the throat and below it, and cut straight across the bust, which was just shaded by a rich lace. The sleeves were tight to the elbow, and also finished by a fall of lace.

Another was a rich satin, in white and pink bayadere stripes, about an inch and a-half in width. The corsage was extremely low, and decorated with pointed tulle-puffings, as were also the plain short sleeves; among them here and there were placed small rosebuds in green moss. The waist of this, and nearly all other robes which are low in the neck, are very deeply pointed before and behind.

On a robe of light green silk, black lace flounces were woven in the skirt with exquisite effect. The body was trimmed *en revers*, and the wide sleeves were very long on the back, and open up the front of the arm to the elbow.

A very handsome blue brocade was closed up to the throat, and had wide sleeves, which were laid in box-plaits at the top; three on each side of the centre. The body was trimmed across the front with straps of blue fringe, and three rows of the same also completed the sleeves.

A pretty fall dress was of light green crape, with a very full double skirt, worn over one of fine Swiss muslin. The upper skirt was trimmed with three rows of narrow green fringe, and this also edged each of the pointed puffs which adorned a very low corsage. Light branches of gold and coral looped up the sides of the skirt, and ornamented the front of the corsage with the most becoming and graceful effect. Doubtless a wreath of the same was arranged for the hair, as it would be indispensable to complete the toilette.

It is noticed that few jewels are arranged for bandeaux, or ornaments for the hair this season; flowers seem to be the favorite coiffure for demoiselles, and for ladies somewhat older, very beautiful head-dresses are found composed of light lace barbes mixed with flowers or tulle, with loops of velvet and velvet flowers.

Within the past few years it has become quite the custom to employ male dressmakers, and in some respects they are found very superior to their female competitors. A single measure once taken relieves the customer from all further responsibility; there is no necessity of suffering the tediousness of "trying on" two or three times, or even once; the dress is sent home at the time appointed, "warranted to fit." The sewing is also done in the best manner, and has more the appearance of finish seen in a coat, than the slack method frequently observed in the most fashionable of our lady modistes.

At the establishment of Mr. SCHMAUDER, 823 Broadway, dresses with basques are made for four and a-half dollars, without basques four dollars, with flounces six dollars; the amount of trimming in any case making little or no difference. It was at this house we saw many of the most beautiful robes described in preceding pages.

As a general rule we do not like the idea of curtailing the arena of female employment, but would rather extend it in every possible way; still we must confess that as a general rule it is decidedly disagreeable to encounter the fair sex in a business way, their pride and exclusiveness presenting almost insurmountable obstacles to the fulfilment of business requirements.

At URSDALL, PIERSON and LAKE's, in Broadway, we were gratified by the sight of some very superb goods recently imported at very low prices, part of the stock of a French manufacturer, who has suffered from the recent revulsion. One was an exquisite dove-color, with quilles of rich brown velvet.

Another was a bright Sevres blue silk, with side stripes of white brocaded silk in a magnificent pattern. A plain white centre was also ornamented in the same manner, and intended for a bridal dress. There were also broad bayadere stripes in a chintz pattern upon a white ground, presenting a very distinguished appearance; with these they also received some very rich Lyons velvet, and satins in rare shades of colors, goods which will probably be more in demand next season than this, they having only just obtained the ascendancy in Paris.

We must also mention some exquisite sets of the beautiful Chanceler embroidery recently received by JOHN CLARKE & Co., corner of Broadway and Bleecker street, the only agents, we believe, in this city. We also found at this establishment some new and beautiful patterns in point sets, barbes for the hair, &c.

The fine bands with the small, delicately worked edge, so difficult to obtain, are always kept at this house, with thousands of other "wants," which are never wholly supplied in the feminine, and especially the family wardrobe.

A short space will suffice for bonnets, the styles of which for winter are now certainly wholly determined. So far, we have seen no reason to alter the opinion expressed in the early part of the season. Promenade bonnets are for the most part plain, and in solid colors, the materials being principally velvet, with a simple decoration of feathers and velvet flowers.

For receptions, a charming style is composed of white Lyons or terry velvet, with a broad fold of *ponceau* or bright blue velvet round the front and crown, this is sometimes twisted into a roll, the sides being filled up with velvet leaves and flowers; The same idea is varied by substituting a wreath of ostrich feathers of the same bright hues, the ends of which curl in the hollows of the curtain. A novel idea is found in a black velvet, the crown of which is composed of a small gay plaid, in which red and green predominate. Folds of the same are also placed across the front, and complete it without other trimming on the outside. On the inside a bandeau of black velvet terminates on one side in a bow of striped velvet ribbon, with exceedingly long ends; on the other a white ruche is shaded by the black bugle drops which surround the edge of the bonnet.

Quite a difference of opinion prevails in regard to the form of the bonnet which will succeed the present. Something more useful, and better adapted to our climate, will, we hope be decided upon; and the probabilities for summer wear at least, are greatly in favor of the round hat introduced last season.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

THE revolution which has taken place in the business world within the past few months, has entirely prevented any extensive preparations for the gay season in the fashionable world; few entertainments are taking place, and these are generally confined to small family re-unions, or select circles of friends, where quiet elegance, without display, characterizes the toilettes, and no pretensions are made to unusual costliness or striking novelty.

Indeed, the efforts in these directions which are observed in the most recent French models, are anything but charming or attractive. A fatal mistake is made in trying to adapt the general features of a past age to modern ideas of utility and convenience; an attempt which results in producing all the stiffness and formality of bygone times, without the perfection of contour and noble simplicity which gave dignity to even the greatest eccentricities. As a general rule, we do not believe in the revival of ancient and worn-out customs and prejudices, either in dress or in more important matters; still, if it must be so, let us reproduce them in their beauty as well as their deformity, and not while retaining the one neglect the other.

An effort is being made to bring back the old pointed bodice in place of the basque, which is now so universally worn that ladies of the exclusive school will no longer patronize it. Notwithstanding this fact, however, it will still be worn by many in the street and at home, because of its comfort and convenience. As an appliance for a more rigorous costume it has never held any place. The pointed bodices are made of a moderate length, but with a large point, and are perfectly plain, with the exception of straps across the front, or a pyramid of handsome drop buttons, in reversed order, of course. A fine figure is an absolute essential to this mode, differing in this respect widely from the basque and cape styles, which hide a multitude of sins and omissions.

All high bodies are now made to close up to the throat, to accommodate the small collars so much in vogue; no chemisettes are worn, the bodies being made to button down the front, unless preferred to fasten behind.

French sleeves are almost all made to fasten at the wrist, with the exception of *à la Venitienne*, a very graceful novelty, which bids fair to become a great favorite, and has already been mentioned in a preceding number. This is very wide and long on the back, coming to a point at the centre. The front seam is very short, and it is open above the elbow, leaving the arm perfectly free in its movements, and bare, with the exception of two broad gold bands, one on the wrist and the other on the upper part of the arm, or else covered with a full puffed sleeve of tulle and lace, gathered at the wrist into a band of lace insertion, beneath which a ribbon is run and decorated with knots

of gay ribbon. This sleeve is superb in a velvet, satin or brocade robe, and should always be lined with white satin and finished round the edge with a ruche of narrow white satin ribbon. For ball and evening costume, satin has quite taken the place of moire antique, in Parisian circles, and is exceedingly admired for its susceptibility to graceful effects.

A strong opposition party has lately arisen against the wearing of low-necked dresses, and the leaders appear on all occasions, even at a bridal, in the most rigid and apparently choking costume. The fair defenders of the style *decolleté*, on the contrary, take pleasure in outraging the strict notions of their opponents, and reduce the dimensions of their dresses below the bounds of propriety. Of course, the medium between these two extremes is the right, and from models of both which we have seen, we imagine most American ladies will be of our mind.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

AMONG the great variety of novelties which the opening of the season presents to the admiration or criticism of the fashionable world, it is difficult sometimes to arrive at correct conclusions as to relative merits, or decide upon that which will be most likely to secure the suffrages of the larger part of the fair and interested parties. By this time, however, all these knotty points have been discussed and decided upon, and we have only to present to our readers the results of many warm and lengthened debates.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and we have already given several warnings of the fact that the day of flounces for the present was numbered. The revival of brocades, satins and velvets, and the favor with which they have been received has been significant of the fact, even had not the gracious and graceful Empress announced her intention of dismissing them, for the present season at least. Skirts are still worn exceedingly full, and very long behind; the principal variation on the plain skirt being the side *quilles* and the double skirt, the latter sometimes being very elaborately trimmed. In Paris, very rich satins have quite taken the place of moire antiques, which are no longer seen in any pretensions to full toilette.

The models of bridal dresses which we have seen were, with one or two exceptions, exceedingly ugly, perfect monstrosities with huge pyramidal trimmings, high choking bodies, and ungraceful sleeves, tight at the wrist. An instinctive sense of propriety will generally suggest to a refined taste a certain adaptation of different modes to various circumstances, and would not permit a gothic elaboration of heavy trimmings on a costume which should be pure, simple, and graceful as that of a bride.

A bridal toilette which pleased us much better consisted of a robe of white glacé silk, with a full double skirt, the upper one of which was embroidered up the sides in a rich yet delicate and graceful pattern. The short sleeves were simply one full puff, covered by a small *fichu* of Maltese lace, composed of two rows, nearly two inches in width, and with a pointed edge. This crossed above the long sharp point of the bodice before and behind, and was completed by rounding tabs made of the silk, embroidered and edged with narrow Maltese lace. It should be remembered that sleeves closed at the wrist and with the round cuff turned over, are appropriate only for *matinée* or walking dress; if long sleeves are desired on other occasions, the *Venitienne* is considered the most elegant and decidedly the most *distingué*.

A robe of the lightest and most delicate shade of pearl colored taffetas was observed recently in the hands of a fashionable modiste, which is destined to figure in the gay circles which are already assembled at Washington. The skirt was double, and trimmed all round with fine ruches of blonde and narrow satin ribbon. The body pointed very deeply before and behind, and with more moderation at the sides, and trimmed across the front in the "cadet" style with the same decoration. Sleeves *à la Venitienne*, very wide, long on the back, and open on the front seam above the elbow, so as to disclose a full puffed under-sleeve, which was confined by a narrow puffed band at the wrist, through which a cherry ribbon is run. Of course the sleeves were ornamented to match the skirt, and were lined throughout with white satin, finished on the inner edge with a

full quilling of white satin ribbon. Recent models of under-sleeves are composed almost exclusively of full puffed illusion, confined at the wrist by a narrower puffed illusion band, through which a ribbon is run which ties in a bow and ends. Small knots of ribbon are also placed between the puffings on the upper part of the arm.

Pointed waists are rapidly regaining their ascendancy; nearly all handsome dresses have the bodies made in this manner, whether high or low in the upper region. A few, however, still prefer the round waists and belts which have already become traditional. Bonnets will be discussed under the head of "What to Buy, and Where to Buy it."

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

We hope our lady friends will appreciate the beautiful colored plate on the first page, illustrating the fashionable custom of ladies receiving calls in the retiring *loge* of the Grand Opera in Paris. We are quite sure they will admire the grouping, the fine effects, and pardon the saucy artist for intimating feminine curiosity in the pretty girl seated in the box, who only wants to know if that is — flirting with Miss —, on the opposite side of the house. We shall not indulge in a particular description of each figure, the artistic accuracy of the picture telling its own story. But we may point out the principal individual peculiarities which lend their aid in producing the general effect.

An exceedingly pleasant feature of these receptions, is the fact that it is generally done by ladies in a group, affording an excellent chance for the display of fine toilette effects, as well as a better means of entertaining gentlemen. The dresses should be studiously arranged, so that each one should heighten the beauty of the other and not destroy the tone by too much sameness, or by bad contrasts.

The robe of rich black silk with two flounces, over which are placed lace ones, the low pointed corsage, puffed sleeve with a lace frill, suits admirably the blonde lady, with head-dress and bouquet in the corsage of scarlet flowers.

Equally becoming is a pale shade of rich pink brocade to the beautiful brunette, with pointed cape trimmed with illusion ruches, and head-dress and bouquet of pink and white roses.

The rich white robes, with a double skirt, all must admire, with the full flowing sleeve, the lace berthe and graceful head-dress of white and pink marabouts.

It will be observed that the hair is worn combed back from the forehead, and very low behind, the ornament falling back upon the neck. The bracelets are broad bands of gold, the fans of sandal-wood or pearl, inlaid with silver, the tops being made of silk, spotted with silver, and cut to imitate feathers.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

EVENING TOILETTES. PAGE 81.

No. 1. Robe of pale blue satin, the skirt of which is ornamented with three series of blue illusion puffs, consisting of four each; the lower one of each series being edged with white point two inches in depth. The corsage is very low and pointed, and decorated with puffs of illusion which meet in a point above the bodice; they are also strapped across on the upper part of the arm, below the shoulder, with bands of blue satin edged with narrow blonde. The short sleeves consist of two puffs also covered with illusion, between which are placed bows of blue satin ribbon. Round the neck a fine soft ruche of blonde is placed, which descends to a point in front and shades a strip of delicate lace which is inserted as a chemisette. The blonde hair is combed back from the forehead, arranged in soft wavy rolls over the ears, and decorated with a wreath of white mountain daisies with their golden centres, which are also disposed in full clusters at the sides. Broad gold band for a bracelet, and bouquet of delicate field flowers.

No. 2. Robe of white silk, ornamented with quillings of the same stamped upon either edge, and placed in rows of three, and two upon the under and upper skirts. Low plain pointed corsage, short puffed sleeves, and a small full cape made of black figured lace, drawn to a point before and behind, and

edged with black French lace, which also forms leaves, which descend beneath the cape and over the sleeves at regular intervals. A large white bow in the form of a rosette, with a centre of jet confines it in front, and a second is also placed at the junction of the waist behind. The hair is arranged in the same style as that described in the first figure, and ornamented with a head-dress of black lace and white satin ribbon. Broad gold bands on the wrists are the only other ornaments.

DESCRIPTION OF WALKING DRESS. PAGE 88.

Robe of rich myrtle green silk, with *quilles* of black velvet up the sides, composed of bands placed in a transverse position. Basquine cloak of brown ribbed beaver cloth, bound with black velvet, and slit up the front of the sides so as to form a hanging sleeve when the arm is passed through. Bonnet of gray velvet, made perfectly plain over the foundation, and ornamented with twisted bands of black velvet across the front; large black velvet leaves on one side, and gray *cocque de plume* on the other, which descends below the curtain. The inside has a full ruche with a large rose and leaves of maze colored velvet; wide strings of gray taffetas, striped with black and crimson velvet.

PARISIAN WALKING DRESS. PAGE 88.

This superb illustration is a model of a distinguished walking toilette recently imported from Paris, and of which none as yet have appeared on the fashionable promenades of this city. The robe is a magnificent black brocade, which looks as if shot with silver from a peculiar effect introduced into the groundwork. The shawl cloak is of silver plush striped with black, and bordered on two sides with heavy black bands edged with very rich black chenille fringe. To this garment is appended a pointed hood, composed of the same material as the centre of the shawl, and divided into two distinct sections, one of each terminating in a very heavy chenille tassel. The bonnet is composed of plain white Lyons velvet, with a band of black nearly an inch broad near the edge. A simple trimming consisting of a white rose with black foliage and black bugle attachment completes this charming *chapeau*, with the exception of a few black velvet loops, which terminate in a bow and ends behind, descending over the curtain.

VISITING COSTUMES—SABLE CAPE AND ERMINE CLOAK. PAGE 89.

We have the pleasure of presenting two other specimens of fashionable fur garments from the well-known establishment of MOLYNEUX BELL, No 58 Canal street.

The first is a half cape of real Russian sable, very few of which are made in the full size, partly because the half cape is a very becoming style, and partly because of the great expense of this magnificent fur. The cape is handsomely lined and quilted with silk the color of the fur, the tabs are quite long and have four pendants.

The ermine cloak is the most exquisite in quality of any we have seen in the city. The shade is particularly fine and delicate, with a peculiar silvery tint which reminds one of moonlight falling upon snow. In form it is exceedingly graceful, and the lining is composed of delicately quilted white satin cord, and tassels fasten it at the throat.

FURS. PAGE 89.

This elegant set of furs, muff, cuffs, and gloves, are from the establishment of MOLYNEUX BELL, No. 58 Canal street, and rival anything we have seen in beauty of form and finish. The fur is Hudson Bay sable, and the muff is made of three skins, a fact which lady connoisseurs will appreciate, as they know that in this case three dark, rich lines surround the muff, adding much to its beauty and value. The inside is handsomely lined and finished with braided cord and heavy tassels.

The cuffs, also, are very handsome, the fur being of the finest quality, and shading off from the dark centre to the richest tint of golden brown.

The gauntlet gloves, of course, preclude the necessity for cuffs, and are exceedingly comfortable, and even elegant. The inside of the hand is of the finest kid, and the lining of fine silk plush. We imagine that no lady, after once using them, would be willing to do without them.

PALETOT FOR A LITTLE GIRL. PAGE 93.

To be made of cloth, trimmed with velvet, silk fringe, and small silk buttons. The lower part of the back is set in full to

the waist. The sleeve is also large and set in plaits round the top of the armhole, the edges being confined with small buttons. A silk girdle with tassels, finishes round the waist and confines it to the figure.

BONNETS. PAGE 88.

We have received from our French correspondent a number of striking and elegant bonnets, which we present to our readers as the latest Parisian models.

No. 1 is an illustration of a white imperial velvet, with a broad fold round the front, and curtain of black Lyons velvet. The crown is straight, and surrounded with a little fall of black lace, same round the front and curtain. Curled black ostrich feathers, low on the side, and plaided strings of *ponceau* and white. Bandeaux across the front of *ponceau* velvet, full ruches at the sides and a bow of ribbon.

No. 2. Opera bonnet of white fancy velvet, with three folds edged with loops of black chenille round the edge. Coiffure of black Maltese lace, embroidered with chenille, and set in a diamond pattern placed over the crown, and drooping down upon the curtain. Suspended from the hollows of the diamond sections are tassels composed of gold thread, which also descend upon the curtain. The entire edge is bound with scarlet velvet, and at the sides are large clusters of scarlet grapes with long green leaves.

No. 3. This is a promenade bonnet of exceedingly simple and elegant design. The material is myrtle green Lyons velvet, with a fold round the front a shade lighter in color. A sloping crown and straight *coque de plume*, shaded from light to dark green, are surmounted by a plain bow of dark velvet, bound with the lighter shade which forms the fold round the front; bandeaux across the front bordered with lace, and large rose and leaves at the side of maize colored velvet. Wide velvet strings, striped with dark green crimson and maize color.

DESCRIPTIONS OF NEEDLEWORK.

GRAPE-PATTERN BORDER, IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 90

The pattern which we give for embroidery, this month, has a pretty and peculiar effect when worked, without being elaborate. It is to be executed in open work, the holes and leaves composing the branches being cut out and sewn over; the grapes have the outside circle worked in buttonhole-stitch, and the inside filled in with small holes, which are sewn over.

LACE LAPPET FOR THE HAIR. PAGE 91.

The prevailing fashion of the present day is to ornament the head with either lace or flowers, and much taste is displayed in the shape and style of the lace coiffures, which are now much used. The more simple the arrangement of the hair and the ornaments for the head, the more classical will be the effect produced; and, therefore, heavy or elaborate head-dresses are now quite condemned. The lace lappet which we have given in our illustration is extremely pretty as a finish to the dress, and cannot in any way interfere with it, of whatever color it may be. If it is not considered sufficiently ornamented for full-dress, the addition of some graceful flower, placed in the centre, is all that is required to render it so, choosing one of a color either to match or contrast with the dress. The pattern is intended to be worked on very clear Brussels net, and may be executed in chain-stitch, or the outline run and filled in, partly solid and partly with the different point-stitches, which gives it a very light effect. If the former, we should recommend the fine Mecklenburgh lace thread. No. 40, to be used, and a finer size of the same sort for the point-lace stitches; but if run and filled in, the *Perfectionné*, No. 30, will be the best for the purpose, made by the same manufacturer.

BORDER FOR WINTER PETTICOAT, IN CHAIN-STITCH AND SCARLET WOOL. PAGE 92.

The design we have given in our illustration looks extremely well worked in chain-stitch in red wool or bright blue, on a dark grey linsey, the effect being much improved by working with the wool double. The scallop at the bottom must be in well-raised buttonhole-stitch, just above the hem, as much to enrich the appearance as to increase the durability of the edge, which is always the first to become injured by wear. This work is chain-stitch, is very quickly executed, and when worked

with regularity, has an extremely pretty effect. These petticoats, when completed, form a really ornamental portion of a lady's dress, and will be more in favor this winter than they even were last.

COLLAR IN BUGLES AND GUIPURE. PAGE 95.

The materials for this collar are simply bugles, one-third of an inch in length, and small beads. In purchasing these, care should be taken to have the best quality, as many are on sale in which the bore is so defective that the needle cannot pass through them, greatly to the annoyance of the worker, and hindrance of the work.

This collar may be made either in black or white, but excepting in cases of mourning, we recommend the latter, as the shining materials both relieve and contrast well with a dark dress.

The shape of the collar must first be marked out on strong colored paper, and cut round some half-inch beyond the line.

The stars which form the pattern are made separately. This is done as follows: Thread twenty white beads, tie them into a ring. On the same thread take one bugle, one bead, one bugle, pass the needle through the second bead of the ring you have just made. Repeat this all round, taking up in this way every alternate bead of the ring. There will then be ten of the double bugles all round, forming a sort of star. Slip the thread through the last of the bugles and thread one bugle, one bead, one bugle, and pass the thread through the next white bead. Repeat this all round. The next row is done just the same; only as the length of the bugles always varies, it is best to select for this row such as may be a little the longest. These stars being formed, eight in number, they must be carefully tacked down on their respective places in the paper pattern.

The little border is made as follows: thread one bead and one bugle.

Thread one bead, one bugle, one bead, one bugle, pass the needle through the first bead spoken of in this paragraph. There will then be, besides the first single bugle, three double bugles, then thread one single bugle, and one bead. This last bead divides each scallop.

Repeat the whole of these directions for the border from their beginning, until you have sufficient length to go round the collar. Then complete the edge by threading a bugle between each bead at the points of the double bugles, taking a bugle and passing the needle through the outer bead all round each scallop, which thus fixes its form.

This border is then to be tacked all round the margin of the collar, a row of beads carried round the neck, and the intervals filled up with a bugle and a bead, arranged so as to preserve the diamond form wherever necessary.

In making this collar, consulting our illustration will greatly assist the work.

ORNE TABLE-COVER, KNITTED IN MOS3-STITCH. PAGE 96.

MATERIALS—No. 4, *Orné Knitting Ball*; No. 1, *Orange Fringe Ball*; No. 12, *Long Knitting Pins*; 1 oz. *Green Berlin Wool*; 1 oz. *shaded amber ditto*, and 2 skeins of *Crimson Berlin*—all four thread.

The very general admiration that has been excited by this beautiful sort of work, the brilliance and harmony of the colors, and the great ease with which it is executed, induce us to give a design for an article on a somewhat larger scale than the anti-macassar formerly mentioned.

With the green Berlin wool, cast on 280 stitches; then attach the *orné* ball, and work thus:

1st row. Knit and purl alternately to the end, where the knot ought to come. Should any irregularity in the knitting occur, to prevent this you must either tighten or slacken the last stitches, so as to bring the knot in place.

2d row. Slip the first; then knit and purl.

3d and 5th rows like 1st; 4th and 6th like 2d. All green.

7th, 8th and 9th rows. 3 stitches green, 274 pink, 3 green.

10th row (b) 3 green, 36 pink, 8 crimson, 13 pink, 4 crimson, 11 pink, 5 crimson, 15 pink, 6 crimson (a), 78 pink; then backwards from a to b.

11th row. (b) 3 green, 34 pink, 11 crimson, 11 pink, 6 crimson, 9 pink, 7 crimson, 12 pink, 10 crimson (a), 74 pink. Repeat backwards as before.

12th row. (b) 3 green, 32 pink, 7 crimson, 8 pink, 7 crimson,

11 pink, 12 crimson, 13 pink, 5 crimson, 15 pink (a), 6 crimson. Repeat backwards as before.

After this knit regularly until the side border is done; then commence the centre as follows:

1st row. 64 stitches from the knot to the crimson, 152 crimson, 64 more to the end.

2d, 3d and 4th rows. 65 to the crimson, 150 crimson, 65 to the end.

5th row. 64 stitches to the crimson, 152 crimson, 64 to the end.

6th, 7th and 8th rows. 60 stitches to the crimson, 160 crimson, 60 more to the end.

9th row. 60 to the crimson, 79 crimson, 2 green, 79 crimson, 60 more to the end.

10th row. 60 to the crimson, 50 crimson, 2 black, 18 crimson, 2 black, 11 crimson, 4 green, 11 crimson, 2 black, 18 crimson, 2 black, 50 crimson, 60 more to the end.

Afterwards knit 56 stitches for each end-border, until the centre is nearly finished. Attention to the drawing, and regular knitting, will insure a proper development of the pattern. In moss stitch, the first stitch of every row should be slipped, in order to improve the selvege. Then the purl-stitch of one row should come over the plain of the preceding, and *vice versa*. If the thread prove too short or long, and the knot does not come exactly to the end, lighten or slacken the stitches with a pin, without undoing the work, till the knot comes in its place.

After the knitting is done for the border,

1st row. Single crochet all round with green Berlin wool.

2d row. With the amber shaded, treble crochet all round.

3d row. D c with the green Berlin all round.

4th row. Slip-stitch with crimson all round.

For the fringe, cut the orné wool into lengths at every white mark, double each piece and lay them on the table in the order in which they are cut. Take the cover, hold the wrong side of the crochet in front; place the hook in a loop of s c, put the first length of fringe on hook; make a s c stitch, drawing through both ends of wool. Do every piece the same.

One curious fact connected with the orné wool is, that the tints become brighter by age. Wools of patterns printed some time ago are remarkably bright and vivid; and the newer designs daily acquire more of this brilliance. They are most ornamental pieces of work, and would make any room look elegant.

STRATAGEM VERSUS STRENGTH.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONCLUSION.

Is not the heart itself the true sun to each of us of our own particular world? Does it not brighten our universe? What an extent of domains and principalities do we all possess, extending to the realms of thought and imagination far beyond and above our sphere, and over all the heart diffuses sunshine, gilding creation with gladness and glory.

New springs of life seemed to have opened out upon Joanna Foster and Marmaduke Harvey. There was no need now of Malta or Madeira. Mr. Pellet plumed himself very much upon having prescribed a visit to the field seat under the tree, and maintained a sufficient positiveness that repetitions of those visits would be change of air enough. In short, so well were the doctor's prognostications verified that the saffron color, with its black and green shades under the eyes, began to disappear and give place to a more natural hue in the complexion of his patient, and all because the "bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne."

Nevertheless, although our hero's general health was wonderfully improved, he knew full well that the injuries he had received in his encounter with Mr. Hale must remain his portion and his punishment to the end of his life.

As for Joanna, she did not rally quite so quickly. In the privacy of her own chamber many a deep blush burnt in upon her cheek when she remembered the sacrifice of her womanly pride; and womanly shame, and the sense of her deep humiliation, so bowed her down, that she would cover her face with her hands and say to herself that, though things had gone so very far, she verily believed she could never look Marmaduke

Harvey in the face again. On his part, he was obliged to guard against being too deferential, lest the very manifestation of his gratitude should remind her of the condescension which had given it birth.

Mr. and Mrs. Arundel not being matchmakers, and not wishing to part with a niece who now enjoyed more of their affection than ever, being, moreover, sadly unsuspicious and consequently taken quite by surprise, received Mr. Harvey's overtures with a sort of silent dismay, very different from the usual reception given to an "eligible" on such occasions. Nevertheless, as no passable objection was discoverable, they could only consent with a sort of ill-will and bad grace, which simply had the effect of enhancing the value of the bride elect in the eyes of her betrothed.

Time and space warn us to pass over wedding splendors. Many a girl marries for the glories of the day, without thought beyond. To be dressed as she never was dressed before, to receive the homage of all eyes, and act the empty queenship of a few short hours—for this she is willing to undertake duties which she has not the least idea how to fulfil, and responsibilities that might turn the black, glossy curls gray, did the brain beneath anticipate the account.

Brightly shone the sun on that wedding-day, and "blessed," says the proverb, "is the bride that the sun shines upon." Let us moralize as we will, we must confess that Joanna looked very beautiful in her new character, though she trembled sympathetically with her own orange blossoms. Of course, everything was done according to rule. It was a white wedding; that is, the bride herself wore a circumference of some sort of skirt, that was shining and glistening, covered with clouds of gossamer, which looked more like an idea of one didn't know what, than something that had been woven and spun by dashing and clashing iron and wood machinery. And she had six bridesmaids—two in white and blue, two in white and pink, two in white and lilac. The bride didn't cry, but one of the bridesmaids did.

Heigho! It seemed a long day, that same day. Mrs. Harvey—how odd and matronly that sounds—had only worn that prodigious dress that took so much getting ready for some two or three hours, and then, when the great business was done, took it off again, and in a much plainer sort of costume than many she had assumed on other every day occasions, had kissed her bridesmaids and her aunt and her uncle and one of her bridesmaids over again, and had stepped into her carriage, and the wheels had whirled round, and in a minute more there was nothing left of it but just a rut in the sand made by the rolling wheels.

And the dear changeable moon, that one wouldn't love half so well if it didn't spend its time in putting on new faces, growing old and young again so many hundreds of thousands of times since its first birthday, had from its pale crescent of silvery beauty expanded into regal dignity, and flooding many an English home with these gladdening communications from that other world, seemed to look on them in their beauty-sleep with a smile that blessed them. It was on such a night that the old married people returned to take possession of the house that was now to be home, in the precious and well-beloved meaning of that word.

The next morning Joanna had been standing for a little time buried in deep thought, when Marmaduke, softly laying his hand upon her arm, gently said, "Won't you allow me the right to know what it is? If you don't I shall look into your eyes and find you out."

"Only a little plot. Will you be a confederate?"

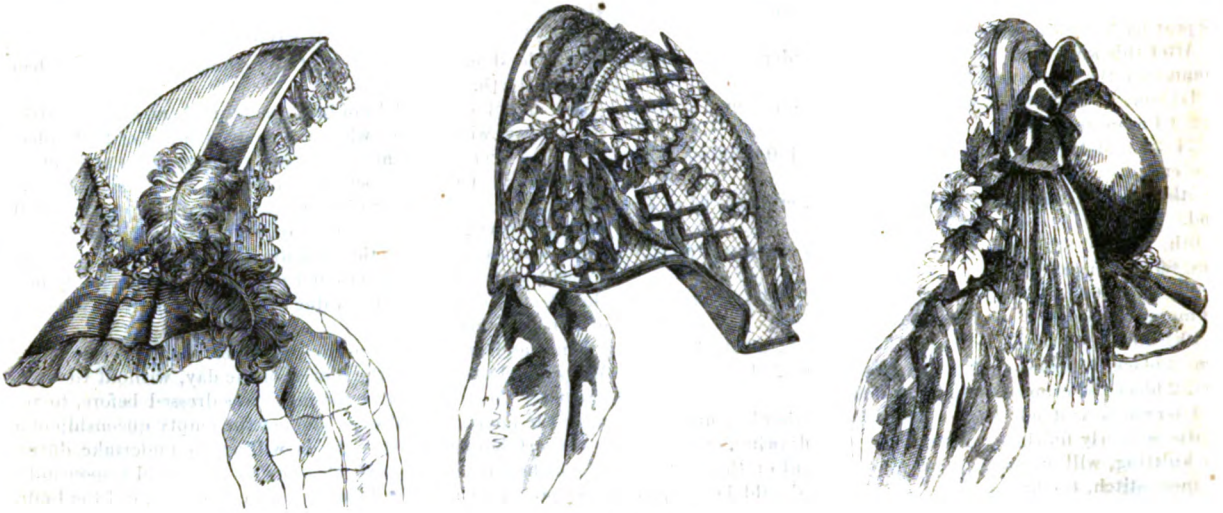
Then, before he could answer, she added, hastily, "Don't take alarm at these two words, 'plot' and 'confederate.'"

His laugh re-assured her in a moment, and she laughed too. Then, showing what train her thoughts had gone upon by the point at which she took them up, she said, "Well, if 'Stratagems' was my motto, 'Strength' was yours."

"Strength! what, when one of these dainty little fingers could make me——" He stopped short, and was serious.

Leaning on his arm, and looking touchingly into his face, she said, "I know what you mean. That is the ballast of my happiness. But for that, I think I should float away upon the air."

"What a reason you give me for being glad of it," he an-



BONNETS. PAGE 86.

swered, with a loving and admiring smile. "Everything that you did, now that I know its spring, was but a heart compli- ment. Happiness and gratitude are with me synonymous terms."





1

M. BELL'S VISITING COSTUMES. PAGE 85.

2

"Isn't it like a tale?" she said, "and to make it more complete, we ought to have the moral fastened on. What did all my stratagems bring me to? Why just this. That after all my pride, I was obliged to humble myself so very, very, very low into the dust as to make me ask you to have me. I was, oh, in such a way! but you see I've got over it now that I can talk about it."

"I will not answer you lest you should think the pitiful words I might use could tell you what I feel."

"I'll fancy it all. Condescension and generosity and all that. But my plot?"

"I am in it, on trust, without knowing it."

"I want to invite my cousin Sophia here."

"Are you not lady paramount. I know I cannot always have you entirely to myself."

"And—and to get Mr. Hollingsworth into the neighborhood with a few makeweights."

"If we have anybody, as many makeweights as your please."

"But—Mr. Hollingsworth?"

"He who is so clever, intelligent, conversationable, eclipses those who are out of the world, and makes love at pic-nics?"

"Exactly, and remember that being all

that you say, somebody preferred somebody else a great deal better."

"Let him bring his Manton for a few weeks' sport."

"He shall stop at Uncle Arundel's. You know he is a sort of family connexion."

"Will he come for the asking?"

"Yes, to show his independence, for is he not one of the lords of the creation? Uncle Arundel shall invite him to-morrow, and I'll write to poor Sophia to-day."

"Ah! now I see your plot."

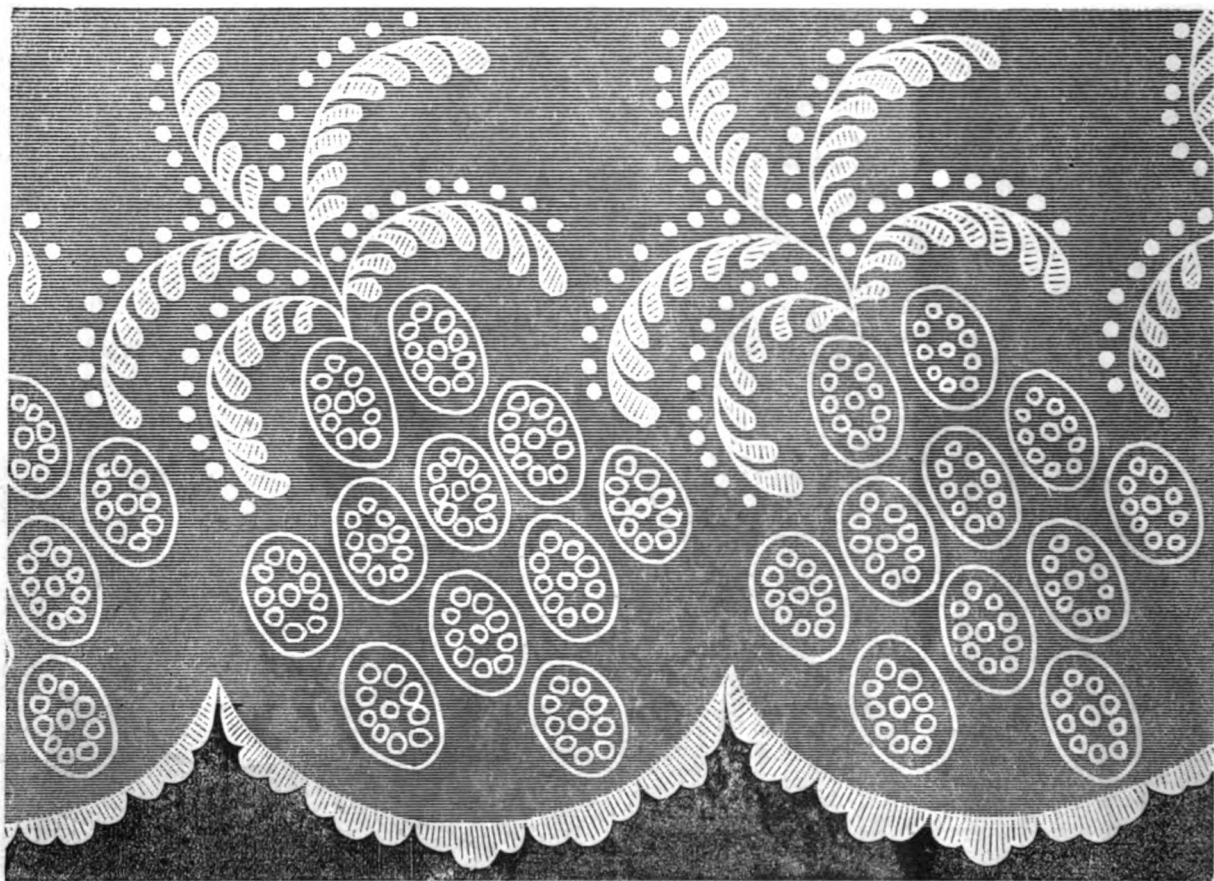
"I am determined on being a match-maker."



M. BELL'S FURS. PAGE 85.

Joanna's bridesmaid, the one who wept at her wedding, came. So also did Mr. Hollingsworth. He was too much of a lawyer to be caught, but having motives of his own he acted upon them.

It was really amusing to see with what a sort of easy nonchalance Mr. Hollingsworth shook the hand of the married lady and wished her joy. We are not quite sure that a little feeling of mingled pique and a dash of disappointment did not heighten the blush upon her cheek when she thus received from him these recognitions of her matronly honors. We know that she turned



GRAPE PATTERN BORDER IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 86.

her eyes on Marmaduke with a sort of loving admiration and said to herself, "How different were his feelings. These men of the world love nothing but themselves. I don't think he is worthy of Sophia, and after all why should I go farther in the matter?"

There was no occasion for Mrs. Harvey to give herself the least trouble in the world. The affair was quite taken out of her hands, and, in truth, it had never been in them. Mr. Hollingsworth was thoroughly capable of managing his own love concerns as well as his own business concerns. Long before he had seen Joanna, he had been contemplating a rational attachment and a rational union with Sophia as the object. People who contemplate an attachment must, of course, be rational, because they don't give much latitude to their feelings. Mr. Hollingsworth had approved Sophia. Had she not intrenched herself in that Malakoff of pride, which quashed every tender rising sentiment, he would have loved her. Nevertheless, contenting himself with rational expectations of a respectable wife with no nonsense about her, he had come down to the country, to think the matter over again when he first saw Joanna. That nameless charm of womanly feeling, which was all her own, touched him far more than her beauty. For the first time in his life, he felt that the heart had impulses altogether independent of the reason. We have seen how he yielded to the influence. That was a little episode in the dry lawyer's dry life, which left him none the happier for its enactment.

Nevertheless, he found his old law books very fusty, his old chambers very dusty, his old work very hard, and his thoughts turned again to a rational attachment and a rational union. He had an idea of a house in one of the squares; and he knew that a house without a wife would be like a Paradise without an Eve, and, aiding and abetting all this, he remembered a certain something which had made itself perceptible in his last interview with Sophia, which had raised ideas agreeable to his vanity, and had gained additional sweetness from the fact that the pretty little pleasant gratifying notion had risen up exactly at the moment when he was smarting under the mortification of being under-valued by our heroine. From that moment the

remembrance of Sophia gained upon him in every sense. The old thoughts came back again, colored with that new sentiment which they had wanted before, and thus the invitation to join the shooting-party came very opportunely.

As for Sophia, the very bitterness of knowing that Mr. Hollingsworth had preferred another had so broken up her pride as to take much of its offensiveness away. And besides, when that gentleman explained the matter, which, as a gentleman and a lawyer, he so very well knew how to do, he placed it in such a very different point of view, that Sophia really wondered at herself for caring so very much about it, and began to forgive her cousin in real earnest for being so very attractive. To be sure, when Mr. Hollingsworth told her that she had been the object of his attachment long before he had seen Joanna, that her coldness, her pride, her severity, had both wounded and offended him; and that in the pique, in the mortification, in the disappointment, Joanna's softness and sweetness and sympathising tone of sentiment had led him to seek consolation from her, while he was all freshly smarting from the wounds she herself had inflicted, oh, man! why, then, she at once saw that everything had been all her own fault, and instead of remaining angry and indignant, she began, oh, woman! to comfort and console.

So the end of it was another wedding, and with it ends our history.

THE custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France, which still subsists, is a remnant of the Eastern practice of investiture by a glove. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded. The unfortunate Emperor Conradin was deprived of his crown and life by the usurper Manfred. When, having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince, lamenting his fate, asserted his right to the crown, and as a token of investiture threw his glove among the crowd, entreating it might be sent to some of his relations who would revenge his death, it was taken up by a knight and brought to Peter, king of Aragon, who, in virtue of this glove, was crowned at Palermo.

BLONDE BEAUTY AND THE RIVAL TYPES.

A short time ago some lively paragraphs went the rounds of the newspapers, respecting the gradual disappearance of the true type of blonde beauty, the rage for it in the French capital, and the formation of a club, having for its object the discovery and encouragement of this rare type of female loveliness. A card of membership to a lady is what the badge of knight-hood would be to a gentleman—a mark of distinction only conferred on those who stand prominent in the ranks of blue-eyed beauty.

This idea, which originated in an idle caprice, has become the fashion, and has recently brought into being an opposition faction who delight in dark eyes and raven tresses, and defend the claims of the sunny-haired daughters of the south to be first in beauty, as well as in wit. No opportunity is lost of putting forth rival claims; *jeu d'esprits*, *bon mots*, epigrams, at each other's expense, are the order of the day; favorite colors of rival leaders are worn, and signify to the initiated to what order the wearer belongs, and whose presumptive rights he defends.

A short time since a grand entertainment was given, at which la Comtesse de N—— and Mdlle. L——, the acknowledged heads of the different parties, were present. Both were attired in the height of the reigning mode, the colors of one being amber, crimson and black, while those of the other were white and blue, with gold embroidery.

Each of the rival queens were attended like goddesses, every wish anticipated, and a gentle command obeyed on the wing. Both were followed by a train of cavaliers, towards whom the dark-eyed countess affected an imperious and regal demeanor, while the gentle mademoiselle looked appealingly and beseechingly through the shadow of her golden curls, and at once a hundred willing hands were ready to do her bidding. Then followed a quick flutter of fans, a tossing of heads and a succession of jerks which betokened a rising storm, until oil had been poured upon the waves, and the opposition had been soothed down by flattering attentions and honied words.

At supper a scene came very near taking place. Mdlle. L—— desired an ice, which one of her suite requested of an attendant; the servant hastened to bring it, meanwhile passing the imperious countess, who, seeing it, ordered the man to stop and place it beside her. There was a difficulty! Such an insult the fair mademoiselle must not submit to, and one of her attendants sprang forward to prevent the countess from obtaining the precedence. Her brow darkened; but in a moment, and before the delicacy had reached her rival, a second glass was presented to her, and she condescended to be appeased.

It is quite uncertain where this contest of charms will end. The symptoms of war rage fierce and high, and might probably extend to this continent, were it not for the fact that

our female loveliness is so much of the composite order that perfect types of distinct classes can hardly be found.

Among us the Norman and Saxon, the Celtic and the German, the Dutch and the nations farther south, are about equally blended, producing a fairness of complexion which bears no resemblance to the sunny-haired daughters of the north, and is still more unlike the clear tint of the nut-brown maid.

The eyes of our belles are rarely black or blue, but brown, gray, or a witch-hazel. Their tresses are neither golden or raven, but wavy chestnut, or the darker shade which just escapes being black. Few have the softness of Sappho, or the imperial air of the regal Juno; but they have the delicacy, grace and dignity which becomes a woman.

Finally, we think it would be difficult to find any suitable as leaders in a blonde or black club, but plenty who would make excellent wives and mothers; and as matrimony seems to be at



HALF OF A LACE LAPPET. PAGE 86.

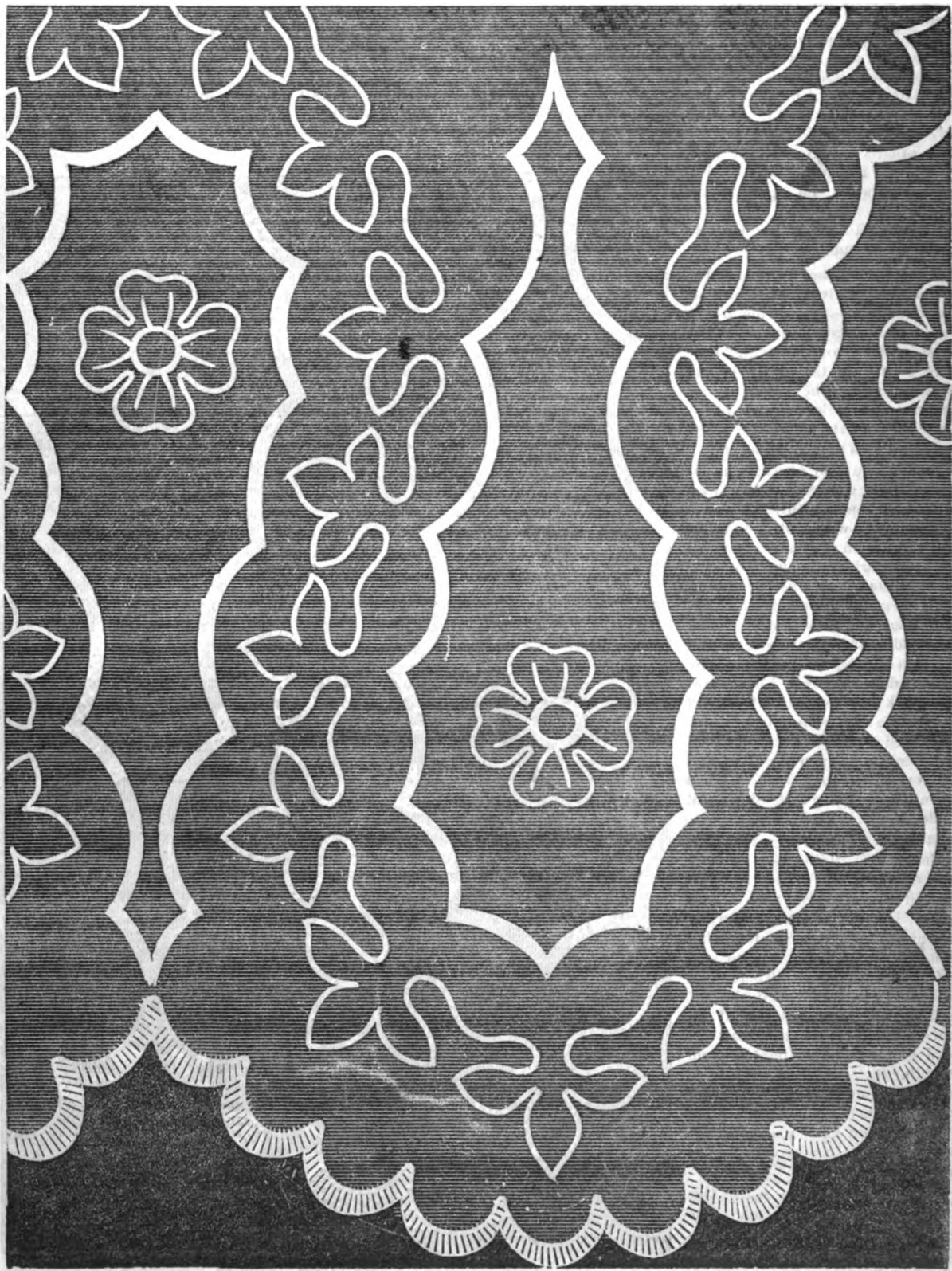
a discount just now, we recommend our young gentlemen to form a club, having for its object the extension, encouragement and perpetuity of the marriage relation.

MY FIRST COURT BALL.

HAVE any of the fair readers of the NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE ever attended a Court Ball? If not, I am going to daguerreotype

my impression of the brilliant gathering I witnessed last night, for their benefit.

At nine o'clock, Buckingham Palace was surrounded with soldiers and guards, and elegantly attired gentlemen-ushers who showed us to the dressing-room, as we alighted from our carriage. We ascended the splendid marble stairway, between rows of fragrant roses and exotics, which were placed all along the steps, and entered the famous "Yellow Drawing-Room," which was already crowded with guests.



BORDER FOR WINTER PETTICOAT. PAGE 86.

Precisely at ten o'clock, there was a rustle and flutter among the crinoline and gauzes—the crowd drew back from the centre of the apartment—leaving an open space—the saloon doors glided back, and the Lord Chamberlain, bearing his golden rod of office, appeared. The inspiring strains of "God Save the Queen," filled the room, and Queen Victoria entered, smiling and graceful, and inclining her head to the right and left as she passed along towards the Throne-Room, where we ascended the canopied dais.

She was surrounded by royal guests who seated themselves by her side. The Queen of Hanover and the Crown Princess of Russia walked directly after her Majesty, followed by the Duchess of Kent—mother to the Queen—and Princess Mary of Cambridge, and then came the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess of Hohenlohe, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and the lovely Duchess of Sutherland. After these came the

maids of honor and ladies-in-waiting. When this brilliant assemblage had swept past, a constellation of masculine stars appeared; Prince Albert, covered with glittering orders; the King of Hanover, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the Prince of Hohenlohe, and the Duke of Cambridge entered, and a long train of noblemen, gentlemen-in-waiting, foreign ambassadors and ministers followed.

The Throne-Room is a magnificent apartment; it is draped with crimson satin, and the emblazoned ceiling rests on stately marble columns; the whole suite of rooms was one glow of dazzling light, streaming down from the gorgeous chandeliers. Probably, twenty-five hundred guests were assembled, the ladies in the richest and most *recherché* toilettes, and the gentlemen in court-attire or uniforms. It seemed as if a literal rain of diamonds had descended on the scene, so brilliantly did they sparkle from every quarter of the room.

In a few moments Jullien's Band struck up, and the Chamberlain came forward, waving his golden rod to clear the space for a quadrille, in which the Queen and her crowned guests were to participate.

I watched the royal lady of England with great interest as she moved through the quadrille. She is of medium height, with a beautifully rounded figure and the loveliest little feet and hands I ever beheld. There is something so radiant, so cordial and affectionate in her bright English face, that I could not wonder at the enthusiasm with which her British subjects are wont to cry, "God save the Queen!" whenever she appears among them. Her dress—white lace, embroidered with sea-green silk—seemed to float around her delicate form like a light cloud, and her glossy hair was crowned with a wreath of poppies, with diamonds gleaming from their petals. Her neck glittered with a circular band formed by jewels of immense size, and the broad blue ribbon of the Garter was clasped on her bosom with a cluster of large diamonds, which seemed to send out rays of light in every direction like a miniature sun.

Prince Albert, her *vis-à-vis* in the dance, wore the dark green



PALETOT FOR A LITTLE GIRL. PAGE 85.

uniform of the Rifles, of which regiment he is colonel. He is a stately, handsome man, with regular features, a mild expression, and extremely elegant manners. As he passed his royal wife in the quadrille they exchanged affectionate smiles, which proved their domestic happiness.

The Duke of Cambridge, a soldierly looking man, in gorgeous uniform, was there with his sister the Princess Mary of Cambridge, a pretty, vivacious girl of regular English *embonpoint*. Prince Albert's elder brother, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and numerous other German dignitaries were present.

The Count Walewski, French minister to England, and his lovely young wife, attracted much attention. She is a Florentine, a fair, frail American-looking creature, with a rose-leaf complexion and most beautiful hair. Near them stood the magnificent Duchess of Sutherland, once called the "queen of English

beauty," and still a splendid woman. She was dressed in a *moire-antique* of rose-colored crape, embroidered with a perfect shower of jewels, and her golden hair was full of diamond stars. Her two beautiful daughters, the Duchess of Argyle and Lady Constance Grosvenor, were with her, superbly attired.

The Countess of Jersey, who is styled the "queen of London fashion," was there with the Lady Clementina Villiers, her lovely daughter. It was difficult to tell whether Lady Clementina or the Duchess of Wellington was most beautiful. Some awarded the palm to the one, some to the other. The present Duke of Wellington is a fine-looking man, resembling his late illustrious father in the aquiline Wellington nose, which was so characteristic a feature of the "Iron Duke."

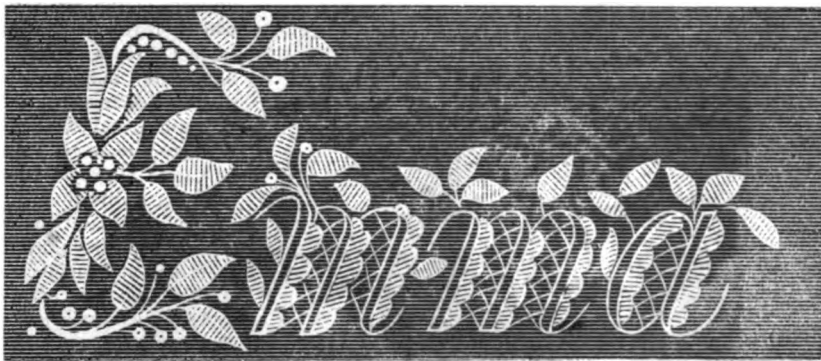
Prince Frederic William, heir apparent to the throne of Prussia, attracted many curious glances, as it is well known that he will soon marry the eldest daughter of Victoria. There is very little of the foreigner about him, and one would almost judge him to be a sedate and quiet Englishman, from his personal appearance.

The banquet-saloons were no less magnificent than the ball-rooms. Sevres china, so exquisitely designed and painted that none but royal wealth could purchase it, glittered under its load of rich viands and tropical fruits, while plate of solid gold was arranged with faultless taste, and finely flavored wines from French and Italian vineyards sparkled on every side.

Queen Victoria entered into the spirit of the dance with unaffected grace, and almost girlish delight. Several noblemen were honored with her hand in the dance, but her partners were, for the most part, the crowned personages who were her special visitors.

It was two o'clock in the morning before her Majesty left the rooms, with a sweet smile and graceful inclination of the head, which elicited a low murmur of admiration from the crowding guests. It is evident that she is idolized by her subjects, and this is not strange, for she is certainly the embodiment of all that is gentle, graceful and womanly.

After admiring the fine works of art in the statue and picture



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

galleries, we stood for a few minutes at the top of the grand staircase, watching the swaying crowd of ladies below, who looked like bright tropical birds in their vividly colored operacloaks of blue and crimson.

At length we found our way into the ante-room, where we waited some time before it was possible to reach the outer world. The names of the aristocratic assemblage were being shouted in every key, from the door of the cloak-room to the palace gates. "The Countess of Jersey is coming!" shrieked some young page in a weak falsetto. "The Countess of Jersey is coming!" growled an old attendant in the lowest bass; and thus the guests departed, one by one. Finally our own names were shouted along the line, and we entered our carriage amid the punctillious etiquette that surrounds the abode of royalty.

The grounds of the palace wore a most inviting aspect in the morning sunshine, for it was nearly six o'clock, but we were so wearied that we drove as rapidly as possible to our hotel. The last impression on my mind's eye, as I passed into the land of dreams, was that of the beautiful queen, with her sparkling diamonds and winning smiles; and the royal ball will ever remain in my memory as one of the pleasantest

more crocuses and snowdrops in gardens than we do; and as to hyacinths and early tulips, though everybody might have them at a very trifling outlay, how few there are who ever think of such things! For border and bedding purposes, there is no need whatever for expensive sorts of any bulbs, for good



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

mixtures of hyacinths and tulips, crocuses, and snowdrops may be had at a trifling price.

In planting bulbs out of doors, it is necessary to get them in as early as possible: hyacinths, crocuses, snowdrops, narcissi, and jonquils, should be got in first, but tulips may be deferred till about the second week in November: the ninth is the day on which tulip-fanciers usually plant. The soil for all spring-blooming bulbs should be moderately rich, and contain a good proportion of sand. Ordinary garden soil, improved with a little old manure and road sand, deeply dug, and on a dry bottom, will grow all border bulbs, as well as prepared composts. All large bulbs should be planted six inches deep, small ones four inches. Shallow planting of tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi is to be deprecated, as promoting too early a growth, and hence exposing the foliage too soon to the frost.

In selecting bulbs for out-door blooming, give the preference to those that have distinct and dazzling colors over any that have fancy markings; what you want is bold effect; for if the beauty of a flower consist in delicate tints and markings, the chances are that it will never have the admiration it deserves, though in-doors it might be pro-



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

reminiscences of my sojourn in England.

BULBS FOR SPRING BLOOMING.

LOVERS of flowers are now busy in planting bulbs for spring blooming; and as the chief beauty of the garden and conservatory for the first three months of the year will depend on present operations, we purpose making a few very brief remarks on bulbs generally.

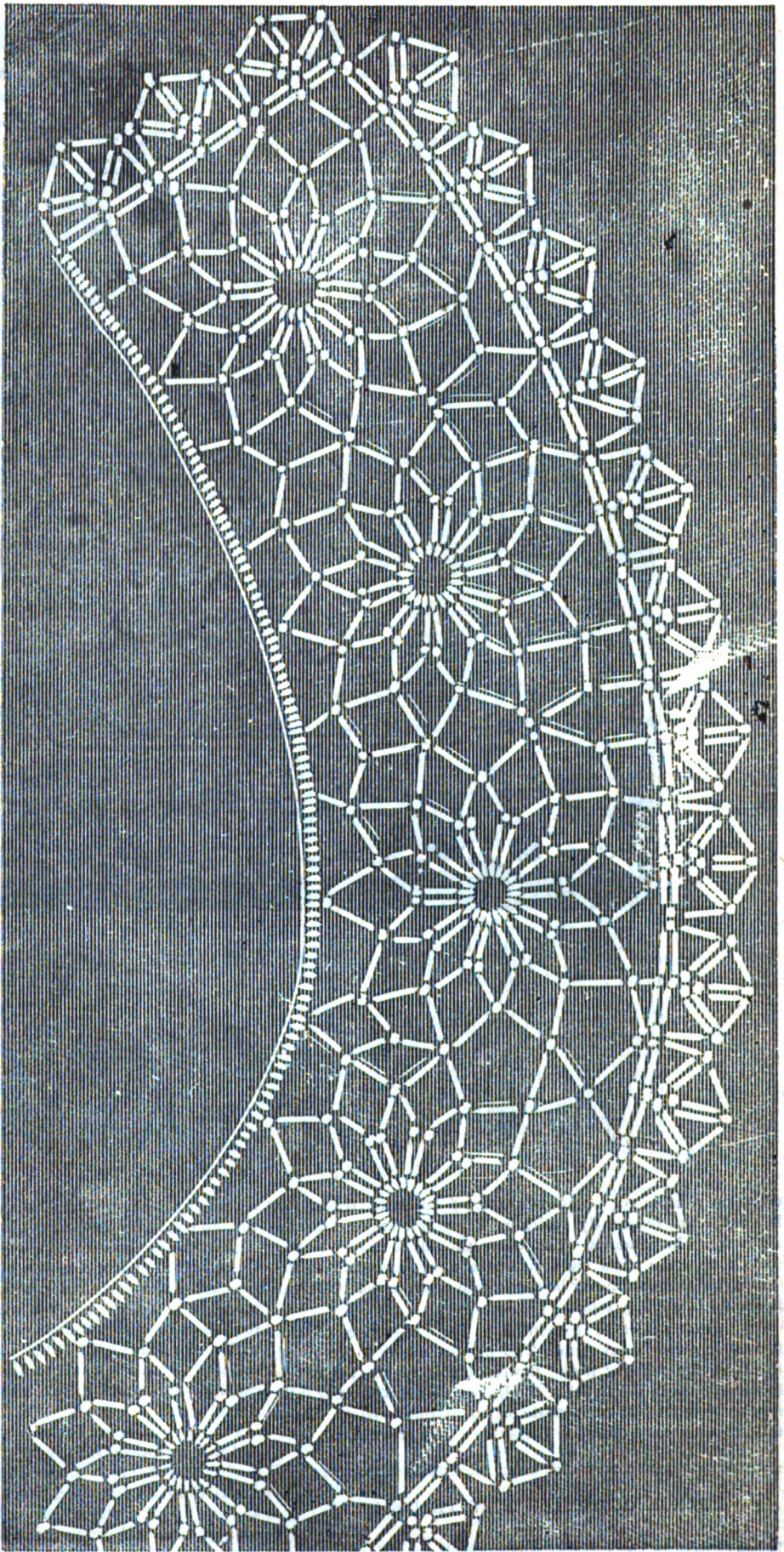
Considering how little trouble this class of flowers occasions, it is really a pity they are not more extensively grown. We ought to see fifty times

perly appreciated. For instance, white and fancy varieties of crocus look very dreary during the dark days of February; but the old cloth-of-gold and the bright blues and lilacs have a splendid effect when well contrasted in clumps and masses.

But of all early spring flowers, early tulips are the most beautiful. Get a few brilliant varieties and you may make the ground blaze again. Twelve distinct colors will give better effects, if planted in clumps of seven, than even a hundred sorts because the contrasts will be bold and dazzling. Choose the most striking of each color, contrast them well, and repeat the same color again and again along the border; that is the secret of the grand style in planting everything; it is tasteful repetition, not endless variety, that produces the best effects.

For in-door blooming, some hyacinths, crocuses, snowdrops, and tulips should be planted in pots; these should be well drained and filled with rich earth; the bulbs only just pressed on the surface, and then mossed over. A very pretty way of growing hyacinths and crocuses is to fill a glass dish with sand; arrange your bulbs—hyacinths in the centre, and crocuses all round—press them firmly into the sand, and then cover the whole with fresh green moss, and water moderately; and thereafter keep the whole just moist at all times, and as there is no drainage, they will not require frequent supplies of water. If the foliage should get dusty, through stirring fires and the sweeping of rooms, take a sponge and a basin of tepid water and wash every leaf clean; the beautiful, fresh, wax-like look this treatment will give them will surprise those who have not been accustomed to take any particular pains with their plants.

Hyacinths set in glasses should not be allowed to touch the water; they should be filled, so that the base of the bulb will all but touch it; then the glasses should be put into a dark closet in a warm room, or near a fire. As soon as the leaves appear, place them in the windows; and when severe weather occurs do not forget to lift them down at night and place



COLLAR IN BUGLES AND GUIPURE. PAGE 86.



ORNBLE-COVER, KNITTED IN MOSS-STITCH. PAGE 86.

them on a table, or somewhere out of reach of frost; for hyacinths are frequently spoilt by being left exposed to the night frosts in windows. The water should be changed once a week after the roots have begun to grow, and cold fresh-drawn water should never be used: rain water is the best, and it should be slightly tepid.

One great defect of hyacinths is the production of the flowers on a very short stem. The blooms ought to be lifted up above the foliage; if the flower-stem is so short that the blossoms open in the midst of the leaves, neither color nor fullness of blossom can compensate for so glaring a defect. Now this, in nine cases out of ten, may be easily prevented.

FRENCH CUSTOM ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It is a custom in Paris, if a gentleman makes a call upon a lady on the 1st of January, to present her with his likeness in pho-

tograph or lithograph, and the compliment is repeated to each one, no matter to how many his civilities may extend.

This idea has been caught by some of the gallant young gentlemen of our metropolis, who intend to graft it on the good old Knickerbocker ceremonies with which New Year's Day is observed in this city. Some to whom money is no object propose to present their lady friends with an elegant photograph, others with a fine lithograph. Still, others think it would be a capital idea to have a small miniature likeness inserted in their cards, or they could be taken in groups, and contracted for on liberal terms.

The idea altogether is charming for those who can afford it, and will doubtless be fully appreciated by the fair recipients of the intended honor. But we advise each one not to believe that she is the only one upon whom this distinction is conferred, and get up all sorts of private heart-beats and palpitations in consequence. Of course gentlemen will try to make every one believe that this is the case, but they must be careful to believe the contrary.



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THREE DAYS IN A PALM TREE.—A STORY ABOUT A CROCODILE.

THE little town of Drivelmor, in Ireland, has for the last fifty years been celebrated as the resort of a body of learned men, whose scientific investigations have been directed towards the enlightenment of their fellow-citizens and society at large. If they have not succeeded in effecting this philanthropic object, the reason must be sought for in the obstinate ignorance which characterises the masses of that flourishing community. Far be it from us to attribute it to any incapacity in the clique of savants whose industry impregnates the very atmosphere of their native town with the breezes of antiquity and the scattered particles of mediæval rust evolved by their lucubrations. When I first visited Drivelmor I was struck with the general physiognomy of the leaders of the society there; all their faces resembled mathematical figures. Nearly every proposition in Euclid found its development in the features of some learned doctor; acute angles, parallelograms, and spheres, met me in every countenance that I passed in the street. Philosophy in Drivelmor seemed to be of the peripatetic school; every cranium might be viewed as pregnant with a forthcoming treatise, and metaphysics peeped forth in the very gossip of their passing salutations. As in Manchester countenances rise and fall with the aspects of the cotton market, or in Wolverhampton pulses vibrate to the sound of the hammer in the iron foundry, as citizens of Newcastle look black at the discovery of a new coal field which is likely to lower the price of their staple production, or in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange the stockbrokers are inconsolable at the downward tendency of consols, so in the dirty streets of Drivelmor the most gigantic speculations of science

form the every-day business of life, and impress the lines of care on the brow that nurtures them.

Poverty is generally the inseparable attendant upon genius. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, and the learned fraternity of Drivelmor furnishes us with an instance. Professor Addlepate, one of its brightest ornaments, was at the same time numbered among the wealthiest men in the place. This fortunate exemption from the common lot of scientific men did not, however, procure for its possessor unalloyed happiness. His mind was distracted by learned doubts and uneasy suspicions about matters which a less acute intellect might have left unquestioned.

At the period of his history to which our narrative relates, the African travels of Bruce had been discussed in the *coteries* of Drivelmor, and many abstruse treatises had been elicited from various learned brains, in defence or refutation of Bruce's theories.

Addlepate read, listened, and meditated alternately. But one gigantic thought pervaded his sleeping and waking lucubrations: "How was it that Bruce failed to discover the Peninsula of *Meroc*?"

Every man has some cause of unhappiness, some secret sorrow, which affects him more deeply perhaps in proportion to its comparative insignificance. We have heard of a man whose life was terminated in a fit of despondency because he failed in passing for a crack rifle corps into which he had volunteered. It was necessary, indeed indispensable, that he should be master of the weapon with which that portion of our



THE CROCODILE WAITING FOR ADDLEPATE TO COME DOWN.

* Herodotus ii., 29. The Jesuit Fathers, who resided long in that country, were of opinion that the kingdom of Gojam in Abyssinia was the ancient Meroc: this is disputed by Ludolf, and positively denied by Vossius. Father Lobo, in discussing this subject, enumerates the different opinions, and concludes with saying that the ancients knew so very little of that part of Ethiopia, and have spoken so variously and confusedly about Meroc, that as much may be said in favor of its being the modern kingdom of Gojam as against it.

army are equipped. But nature, instead of assisting his wishes, had forbidden them from being realised by making him left-handed. He could not overcome this radical defect, and was compelled in despair to relinquish his martial aspirations.

The professor studied Bruce's map, from the Mountains of the Moon to Hermopolis, but he found there no traces of that peninsula which the voracious Herodotus saw and made a note of. On the testimony of such a witness, who could doubt its existence? Yet it escaped the observation of Bruce! What a reproach did this entail on the research of modern travellers, and how vast a gap remained to be filled up in the annals of African exploration! Addleplate felt that he must immortalise the town of Drivelmere and himself by making the discovery, or perish in the attempt. How many uneasy thoughts the subject must have cost him before he arrived at this determination, the reader may conjecture.

One day he equipped himself with a telescope and a pair of mud boots, packed up a carpet bag containing Herodotus and a clean shirt or two, and embarked for Egypt. Of the time occupied by his journey or the manner in which it was performed, we are unable to give any account, inasmuch as he never could do so himself. His mind was occupied by one thought, and he had no eyes or ears for any of the objects that presented themselves to his notice on the way to Egypt.

Absorbed in the peninsula which Bruce had left undiscovered, he passed on his way as if entranced. The custom-house officials set him down as a lunatic when they found that his incoherent answers to all their questions were drawn from the pages of Herodotus; and a fellow-passenger in the same vessel who rejoiced in the name of Bruce, was quite unable to account for the emotion which his presence excited in the demeanor of the bewildered professor.

On he journeyed with unwearying steps, and ceaseless rapidity. He hastened up the Nile, scarcely vouchsafed a glance at the Pyramids—a mark of disrespect which however produced no effect upon the stoical indifference of those time-honored monuments, and after spending a few hours at Cairo, found himself amidst the ruins of Karnak. Glancing negligently at the imposing statues of Memnon, the monuments of Sesostrius, the pillars of Isis, the obelisks of Luxor, and all the gigantic antiquities of the Thebais, he proceeded onwards towards the sources of the Nile. The ruined cities which border that ancient river had no charms for him; he scorned to explore the ruins of Latopolis, Elethya, Apollinopolis, Ombos, and Syene, which latter place is now invested with the barbarous designation of Assouan. So culpable a want of curiosity can scarcely be conceived. Drivelmere might well have blushed at the indifference which his professor displayed in not exploring the treasures of antiquity which lay before him.

One day, the broiling heat of the mid-day sun pouring down upon the professor beneath a tropical sky, drove him to seek for refreshment in the clear waters of the Nile. It was a delicious spot for bathing at which Addleplate found himself when the idea occurred to him. He looked around him and scanned the horizon carefully, but no living being was in sight. The locality was emphatically a desert. There was not even a statue of Isis, Ibis, Anubis, or Serapis, in the neighborhood. The Nile flowed on its majestic course amid solemn silence. Its left bank washed some magnificent ruins, for which history furnishes no name, extending along ridges of rock to the ancient Elephantina.

Divesting himself of his garments and arranging them carefully on the bank, Addleplate was soon ready to plunge into the stream. The last articles of covering that he threw off were his pair of over-all boots, which he deposited with equal care by themselves. They were destined to tread the soil of the yet undiscovered peninsula, and any accident to them might prove fatal to his enterprise. The professor considered his boots indispensable; the clothes perhaps, considering the climate and the absence of population, were of less importance. His philosophy on this head was afterwards put to the test, as our narrative will show.

We may now behold the illustrious traveller revelling in the luxury of a vigorous swim in the limpid waters of the Nile. This healthful recreation he had learned to practise in his youth, when the pursuit of his studies at Dublin enabled him to indulge in many a plunge in the bay; and now, imagining

himself once more in the clear, blue water under Howth or Dalkey, he boldly struck out into the midstream.

As, however, he was thus indulging in the gambols of a fresh-water Triton, he was all of a sudden startled by hearing an ominous snort, and turning his head saw close upon him, protruding above the water, a pair of monstrous jaws ornamented with rows of vicious-looking teeth, and two huge goggling eyes.

At the same moment there flashed across the mind of the philosopher—too late, alas!—the recollection of an old school-boy fable, beginning "The dogs in Egypt do not stop to drink from the Nile, but lap as they run along its bank, for fear of the crocodiles." "Oh! that I had possessed the sagacity of a dog!" groaned out the savant, as with frantic efforts both of hands and feet he made for a small island in the middle of the stream.

It was in fact a crocodile of the largest species, which was pursuing the professor, who, though somewhat emaciated by study, offered still some choice bits for the palate of the hungry monster.

Addleplate scrambled out on to the island with the crocodile close on his heels. Panting with fright and exertion, he was on the point of abandoning himself to the delight of having escaped, when he suddenly remembered the amphibious nature of his pursuer; and making as hard as he could run for a small palm-tree which stood by itself on the bank, he swarmed up its trunk with the agility of a squirrel, and speedily gained the summit. Had he belonged to that class of would-be savants whose principal sphere of study is to be found in the tables of the patrons of science and scientific bodies, and who acquire from their close application to this peculiar branch of study a considerable resemblance in form to a Dutch Schuyt, he would have been a lost man to a certainty. Fortunately for him, he had applied himself at the age of twenty to the study of Professor Drery's six folio volumes, on "The Quadrature of the Circle;" a pursuit which effectually stopped all tendency to corpulence, and left him in the end singularly adapted for any light exercise, such as climbing palm-trees.

Addleplate reached the top of the tree, where, as every one is aware, all its huge fernlike leaves spring at once in a tangled fantastic bunch, like a plume of ostrich feathers, and having made sure of a footing, cast his eyes for the first time towards the river beneath.

He closed them in horror for an instant—the crocodile had dragged himself out of the water, and with his dripping scales flashing and glistening in the sun, was making his way like a monstrous fish on four legs to the bottom of the tree.

The philosopher ran over in his memory everything which had been written on the habits of the crocodile from Pliny to Cuvier and Owen—he could not help thinking he recollected meeting with a statement in one of them, that crocodiles climbed trees.

"Heaven send," he muttered, "that my precious brethren, who made a mistake in every page, were mistaken in this matter as well."

But suddenly a colder chill than ever ran through his veins, as it came to his recollection that he himself was the daring naturalist, who, in a certain contribution to the *Drivelmere Gazette*, had advanced that theory—namely, that crocodiles had the power of climbing trees as easily as cats. Glad would he have been now had he thrown that contribution behind the fire: it was too late, however—the paper had been read and commented on throughout Great Britain, had been translated into several Oriental languages, must have been extensively read even on the shores of the Nile itself—and, what was worst of all, no attempt had been made even from the last-mentioned locality to refute the theory.

The bloodthirsty reptile meanwhile gained the foot of the tree, and displayed unmistakeable signs of satisfaction at catching a glimpse of the bather between the leaves. It crawled several times round the tree, considering the position attentively, took another ugly look at poor Addleplate, and then quietly settled itself down with the evident intention of converting the siege into a regular blockade, and with the obvious admission of the utter impossibility of carrying the place by storm.

Let us pause a moment, to pay a just tribute to true philo-

sophy. Addleplate was at this moment less occupied with the serious character of his situation than with inquietude at the mistake it was now clear he had made. He reflected that his paper had committed a grave offence against the laws of natural history. "But never mind," thought he at last, "I'll never alter it—even if by any miracle I am delivered from this dreadful brute. I wrote that paper from conviction; it showed to demonstration that crocodiles could climb trees—it was a *fait acquis* in natural history. I'll never admit I was wrong, even though I may owe my life to the circumstance that a crocodile could not climb up a palm-tree. Bah! every true philosopher ought to be immoveable in his convictions."

The position taken up by the crocodile was sufficiently portentous; the blockade was established in full vigor—but what matter? Philosophy knew how to turn the fact to account. If crocodiles do not climb, they understand the tactics of a siege. Here was a subject for another paper, which, without stultifying the former, might call attention to an entirely novel instance of the sagacity of these creatures.

Stretched at full length in the dry loose soil, the crocodile basked in the burning rays of the sun, as though he had been a sand lizard—showed no signs of impatience: he had clearly made up his mind to wait till Addleplate came down; and the only vestige of emotion he displayed, was a slight quivering of his tail, denoting the intense delight with which he gloated over the anticipation of his inevitable banquet.

Every hour of the blockade seemed to contain two hundred and forty minutes; nevertheless, they passed by, and night, after a very short twilight, came at length. The last ray of the setting sun showed Addleplate his relentless foe still hopelessly immoveable.

In racking his brain for a precedent from which to derive either consolation or hope, he recollected that Robinson Crusoe passed the first night after his shipwreck in a tree—no doubt, that was a palm-tree. A bed in the tree was practicable then, though rough—nay, Robinson Crusoe expressly says he slept there: and, indeed, it occurred to our philosopher, that he had seen beds in many cabins at home quite as rough and perhaps not so clean.

He endeavored therefore to arrange himself so as to be able to get some rest, and partially succeeded. But his sleep was broken and restless—full of short, agitating dreams. In one of these he fancied himself behind the green baize covered table of the lecture-room at the Drivelmere Literary and Scientific Institution, delivering a lecture to prove the crocodile to be as fabulous an animal as the sphinx. As he concluded his lecture, a scalding tear fell on his bald head from the ceiling, and which, on looking up, he discovered to have fallen from the glaring eye of a monstrous crocodile. He woke with a start, and had nearly slipped off his perch on to the tail of his sleeping guard. This rendered him more careful; he battled with drowsiness, and propped his eyelids up with his forefingers. So passed the night.

As the sun rose, Addleplate observed with despair that the state of blockade remained unchanged—only the crocodile occupied a different spot of ground. It was obvious that, finding himself hungry during the night, he had been holding a sort of midnight orgie among the unfortunate fishes which come down from the "White Nile." The shores of the little island were covered with bones and bleeding fragments—a mournful sight for the unfortunate philosopher, who reflected that if the monster found means thus to refresh his strength night after night, he should fall into his jaws at last of sheer weakness from starvation. The idea made his few hairs stand on end.

Meanwhile the stomach, whose arrangements are as independent of the mind as its demands are inexorable, had been for some time dunning poor Addleplate for arrears amounting to at least two meals—supper and breakfast. It was impossible for him to close his ears to its murmurs; but how could he appease them?

Had there been two philosophers, the history of many a shipwreck would have furnished an immediate resource: the stronger would have made a meal of the weaker, and so have at once saved his own life and incorporated with himself a brother dear to their common science. But poor Addleplate was *solus*, and he began to anticipate that the horrors of famine would be

added to those of blockade. He thought of Josephus's account of the Siege of Jerusalem.

Up to this time he had oddly enough been ignorant of the fact that palm-trees bear a very sweet, savory fruit, called dates—a favorite food of the Orientals from the days of the patriarchs downwards. The rays, however, of the rising sun at last revealed this welcome supply to the eyes of the furnished philosopher, and he pounced upon it with wolfish eagerness. His favorite dinner at Drivelmere had been a brace of the small trout for which the river is famous, and a cutlet, washed down with a pint of Morrison's claret; but, in his present condition, he was glad enough to put himself on vegetable diet. The fruit was, indeed, his manna in the desert.

As he concluded his breakfast, a new idea struck him. He remembered having seen, in a note on a modern edition of Herodotus, an elaborate dissertation on the ancient belief that the crocodiles are the appointed avengers of all outrages committed by travellers in Egypt. He could not help admitting the reasonableness of this position, "for," argued he, "if crocodiles were not created to be ministers of vengeance, for what earthly purpose were these horrible creatures created at all?"

His conscience now smote him for all the acts of irreverence he had been guilty of as he travelled up the Nile; the insulted shades of the Pharaohs seemed to him to cry for revenge, but the only resource left him appeared to be that of the criminal in his last moments—he had recourse to a penitential vow that if he escaped the crocodile Nemesis, he would, on his return, salute the beard of the celebrated tenor Memnon, whose *cavatina* daily greets the rising sun.

Recording a vow under such circumstances has a wonderfully tranquillising effect, at least on the maker: he looked anxiously to see whether it had a similar effect on his relentless Cerberus. Alas! the monster maintained his watch with untiring vigilance, and appeared utterly unconscious of any change in the sentiments of his victim.

A burning thirst now began to consume the philosopher—another of the regular attendants of a blockade. The dates he had eaten, whilst they had appeased his hunger, only excited his thirst; but the difficulty was to get at anything to drink. Like a second Tantalus, he saw near him a whole river of water, and yet was dying of thirst. The very ripple of the stream gliding past seemed to mock him as it gave out its refreshing coolness to the air he breathed, but denied him a single drop of its coveted water to moisten his parched lips. In the bitterness of his heart he instituted a comparison between himself and Robinson Crusoe, much to the disadvantage of the latter. "After all," said he, "Robinson Crusoe passed but a single night in a tree, and scrambled down in the morning. He shot some parrots and made a fricassee of them; he had plenty of fresh water, to say nothing of the rum; he had a parasol to walk about under; he could build himself a snug hut; he never fell in with a crocodile, and he did fall in with a 'Man Friday.' Crusoe was a lucky fellow; and he—he—must needs grumble! I should have liked him to change places with me."

We must admit that Robinson Crusoe's discontent reads like an insult to that Providence which is represented to have so miraculously preserved him. But we are all alike. Addleplate was just as unreasonable. Little did he think that at that very moment an ill-starred brother philosopher, Mr. Dionysius, was being made a meal of by an enterprising crocodile, simply because poor Mr. Dionysius had no palm-tree at hand to climb.

Whilst he was indulging in these reflections, some light clouds began to obscure the sun. Making sure it was going to rain, he eagerly prepared himself to make the most of the coming shower. Short-lived happiness! It suddenly occurred to him that *Limite del pioggia* (beyond this point no rain falls) was inscribed on the map published by Rossignol, Belzoni's companion, far north of the geographical position of his palm-tree. The sky might fall on his head before it would rain here.

In bitter pleasantry he next proceeded to recite a passage from Tasso's "Jerusalem," in which the poet describes the Crusaders catching in their helmets a miraculous rain which fell just in time to save them from perishing beneath a scorching sky. These verses, though recited in a wonderful Anglo-Italic jargon, had at least the effect of making his mouth water.

Meanwhile the crocodile seemed fully alive to the nature of the sufferings of Tantalus. He every now and then refreshed himself with huge, gurgling draughts of Nile water, keeping a malicious, exulting eye fixed on the tree the while. Addlepatte could not help thinking the monster's pleasantry remarkably ill-timed; but this reflection only irritated him, and so made him more thirsty.

At one time, he closely scanned the river above and below, in hopes of espying some fisherman's boat which might be reached by a cry of distress; but he remembered he was in the heart of that "perilous navigation" (as Bruce calls it) just above the rapids, where boats rarely ply. A deathlike silence reigned around—nothing was to be seen but blackened ruins, on which were perched a few storks, looking like notes of admiration at long intervals.

Once more his thoughts reverted to Robinson Crusoe. "He had no right," said he, "to grumble at misfortunes which to me at this moment would be absolute happiness. But then, I repeat, he was a lucky fellow—he was born with a genius for invention. He invented bread; he invented a parasol; he invented a dress; he invented even a pipe—necessity only sharpened his wit. I'll be bound that had he been perched on this very palm-tree, he would have discovered water. By the way, I wonder how he would have managed it!"

He pondered for a long time over this question—trying to invent something *à la Robinson Crusoe*—pondered until his tongue began to scorch up with thirst, his lips to crack—in short, he had arrived at that pitch of desperation when people have been ready to pledge their soul's welfare for a single drop of water—and all the while the Nile rolled along, smooth and majestic, at his very feet.

But necessity, the mother of invention, never entirely abandons the disciples of Robinson Crusoe. Suddenly the philosopher clapped his hands gleefully together—he had hit upon the idea of a new hydraulic machine by which he conceived it just possible to raise the Nile water to the level of his lodging. What a trifling matter will make all the difference between despair and ecstasy! Here was a man perched on the top of a palm-tree, and with a very fair prospect of presently furnishing a meal for a crocodile, actually transported to the seventh heaven of happiness, because forsooth he thought he had discovered a plan—a very questionable one by the way—for conveying a few drops of muddy Nile water to his lips.

But Addlepatte, eager to emulate the great Robinson Crusoe, set to work without a moment's delay. He tore off several of the longest branches and fastened their ends together by means



DAFFODIL HOBNOB-STRUCK AT THE SIGHT OF THE "WELLINGTONS."

of strips of bark ripped off the trunk of the tree and made supple by a process of semi-mastication. This done, he watched till the crocodile, in obedience to his amphibious nature, was occupied in a short cruise by way of keeping up his aquatic habits, and then quietly dropped one end of his hydraulic machine into the river, where the succulent leaves imbibed no inconsiderable quantity of water. The machine was then drawn up again with edifying carefulness, and the moment the dripping end was safe among the boughs, a pair of parched lips grasped the well-soaked leaves, and sucked them with insatiable avidity. Never did English cockney after five or six hours' sedulous devotion to Parisian sight-seeing on a broiling day in July, quaff a bumper of iced champagne at the "Trois Frères" with more intense delight. The philosopher shouted with laughter like a schoolboy, and having nothing better to do, abandoned himself unreservedly to a reckless intemperance to recompense his parched palate for a long arrear of thirst. Tantalus was not half so fortunate!

The spirits of Professor Addlepatte were considerably elevated by the happy discovery of a method for relieving the pangs of thirst, which we have just narrated. He rejoiced the more exceedingly, when he thought of the disappointment which must be occasioned to the besieging force—the crocodile below. "No prospect of surrender to the enemy," exclaimed he, "just at present. Wait till the Nile is exhausted, or my hydraulic apparatus fails." Having satisfied the two great wants of life, Addlepatte began to grow luxurious. He recollected the trifling circumstance of his having ascended the tree in bathing costume, and bethought himself of the expediency of guarding against the chills of another tropical night, by providing some sort of covering for his naked person. Another consideration too was favorable to this intention. Decency appeared to demand some attention; and though the professor could not clothe himself, like Robinson Crusoe, with a goat-skin dress, yet there were materials at hand which might serve the same purpose. "A pretty figure I should cut," thought Addlepatte, "if any lucky chance were to send a passing boat to rescue me. The natives would stare at the last importation of civilized life, and chronicle the circumstance that an English traveller was found on the banks of the Nile with less clothes on his back than even African fashions render indispensable."

No sooner did the idea occur to him, than he carried it into



THE LEARNED SOCIETY OF DRIVELORE.

execution. In his airy dressing-room, the professor gathered a sufficient quantity of palm-leaves, and with a skill worthy of an accomplished tailor, soon finished a vegetable paletôt, which, without any pretensions to elegance, had a very primitive cut about it, and was decidedly picturesque. With two more leaves he made a capital nightcap, which might even lay claim to some elegance of shape, and was at all events far more comfortable than the black hat which he had been condemned to wear in the haunts of civilised society.

After these ingenious operations, Addlepate folded his arms with the air of a man who is pleased with himself. Indeed, he deserved all the happiness that a man can feel who has made the best of his position in life. Here he had provided himself with food, lodging, and clothing, under circumstances in which a desponding spirit might well have abandoned itself to exhaustion and misery. All happiness is comparative. Addlepate now compared his situation with that of Robinson Crusoe, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. He would not have exchanged his palm-tree for the island that Crusoe has rendered famous, even with the Man Friday and all other advantages to boot.

But his pleasing reflections were interrupted by a movement on the part of the enemy. There was some mischief brewing at the foot of the tree—no doubt of it. The crocodile looked extremely vicious, and seemed to be contemplating an assault. Poor animal! he was growing tired of the blockade.

The result of the crocodile's deliberations soon became apparent. Not being able to climb up the tree, or to drive the traveller from his stronghold by assault or even by blockade, he had recourse to the expedient of sapping and mining, after the usual plan of siege operations. The enormous teeth of the monster were vigorously applied to the roots of the tree, which shook with the violent efforts she made to overturn it. There was a determined air about his proceedings that seemed to say, "It is high time to bring matters to a close." And Addlepate heard with terror the grinding of those powerful jaws against the hard fibres of the palm. Being a good Catholic, the professor was struck with the happy idea of offering up his vows to St. Simeon Stylites,^o the anchorite of the pedestal, which he did with the utmost fervor.

The construction of a crocodile's mouth is very unfavorable to the operation attempted by the specimen whose history is connected with that of the Drivelmore professor. The molar and incisory teeth are so arranged, that to gnaw at the base of a tree is nearly impossible, the teeth can only make an impression on each side. They may graze the surface of the object attacked, but cannot bite a hole in it. Nature has thus wisely

* This saint of the fourth century enjoys the honor of having invented a singular aerial penance. He established his residence on a mountain not far from Antioch. Within a circle of stones, to which he had attached himself by a ponderous chain, he spent thirty years, on a column raised sixty feet from the ground, and ended his extraordinary life in that
—Gibbon's *Roman Empire*, Chap. XXXVII.



THE PHILOSOPHER GETTING WATER FROM THE NILE.

provided a refuge for unhappy travellers in the impregnable stronghold of a palm tree! But Addleplate, with all his scientific knowledge, was ignorant of this natural weakness in the forces of the enemy. Pliny, and other writers, have alluded to the fact; but the professor could not turn to their writings, and read over the chapter, "Crocodile." Had this been possible, he would not have had quite such a miserable time of it as he spent while the sapping and mining was going on. His hair stood on end within the folds of his leafy head-dress, at the thought that he might yet be destined to reward the laborious crocodile with the materials of a good supper. Unwept and unburied, without an epitaph to mark his grave, or a paragraph in the *Dunelmire Gazette* to chronicle his loss—to descend piecemeal into the interior of the horrible scaly quadruped, on which his eyes were fixed as if by fascination—was indeed a sad prospect.

A further respite was, however, granted. After some hours' exertion, the crocodile abandoned the sapping and mining process, and adopted a new mode of attack. He began to batter the tree with his powerful tail. The tree stood the shocks bravely, but the professor was almost frightened out of his senses. The ground shook with the violent blows administered by the scaly appendage of the infuriated animal, and Addleplate's dressing-room quivered from top to bottom in a way that threatened seriously to disarrange his toilet. Every now and then, a shower of dates from some of the branches fell upon the head of the crocodile and increased his rage, like darts aimed from a citadel at the bodies of the besiegers. This struck a new terror into Addleplate. If the battery continued to play much longer, all the dates on the tree might be shaken off, and what could he then find to eat? Horrible surmise! It nearly drove him distracted. Several times he endeavored to persuade himself that death was preferable to the tortures of suspense, and like not worth preserving amidst such continued terror. At last, in the height of his despair, he descended from his perch in the top of the tree to the lowest bough, put one foot out in order to spring to the ground, where certain death awaited him, and then drew it back again very hastily. A sudden and salutary reflection prevented him from anticipating his fate. The professor had no relations, no wife, children, or brothers and sisters, to lament his loss. It was his duty, therefore, to preserve the last hope of his family, the sole representative of the house of Addleplate. How ingenious was this logic, which arrived at a very satisfactory conclusion from premises that might have been open to dispute! Had our hero been a husband or a father, he would have lived for the sake of his family. As a bachelor, the value of half-a-dozen lives was concentrated in his solitary person. "*Non omnis moriar*, says the Latin poet," he muttered to himself, as he clambered back to his former position, determined to await the event of the siege like a philosopher and a Briton.

His feelings now underwent a great change. He had passed the crisis of despair, and became composed, not to say light-hearted. He thought himself an idiot for having given way to despondency; and sitting comfortably in his leafy recess, took the most careful precautions to secure himself against the possibility of a fall. As the crocodile still continued to work his caudal battery against the tree, without producing much effect upon it, Addleplate began to derive amusement from the swinging exercise which it afforded to himself. At each concussion, he gave a cheer, which awakened the echoes from the rocks on the opposite side of the river, and astonished the enemy considerably. Finding the sound of his own voice very agreeable, he next delivered himself of an address to his antagonist, which, though extremely vituperatory and personal, might be considered, under the circumstances, quite pardonable. Whether the crocodile understood the English language, clothed in a slight Hibernian brogue, may appear doubtful. At all events, he did not seem satisfied with the progress of the siege, and rattled his tail about in a bounceable manner that was scarcely justified by any advantage he had hitherto gained.

The palm-tree was decidedly impregnable. The professor was triumphant. He recurred to his memory the chapter of Seneca in which that philosopher exhorts his readers to find materials for happiness in every situation of life. Addleplate resolved to carry out this precept. He looked forward to a long residence in the tree, and felt quite reconciled to the pres-

pect. What better abode could he desire? Here he had discovered a fine climate, frugal but healthy diet, charming solitude, and ample supplies of water. There was even a chance some day or other of catching wood-pigeons on their flight, and roasting them in the sun. So much for necessities. On the score of luxuries, he had also reason to be satisfied. At his feet lay a noble river, flanked by some splendid ruins, guarded by a lively crocodile—a combination of objects, animate and inanimate, that could not fail to prove interesting to him. Moreover, he had now ample leisure for preparing an important treatise on the antiquities of the country that lay around him, extending to the far-famed Emerald Mountains and the mountains of Ajas—those immense deserts in which travellers have found the ruined temples of Jupiter and Apollo, between Berenice and Nechesia.

Supported by these reflections, the professor saw the necessity of making his residence more comfortable. He divided it accordingly into three separate rooms, separated by screens of leaves. He next clambered about from one room to another, both in order to give exercise to his limbs and also to indulge in the pleasant feeling of proprietorship. His library contained a vast number of leaves on various branches (of knowledge), which he hoped soon to cover with writing by the aid of a pointed stick. His dining-room was full of dates, both green and dry, ready to drop into his mouth. One corner of this apartment was occupied by the hydraulic machine, which had now been brought to perfection. There was only one luxury which Addleplate sighed for—a pair of gloves. Perfect happiness is seldom met with.

A musical entertainment was provided for him every morning, when he awoke at sunrise, by the harmonious sounds issuing from the Colossus of Memnon. His next occupation was to "chaff" the crocodile and pelt him with dates, which the monster swallowed eagerly, as he would have done Addleplate himself, had an opportunity presented itself. After these recreations, the time for study arrived. The professor then engaged in the most profound meditations. He opened the volume of his memory, and, reading Herodotus, he visited with that historian the Labyrinth, or the shores of the Lake Meris, or Arsinoë, the Province of Roses. At another time he followed the progress of the Emperor Adrian along the course of the Nile, to his town of Antinous. When any brilliant thought crossed his mind, he scratched it down on a palm-leaf, and the frequent perusal of these fragments afforded him the greatest pleasure. While taking his short walks on an extended branch of the tree, he strained his eyes to look for the distant valley of Canbyes, and shed a tear to the memory of those learned and unhappy Egyptians, so barbarously treated by the ignorant and cruel Persians. Before retiring to rest, he went through a course of astronomical observations, beneath those splendid constellations which had been the delight of the Chaldean astrologers. No jealous neighbors could watch the actions or defame the character of our hero; no newspaper was likely to libel him; no policeman, tax-gatherer, or collector of water-rates, could intrude upon him. He was as free as the air in which his abode was placed; and he bestowed a smile of pity on the screams which the author of Hudibras has levelled at human pursuits.

"Why didn't he go and live on a pedestal, or up in a palm-tree, like Simon Stylites or myself?" said Addleplate. "His contemplations would have been more serene, and his mind more vigorous."

Leaving the contented professor in his tree for a moment, let us pass down the left bank of the Nile, where we may observe a party of three persons, whose arrival at the scene of action will probably prove disastrous to the crocodile, and at all events raise the siege.

Mr. Daffodil, a learned English botanist, was engaged in looking for a yellow species of the lotus plant, which he believed to exist on the deserted shores of the Nile. Herodotus saw yellow lotuses, it is true; but then Herodotus had the privilege of seeing many things that never existed; for instance, the two pyramids six hundred feet high in the middle of the Lake Meris. Therefore we may venture to doubt the existence of the yellow lotus, though of course we cannot disbelieve Herodotus. Perhaps the species has become extinct since his time. This conjecture unfortunately may incline many people to waste their time in searching for it, as Mr. Daffodil did. He was now

wandering across the neighboring chain of mountains, peeping into every crevice of rock or verdant spot where his treasure might lie hid. Two Arabs, armed with muskets, accompanied Mr. Daffodil.

There are some objects which strike us with astonishment when we meet them in the desert, though at home they are familiar enough. That distinguished traveller Paul Buncer, F.R.S., describes his sensations as quite overpowering, when he discovered forty pyramids situated on the Meroe (which probably disappeared after his visit, as nobody has ever seen them since). Buncer was quite wrong in being overpowered on the occasion. He was looking for pyramids, and he found them, (or says he did). Had he discovered in the middle of the desert of Sahara a pastry-cook's shop all alone in its glory, or an electric clock, or even a pump of European construction, he might have had some excuse for being astonished. Now, Daffodil had much more reason for uttering the exclamation which he did when he saw something on the bank of the Nile before him.

It was a pair of Wellington boots that arrested his horror-struck gaze. The one standing upright, the other leaning a little on one side, as if resting itself.

There is nothing remarkable about a pair of boots in civilised society; but the feelings which their unexpected presence on the banks of the Nile would inspire, are inexpressible. How did they get there? Where were the legs belonging to them, and the body which might also be reasonably argued to have existed in connection with those legs? The reflection was one full of horror!

We may remark that Addlepate's clothes, which had been placed on the bank of the river when he stripped for bathing, had disappeared; whether washed away by the stream, or devoured by an omnivorous crocodile, we cannot say. The boots alone remained, having been placed by themselves on a large stone. These were the objects which met Daffodil's eye. He thought them at first to be a part of the rock, fantastically shaped; but, as he drew nearer, he saw that they were undoubtedly made of leather; and this made him shrink back with alarm, as if there were a spectre before him, whose boots alone were visible.

The two faithful Arabs, natives of Ombos, had never seen a pair of boots in their life. They shared the alarm of the botanist, and levelled their muskets at the dangerous objects, which fell pierced by two bullets. Daffodil did not quite see the use of this proceeding; however, he thanked the Arabs for their devotion to him, and walking up to the boots, examined them carefully. Beyond the discovery, that they were rather trodden down at the heels and sadly in need of blacking, Daffodil was more puzzled than ever.

From the top of his palm-tree, Addlepate heard the discharge of fire-arms and started up. The sound of a musket in a savage country generally announces the presence of civilised man. He left his bed-room and entered the dressing-room, which had an eastern aspect. Looking out between the leaves, the professor saw three men standing on the bank of the Nile. His first impulse was one of discontent at this invasion of his meditative solitude; but human weakness proved too strong for him, and he determined to hold out signals of distress to the travellers. For this purpose, he tore off a long branch and waved it below the tree; while, with the other hand, he threw bunches of dates into the water, being the only missiles which he had at hand.

Daffodil was still more surprised now than he had been by the sight of the boots. He saw before him a palm-tree, from which waved an enormous branch, and that, too, when there was not a breath of air stirring. Here was a discovery in the vegetable world! Joy succeeded surprise; and the botanist felt that the wonderful palm-tree quite made up for the absence of the yellow lotus.

Opening his travelling note-book, Daffodil proceeded to chronicle his discovery in the following words: "There is found in upper Egypt, a species of palm which resembles the aloe in its form; with this difference, however, that the stem of the aloe after growing to the height of twenty feet or so from the ground, remains fixed in an upright position, whilst the palm of upper Egypt moves the top of its stem about in a vertical direction with a wonderful regularity of motion, like the pendulum of a

clock. We have given to this tree the name of the *Palma Daffodilis*."

After committing these observations to paper, the botanist made a sketch of the palm-tree, and showed it to the Arabs, having no other person to consult. Their sharper eyes, however, had just discovered a human form in the thick foliage of the tree, and they made signs to this effect to Daffodil, who was absorbed in the pleasure of his discovery, and only thinking of the sensation which would be created in the scientific world by the *Palma Daffodilis*. However, the Arabs persisted in assuring him, as clearly as gestures could do, that on the little island before them, there was a human creature, crouched in the top of the tree, probably in some danger, and desiring succor.

Daffodil put up his eye-glass, and shrugged his shoulders with the air of a man who does not like to be bored. On looking at the tree, however, his two former surprises had been nothing to what he now felt. He saw distinctly a face, and that an unmistakably English one encased in leaves. A hand, too, which seemed to belong to the face, was holding a branch with a bunch of leaves at the top of it, and shaking it about vigorously. The botanist put down his glass with a sigh of regret—read his notes over again—looked at his sketch—and after having reflected, like Brutus, on the dreadful choice between inclination and duty, the one urging him to leave the palm-tree undisturbed, the other pleading for an effort to save the traveller's life, he determined on the more humane course. "However," said he, "though my discovery may have been premature, it is not improbable. So, as I have written it in my note-book, I shall stick to it. As there is no doubt about the existence of the aloe-tree, I don't see why the *Palma Daffodilis* should not also exist, if Nature finds it a useful species. I think it extremely useful, and shall maintain its existence accordingly."

After this resolution had been formed, the party took council together. They wanted a boat in order to cross over to the island, but on the advice of one of the Arabs, they walked to Assuan, a few miles distant across the desert, and after a broiling journey of two hours they reached this village, which was a town in the time of Herodotus. Mr. Daffodil held up a piece of gold to the first fisherman he met, pointing to a boat at the same time—a pantomimic action easy to comprehend. The boat was started down the river, and the botanist, pointing in the direction, said with an air of pride, as if the boatman could understand him:

"Land me at the island where the *Palma Daffodilis* grows."

His finger indicated the route more clearly than his speech. They soon approached the island, and the Arabs began to show signs of impatience and surprise, as if there was something to be seen which they had not expected. As they drew nearer, there was no doubt about it. An enormous crocodile was prowling round the tree. This was the fourth surprise of the day, and Daffodil thought it the most disagreeable one of all. A chill of horror came over him, though he took care not to compromise the dignity of a British subject by showing any signs of it to the Arabs. The latter, however, were not alarmed themselves, and therefore did not trouble themselves about their companion. They primed their muskets, took a careful aim, and fired at the same moment. The unfortunate crocodile had come to meet the intruders, and the balls entered his mouth, almost the only vulnerable part of his body, and—came out at his tail. So Addlepate says; who was anxiously watching events, as may be imagined; but of the latter circumstance there appears some doubt. However, the effect of the bullets was striking, whatever their course may have been. The monster went through a series of convulsions, which amused the professor extremely, and caused sounds of laughter to proceed from his perch at the top of his tree. Vomiting blood in large quantities from his mouth, the crocodile ended the siege and his existence at the same moment.

Addlepate adjusted his leafy piletot, looked about for his gloves, but found that he had none, and then descended the tree with great care, lest his fellow-countryman's delicacy should be shocked by any exposure arising from the nature of his dress. The Arabs are remarkable for their gravity; but the sight of the object before them was too ridiculous. They roared with laughter, and said funny things to each other in unintelligible gibberish. Even Daffodil was obliged to bite his lips in order to welcome the English traveller, without appearing to poke



BIRTH OF THE ARAUS AT THE PHILOSOPHER'S ATTIREY.

fun at him in a way that might not have been appreciated. The botanist and the professor embraced each other most cordially, and told their several adventures. Addleplate begged Daffodil to stop the cachinnations of the Arabs, which was not done without some difficulty; and perhaps their complete restoration to tranquillity was owing to the charitable conduct of Daffodil in enveloping Addleplate in his own gray over-coat, which amply covered his entire person. He also took care to recover his boots, which wore a sadly scorched, blackingless appearance, but were nevertheless in good working condition. The crocodile was placed in the boat as a testimony to their adventures; and the travellers took a solemn leave of the locality, after the example of Byron and other sentimental poets, who have taught us to leave places with regret which we hope never to see again. Addleplate, in particular, showed considerable emotion on leaving his palm-tree—the place where he spent (as he now says) so many happy hours—and shed some tears on its scorched stem. He also carried away with him all the leaves which formed his furniture and library. These precious relics were destined to ornament the Egyptian Gallery, in London, where Addleplate, for several years afterwards, held an Exhibition, entitled, “The Ascent of the Nile.” But we are anticipating.

On returning to the village of Assouan, a journey which the travellers accomplished by land, Addleplate donned an entire native costume, which he purchased for a trifling consideration from the patriarch under whose roof they found food and entertainment. Had the professor entered any town in Europe in the light dress he had constructed in his palm-tree, he would doubtless have been taken up as an indecent rogue and vagabond. But the African natives were not so particular.

From this time the botanist and the professor were united in bonds of the closest friendship. Each gave up his hobby—the one his Peninsula of Nicro, and the other his yellow lotuses; and this mutual sacrifice made both appear more rational beings. On their way back to Cairo, Addleplate remembered the vows he had made while in danger—an uncommon effort of human memory. To make up for past inattention, he kissed the sacred feet of the Colossus of Osimandias, and when he saw the pyramids, made them a most gracious bow. At Alexandria, the two friends found a steamer for Malta, and soon reached that delightful island, where they rested for a short time after their fatigues and dangers. They were not inattentive to the cause of science,

however, in the meantime. By a happy division of labor, Addleplate wrote, in the *Malta Times*, an admirable account of the discovery of the *Palma Daffodilis* by the intrepid botanist whose name it bore, accompanied by a sketch of the tree as it existed in the imagination of Daffodil, with its leafy plume frisking in the air. On the other hand, Daffodil furnished the public with particulars of the perilous adventures of Professor Addleplate, who had ventured up the Nile as far as the Third Cataract, had made several valuable additions to Bruce's map, and killed two crocodiles by means of a galvanic battery.

These two accounts reached London before the travellers had set foot in England. Consequently when they did arrive in the metropolis, they became lions of the first magnitude. The Horticultural Society of London applied to Daffodil for specimens of his newly-discovered palm; and even offered to pay the expenses of his making a journey back to Africa for the purpose of procuring them; but he wisely declined to accede to this proposal. There is a vacant space yet kept in one of the conservatories at Kew Gardens for the palm in question; and the managers still entertain hopes of procuring it.

Addleplate had his crocodile stuffed, so as rather to exaggerate, if anything, its original dimensions, which were none of the smallest. The authorities of the British Museum, with their usual sagacity, offered him a handsome price for it, which he accepted; though we grieve to inform our readers, in confidence, that the crocodile which they received from him was not the hero of the siege, but one which the professor bought through a friend at Alexandria. The veritable animal was for several years exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, in the professor's popular entertainment, “The Ascent of the Nile.” This, as thousands of our readers may recollect, was the favorite Exhibition of the day, not long ago. The stage was decorated with a fine show of palm-trees, waving on an imaginary island in the midst of an artificial Nile. It would be superfluous for us to allude to the various attractive features of that entertainment—the professor's able imitations of the rattling of the crocodile's tail, and the music that proceeded from the statue of Memnon in the desert—the “Crocodile Polka” played by his band, or that irresistibly comic song, “My Airy Home amid the Leaves,” which always sent the visitors away laughing. Above all, a pair of boots, with two little holes in them, stated to be the identical Wellingtons which the native guides made a target of, used to excite the interest of the public and add confirmation to Addleplate's story.

The public got tired of the “Ascent of the Nile” at last, but not before Addleplate had realised by it a considerable addition to his previous wealth. His objections to matrimony disappeared soon after his return to England; indeed, we are inclined to believe that he repented of celibacy from the time that he was so nearly making a false step from the palm-tree into the jaws of the crocodile. He has several children, but the eldest boy need only be noticed, as bearing the name of Daffodil.

Occasionally, when his better half is in her less amiable moods, or any domestic trouble disturbs his equanimity, Addleplate speaks regretfully of his quiet habitation in the palm-tree, and wishes himself back there again. Such is the perverseness of man! Now that the danger is over, he will persuade himself that he enjoyed his hunger, thirst, nakedness, and the terrors of a devouring crocodile, better than the luxuries of a house in Belgravia, and a country-seat near Drivelmere—to the scientific institutions of which place, it may be stated to his honor, the professor still affords his countenance. However, notwithstanding this delusion which occasionally possesses him, Addleplate is a very worthy member of society; and there are many less agreeable ways of spending an evening than meeting him and Daffodil at dinner, and hearing these two travellers, under the influence of port wine, killing their crocodile over again, and comparing their reminiscences of the whole adventure from beginning to end.

At a dinner-party one day, a certain knight whose character was considered to be not altogether unexceptionable, said he would give them a toast; and, looking hard in the face of Mrs. M——, who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, gave—“Honest men an' bonny lasses.” “With all my heart, Sir John,” said Mrs. M——, “for it neither applies to you nor me.”

SAMUEL ROGERS, BANKER AND POET.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

HOMER says that the reason why Nestor was held in such repute by the Greeks was, that he had lived and conversed with three generations of men. Samuel Rogers has the same claim upon the interest of the modern world.

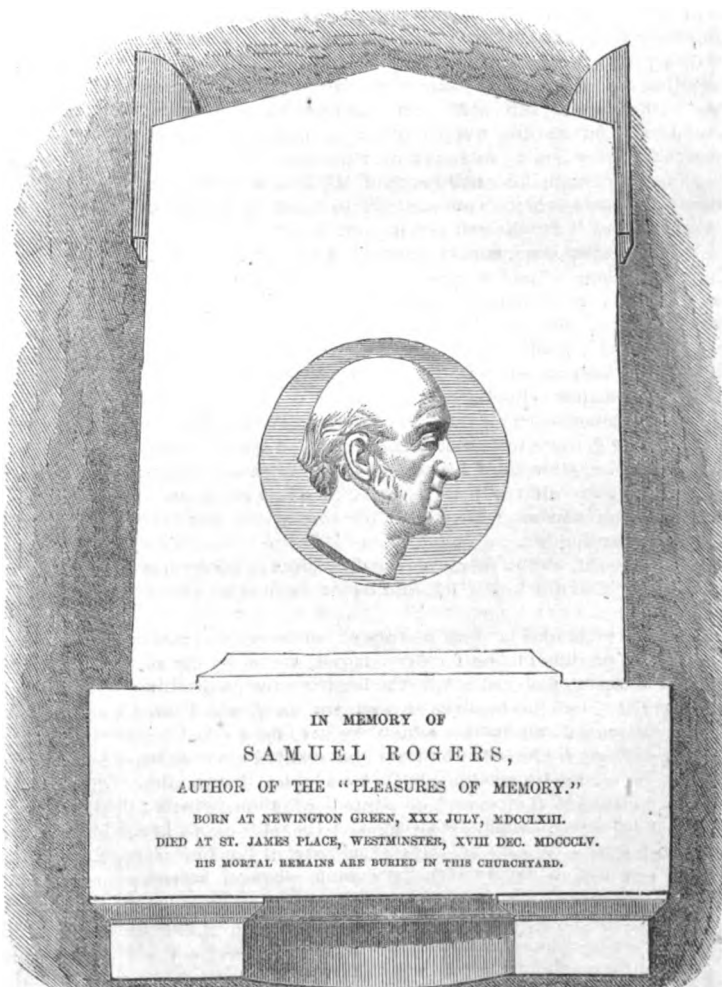
The subject of this sketch was almost a full-grown man—having commenced his poetical life in the heyday of Cowper's popularity—when Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Landor, and their compeers were struggling with the hydra in their cradle—for such was the name given by Charles Lamb to the measles, hooping-cough, cutting teeth, “and the thousand ills that infant flesh is heir to.” Lamb often chuckled over the stupidity of the classical commentators, at their inability to discover the hidden meaning of Hercules strangling the serpent when a baby, which he maintained was the figurative way of saying he had safely passed through the chicken cough and vaccination.

As the relic of three generations, Rogers was certainly a most remarkable man. In his youth he was part of a society which numbered in its ranks Burke, Johnson, Cowper, Crabbe, Garrick, Murphy and Chatham; in his middle age, he was surrounded by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Lamb, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Godwin, Sheridan, Pitt, Fox, Nelson, Wellington, Napoleon, Robespierre, and other revolutionary lambs; while in his declining years, he entertained at the same table, Tennyson, Browning, Mackay, Bourcicault, Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, Horne, and the present brood of poets and famous men.

Few could look on that cadaverous face and bald head, which Dickens said, reminded him of “a mammoth goose egg” on a pair of shoulders, without travelling back in imagination along the sounding corridors of Time, peopled with the illustrious dead with whom this old man had once familiarly associated. He was the electric wire connecting the present race with the past and the future. A sort of telegraphic cable stretching across the Atlantic of the bygone, and conveying the instantaneous thought from posterity to ancestry. But, alas! death came, and put on the break which snapped the thread of the old man's life, and in an instant a world of thought was blotted from existence, in which the stars of three ages were shining in the vault of his memory. Leigh Hunt observed, that shaking hands with Rogers was, as it were, taking the hand of Goldsmith and his associates, and Lamb improved the occasion (as the parsons call it) to get up a sort of pedigree, by which he could *hob-nob* with Shakespeare himself. If we recollect aright, he did it in some such fashion as this. Rogers had taken wine with Crabbe, who had often dined with Burke, who had taken his tod with Sam Johnson, who knew Milton's grand-daughter, for whom, by-the-by, he wrote a prologue when a benefit was given to her in her poverty and old age; she, of course, knew her mother, who certainly was acquainted with her father, the blind old bard of “Paradise Lost,” who was secretary to Oliver Cromwell, who was acquainted with Charles the First, whose son, the “Merrie Monarch,” had, over and over again, “got tight” with Sir Wm. Davenant, the god-son, or, as old Ben Jonson said, “the son” of the Sweet Swan of Avon. In this manner Shakespeare had taken his canary with Lamb, having had the glass handed to him down the banqueting table of time. Lamb, in his quaint manner, put the matter thus, as though he was sitting at the bottom of the same table where Shakespeare sat at the head. Bending forward,

the genial William of Stratford would say, “My dear Davenant, ask King Charles to give his son this glass to my dear friend Oliver Cromwell, and I dare say Milton will ask his daughter to take charge of it, and see it safe in Sam Johnson's hand, who will give it to Burke, who perhaps will oblige me by asking Crabbe to hand it to Mr. Rogers for my good friend Charles Lamb. Ah! that's it—Lamb, here's luck!”—and we think we see Lamb bend forward, bow to Shakespeare, and drink the wine.

Rogers himself was famous for his breakfasts, which he had kept as a neutral ground for above half a century for the wits, poets, artists and politicians of all classes, to meet in amicable combat; here he shone the most, for his memory was retentive, and he had, by the frequent recital of his many anecdotes, worn them as smooth and brilliant as a pebble; he, like Lamb, had wonderful skill in condensing into the smallest compass an anecdote, so that at last it became as emphatic as a *bon mot*. He was rather more known by his spiteful repartees, than his genial ones—not that he never made a good-tempered joke, but because the world loves scandal better than truth. He would say the most cutting things to a person's face, with a smile worthy of a hyena, and then cap it by some offer of service, or some household geniality, that bewildered the victim, so that the full effect of the sting, like that of the wasp's bite, was not felt till the venom rose into inflammation; thus when the time for retort was past, the sneer took full effect and rankled in the mind. Byron told Leigh Hunt, that on one occasion Rogers said something so exquisitely equivocal that he could not notice it, since it would have been a confession that the cap fitted him, but, added the gloomy Childe, “I could have killed him at the moment.” To some of these bitter *inuendoes*, no doubt, we owe those world-famous verses on Rogers, which we annex, as a curiosity, since they are not included in any of the



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE POET ROGERS, IN HOBNEY CHURCH.

numerous editions of Byron's works. We also add some lines never before published, being written in the margin of the original copy, formerly in Lady Blessington's possession, and conjectured by Dr. Maginn to be composed by Lady Blessington herself, since they are in her handwriting. She, however, assured Mr. Fraser, at the time of their publication in *Fraser's Magazine* (1832), that she put them down at the time, Byron repeating them to her as being some rejected lines. The reader will judge how far they resemble his style, but our opinion is, that none but Swift or Byron could have written them, they partake too much of the burlesque demoniacal for any one else. When the lines were first printed, Rogers told Croker, that if he thought Fraser would have published them, he would have given his copy to him, rather than he should have spent his money on a —! alluding to the £100 that Fraser paid to the fair but frail Margaret Power, Countess of Blessington. This, however, was a boast—for the copy she had was the only one existing—there not being one even in Lord Byron's possession.

An English friend, who very often sat at Rogers' symposia, said, when he looked upon that strange figure, then full ninety years old, presiding at a table where all the celebrities of the age had met, what with his gumless teeth and sepulchral grin, he seemed more like the skeleton of an Egyptian feast, than the host of a London repast! Two generations had past since he was in his prime, and yet there he sat, the half-grim-sneering, jocular man, hinting detraction, and putting prussic acid into every compliment he paid, or, as Lady Craven said, "mixing his *rouge* with a slow poison." He perhaps never paid a hearty compliment in his whole life; there was always some alloy. He said to Browning, when they were conversing on Thackeray, "I love Thackeray, he's a noble fellow; what a pity he is so treacherous; but then what an exquisite traitor he is! Yes, he's a noble fellow!" His remark to Miss Susan Cushman, now Mrs. Muspratt, is a case in point, as to his skill "in hitting between wind and water." "So I hear," said Rogers one day at Charley's little house in Victoria square, "that you are going to be married."

"You are misinformed," said the fair Susan, "I have not yet found anything sufficiently manly in England to please me."

"Ah!" said Rogers, "since you want something so very masculine, why don't you marry your sister?"

It's a pity Samuel did not say this within the reach of our dear Charlotte's arm; we are inclined to think he would have "held his jaw" for the rest of the year.

It is said that Rogers never paid a full weight or a pure tribute to any one. Landor once said to Dickens, when the latter was receiving gold for a cheque of the old banker's at his dingy banking-room, No. 29 Clement's lane, Lombard street, "I wonder if this gold is unalloyed, if so, it would break Sam's heart to be his own cashier. Fancy his grief at paying away so much coin without clipping it!"

It must be confessed that "the Bard, the Beau, the Banker," delighted in giving a certain amount of pain and gentle anguish, which may be, after all, the sweetest kind of pleasure, just as some sauces are all the more piquant for their sourness. A dear friend of ours once threatened his wife to put her to the trouble of burying him; giving him one of her most bewitching smiles, she said, "You do me a great injustice; so far from my considering that any trouble, I should look upon it as my greatest pleasure."

Dickens pretended a public respect, although in reality he had a private dislike for Mr. Rogers, for upon his asking the latter to discount a bill, the bard banker, in declining it, assured him he was the *poorest poet in Lombard street*. The great novelist felt the refusal keenly, for he had been told by Rogers himself whenever he wanted any accommodation to apply to him. Dickens some hours afterwards borrowed the sum he wanted of a merchant in Leadenhall street, who, as he handed the cheque to him, observed with a *suaviter in modo* that only a London merchant can assume, said, "Don't trouble yourself to repay this; I look upon it as a gift to a great man. I owe you more than this; if you will dine with me on Saturday in Montague place, I will return your order for the amount on Bradbury and Evans."

We merely name this as one of the "stings and arrows of outrageous mammon!"

Buying Dickens to dine with him for five hundred pounds was cheap in England. The prose Shakespeare of the world was cheap at that. Why we know a thousand republicans who would give twice as much. After all, money is no bad representative of human excellence—we all differ as to beauty, wit, learning, fashion, form, and genius—but a pass-book at the Chemical Bank can have no sceptics; there the matter stands; the man has a real amount of the world's *pabulum* at the disposal of his signature, he transfers at the stroke of his pen, ten, twenty, or a thousand dollars, with as much ease as a heavy father gives a *light* and *loose* daughter to a Lester-looking dandy, with a "Bless ye, my children. Take her, and be happy." It is therefore the reality of the bullion that makes the fact, that gives the influence. Gold is the *open sesame* of the world, and there is only one Ali Baba in existence; the head of the Forty Thieves is always the chief *millionaire* of the world.

When Theodore Hook commenced the *John Bull* newspaper he inaugurated it with an attack on Samuel Rogers, as being one of Queen Caroline's warmest "wits"—we had almost said "friends," but the words are synonymous in this circle. Numberless were the uses made of Samuel Rogers, dead, living, buried, and sleeping; he was a standing dish with that jolly Juggernaut, that jocular, genial Hecate, who put everything into his Georgian cauldron calculated to make a hell-broth to suit the public taste. Spectral jokes, phantom puns, apparition remarks, ghostly reflections, corpse-like badinage, sepulchral sneers, and haunted household-isms were all strewn upon the head of the "Bard, Beau and Banker." Although the humor is possibly obsolete, yet as a relic of the past, we give a specimen from its columns of 1819. "Our own dearly beloved Sam was returning home from the opera the other night, when a shower of rain coming on, he hailed a coach. When, however, the driver saw Sam's cadaverous face he drove away in a fright, saying, 'No, no, I am not going to drive such as you; go back to your churchyard, old tombstone, and lie quiet, and don't make fools of Jarveys.'"

Sometimes they would joke him on the yellowness of his skin, and call him a Guinea pig. Indeed, every week Sam was a standing dish for the Tory wits of that time.

Even his gallantries were made the subject of their profane witticisms, and it is not improbable that this war upon him might have made a splenetic nature all the more spiteful. He had in his early manhood met with a disappointment in a love affair, which made him resolve on perpetual single-blessedness. Despite occasional acts of liberality, Rogers was a very mean man in his dealings with his friends, and pleaded financial embarrassments to any who asked for his aid. He died comparatively a poor man, having for many years lived upon an annuity allowed him by the banking firm, of which he was the nominal head. His chief poems are "Columbus," "Italy," "The Pleasures of Memory." He was the first who published an illustrated edition of his poems with the pictures worked into the text. Moxon's edition, published in 1835, was a new era in art, and cost the poet alone three thousand pounds above the proceeds of the sales. A poet so well known as the author of the "Pleasures of Memory," it is needless to criticize; he has become one of our modern classics, and possibly owes his rank as much to his good dinners and wealth as he does to his poetical genius. Mr. Dyce recently published his "Conversations," but they disappointed the public, since the *bon mots* were mostly of an ancient order.

The facts of his life are very few, being even more uninteresting, as far as personal interest is concerned, than most poets; he was born a rich man, lived a rich man, and died comparatively a rich man. He was a bachelor, and lived for nearly half a century in the same house in St. James's Park; he gave dinners, breakfasts and suppers to all the illustrious men of the time, and published about half a dozen volumes of very elegant verse; indeed, when we have said that he was born at Newington Green, near London, 30th of July, 1763, became a partner in his uncle's banking-house in 1784, the year Sam Johnson died in Bolt Court, and died at St. James's place, Westminster, 18th December, 1855, we have said all the material facts of his life. He was connected with the firm of Rogers as clerk and partner seventy-six years, all of which time they occupied the same country house, a somewhat remarkable fact for a New Yorker's contemplation. He repeatedly visited the

continent, and once made a journey to Italy to see Lord Byron, the full particulars of which are related in Moore's life of that great poet.

In person Rogers was about five feet nine in height, with a short neck, and inclined in his latter days to stoop; he had a finely formed head, quite bald after his fiftieth year, with a decided chin, and a peculiarly unpleasant smile; indeed, it might be called more a grin than a smile; his skin was very yellow, and never seemed clean. It is related that in his youth he was a great dandy, and wore red-heeled shoes; he had a great fancy for nicknacks and all description of *bijouerie*, of which he had a great collection; he had also a fine collection of pictures, which were scattered on his death. Among his many curiosities was the original agreement between John Milton and Simmons, his publisher of "Paradise Lost," by which the latter agreed to give the poet fifteen pounds for his work. Small as it sounds, we question if any New York publisher would give as much for an epic poem now.

He is buried in Hornsey churchyard, within a mile of the spot where he was born. The portrait at the head of this article is an exact copy from the medallion in the church, and is an admirable likeness of the Nestor of Literature.

A PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL ROGERS, BY LORD BYRON.

QUESTION.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker—
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker—
Mouth which marks the envious scorners,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you.
Eyes of leadlike hue, and gummy,
Carcase picked out from some mummy,
Bowels—but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten;
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden,
Form the devil would frighten God in.
Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanised at times to go?
With the Scripture in connection,
New proof of the resurrection—
Vampire, ghost or ghoul—what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

ANSWER.

Many passengers arrest one
To demand the same free question;
Shorter's my reply and fran'er—
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker!
Yet if you could bring about,
Just to turn him inside out,
Satan's self would seem less sooty,
And his present aspect beauty;
Mark that as he masks the bitious
Air so softly supercilious,
(Hastened bow and mock humility,
Almost sickened to servility;
Hear his tone, which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking.
Now on all fours—now on tip toe—
Little hints of heavy scandal,
Every friend in turn he handles.
All which women or which men o,
Glides forth in an *innuendo*,
Clothed in odds and ends of humor—
Heralds of each paltry rumor—
From divorces down to dresses,
Women's frailties, men's excesses.
A'l which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel;
You're his foe—for that he fears you—
And in ab'ence blasts and sears you;
You're his friend—for that he hates you—
First caresses, and then baits you,
Darting on the opportunity
When to do it with impunity;
You are neither—then he'll flatter
Till he finds some trait for satire—
Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
Where it injures, to disclose it
In the mode that's most insidious,
Adding every trait that's hideous
From the bile, whose black'ning river
Rushes through his Stygian liver.
Then he thinks himself a lover—
Why, I really can't discover—
In his mind, age, face and figure,
Viper broth might give him vigo—
Let him keep the cauldron steady,
He the demon has already.

For his faults, he has but one—
'Tis but envy when all's done—
He but pays the pain he suffers,
Clipping like a pair of snuffers,
Lights which ought to burn the brighter
For this temporary blighter—
He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces—
Plague personified and famine—
Devil—whose sole delight is damning;
For his merit—would you know 'em—
Once he wrote a pretty poem.

And so ends Lord Byron's famous description of his dear friend Rogers. We have in our sketch of Leigh Hunt (in No. 8, Vol. I.,) given the occasion when these verses were written. The five lines not included in the above, and in the margin of the original manuscript, are these:

Eyes that lend a spectral light
To make hideous the night;
While his mouth—a loathsome hole—
Voids a stench—corruption's dole—
As though he'd gulped his putrid soul!

HOUSE SPIDERS.

Few objects which we meet with in nature are more repulsive to people generally than spiders. This arises probably from the idea, which is so widely prevalent, that their bite is poisonous, and from the frightful stories which every one has heard of the tarentula and the effects of its wound—stories which are now known to be mostly fabulous, the bite of this animal being not a whit more painful and dangerous than the sting of a wasp. To a person acquainted with spiders and their habits nothing appears more ridiculous than the alarm and trepidation which some of the weaker sex, in particular, are accustomed to exhibit on suddenly finding themselves in the proximity of one of these creatures. Although some of the large species, which occur in tropical climates, may be dangerous, certain it is that we have no animal of this kind in our own country which need occasion the slightest fear. Though their bite is venomous, it is fatal only to insects and other animals of a similar diminutive size. The quantity of their poison is so minute that it can do no harm whatever to a person who is in ordinary health. The utmost that can be justly said in their disparagement is, that two or three of the larger species, which are sometimes to be met with in our meadows, may, in the hottest period of the year, be able to inflict a wound which, in a feeble person of irritable habits, or a young, tender child, might be painful, and cause a slight inflammation of the spot for a few days.

It would be a service to disabuse the public of the repugnance and antipathy which is now felt towards this class of creatures, whereby those frights and fears, which they so frequently excite, will cease. Nothing can tend more effectually to such a result than an acquaintance with their economy and habits. When we observe the agility of their motions, the curious artifices to which they resort to capture their prey, the adroitness, sagacity, and heroism which they display, the skill with which they place their webs, and the beautiful symmetry with which these are woven, our disgust will be changed to admiration. We are constrained to esteem and love the delicate little objects which perform such curious, such surprising feats.

Especially important is it that we be correctly informed and intelligent with regard to those spiders which occur in our dwellings. The Creator has evidently placed them in this situation to capture and destroy flies and other insects which are annoying to us. And if tidy housewifery requires, as it often does, that the broom should ruthlessly demolish the webs which they construct, it will be with a feeling of regret rather than satisfaction that the chambermaid performs this duty, when she is aware of the true character and habits of these interesting little creatures.

In our latitude there are two kinds of spiders which are quite common. Though some other kinds are occasionally met with in our houses, these are found much more frequently, and occur in almost every house in the country. These two spiders differ greatly in their habits and the situations which they occupy. They thus find ample accommodations in our houses without at all interfering with each other.

The more common of these spiders, and the one which is oftenest noticed, may appropriately be designated the hunting house-spider. It is rather less than half an inch in length, and is of an ashy-gray color, from the short hairs with which it is clothed. Its body is oval and blackish, with a broad whitish figure along the middle of the back, which figure is wavy or festooned, as it were, outwardly along each side, where it is also of a more pure white than along its middle.

This spider does not build a web, but resides in crevices in the walls, in cracks around the window-sashes, or between the floor-boards, and in similar situations. It runs over the floor or along the walls of a room with much agility, often giving slight leaps as it advances. But the instant it discovers a fly all its ordinary movements are changed. It keeps its head turned towards the fly, whichever way the latter walks. Its eyes are riveted upon its prey, every motion of which is intently watched. It now hurries rapidly towards it, and it anon moderates its pace according to the exigencies of the case. As it draws nearer it becomes more cautious, more still and composed, and now it glides along silently and imperceptibly towards its unsuspecting victim. The spider at this stage of its proceedings appears to be perfectly motionless; not the slightest tremor can be discerned in any of its limbs; and yet the distance between it and the fly is perceived to be gradually diminishing. At length, when sufficiently near, with a sudden spring it leaps forward, tiger-like, and falls upon its prey, overwhelming and securing it in its grasp.

No cat or panther can vie with this little creature in the skill and adroitness with which it stealthily approaches and captures its victim, very rarely missing its aim.

The other spider to which we have alluded may be distinguished as the web-building house-spider. It is less than three-eighths of an inch in length, and young individuals not half this size are frequently met with. It is quite variable in its color, being sometimes cream-white, sometimes darker, of a leaden gray or livid brown, and tinged at times with red, particularly upon the legs, which have rings of a darker color. It may be recognised most readily by two or three very crooked or wavy streaks running crosswise upon its back.

Although this little spider occurs abroad, in gardens and fields, it is much more frequently noticed in houses than elsewhere. It spins a web, commonly in some dark corner, where it will not be liable to be observed and disturbed. And this spider far surpasses the preceding one in the skill and ability which it displays in conquering and disposing of its prey. Indeed, its proceedings are truly wonderful. When apprised by the agitation of its web that a fly or other insect has become entangled therein, it darts out from its lurking-place, and cautiously approaches the captive; and if it discovers from the size and strength of the prisoner that he will be apt to tear himself loose and make his escape, it runs up to him, and, with the utmost activity and adroitness, throws one thread after another around him, using its hind-legs to place these threads so that they will most effectually fetter and securely involve the victim. And when he is thus bound, so that escape becomes impossible, that he may not remain for hours miserably struggling and dying a lingering death, the spider seizes one of his feet and sinks its fang therein. Though this is commonly regarded as an excess of cruelty, it is in reality an act of mercy to the unfortunate helpless captive, which is, by the venom of this bite, immediately stupefied and killed.

Another most singular habit of this little spider is yet to be stated. If the dead victim remained where it was captured in the web, it would probably be a warning to other insects not to approach the same fatal spot. The spider, therefore, before repairing the damage which the web has received, carries its prey away to the upper part of its nest, where it will be concealed from view—as the nest is commonly placed upon the under side of shelves, the ceiling of rooms, &c.

But, in many cases, the victim is so large and heavy that the spider is unable to bear it off by main strength. It hereupon resorts to an artifice little inferior to the ropes and pulleys of a tackle in the ease and certainty with which it hoists the unwieldy burden upward. Attaching one of its cobweb threads at the upper part of its nest, it spins it downward, carrying it under the body to be raised, and upward again to the top of its nest, drawing it tight as it fastens it. The elasticity and con-

traction of this thread elevate the body, a hair's breadth it may be. Thread after thread is spun in this manner. Thus the weight is gradually raised upward until it reaches the height desired, the spider being busily occupied sometimes for two or three days in accomplishing this work. An entomologist states that he has known one of these little spiders to elevate, in this way, one of the larger kind of beetles, whose weight is at least eighty or a hundred times greater than that of the spider. Surprising as this fact is, it sinks into insignificance beside one which I am about to relate, which was performed, it is altogether probable, by a spider of the kind of which we are now speaking. The incident is so marvellous, so seemingly impossible, that it might pass for "a *canard*," did it not come to us from a source which precludes all doubts of its authenticity. It moreover coincides in so many respects with the known habits of this web-building house-spider, as to give strong additional confirmation of its correctness.

An ordinary-looking spider of a dark color, its body not larger than that of a common house-fly, had taken up its residence, it appears, on the under side of a shelf beneath the counter of a shop. What may we suppose was the surprise and consternation of this little animal on discovering a viper, about a foot long, selecting for its abode the floor underneath, only two or three spans distant from its nest! It was a common viper, which, perhaps, had been brought into the shop unseen in a quantity of sawdust, with which the floor had been recently carpeted. The spider was well aware, no doubt, that it would inevitably fall a prey to this horrid monster, the first time it should incautiously venture within its reach. We should expect that to avoid such a frightful doom it would forsake its present abode, and seek a more secure retreat elsewhere. But it is not improbable that a brood of its eggs or young was secreted near the spot, which the parent foresaw would fall a prey to this monster if they were abandoned by their natural guardian and protector. We can conceive of no other motive which should have induced the spider so pertinaciously to remain and defend that particular spot at the imminent risk of her own life, when she could so easily have fled and established herself in some secure corner elsewhere. But how, we may well ask, was it possible for such a weak, tender little creature to combat such a powerful, mail-clad giant? What power had she to do anything which could subject the monster to even the slightest inconvenience or molestation? Her ordinary resort, that of fettering and binding her victim by throwing her threads of cobweb around it, it is plain, would be of no more avail here than the cords upon the limbs of the unshorn Samson. Aware that her accustomed mode of attack was useless, how did she acquire the knowledge and sagacity requisite for devising another, adapted so exactly to the case in hand—one depending upon the structure and habits of the viper to aid in rendering it successful? How was she able to perceive that it was in her power to wind a loop of her threads around this creature's throat, despite of all his endeavors to foil her in this work—a loop of sufficient strength to hold him securely, notwithstanding his struggles and writhings, until, by her tackle-like power, she could gradually hoist him up from the floor, thus literally hanging him by the neck until he was dead? For this was the feat which this adroit little heroine actually performed—a feat beside which all the fabled exploits of Hercules in overpowering lions and serpents and dragons sink into utter insignificance! And who can say that, in the planning and execution of this stupendous achievement, there was not forethought, reasoning, a careful weighing of all the difficulties and dangers, and a clear perception in the mind of this little creature that she possessed the ability to accomplish what she undertook; in short, an exercise of faculties of a much higher order than the mere instinct which is commonly supposed to guide and govern these lower animals in their movements?

By what artifice the spider was able in the first of its attack to accomplish what it did, we can only conjecture, as its work was not discovered until the most difficult and daring part of its feat had been performed. When first seen, it had placed a loop around the neck of the viper, from the top of which a single thread was carried upward and attached to the under side of the shelf, whereby the head of the viper was drawn up about two inches from the floor. The viper was moving around and around, incessantly, in a circle as large as the length of its

tether would allow—wholly unable to get its head down to the floor, or withdraw it from the noose; while the heroic little spider, exulting no doubt in the success of its exploit, which was now sure beyond a mischance, was ever and anon passing down to the loop and up to the shelf, adding hereby an additional strand to the thread, each of which new strands being tightly drawn, elevated the head of the viper gradually more and more.

But one of the most curious and skilful parts of its performance is yet untold. When it was in the act of running down the thread to the loop, the reader will perceive it was possible for the viper, by turning its head vertically upward, to snap at and seize the spider in his mouth. This had no doubt been repeatedly attempted in the earlier part of the conflict; but, instead of catching the spider, his vipership had, only caught himself in an additional trap. The spider, probably by watching each opportunity when the mouth of the viper had thus been turned toward her, adroitly, with her hind legs, as when throwing a thread around a fly, had thrown one thread after another over the mouth of the viper, so that he was now perfectly muzzled by a series of threads placed over it vertically, and these were held from being pushed asunder by another series of threads placed horizontally, as my informant states he particularly observed. No muzzle of wire or wicker-work for the mouth of an animal could be woven with more artistic regularity and perfection; and the reptile, occasionally making a desperate attempt to open his mouth, could merely put these threads upon a stretch.

The viper continued his gyrations, his gait becoming more slow, however, from weakness and fatigue; and the spider continued to move down and up upon the cord, gradually shortening it, until at last, when drawn upward so far that only two or three inches of the end of his tail touched the floor, the viper expired, about six days after he was first discovered.

A more heroic feat than that which this little spider performed is probably nowhere upon record—a viper a foot in length hung by a spider not larger than a common house-fly! Truly, "the race is not to the swift, nor is the battle to the strong!" And this phenomenon may serve to indicate to us that the intelligence with which the Creator has endowed the humblest, feeblest of his creatures is ample for enabling them to triumph in any emergency in which He places them, if they but exercise the faculties He has given them. It is only the slothful, cowardly, and timorous, that fall, and they fall not so much before their enemies as before their own supineness.

THE WOLF SLAYER.

In 1800 the most of the State of Ohio, and nearly all of Indiana, was a dense wilderness, where the gaunt wolf and naked savage were masters of the wild woods and fertile plains, which now, before the sturdy blows of the pioneer's axe and the farmer's plough, have been with almost magical effect converted into rich farms and thriving beautiful villages.

In the early settlement of the West the pioneers suffered not only from the ruthless savage, but fearfully from the *wolf*. Many are the tales of terror told of these ferocious enemies of the white man and his civilization. Many was the hunter, Indian as well as the Anglo-Saxon, whose bones, made marrowless by the prowling hordes of the dark forest, have been scattered and bleached upon the war-path or Indian trail of the backwoods. In 1812-13, my father was contractor for the north-western army, under command of General William Henry Harrison. He supplied the army with beef; he brought up cattle along the Sciota valley and Ohio river, and drove them out to the army then located at Sandusky. Chillicothe then was a small settlement on the Sciota river, and protected by a block house or rude fort, in which the inhabitants could scramble if the Indians made their appearance. My father resided here, and having collected a large drove of cattle, he set out up the valley with a few mounted men as a kind of guard, to protect the drove against the prowling minions of Tecumseh.

The third day out, late in the afternoon, being very warm weather, there arose a most terrific thunder-storm; the huge trees, by the violence of the wind and sharp lightning were up-

rooted and rent into thousands of particles, and the panic-stricken herd scattered in every direction. I have seen the havoc made in forests through which one of these tornadoes has taken its way, or I should be incredulous to suppose whole acres of trees hundreds of years old could be torn up, or snapped off like reeds upon the river side.

The fury of the whirlwind seemed to increase as the night grew darker, until cattle, men and horses were killed, crippled and dispersed. My father crawled under the lee of a large sycamore that had fallen, and here, partly protected from the rain and falling timber, he lay down. I have camped out some, and can readily anticipate the comfort of the old gentleman's situation, and not at all disposed was he to go to sleep mounted upon such guard.

At length the work of destruction and ruin being done, the storm abated, the rain ceased to pour, and the winds to wag their noisy tongues so furiously. A wolf howl—and of all fearful howls or yelps uttered by beasts of prey, none can, I think, be more alarming and terrific to the ear than the wolf howl as he scents carnage—a wolf howl broke fearfully upon the drover's ear as he lay crouched beneath the sycamore. It was a familiar sound, and therefore and then the more dreadful. The drover carried a good yager rifle, knife and pistols, but a man laden with arms in the midst of a troop of famished wolves was as helpless as the tempest-tossed mariner in the midst of the ocean's storm. The howl had scarcely echoed over the dark wood before it was answered by dozens on every side! And as the drover's keen eye pierced the gloom around him, the dancing, fiery glare of the wolf's eyes met his wistful gaze.

The forest now resounded with the maddened banqueting beasts, and as the glaring eyes came nearer and nearer, the drover hugged his yager tightly, and prepared to defend life while yet it lasted. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and then a loud scream or cry of terror burst upon the air, a rushing sound, a man pursued by a troop of wolves fled by the drover and his cover; scream after scream rent the air, and the drover knew that a companion had fallen a victim to the wolf in his attempt at self-defence. The night was a long one, and thus among the savage beasts a fearful one. The report of a rifle again broke upon the ear, and again and again did the hunting iron speak, and the wolf howl salute it. A pair of eyes glared hurriedly upon the drover, and he could not resist the desire to use the yager, and the wolf taking the contents of the rifle in his mouth rolled over, while a score rushed up to fill his place. Oh, how dreadful must have been the suspense and feelings of the drover as he lay crouched under the old tree surrounded by this horde of glaring eyes, his ears split with their awful howl, and their hot and venomous breath fairly in his face. But the wolf is a base coward and will not meet a man eye to eye, and so protected lay the drover, with his clenched teeth and unquivering eye, that the wolf had no chance to attack but by rushing up to his very front. The red tongue lapped, the fierce teeth were arrayed and the demon eyes glaring, but the drover quailed not, and the cowardly wolf stood at bay. The sharp crack of the distant rifle still smote upon the air, and the loud howl still went up over the forest around. The first faint streaks that deck the sky at morn, the fresh breath of coming day caught the keen scent of the bloody prowlers, and they began to skulk off. The drover gave the retreating cowards a farewell shot from his pistols, tumbled a lank, gray demon over, and the wolf howl soon died off in the distance.

Daylight now appeared, and the drover crawled from his lair. His loud whoop to the disbanded men and drove was answered by the neigh of a horse, which came galloping up, and proved to be his own good hunter, who seemed happy indeed to meet his master. Another whoop brought a responsive shout, and finally four men out of the twelve with seven horses and a few straggling cattle were mustered. The forest was strewn with torn carcasses of cattle and horses, mostly killed by the falling timber, and partly devoured by the ravenous wolves. A few hundred yards from the tree where the drover lay was found a few fragments of clothes, the knife and rifle, and a half-eaten body of one of the soldiers. He had fought with the desperation of a madman, and the dead and crippled wolves lay as trophies around the bold soldier. In a hollow near the river

they found a horse and man partly eaten up, and several cattle that had apparently been hotly pursued and torn to death by the rapacious beasts. They started out in search of the spot from whence the drover had heard the firing in the night. They soon discovered the place; at the foot of a large dead sycamore stump, some twelve feet high, lay the carcasses of a dozen or twenty wolves. Each wolf had his scalp neatly taken off, and his head elaborately bored by the rifle ball. An Indian ladder, that is a scrubby sapling trimmed with footholds left on it, was laying against the old tree, at the top of which was a sort of a rude scaffold, contrived evidently by a hunter. At a distance, in a hollow, was seen a great profusion of wolf skulls and bones, but no sign of a human being could there be traced. The party made a fire, and as beef lay plenty around, they regaled themselves heartily, after their night of horror and disaster. Having finished their repast they separated, each taking different courses to hunt and drive up such of the stray cattle as could be found. My father, whom I have designated as the drover, pursued his way over the vast piles of fallen, tangled timber, leaping from one tree to the other. As he was about to throw himself over the trunk of a mighty prostrate oak, he found himself within two feet of one of the largest and most ferocious wolves that ever expanded its broad jaws and displayed its fierce tushes to the eye of man. Both parties were taken so suddenly by surprise by the collision, that they seemed to be rooted to the spot without power to move. "I have heard of serpents charming birds," said the drover, "but I never believed in the theory until I found myself fairly magnetized by this great she-wolf." The wolf stood and snarled with its golden fiery eye bent upon the drover, who never moved his steady gaze from the wolf's face.

There is not a beast in existence that will attack a man if he keeps his eyes steady upon the animal, but will cower and sneak off, and so did the wolf. But no sooner had she turned her head and with a howl started off, than a blue pill from the drover's yager split her skull, and brought her career to a speedy termination.

"Whoo-ee!"

A shout so peculiar to the lusty lungs of the western hunter made the welkin ring again, and as the astonished drover turned towards the shout, he beheld a sight that proved quite as formidable as the wolf he had just slain.

"Well done, stranger, you're the man for me; I like you. That shot done my heart good, though I was about to do the old she-devil's business for ye, seeing as you was sort of close quartered with the varmint."

"Thank you," responded the drover, addressing the speaker, a tall, gaunt, iron-featured, weather-beaten figure, with long gray hair, and a rude suit of wolf-skin clothing, cap and moccasins. He held in his long arms a large rifle, a knife in his belt, and a powder-horn slung over his side; he seemed the very patriarch of the woods, but good-humored, and with his rough hilarity soon explained his presence there.

"Well, stranger," said he, "you have had a mighty chance of bad luck yer last night, and I never saw them cursed varmints so crazy afore."

"Do you live in these parts?" inquired the drover.

"Ha! ha! yes, yes," replied the hunter. "I live yer, I live anywhar's whar wolf can be found. But you don't know me, I reckon, stranger?"

"I do not," said the drover.

"Ha! ha! well, that's quare, mighty quare. I thought thar war't a man this side the Blue Ridge but what knows me and old kit here (his rifle). Well, seeing you are a stranger, I'll just take that old serpent's topknot off and have a talk with ye."

With this introductory of matters, the hunter in the wolf-skins scalped the wolf, and tucking the scalp in his belt, motioned the drover to follow. He led the way in deep silence some half a mile to a small stream, down which they proceeded for some distance, until they came to a low and rudely constructed cabin. Here the hunter requested the drover to take a seat on a log in front of the cabin, while he entered through a small aperture in his hut, and brought forth a pipe, tobacco, and some dried meat. These dainties being discussed, old Nimrod the meantime kept chuckling to himself, and mumbling

over the idea that there should be a white man or Ingin this side the Blue Ridge that didn't know him.

"Ha! ha! well, well, I swar it is curious, stranger, that you don't know me; me that kin show more Ingin skelps than any white man that ever trod these war-paths; me who kin shoot more wolves and fetch in more of the varmint's skelps in one night than any white man or Ingin that ever trod this wilderness. But I'm gittin' old, very old, forgotten, and here comes a white man clean and straight from the settlements and he don't know me. I swar I've lived to be clean ashamed o' myself," and with this soliloquy, half to himself and partly addressed to the drover, the old hunter seemed almost fit to cry, at his imaginary insignificance and dotage.

"But friend," said the drover, "as you have not yet informed me by what name I may call you—"

"Call me, stranger? why I am"—and here his eyes glared as he threw himself into a heroic attitude—"Chris Green, old Chris Green, the *Wolf Slayer*! But God bless ye, stranger, p'r'aps you're from t'other side the ridge, and don't know old Chris's history."

"That I frankly admit," replied the drover.

"Well, God bless ye, I love my fellow white men, yes I do, though I live yer by myself, and clothe myself, with the varmint's skins, go but seldom to the settlements, and live on what old kit thar provides me.

"Well, stranger, my history's a mighty mournful one, but as yer unlucky like myself and plenty of business to 'tend to afore night, I'll make my troubles short to ye.

"Well, you see about thirty years ago, I left the Blue Ridge with a party of my neighbors to come down yer in the Sciota country to see it, and lay plans to drive the cussed red skins clean out of it. Well, the red skins appeared rather quiet, what few we fell in with, and monstrous civil. But cuss the sarpints, there's no more dependence to be put in 'em than the catankerous wolves, and roast 'em, I always sets old kit talkin' Dutch to them varmints, the moment I claps eyes on 'em. The wolf's my nat'ral inimy. I'd walk forty miles to git old kit a wolf skelp. Well, we travelled all over the valley, and we give it as our opinion that the Sciota country was the garden spot o' the world, and if we could only defend ourselves 'gainst the inimy we should move right down yer at once. We went back home, and the next spring a hull settlement on us came down yer. My neighbors thought it best for us all to settle down together at Chillicothe, whar a few Ingin huts and cabins war. I had a wife, and son and da'ter; now stranger, I loved 'em as dearer to me nor life or heart's blood itself. Well, the red skins soon began to show their pranks—they stole our cre'ters (horses), shot down our cattle, and made all manner o' trouble for the little settlement; at last I proposed we should build a clever-sized block-house, strong and staunch, in which our wimen folks and children, with a few men to guard 'em, could hold out a few days, while a handful o' us scoured Paint Hills and the country about, and peppered a few of the cussed red devils. We had been out some four or five days when we fell in with the inimy; it war just about sunset, and the red skins war camped in hollow close by this spot. We intended to let 'em get through their smoking and stretch themselves for the night, and then squar our accounts with them. Stranger, I've lived in these woods thirty years, I never saw such a hurricane as we had yer last night, 'cept once. The night we lay in ambush for the Ingins six and twenty years ago, thar came up a hurricane; the next mornin' eleven of the bodies of my neighbors lay crushed along the bottom yer, and for a hundred miles along the Sciota, whar the hurricane passed, the great walnuts and sycamores lay blasted, root and branch, just as straight as ye'd run a bee line; no timber grewed upon these bottoms since. Five on us escaped the hurricane, but before day we fell in with a large party of red skins, and we fought 'em like devils; three on us fell; myself and the only neighbor left war obliged to fly to the hills. I made my way to the settlement.

"Stranger, when I looked down from the hills of Paint Creek, and saw the block-house scattered over the bottom, and not a cabin standin' or a livin' cre'ter to be seen in the settlement of Chillicothe, my heart left me; I became a woman at once, and sot down and cry'd as if I'd been whipped to death." The old man's voice grew husky, and the tears suffused his eyes, but after a few sighs and a tear he proceeded:

"Well, you see, stranger, a man cannot always be a child, nor a woman, either; my crying spell appeared to ease my heart amazingly. I shouldered old kit here and down I went to examine things. The hurricane had scattered every thing; the fire had been at work too, but, great God! the bloody wolf had been thar, the settlement was kivered with the bloody bones of my own family and friends; if any had escaped the hurricane, the fire or wolf, the Ingins finished 'em, for I never seen 'em afterwards; I couldn't bear to stay about the place, I'd no home, friend, or kindred. I took to the woods and swore eternal death to the red skins and my nat'ral inimy the wolf! I've been true to my word, stranger: that cabin is lined with skelps and ornamented with Ingin *topknots*! Look in, ha! ha! see there! they may well call old Chris the *Wolf Slayer*!"

The drover regaled his eyes on the trophies of the old forlorn hunter, and then visited the perch which was situated close by a "deer lick," where wolves resorted to fall upon their victims, and from this perch old *Wolf Slayer* had made fearful work upon his nat'ral inimy the night previous. The old hunter assisted during the day to collect such of the scattered drove as yet were alive or to be found: the men came with another of their companions, and the small drove and men left the scene of terror and disaster, wishing a God-speed to the *Wolf Slayer*.

H. G. B.

THE KOH-I-NOOR.

Few people in America know the pedigree of the Koh-i-noor, fewer still the superstition concerning it which exists in India, namely, that the race, the dynasty, or the individual who possesses it will infallibly come to destruction. This belief is founded on a curious chain of historic coincidences, of which we will give a slight sketch.

When or where the Koh-i-noor was originally discovered no one knows. The first record of its existence is in the seventeenth century, when Meer Jomlah, who himself had torn it from a native Hindoo prince, presented it to Aurungzebe, the emperor of Hindostan. With the diamond, say the Indians, came the curse on the emperor's house—a curse which, passing over himself, fell on his descendants with irresistible force; for not a crowned head of his whole race after him possessed either manliness or common sense. The empire which he had built up and consolidated with so much genius and power, at his death crumbled to pieces; and when Nádír Sháh, the "tyrant robber" of Persia, invaded Hindostan, he found but the name of past greatness between him and the imbecility, effeminacy, and disorganisation of its then rulers.

Nádír Sháh's every step was a conquest; and in the year 1739 Mohamed Sháh's last act of independent royalty was played out; the Persian took Delhi by storm, committing excesses to which history has no parallel; and after a month's terrible occupation, retired with his slaves and his plunder, among which was the famous Koh-i-noor. On his way back to Persia, Nádír Shah was assassinated by his own chiefs in one of the passes of the Cábúl mountains, and his ill-gotten wealth, bloodstained as it was, was "looted" among men as fierce and as lawless as himself. Murder and rapine were met and avenged by their like; which, indeed, is the meaning of the superstition connected with the Koh-i-noor.

Ahmed Sháh Dooranee, the first king of Cabul, who was one of the assassins, took the diamond for his share of the spoil; and the curse passed from Delhi to Cabul. Ahmed Shah Dooranee's dynasty lasted to the present day; but under so terrible a law of crime and sorrow, that we can well understand how men like the Hindoos—to whom all life is one manifestation of avenging deities, whose religion is deprecation rather than worship, and who make even murder a sacrifice to their gods—should see in such a fearful history the cruelty of destiny rather than the guilt of man. Not a crime, and not a form of human suffering or passion, is missing in the annals of that doomed house; and neither the mysterious guilt of Ægisthus, nor the sorrows of the Manlii, were greater than those of the race of Ahmed Sháh Dooranee.

The last king of Cabul was Sháh Shooja. He was exiled, and Dost Mohamed Khan made ruler of Cabul in his stead. Sháh

Shooja fled to Runjeet Sing, taking with him the fatal Koh-i-noor—all that remained to him of his former enormous wealth.

Runjeet Sing received the runaway; but having discovered that the symbol of the sovereignty of India was still in his possession, starved and maltreated him until he gave it up. For with the Koh-i-noor passed the sentiment of supremacy, though with the clinging curse attached. Runjeet Sing left it on his death-bed to the idol Juggernaut; but his heirs and successors disregarded his bequest, and kept the diamond to themselves.

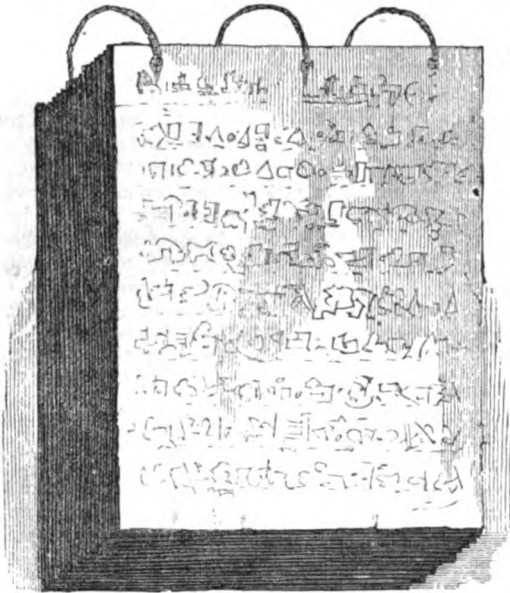
After passing from one hand to the other, dimmed by tears and stained with gore, according to its destiny, the diamond was at length captured, among other spoils, by Lord Dalhousie in his conquest of the Sikhs, and by him presented to Queen Victoria. Later events in India would seem to confirm the fatal character attached to this jewel; but when, some years ago, the legend was given to the writer of this paper, not a suspicion was abroad of the trouble that was to come.

EGYPTIAN HAREM.—Dr. Hume was admitted into the harem of Hassan Bey, and saw three of its inmates. They were seated in a small room, on the sides of which was a divan or sofa, covered with crimson sa'in, a Turkey carpet being spread on the floor. The crimson satin was fancifully embroidered with silver flowers. The ladies wear white turbans of muslin, and their faces were covered with long veils, which, in fact, were only white handkerchiefs thrown carelessly over them. When they go abroad they wear veils like the Arab women. Their trousers were of red and white striped satin, very wide, but drawn together at the ankle with a silk cord, tied under their breasts with a girdle of scarlet and silver. Something like a white shirt with loose sleeves and open at the breast, was next the skin. Over all this was thrown a pelisse. One of them wore a light blue satin spangled with small black leaves, while the two others were decked in pink, satin, and gold. We were treated with coffee, and fanned by the ladies themselves, with large fans, a perfume being at the same time scattered through the room. This was composed of rose water, most of which is made in Fayum. They were reserved at first; but after conversing with the Mamalouk who attended me, they were less careful to conceal their faces. Their beauty did not equal what I had anticipated, from the fineness of their skins. They were inclined to corpulence; their faces round and inexpressive; but their necks, bosoms, arms and hands were of great fairness and delicacy. My dress seemed to amuse them very much, and they examined every part of it, particularly my boots and my spurs. When drinking-coffee with the Turkish officers I chanced to forget my handkerchief; as I seemed to express a desire to find it, one of the ladies took off a handkerchief and presented it to me.

SCOTT'S "WAVERLEY."—The following statement of Sir Richard Phillips, the extraordinary author of that extraordinary book of books, "A Million of Facts," may be classed amongst "Things not generally known." Scott's Waverley was offered, anonymously, to the editor of this volume. The price asked for it was refused. It then appeared as "W. Scott's;" but in a few days the name and placards were withdrawn, and the author said to be unknown. That Scott made some difficulty about the price is evident from Lockhart; Constable offering £700, Scott suggesting £1,000—the former declining the suggestion, and ultimately publishing the work "on the footing of an equal division of profits between himself and the author."

FEROCITY OF A WASP.—A lady at Grantham observed a wasp tearing a common fly to pieces on the breakfast table. When first noticed the wasp grasped the fly firmly, and had cut off a leg and a wing, so that its rescue would have been no kindness. The wasp was covered with a basin until it should receive a murderer's doom, and when the basin was removed for its execution, nothing was seen of the fly but the wings and a number of little black pieces.

ENGLISH SUNSHINE.—A Neapolitan, whose notions of their foggy atmosphere was perfectly national, asked Lablache, upon his return from an engagement in London, "How it was possible he could remain in a country so long without seeing the sun." "Caro amico," replied Lablache, pulling out a purse of gold, "ecco il vero solo in Inghilterra."



THE "GOLDEN PLATES" OF THE MORMON BIBLE, PRETENDED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND BY JOSEPH SMITH.

THE EARLY HISTORY, RISE AND PROGRESS OF MORMONISM.*

A GREAT deal has been written about the Mormons, and different works, none of which have ever been adopted as specific authority, have appeared, in all of which can be found more or less truth regarding the singular people who have adopted this strange delusion. A few years ago it made but little national difference whether we were informed of the peculiarities of the Mormons, but now that they have grown into what may be termed a powerful people, and have raised the standard of rebellion against the government, it becomes the duty of every citizen to be thoroughly informed, that a correct public opinion, which is the supreme law of the land, may be brought effectively to correct the evils which now fester as a sore upon our social system, and as a canker is eating into our political organization.

* In preparing the present paper on Mormonism, we have availed ourselves freely of the best authorities; we are particularly indebted for the early history of this sect of fanatics to *Utah and the Mormons*, by BENJAMIN G. FERRIS, late Secretary of Utah Territory; also to *Mormonism, its Leaders and Designs*, by JOHN HYDE, JR., formerly a Mormon Elder and resident of Salt Lake City.

The federal government is no doubt to be justly blamed for much of the evil which will grow out of this Mormon difficulty. The appointment of Brigham Young, the chief of the "Latter Day Saints," to the office of United States Territorial Governor, was an unpardonable error, for the office is naturally paternal in its character, possessed of vast power, and in the hands of a man like Young, could easily be used, as it has been, to foster the outrages of a licentious code, give the sanction of law to a system that is a disgrace to the intelligence of the nineteenth century, and made the free, enlightened and Christianized people of the United States responsible for abuses, social and moral, such as have never found parallel elsewhere in all the history of mankind.

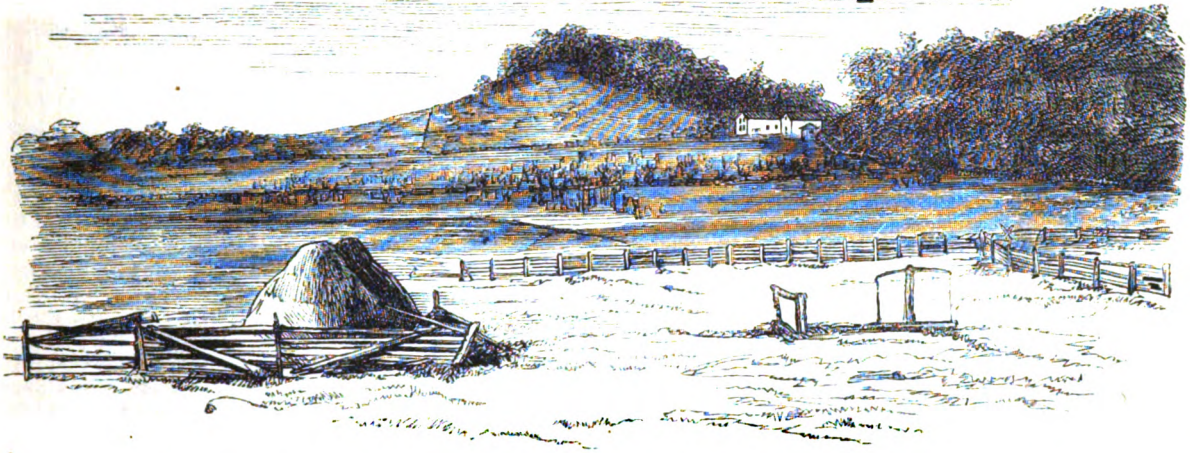


"GLYPHS," OR ABOORIGINAL REMAINS, EXCAVATED FROM INDIAN MOUNDS IN AMERICA.

Mormonism is of such recent date, that its origin is not involved in any secrecy; a short sketch of its rise, though often given, may not be uninteresting. In the year 1809, a man by the name of Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, a dreamy enthusiast, at one time a preacher and at another time a dealer in dry goods, moved from Cherry Valley in the State of New York, to the romantic county known as Ashtabula county, Ohio. Here he found himself surrounded with some of the most interesting Indian remains that are to be found in the valley of the Mississippi. Imaginative, and of considerable acquired information, he soon, from his early religious education and natural sympathies, adopted the theory that has been



JOSEPH SMITH AND SIDNEY RIGDON EXAMINING THE STONE BOX CONTAINING THE "GOLDEN PLATES"

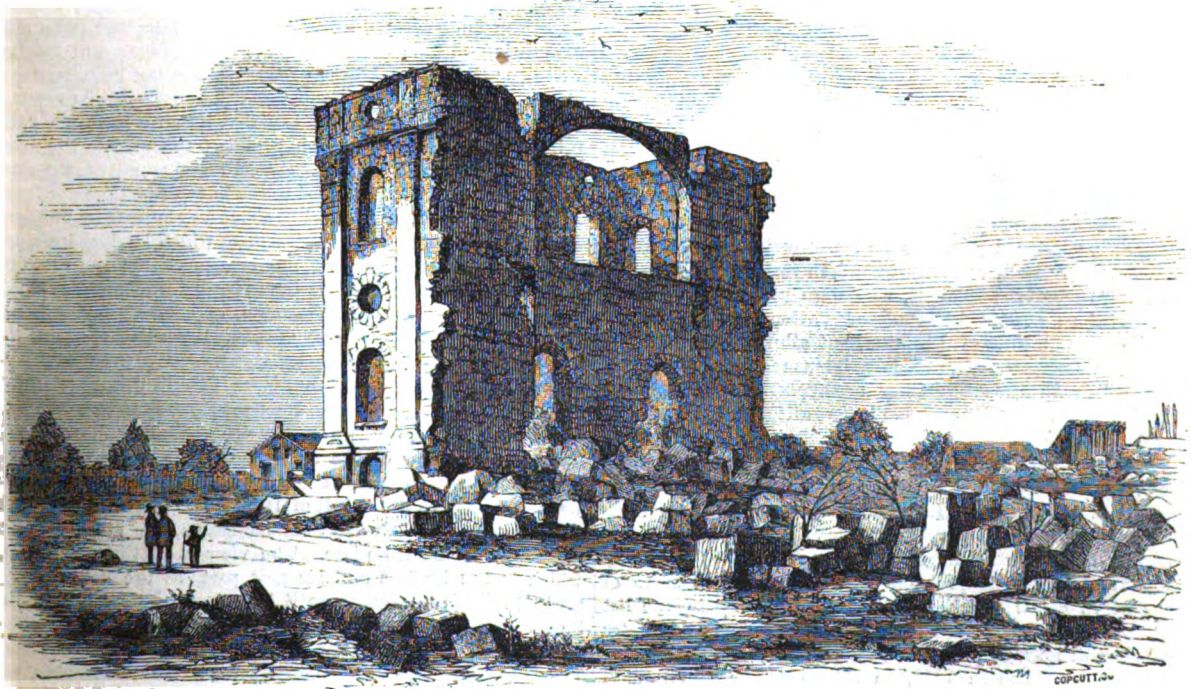


SCENE WHERE JOE SMITH BURIED THE STONE BOX, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY H. K. HEYDON, NEWARK, WAYNE CO., N. J.

vigorously if not ably supported by many writers, that our aborigines were the lost tribes of Israel, and once conceiving this notion, it was a source of gratification to him to people the mounds he saw with the original inhabitants, and, among other things, he conceived the idea, which he eventually carried out, of writing a fictitious history of "the ancient race."

Having settled upon his plan, he styled his work the "Manuscript Found," and represented that it was discovered by him while hunting among the Indian remains in the neighborhood, and that in its translation he had endeavored to imitate the style in which it was written, which was evidently formed by his biblical studies. In this work he describes the departure of a family of Jews—the father Lehi, and four sons, Laman, Lemuel, Sam and Nephi, with their wives—from Jerusalem into the wilderness, in the reign of Zedekiah, and after various wanderings, their voyage to the Western Continent, under the

leadership of Nephi, one of the brothers. On their journey and voyage they became distracted by dissensions, which in America resulted in their division into hostile tribes, which branched out and populated the country, built up large cities, engaged in fierce wars, and underwent various changes and revolutions. Laman appears to have been the focus of disaffection in this imaginary family, and his descendants became a very powerful nation or tribe, under the name of Lamanites, engaging frequently in wars, and destroying the country and cities of the more peaceable Nephites. The frequency of these wars eventually broke up and destroyed the regular avocations of peace; the people became barbarized and split up into predatory bands, plundering and murdering each other, until, in fine, they degenerated into the vagabond Indians of the American Continent. Beside the designations already mentioned, the names of *Mormon*, *Moroni*, *Mosiah*, *Heleman*, and others, frequently occur in the



PRESENT APPEARANCE (1858) OF THE MORMON TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.

book, and represent the heroes, prophets, and great men who figured in this drama. As Spaulding progressed with his work, he was in the habit of amusing himself and sundry of his neighbors by reading them his manuscript, and he evidently took advantage of their observations in making alterations and additions. He labored upon it for about three years, at the end of which time he removed, in the year 1812, to Pittsburgh, Pa., where he became intimate with a printer by the name of Patterson, in whose hands he placed the work with the design of having it published. Probably a want of faith in its being a paying speculation delayed its publication, and it became, as is often the case with an author's labors, a familiar roll of paper in the printing office. Among the journeymen was one Sidney Rigdon, a man of great natural ability, a kind of religious Ishmaelite not uncommon on the frontiers; sometimes he was a "Campbellite preacher," sometimes a printer, and at all times fond of technical disputations in theology. In his leisure he used to read Spaulding's manuscript, and finally became so thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and so charmed with its ideas, that, *as he has frequently stated*, he copied it entire that he might have its contents in his possession.

No satisfactory contract appears ever to have been made to bring out Spaulding's work; at least it was delayed for some reason or another until the author was obliged to move, when he settled in Washington county, New York, in 1816. What became of the original manuscript does not appear, as both Spaulding and Patterson died in 1826. According to a statement of Mrs. Spaulding, made in 1839, it was taken from Pittsburg by her husband, and after his death remained with other papers in her possession. This lady subsequently married again, and the papers were left in Otsego county, but on search being made for them in the year 1839, by some persons interested in exposing the pretensions of Joe Smith, who was then beginning in localities to attract attention, the document could not be found.

In the year 1815, the father of Joseph Smith, Jr., came with his family of boys from the county of Windsor, Vermont, to Palmyra, New York, from which he subsequently removed to Manchester, in the county of Ontario, remaining in both places about eleven years. He was a laboring man, and professed to be a farmer, but he manufactured and peddled baskets and wooden bowls, and, withal, his employments appear to have been of a miscellaneous character, not very consistent with regular industry. The members of the family were held in light estimation by their neighbors, some of whom subsequently described them as "notorious for breach of contracts and the repudiation of their honest debts."

Joseph, Jr., was ten years old when the family first settled in Palmyra, and, as represented by those hostile to his subsequent pretensions, he grew up among bad associates, totally averse to anything in the shape of regular industry, and a ready adept in the art of "living by one's wits." His physiognomy indicated sensuality and cunning, in which latter trait his mind was unusually versatile. He affected great mystery in his movements; pretended to the gift of discovering hidden treasures, and the possession of seer-stones by which they could be found; traveled about the country, appearing and disappearing in a mysterious manner; possessed a plausible and wordy jargon, by which many minds are easily captivated; and, in various ways, cheated and robbed sundry simpletons, who were persuaded to credit his pretensions. Nor did he confine his attention to any single branch of the business of deception, but allowed himself to be drawn into the vortex of a pseudo-religious revival, and became quite wordy in the vocabulary of hypocritical cant. On the other hand, his subsequent followers allege, that though of very humble origin, and of extremely limited education, he was of retired habits and religiously disposed; that as early as fifteen years of age, "he began seriously to reflect upon the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence, spending much of his time in prayer and acts of devotion."

During Smith's searching operations for the discovery of hidden treasure, it is probable that he exhumed some of the curious *glyphs* which now figure so largely in the list of American antiquities. These consist of metallic plates covered with hieroglyphical characters. A number of similar remains were found in 1843, in Pike county, Illinois, and described as "six plates of brass of a bell or pear shape, each

having a hole near the smaller end, and a ring through all, to which was fastened two clasps. The ring and clasps appeared to be iron, very much oxydated. The plates first appeared to be copper, and had the appearance of being covered with characters. A subsequent cleansing by sulphuric acid brought out the engraving distinctly." It seems to be strongly confirmed that Smith discovered one of these singular specimens of American antiquity, in the fact, that soon after the alleged discovery of the Golden Bible, he sent Martin Harris to Professor Anthon with characters which, according to the professor's description, are identical with those which appear upon them.

In the course of his wanderings, Smith met with and formed the acquaintance of Sidney Rigdon. According to that view of the case which proceeds upon the hypothesis that he was an impostor, it would not be unreasonable to believe that these two men together conceived the idea of starting a system of religious imposture upon a scale commensurate with the popular credulity. Conjointly they possessed, in mercantile phrase, the requisite capital for such an adventure. Smith had cunning, plausible volubility, seer stones, mysterious antiquities, and withal, the prestige of success; Sidney was versed in the "lights and shadows" of religious verbiage, had some literary pretensions, was a printer, and, above all, had a copy of Spaulding's book. Which started the idea of the Golden Bible is not known, though in all likelihood the credit is due to Smith, as he ever after maintained the ascendancy in the new hierarchy. After the plan had assumed a definite form and shape in the minds of the originators, it was easy for Joseph, in his perambulations, to trace out and secure the original manuscript of Spaulding, to guard the intended scheme from exposure, and the lapse of time and the death of many of the parties who knew about the original manuscript made it safe to dispense with any important alterations in the new Bible.

To Smith was reserved the honor of making the first open demonstration, because success in deception had rendered him bold and skilful. Rigdon, it was agreed, was not to come in until afterward, and then as a *convert*. The time was favorable, a large number of persons had been looking for the *last days*; the seeds of Millerism had been planted, and when a prophet appeared who professed to have discovered a Golden Bible, proclaiming the destruction of all things, a power of attorney for the creation of a new priesthood, the gathering of the saints, the display of miraculous power, what could be devised for a more popular superstition?

But those who regarded the new dispensation with faith in its Divine origin, argued that in 1823 Smith had a vision in which an angel appeared and announced to him that he was to be the chosen instrument in introducing a new dispensation; that the American Indians were a remnant of the Israelites, who after emigrating to this country, had their prophets and inspired writings; that such of those writings as had not been destroyed were safely deposited in an appointed place; that they contained revelations of the latter days, and that if Smith remained faithful, he was to be the chosen instrument to translate their contents to the world. The next day an angel appeared, informed him where the plates were, and told him to go and possess them. Accordingly, Smith went to a hill about four miles from Palmyra, State of New York, on the west side of which he dug down and came upon a stone box, so firmly cemented that the moisture could not enter. In this box the records were found deposited. On being exposed to view, the angel, of course, appeared, and there was a wonderful display of celestial pyrotechnics, and the prophet was permitted to see that the devil, "surrounded by his innumerable train of associates."

By the kindness of H. K. Heydon, Esq., living at Newark, Wayne co., New York, we are able to present to our readers a daguerreotype view of the spot where the plates were buried, and subsequently exhumed. Mr. Heydon says that the view was taken by him in the fall of 1853. The hill is on the plank road leading from Palmyra to Canandaigua, and just four miles from the first named place. The view is of the north side, which is the highest and steepest part, as the hill running south gradually descends until it is lost in the plains. Joe Smith dug in the earth, but says he found the plates while ploughing. The hole, at the time the daguerreotype was taken, was still visible (it can be just seen in our engraving, on the right of the house, as you ascend the hill); though most

filled up, there was a little knoll and a slight depression still apparent in the sod. The authenticity of the picture makes it deservedly interesting. Strange to say, although Joe Smith, according to his own statement, had seen the plates, he was not permitted to obtain possession of them until the 22d of September, 1827, and then, not until after a great deal of negotiation between him and the angel, were they placed in his possession. The following is a description of these important documents, by Orson Pratt, one of the Mormon champions:

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. The volume was near six inches in thickness, a part of which were sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found 'a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past or future.'"

It is now necessary to notice that the "Manuscript Found," fell under the notice of Rigdon somewhere between the years 1812 and 1826, in which latter year Spaulding died. Between this and 1827 there was ample time not only to trace out and gain possession of the original manuscript, but to add to the matter such things as were necessary to carry out the contemplated fraud, the whole of which, with the exception of liberal extracts from the Bible, as a literary performance is beneath criticism. Patterson died in 1826, and the new Bible could consequently be published to the world without risk of exposure from the only person who could at that time identify and make plain the fraud.

Everything having been completed Smith boldly exhibited the external form of the Bible, which, however, no unsanctified hands were allowed to touch. The wonderful discovery, as might have been expected, soon raised a popular commotion.

The news of the finding of the golden plates spread throughout the rural neighborhoods. False reports, misrepresentations, and loose slanders flew in every direction, as if on the wings of the wind. Joe Smith's house was beset by mobs, several times he was shot at, and very narrowly escaped with his life. Every device was used by outside parties to get possession of the plates, and finally becoming alarmed, he determined to remove to Pennsylvania. Accordingly he packed up his goods, hid the plates in a barrel of beans, and started on his journey. Very soon Smith was arrested by an officer with a search warrant, but the official failed to find the "sacred revelation," and after various adventures he reached the settlement on the Susquehanna river, where his father-in-law and Sidney Rigdon resided.

Joseph being thus quietly housed, and, thanks to the beans, the plates safe in his hands, he proceeded to the work of translation; but, being a poor penman, he soon provided himself with a scribe in the person of Oliver Cowdrey, who subsequently became one of the witnesses to the verity of the book. He stationed himself behind a screen, with the "Urim and Thummim" in his hat, and read off sentence after sentence, which Cowdrey wrote down as an amanuensis. This process occupied a number of years. During the work of translation, and on the 15th of May, 1829, John the Baptist appeared and laid hands on Smith and Cowdrey, ordaining them into the Aaronic priesthood, and commanded them to baptize each other, which they accordingly did; at the same time, he informed them that he was sent by Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the Melchisedech priesthood, which was to be conferred in due time; Smith to be first, and Cowdrey second elder.

The thing began now to assume more form and shape. The family of the prophet's father were speedily converted; and, out of this family circle, a man of some property, by the name of Martin Harris, who had been a Quaker, Methodist, Baptist, and finally Presbyterian, was so much captivated with the

scheme, that he advanced some money to aid in the publication of the book. Harris had a strong desire to see the wonderful plates. The prophet, however, put him off, on the representation that the ground on which they stood was not holy enough, but gave him the transcript of some of the characters on a piece of paper, which the admiring disciple submitted to the inspection of Professor Anthon, of New York, who upon examination of the documents, pronounced the whole thing a transparent humbug.

"This paper in question," says the learned professor, "was, in fact, a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of curious characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes; Roman letters inverted, or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns; and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, arched with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived. I am thus particular as to the contents of the paper, inasmuch as I have frequently conversed with my friends on the subject since the Mormon excitement began, and well remember that the paper contained anything else but Egyptian hieroglyphics."

The friends of Smith dwelt much upon the fact that an illiterate young man could fluently dictate in a connected series a voluminous work, but all cause of astonishment is removed when we regard him as reading from Spaulding's manuscript; but to those who will not admit this assistance, this seeming wonder has been one of the strongest proofs of his mission. In the conventional sense of the term, Joe Smith was an uneducated man, his knowledge acquired from books was very limited. "How could I," he would say, "an illiterate impostor, attempt to impose upon the intelligence of the nineteenth century." But in this very confession he exhibited his intuitive wisdom of the weak traits of humanity, in which, in fact, he had more available learning than all the closet men put together. His own autobiography shows him well studied at an early period in the nice shades and differences of modern sectarian creeds, and subsequent developments proved him well read in the history of Mahommed and other religious impostors. He would undoubtedly have excelled in such other pursuits as were suited to his disposition and tastes. As a gambler, he would have exhibited unrivalled dexterity; as a trader, he would have been a skilful sharper; as a military man, a master of strategy; as a politician, an adroit whipper-in; and as a policeman, a Vidocq in the discovery of stolen goods and the entrapping of thieves.

The book of Mormon was given to the world in the year 1830, with the following notice attached, written by one of "the Apostles." "The book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph, of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrines, which he engraved on plates, and afterward being slain, the records fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the records safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year 420, on a hill called the Cumora, now in Ontario county, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration; and the great Jehovah bore record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world."

From this time Joe Smith commenced the career of a prophet, and at once established a visible church. A melancholy picture of human degradation is suggested as you follow him and his deluded victims through their first struggles, and watch them rising from the obscurity of the country village to assume an importance, which in a quarter of a century has rendered the rise and progress of the Mormons the most extraordinary phenomenon of the nineteenth century. The plan of our article



A MORMON EMIGRANT WAGON IN FRONT OF FORT BRIGGS.

will not permit us to go into full details of the beginning of this moral leprosy. Soon after the appearance of the Mormon Bible, Joe Smith organized a church in Ontario, New York. His character and that of his followers being well known, in the following year he removed to Kirtland, Ohio, where he made a temporary abiding-place, until the "Great West" could be explored and a locality selected which would justify an establishment equal to the increasing demand. Independence, in the State of Missouri, was selected, and the prophet, who had now commenced receiving messages direct from heaven, had a vision in which he was instructed to build a temple on the site of this new Zion. In a short time the saints numbered twelve hundred persons, the settlement rapidly increased, and the spirit of arrogance began to display itself, which has since ripened into open rebellion against the federal government. Among other things the Mormon paper at that time published contained a series of incendiary articles regarding the colored population, which

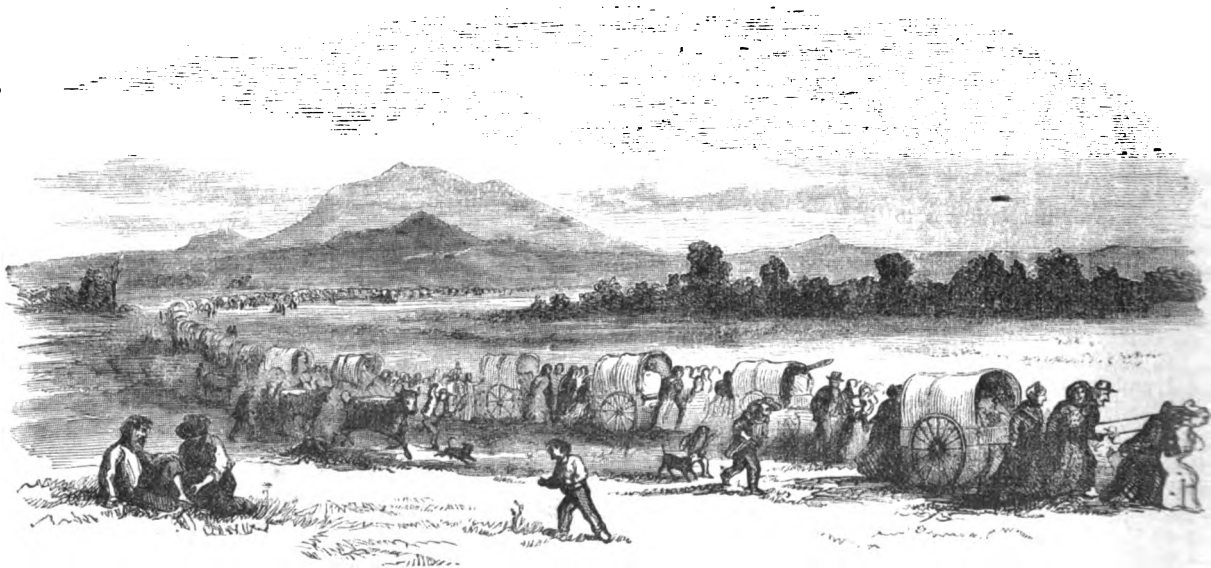
aroused the jealousy of the slaveholders, and they held a meeting and resolved on the expulsion of the Mormons. No compromise was permitted, the multitude assembled, levelled the printing-office to the ground, and tarred and feathered two of the principal saints.

This persecution gave exactly the kind of aid needed for a rapid accumulation of numbers. New converts flocked in and sympathizers were found in all the surrounding country. The temporary home which was afforded the saints in Clay county, soon became so overstocked with disciples that the respectable "Gentiles" became alarmed. The people found that they had in their midst an ignorant, clannish population, combined together by religious fanaticism, arrogant and overbearing in their pretensions, and completely under control of a single will. The result was that the Mormons were



LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

finally driven from the State of Missouri. It was at this time that Smith established the formidable band of ruffians, bound



MORMON HANDCART TRAIN CROSSING THE PLAINS TO SALT LAKE CITY, LARAMIE PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.



PARLEY'S KANYON," OR OPENING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

together to commit any violence, however horrible, if by command of the prophet, whose business it was to inflict vengeance upon the Gentiles. This band was termed *The Dantes* or *Brothers of Gideon*—men who have since been prominent in Utah, in the murder of Americans and others who have fallen by the hands of the Mormons. In the legal suits instituted at this time before the Mormon courts, accumulated evidence is furnished that the prophet had, even at that early day, infused into the hearts of his followers a fanatical belief in the pretensions of the saints, and extravagant notions of their future greatness, which has ripened and brought forth the present rebellion against the authorities of the United States.

The Illinoisians received the saints with undisguised favor; persecution brought converts, old and new, from all quarters. Nauvoo was founded, and in about one year from their involuntary exile from Missouri, fifteen thousand saints had settled in and about the city. The prophet now got a revelation to build a temple, in which was to be a fount especially appropriated to the new doctrine of the "baptism of the dead." Everything prospered; the city received from the Legislature of Illinois a charter of great privileges, among which was the right of raising a military force, to be armed by the State, and to be commanded by the prophet as lieutenant-general.

Reviews were held from time to time, and Joseph began to appear with a splendid staff, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of a high military commander. The Mormon community at this period presented a spectacle of much apparent prosperity: increasing numbers, great industry among the masses, an efficient military organization, the protection and favor of a powerful State, and its chief a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. It was a strange combination of incongruous materials; a festering mass of ignorance, discontent, hypocrisy, chicanery, licentiousness, and crime.

The Gentiles were held up daily to ridicule, and in all preaching to speedy destruction, and of no more intrinsic value than the felon already condemned to execution. Under such circumstances was it very strange if a saint occasionally anticipated events and made free with property not his own? Accordingly there rose complaints against the saints from the surrounding Gentiles, which included almost every crime known to the criminal calendar. But the most fruitful element of internal commotion, and which led immediately to the prophet's death, was the introduction of polygamy as one of the numerous privileges of the saints. This extraordinary addition to the collection of Mormon doctrines and practices, grew legitimately out of the character of Joseph himself, who was constitu-

tionally a combination of cunning and sensuality.

The prophet was aware that he was entering upon a ticklish experiment even with his own disciples, to say nothing of the Gentiles; and he prefaced its reception by pretending to be in great trouble. He told some of his most influential followers that if they knew what a hard and unpalatable revelation he had had, they would drive him from the city. The heavenly powers, however, were not to be trifled with, and a day was appointed when the important mandate was to be submitted to a convocation of the authorities of the church. The time arrived; the priests and elders convened; but Joseph, in virtuous desperation, concluded rather to flee the city than be the medium of communicating a matter so repugnant to his mind. He mounted his horse and galloped from the town, but was met by an angel with a drawn sword, and

threatened with instant destruction unless he immediately went back and fulfilled his mission. He returned, accordingly, in submissive despair, and made the important communication to the assembled notables. This revelation, of course, legalized Joseph's numerous left-hand marriages already contracted, and gave a general licence for future matrimonial enjoyments. Brigham Young was the first who followed Smith's example, H. C. Kimball the second. Hyrum Smith, it is said, utterly refused to give the doctrine his sanction, and remained faithful and devoted until death to his first and only wife.

In the meantime, it became essential to prepare the saints generally, and after them the Gentiles, for the reception of this



TRAVELLING DRESS OF THE BETTER CLASS OF MORMON EMIGRANTS. ON THEIR WAY TO SALT LAKE CITY.

diabolical revelation. This was the origin of what has been called the *spiritual wife doctrine*. A man could have a dozen spiritual wives, but it was found inconvenient to allow a woman to have the same number of spiritual husbands. Collisions growing out of this kind of licence became bitter animosities; and accordingly we find them very soon accusing one another of the most scandalous practices.

A trial for slander before the municipal court of Nauvoo, exposed the scandalous practices of the people, and developed the fact that Joe Smith had attempted to ruin the wife of Dr. Foster, who, with the assistance of another person, established a paper and attempted to prove, in this public manner, the charge against the prophet. Joseph was too absolute in his own dominions quietly to submit to such an insult. As mayor of Nauvoo, he assembled the city authorities and caused this audacious press to be pronounced a nuisance, and ordered it to be abated; and in obedience to the mandate, the marshal, with a posse, levelled the establishment to the ground. Foster and his coadjutors fled, and in revenge for these summary injuries, procured a warrant for the arrest of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and some others. The prophet refused to acknowledge the validity of the Gentile document, and the officer who had it in charge was unceremoniously expelled from the city. The militia of the county were thereupon ordered out to support the officer in the execution of his process, and the Mormons in Nauvoo and its vicinity prepared to defend the prophet. The excitement rapidly spread, the militia of the adjacent counties were summoned, the governor repaired to the scene of disturbance, and then commenced the second great collision between Mormonism and the established laws of the land.

The result was as might be expected, the Governor of Illinois triumphed. Joe Smith was finally persuaded, to avoid bloodshed, to surrender to the constituted authorities, which he did, and he with Hyrum Smith and other saints were lodged in jail. About six o'clock on the evening of the 27th of June, 1844, the guard of the jail was surprised by an armed party of some two hundred men disguised with paint, who forced the prison and assassinated the prophet and Hyrum Smith. Thus perished the chief founder of Mormonism. Stripped of his disgusting associations, it must be admitted that he possessed some extraordinary traits of character, which would seem to be established by the success attending the strange hierarchy originated by him. In 1827, he announced the discovery of the Golden Book, when only twenty-two years of age; and at the time of his death in 1844, his followers must have numbered over one hundred thousand. To operate on so many minds, even though upon a low plane and easily affected by the marvellous, bring them under a distinct organization, and sway them at will, in the very midst of hostile influences, prove that he had some mental powers, which we are compelled to respect, however much we may condemn the motives by which he was influenced.

The news of the violent death of the prophet produced the wildest state of grief, apprehension and indignation among the saints of Nauvoo. Total disorganization was apprehended. Brigham Young, since so notorious as chief in Utah, was now left in a most influential position, and he with others successfully quieted the exasperation. Under wise councils the Mormons were advised to remain quiet; if they had acted otherwise they would have been swept from the land. Brigham Young, after overcoming all opposition, was elected president of the church on the 7th of October, 1844, and peace was apparently restored.

The great temple was erected from white limestone, wrought in a superior style; was one hundred and twenty-eight by eighty-eight feet square; near sixty feet high; two stories in the clear, and two half stories in the recesses over the arches; four tiers of windows—two Gothic and two round. The two great stories each had two pulpits, one at each end, to accommodate the Melchisedek and Aaronic priesthoods, graded into four rising seats; the first for the president of the elders and his two counsellors; the second for the president of the high priesthood and his two counsellors; the third for the Melchisedek president and his two counsellors; and the fourth for the president over the whole church (the first president) and his two counsellors. This highest seat is where the Scribes and Pharisees used to crowd in "to Moses' seat." The Aaronic pulpit at the other end the same. The steeple or dome was between one

and two hundred feet high. The fount in the basement story was for the baptism of the living, for health, for remission of sin and for the salvation of the dead, as was Solomon's temple, and all temples which God commands to be built.

Although the saints were quiet, not so with the surrounding people of Illinois. It was believed among them that the Mormons had not only resisted the administration of the laws, but that they had made their capitol the depository of stolen goods, and that the people within its walls were guilty of every conceivable crime. It was in vain that the Mormons protested their innocence; matters were now approaching a crisis. Brigham Young was first to perceive that the constitution of his church could never sustain itself peaceably under the laws of the land. He accordingly made diligent efforts to prepare the minds of the saints for removal beyond the jurisdiction of the United States.

This was no difficult task. The Mormons had become in some degree a nomadic race; they had broken the ties of kindred and home to gather around their fancied Zion; many of them had left one part of Missouri for another, and then had removed to Nauvoo; some had wandered from beyond the broad Atlantic, and could not, within a few years, form very strong local attachments. Superadded to all this was an intense hatred to the United States, some of whose citizens had indicted upon them the sufferings, losses and persecutions of which they complained, and whose government had failed to afford them redress. So intense was this feeling, that they looked exultingly forward to the fulfilment of prophecy, which remorselessly consigned the country to one vast and common ruin, under the visitations of earthquakes, fires, famine, pestilence and civil wars, from the offended majesty of heaven.

In the meantime Brigham Young commenced making preparations for the entire removal of the Mormons to some good valley in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. Much ability was displayed in the arrangements. The saints were divided into different companies, to move at different times. Places were selected in the Indian country, among the Omahas and Potawatomes, as recruiting points and resting places. The first band, consisting of two thousand persons, crossed the Mississippi on the ice in February, 1846. The pioneer band encountered much severe weather and suffering. Other detachments followed from time to time during the season. Great Salt Lake Valley was ultimately fixed upon as the new Mormon Zion, and an advance colony of four thousand souls arrived there in July, 1847, and went to work diligently to irrigate the land and plant crops.

Those who still remained at Nauvoo continued the work upon the temple, deeming the completion of that edifice necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy. This excited the jealousy of the surrounding people, and a thousand rumors followed that the Mormons did not intend to leave the State. But little was wanting to fan the flame fiercer than ever. One form of violence succeeded to another still more and more flagrant, and finally the luckless saints who yet lingered within the walls of Nauvoo were regularly besieged in September, 1846, and, after fighting two or three days, were driven from the place. They made their way in the best manner they could, under circumstances of much difficulty and suffering, to the temporary settlements west of the Missouri.

Once more, then, we find these strange people fugitives from their homes, and now seeking an abiding-place deep in the recesses of savage life. The question naturally occurs, Were they really persecuted on account of their religion, or were their habits and practices such as made them intolerable in any civilized community? They had essayed to establish themselves in different States of the Union, and the result would seem to prove that, for some reason, they cannot exist in contact with republican institutions—that they present a combination of the elements of popular superstition and fanaticism, which, in its constitution and government, must necessarily interfere with the rights of the citizen and come into collision with the laws of the land. It was, in fact, the strange anomaly of an independent power within the bosom of the State, which, like a camp of soldiers, believed itself entitled to live at free quarters upon the surrounding population.

Early in the spring of 1847, a pioneer band of one hundred and forty-three men, with seventy wagons, started on their

westward journey, with all the means and appliances for forming a settlement. They reached the valley of Great Salt Lake in July, laid the foundation of their present capital, and put in extensive crops for the future necessities of the incoming Saints. Others followed at short intervals, and some four thousand people became the inhabitants of the valley during that year. In 1848, nearly all that remained made their way to the new land of promise. Fortunately, the land cost them nothing, and all the money and goods saved from the wreck of their property at Nauvoo they were able to devote to other uses than acquiring a property in the soil.

After the pioneer company reached Salt Lake, Young addressed the saints "throughout the world." In it the saints were required not only to assemble at a common centre, but to come provided for all possible emergencies. Among other things it said: "Come immediately, and prepare to go West, bringing with you all kinds of choice seeds of grain, vegetables, fruits, shrubbery, trees, and vines—everything that will please the eye, gladden the heart, or cheer the soul of man, that grows upon the face of the whole earth; also, the best stock of beast, bird, and fowl of every kind; also, the best tools of every description, and machinery for spinning or weaving, and dressing cotton, wool, flax, and silk, &c., &c., or models and descriptions of the same, by which they can construct them; and the same in relation to all kinds of farming utensils and husbandry, such as corn-shellers, grain-threshers and cleaners, smut-machines, mills, and every implement and article within their knowledge that shall tend to promote the comfort, health, happiness, or prosperity of any people."

It is owing to the comprehensive views of this address being measurably carried out that we find so many of the conveniences and appliances of civilized life in the great Basin. The saints meantime went on gathering as fast as distance and other circumstances would permit. But many were poor, and, especially in Great Britain, were unable to defray the expenses of so great a journey without material aid. This want gave rise to the establishment of a vast project, the successful accomplishment of which deservedly calls forth the most profound admiration; for the manner the Mormons have conducted their emigration from Europe to Salt Lake city, displays a sagacity and foresight that has never been equalled in the removal of large numbers of people. The strictest economy has ever been observed, and the object to be accomplished has been brought about by the most direct means. The time selected for the departure from Liverpool has always been so arranged that the emigrants have arrived on the frontiers between April and June, sufficiently early to cross the plain and the mountains before the winter sets in. When a sufficient number of applications have been received by the agent, the passengers are notified by printed circulars, embracing instructions to them how to proceed.

In contracting for a vessel, it is agreed that the passengers shall go on board on the day of their arrival in Liverpool, which protects them from robbers and sharpers. When the passengers are on board, the agent, who is always a president of the church, proceeds to organize a committee of men who have been to Salt Lake and have been to sea. These men are received by the emigrants with implicit confidence. The committee then proceed to divide the ship into wards, over which an elder or priest is placed. When at sea, the presidents of the various wards see that the passengers rise at five or six o'clock, cleanse the respective portions of the ship, and throw all rubbish overboard. This attended to, prayers are then offered, breakfast partaken of, and this constant discipline is carried out in the incidents of the entire day. People of experience amuse the passengers by histories of their travels, lectures on various subjects are delivered, the Sabbath is spent in worship. "There is one thing which in the opinion of the emigration committee of the House of Commons, they the (L. D. Saints) can do, viz.: teach Christian ship-owners how to send poor people decently, cheaply and healthfully across the Atlantic."

On arriving at New Orleans the emigrants are received by an agent of the church, who procures suitable steamboats for them to proceed on their way without unnecessary detention. From St. Louis they are forwarded to Keokuk, in Iowa, or Independence, in Missouri, where they find teams, which have already been prepared, waiting to receive their luggage. Ten individu-

als are allotted to one wagon and one tent. The cattle are purchased of cattle-dealers in the western settlements; a full team consists of two yoke of oxen and two cows. Each wagon is supplied with one thousand pounds of flour, fifty pounds of sugar, fifty pounds of rice, thirty pounds of beans, twenty pounds dried apples and peaches, five pounds of tea, one gallon of vinegar, ten bars of soap, and twenty-five pounds of salt. These articles, and the milk from the cows, the game caught on the plains, and the pure water from the streams, furnish to hundreds better diet, and more of it, than they enjoyed in their native lands, while toiling from ten to eighteen hours per day for their living. Other emigrants, who have means, of course, purchase what they please, such as dried herrings, pickles, molasses, and more dried fruit and sugar, all of which are very useful, and there is every facility for obtaining them from New Orleans to the edge of the plains.

As soon as a sufficient number of wagons can be got ready, and all things are prepared, the company of companies move off under their respective captains. The agent remains on the frontiers until all the companies are started, and then he goes forward himself, passing the companies one by one, and arrives in the Valley first to receive them there, and conduct them into Great Salt Lake City. We shall not detail further under this head as we shall have occasion to do it upon the route.

From the review we have taken of the *modus operandi* of the emigration, although we have merely glanced at the framework, it will be readily seen that it is of no ordinary magnitude, but brings into requisition, directly and indirectly, the labors of hundreds of individuals besides the emigrants themselves, and at the present time involves an outlay of not less than \$160,000 to \$250,000 each year, an amount nevertheless small, when the number of emigrants and the distance are considered. It is only by the most careful, prudent, and economical arrangements that such a number of persons could be transported from their various British and European homes across the Atlantic Ocean, and three thousand miles into the interior of America, with such a sum of money.

The road across the plains to Salt Lake valley is diversified by many remarkable natural curiosities; they are perhaps unequalled by any similar exhibitions on our continent. One of the most remarkable is Chimney Rock, situated on the south side of the Platte river. This irregular conformation must have at one time been a part of the main chain of bluffs bounding the valley of the Platte, and has been separated by the action of water. It consists of a conical elevation of about one hundred feet high, from the apex rises a nearly circular and perpendicular shaft of clay, now from thirty-five to forty feet high. At one time it was visible at forty miles distance, but the lightning, or some other cause, broke down the shaft and left only a portion of its original height standing. On the right of the rock the wagons of an emigrant train are technically, in *corall*, which is the order observed while camping. When danger is suddenly apprehended from Indians, the cattle are driven inside the *corall*; but the slightest noise from a dog or a wolf, or any unaccountable circumstance, often causes a stampede, in which the cattle break down the wagons and rush madly from the camp, endangering the lives of the emigrants, and frequently never stop their career until they are lost to their owners, or fall dead. The stampede is one of the most serious misfortunes encountered by the emigrants across the plains.

Laramie's Peak is a remarkable elevation, the top of which is generally covered with snow; it is often seen across the plains at the distance of a hundred miles. Fort Laramie formerly belonged to the North American Fur Trade Company, and was purchased in the year 1849 by the United States, and now has a barracks capable of accommodating one hundred troops. Rock Independence is an immense mass of granite, standing in bold relief on the plains, famous as being connected with Col. Fremont's expeditions. Four miles beyond is the "Devil's Gate," where the Sweet Water river forces its way through a narrow gorge not more than forty feet wide, with perpendicular granite walls on either side of nearly four hundred feet! Through this romantic pass the river brawls and frets over broken masses of rock that obstruct its passage, affording one of the most lovely, cool and refreshing retreats from the eternal sunshine without, that the imagination could desire.



A MORMON CARRYING HIS GOODS ACROSS THE PLAINS IN A WHEELBARROW.

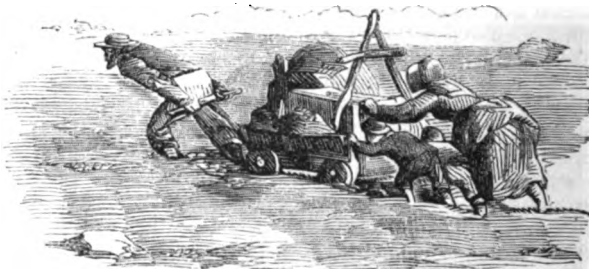
It is difficult to account for the river having forced its passage through the rocks at this point, as the hills, a very short distance to the south, are much lower, and according to present appearance, present by no means such serious obstacles as had been here encountered. It is probable that when the cañon was formed, stratified rocks obstructed it in that direction, and that these rocks have since disappeared by slow disintegration.

Bridger's Fort is a small trading post belonging to Major James Bridger, one of the oldest mountaineers in the region. The fort is built in the usual form, with pickets, the lodging apartments opening into the interior. A high fence incloses the yard, into which the animals of the establishment are driven for protection both from wild beasts and Indians. This place has become familiar to the people of the country from the fact that here the Mormons found a large quantity of food, which at the commencement of their rebellion they destroyed, for fear it would fall into the possession of the United States troops.

The fastnesses and gorges of the Rocky, Wahsatch, Humboldt, Sierra Nevada, and other mountains, reveal scenes, as they are explored, equal in interest to any that have yet been discovered by civilized eyes. The gorges, or canyons, some of which have perpendicular walls from six hundred to fifteen hundred feet high, present pictures of the utmost wildness. They are in some instances nearly half a mile wide, and in others only a few rods, which would, if necessary, enable a handful of resolute men to defend them against a host. We give a sketch of

Parley's Canyon, one of the most familiar entrances or passes into the Great Salt Lake valley. Of all the objects of interest, however, the Great Salt Lake and its scenery may be considered the most extraordinary, when we consider the saltiness of its waters, the circumstance of its having no outlet, and that it is fed by numerous fresh water lakes; these facts regarding it afford abundant materials for reflection. There is also Pyramid Lake, embosomed in the Sierra Nevada mountains, with its singular pyramidal mount rising from its transparent waters to the height of six hundred feet, and walled in by precipices three thousand feet high!

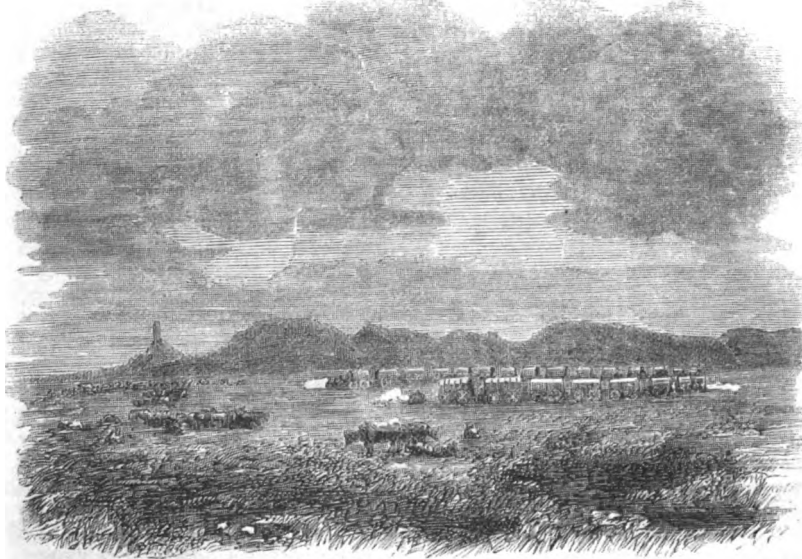
The Indian tribes which roam over the country may be divided into two heads, the Utahs, and the Soshonees or Snake Diggers. These tribes are in perpetual hostility to each other. The different tribes of the Utahs are united by a common language and affinities, and numerous intermarriages. They are a superstitious race, and have, for American Indians, many cruel customs. When we remember the fact, that the Mormon religion acknowledges the Indians as part of the lost tribes of Israel, and that Mormon and all their fathers were aborigines, that the golden plates purport to have been buried by a person of the Indian tribes, it is somewhat singular that the Utahs have in great vividness traditions of all the most prominent events in the history of the world, such as the creation, the flood, Elijah being fed by ravens, and the death and resurrection of Christ. They are also great believers in dreams, and in the efficacy of the laying on of hands. These facts have not only had their effect upon



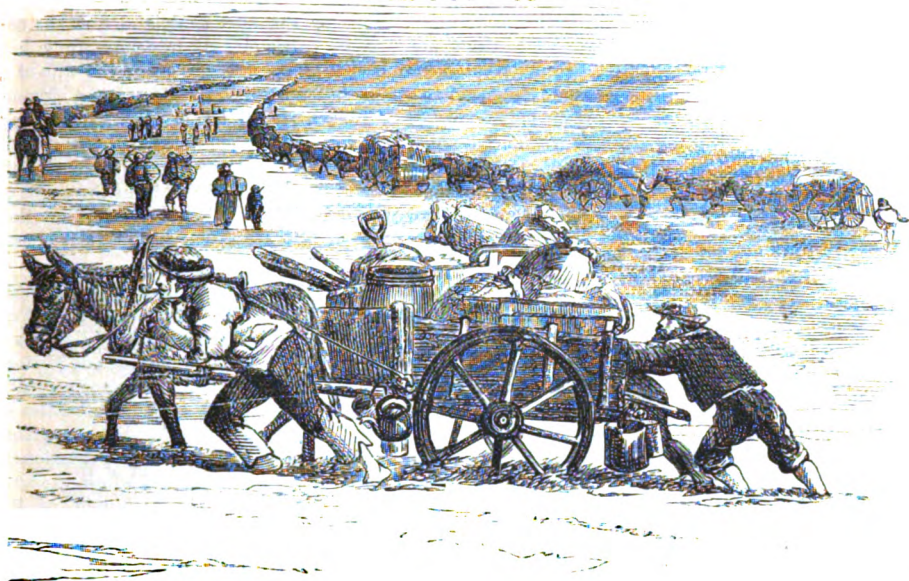
MORMON FAMILY AND HAND-WAGON.

the ignorant Mormons, but upon the Indians themselves, and it is therefore they have been so easily brought into sympathy with Brigham Young's plans and pretensions. The extent of the evil of the thing we have, we fear, yet to realize. Among the chiefs who were first in amity with Young on his arrival at Salt Lake valley were Joseph Walker and Arapeen, head chiefs of the Utahs; the portraits of these men which illustrate our article were taken from life.

There cannot be a doubt but that the Utah valley is one of the choicest spots for the home of human beings that exists in the world. The land is fertile, the climate salubrious, the landscape is made up of mountain grandeur, extensive and beautiful valleys, carpeted with luxuriant herbage, whose ample green skirts reach out to the broad bases of the towering mountains, or terminating amid their curvatures and canyons. Small portions of their wide sweeping plains are studded with gentle undulations and a few rocky cliffs, thrown up by some great convulsion of nature, presenting on their rugged brows and gently sloping bases, the black vertical stratus of the magnetic iron ore, which, when manufactured, will be the staple production of the locality. To the south you again behold the valley stretching itself, like an arm of the mighty deep, amid the mountains, bearing majestically upon its proud



MORMON EMIGRANT TRAIN NEAR CHIMNEY ROCK.



A FULL LOAD AND STUBBORN TEAM.

bosom all the inviting inducements that possibly could be offered to encourage and gladden the heart of the settler—a rich, luxuriant pasturage, abundance of timber, short and mild winters, mountains of ore, extensive strata of stonecoal, a healthy and pure atmosphere, not to say anything of the gold and silver, the copper, the zinc, which are only some of the things hidden in these ancient mountains—in these lasting hills. The valleys are encircled with a broken chain of beautiful mountains; on the south and east they are lofty, and romantic, and grand, presenting on their sloping sides up to their towering summits a variety of vivid colors—the scarlet, the orange and the green. They are densely covered from the base to a considerable distance up the acclivity with trees of cedar and pine, which are beautiful evergreens. To the west they recede in the distance as they approximate to the extremity of the great California basin. To the north you again behold them as far as the eye can penetrate, towering above their fellows, shooting into the aerial regions their pyramidal forms, crowned with the eternal snows—crowns, too, which bid defiance to the melting influences of the effulgent beams of the regal sun. On the east, at a distance of from three to six miles, the mountains are cleft asunder into beautiful canyons, the storehouses of immense quantities of timber, and the great reservoirs of those cooling and crystal rivulets which are poured forth in rapid torrents on the plains below. Such is the country peopled by the Mormons, and desecrated by their doctrines and practices.

A GHOST STORY.—A curious adventure has taken place in a district near the city of Posen, Prussia. The family of a peasant, who inhabits a solitary house in the fields, were celebrating the birth of a child. The happy father, in the excess of his joy, confided to the midwife the secret of his having saved up the sum of eighty dollars for the baptismal feast. A few days before the feast, a figure made its appearance wrapped up in a bull's hide, with horns on its head, and, announcing itself as "the devil," demanded of the parents their new-born child. The father and mother groaned with distress, upon which the stranger consented to receive, instead of the child, a sum of eighty dollars, which were told out to him. He then inquired where they kept their provisions. They referred him to the loft. Whilst he was unhooking their sausages and pieces of bacon, a sportsman of the neighborhood happened to look in, when he found the parents kneeling at their prayers. The peasant informed him that a terrible personage was in the house. The sportsman instantly mounted the staircase, crying out, "Who goes there?" A deep bass voice replied, "The devil!" The sportsman raised his gun to take aim, but at the noise the stranger called out, "For heaven's sake, don't fire!

I 'am N. N." It was the midwife's husband, and he was sent to prison.

LANDLADIES AND LODGERS.
—There is a story told of a learned Cambridge professor which has always filled me with the highest respect for his courage and conduct. Finding that his college bed-maker—which is a very mitigated species of landlady—was continually abstracting his teas, and being (sagacious philosopher!) aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he determined to let her know he had found her peccadillo out, without the chance of contradiction. He bought two pounds of tea, one of which he placed, as usual, in his caddy, and secreted the other in a drawer; he drew from the latter store so much as was necessary for his use,

but never touched the former; the contents of the caddy, nevertheless, decreased daily and in greater proportion, and at last, while the professor had still a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bed-maker, declared his tea to be out, and offered to get him some more. "Well!" exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great triumph, "I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted so long as mine has."

AISSY ENOUGH!—"Plaze, sir," said an Irish traveller, "would yez be so oblaiging as to take me great coat, here, to Boston wit' yez?"—"Yes," said the man in the wagon; "but how will you get it again?"—"Oh, that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for sure I'll remain inside uv it."



PORTRAITS OF JOE WALKER AND ARAPEEN, UTAH INDIAN CHIEFS, FRIENDS TO THE MORMONS.

THE HERMIT.—A WINTER EPISODE.

BY WILLIAM LOWELL REED.

Now is the weary winter of the year,
And from the frosted forest comes no sound,
Save when the sportsman shoots some straggling deer,
Or flies the fox, or howls the hungry hound.

The squirrel shields him from the shivering blast,
To cease his gossip at his neighbor's door;
The hare hies homeward to the hedge at last,
For cold's the snow, and wild the west winds roar.

The hoary snows upon the high hills heaped
Seem like a shroud which shuts the sunlight out;
The laughing brook which from the lime ledge leaped,
Inclosed in ice, winds noiselessly about.

The steer within his stanchion shivering stands,
And lows and moans through all the dreary day,
And shuns his master when his hardened hands
Have strewn his straw, or heaped the hackly hay.

The beech tree spreads its branches to the breeze,
And sighs a sad song o'er the solemn scene;
The tall pines tower like ghosts among the trees,
Nor glad the gazer with their garments green.

Full fast the big flakes fall a frozen fleece,
No traveller treads the toilsome trackless way,
And e'en the cricket's cheerful chirp must cease,
Such is this wild and weary winter's day.

Within yon cot which dim in distance lies,
And where the smoke curls upward through the air,
A saddened hermit solitary sighs,
Or fills his lamp, or cooks his scanty fare.

Once friendly fingers stroked his silken hair,
A mother's hand had held his weary head,
Of sister's sports and joys had been his share,
But doleful years had passed since they were dead.

And with them died all but his heavy heart,
And that had nought of love except for them;
He mused upon their memory apart,
Nor wist he of the walks and ways of men.

But Sol sinks slowly in the shadowy west,
Dark was the day, yet darker comes the night,
'Tis all the same to him of heart oppressed,
This world, this world to him is never bright.

Beside his blazing hearth the hermit goes
And gazes on the fagots fading fast,
And muses on the past ones till he grows
A something as he has been in the past.

And as he sees the fagots fall away
Till all have vanished from his view save one,
His eye grows brighter as the dark red ray
Grows brighter in the west, as sets the sun.

And fancy pictures in the blazing brands
The forms that faded in long years ago,
These turned to ashes, those entombed in sands,
And he like that lone fagot left alone.

Yet still he gazes, still the brand burns on,
The brand grows smaller, fainter comes his breath,
The last spark flickers, feeble, faint and wan,
The head has drooped, the eyes are closed in death.

The spark has ceased, the light of life is out,
Nought but the ashes tell what once was there;
The wintry winds may rage and roar without,
The spark is out, the dust is free from care.

MR. PETTYTIPPIN'S MARTYRDOM.

My name is Nelson Pettytippin; I am forty years of age, and I am a married man.

How I ever came to be married is a mystery which it is not necessary to clear up, and which, as it is a somewhat tender subject with me, I shall by no means seek to unravel. Enough if I say, that this marriage was the one great mistake of my life, and that in perpetrating it I became a party to a speculation which didn't answer. How should it, when my wife and I are unsuited to each other as any two people can well be? Ay, as ill-matched, in every essential, as the name of Nelson is in reference to that of Pettytippin.

Pettytippin! What a name! How acutely I remember at

this moment the ill-concealed laughter of my wife when she heard and pronounced it for the first time, and how she declared (until some cogent arguments of mine overcame her scruples) that she could never, no never, become the wife of a man with such a polysyllable addition. The mere circumstance of having to sign it will at all times call a blush to my cheek, and I never get through the performance without an after-yearning, of the strongest kind, to blot the record out. I declare I am positively ashamed to publish it in the pages of this magazine, and would certainly substitute for it another name, did not my strict regard for truth forbid such a proceeding.

To analyse the characteristics of the nominative Nelson, and to pass from that to a calm review of its fellow-component, Pettytippin, is to step at once from the sublime to the ridiculous—to turn, as it were, from a perusal of the noble lines of Milton, to discuss the pages of a "Penny Warbler." I associate with the name of Nelson all that is great and good: the battles of Aboukir, Copenhagen and Trafalgar are intimately connected with it in my mind, as are also a thousand minor circumstances in the life of a man whose actions I admire, and whose memory I cherish and revere. With the name of Pettytippin, on the contrary, I associate nothing but absurdity, and am conscious of such a glaring want of unity between it and its yokemate, that, although I have passed nearly half a century in their company, I am still unable to adapt myself to that circumstance—a circumstance which has occasioned me to be held up to my fellow-men as a mere mark for insult and derision, and to walk amongst them as an animated joke.

In a preceding paragraph I drew a parallel between my name and the connubial condition of myself and wife, by saying that we are in all respects an ill-matched couple. And so we are. Although, I must add, in justice to us both, quite as affectionately disposed toward each other as nine-tenths of the married world would prove to be upon a close acquaintance. We squabble (and in this we are not singular) periodically, about once a month; but it is commonly in reference to some unimportant matter, and seldom lasts over eight and forty hours.

Still, I cannot disguise from myself that Fanny and I are not well-matched. She is, at this present writing, a giddy, light-hearted young chit of twenty years (wanting nineteen days), prone to society, second-hand high life, dancing, and other unnatural and anti-domestic excitements; I a sober-sided fellow of forty, as I have previously stated, fond of my pipe and glass by the fireside in winter-time, or *idem*, under cover of the lathen summer-house, in my twelve square yards of back garden, during the warm weather. She, always merry and loquacious, and of a provokingly amiable turn of mind; I, of a taciturn, meditative temperament, harmless enough when left to my own inclinations, but a devil of a fellow when once thoroughly roused. And now, having said all that I deem necessary in the way of a preamble, I will proceed at once to the main subject of this paper.

On the 3d of February last, at thirty-five minutes past seven in the evening (I am nice in dates), my wife and I sitting in the back parlor of our house, in Slipe-street (the reader may perhaps know the locality in question), the following conversation ensued between us—my wife leading off as follows:

"Tippy, dear, the Smitherses are going to give a ball."

Now, it should be understood before we go any further, that the Smitherses thus referred to were next-door neighbors of ours, and that we were therefore on visiting terms. My wife unquestionably had this in her mind when she added, "Of course we shall be invited, and indeed, I wonder that we have not already received a card."

"For what date is the party fixed?" I inquired, putting aside my newspaper and relighting my pipe, which I had suffered to go out during the enjoyment of a leading article.

"The sixth—so Betty says (Petty was our special retainer and general informant). Next Friday, you know. Won't it be nice, Tippy dear, and my white silk will look very well turned, with the pearl wreath which I intend you shall buy for me."

"The sixth!" I repeated, with considerable surprise. "Only three days from now. What will be nice, Simpleton? and what trash are you talking about a white dress and a wreath? You women are so fond of jumping at conclusions."

"Then you think we shall not be asked?" faltered my wife, dropping a pitiful glance upon my carpet slippers.

"I don't know, and more than that, I don't care. I am positive of one thing, that we shall not go," said I, regarding her with a certain air of sternness. "You are aware, my dear, that I am no friend to unnecessary ceremony; I still, however, love to have a proper respect shown to my little wife and myself. Three days are not enough to satisfy my moderate appetite in this respect, and therefore, even if we receive a card from the Smitherses (which is very unlikely to happen), I shall certainly not allow you to visit them on so short a notice."

My wife's countenance fell. "We so seldom go out," she said, with the tears swelling up into her eyes.

"Let us go to bed," quoth I, with a yawn.

And to bed we went accordingly.

Wednesday passed over, and Thursday morning, half-past nine o'clock arrived, and with it a balmy note from the Smitherses.

I was in the act of breaking the shell of my first egg, but deferred the operation until I had broken the seal of the epistle, which enclosed an invitation card, and further expressed the hope of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Pettytippin, at No. 12 Slipe street, on the following evening, at eight o'clock.

My wife being still a-bed, I despatched Betty for the pen and ink, and laying violent hands on my blotting-case, prepared to return a negative answer to this effusion, electing to say nothing to Fanny about it till the evening. But it is astonishing how very little will sometimes influence the strongest mind, and alter the most determined resolution. I have always looked upon myself as a man of strong mind, and yet did I, from the simple circumstance of the pen and ink not turning up where it was expected, and consequently, not being forthcoming when it was wanted, suddenly alter my tactics, and conceive the idea of calling upon the Smitherses in person, and of delivering a verbal refusal of their invitation.

"Never mind the pen and ink, Betty," said I, calling down the stairs, "but bring me my hat and umbrella, and tell your mistress that I can't stop to say good-bye to her, but shall be back to dinner at five."

Pausing at the door for an instant to recollect my ideas, I then closed it noiselessly after me, described a semicircle of about a dozen feet round my own railings, and beat twice upon our neighbor's portal.

The house was in high preparation, as I had anticipated, and the scufflings up and down stairs, banging of doors, and other internal commotions, which are generally held to be indispensable precursors of domiciliary festivity—were in full force. Hanging half-way down the area was a man in a mushroom cap, engaged in affixing a new wire to the visitor's bell, which, being of stouter make, would be better able to support the arduous duties of the coming evening than the previous rusty old telegraph which had dangled for years helplessly behind the area railings, seldom, if ever, reaching the tympanum of a servant's ear.

My agitation of the black-lead wreath that composed Mr. Smithers' knocker, produced no material result further than that of causing the man in the area to look up from his work, and regard me with a critical stare, which, though momentary, took in most of my weak points. As a relief from this annoyance, I fell to a calculation of the blisters in the paint of the street door, and had checked off the two hundred and forty-seventh with the ferule of my umbrella, when the door abruptly opened, and I was precipitated upon the expansive chest of Smithers himself.

"What! Pettytippin!" cried he, when he had recovered from the effects of my physical homethrust, "this is an early visit. You got Mrs. Smithers's note?"

"This moment," I answered.

"That's well. I should apologize for our not having sent it earlier. The fact is, it was laid aside by an inadvertence, and did not turn up till yesterday afternoon; but you will excuse this, I am sure."

"And you, in return, must excuse us. Mrs. P. and I are engaged for to-morrow night."

"Pooh! You are joking!" said he, flushing up to the roots of his hair.

"Never was more serious in my life, I assure you," replied I.

"Well," said Smithers, assuming an unconcerned demeanor, "you will, of course, please yourselves, but—"

"To-morrow," I interrupted, with a ready-made falsehood, which I flatter myself I delivered with no small effect, "to-morrow is an anniversary in the lives of Mrs. P. and myself which we have made it a rule to keep inviolate. We shall, therefore, remain at home."

"Oh, pray do so," rejoined Smithers, with evident annoyance, "and take the consequences. A night's rest destroyed (for if you fancy that you will get a wink of sleep with the incessant musical and other racket which will be going on next door to you, you had better abandon the idea at once), and a headache of the worst description the next morning. I make bold to assume that Mrs. Pettytippin is of a nervous turn—most women are—how do you think she will relish such an invasion of her nocturnal repose? Now, my dear sir," added Smithers, descending suddenly to a tone of entreaty, "do alter your mind and come. I should really take it as a great favor if you would; for, setting aside the pleasure we should all feel in having you and your amiable wife with us, your presence would be a real favor, inasmuch as at least one-third of those we had invited have declared themselves pre-engaged, or are prevented from joining us by unforeseen circumstances of a peculiar nature."

Now, whether the concluding remarks of Mr. Smithers were merely the result of tact; or originated from a genuine wish to offend, I am equally at a loss to determine. Whatever their aim, they had the effect of confirming me in my previous resolution, and occasioned me to shoulder my umbrella and wish him good morning without any further ceremony. "Præmonitus, præmonitus," quoted I. "There is some comfort in being prepared for the worst."

I made a disclosure to my little wife that evening of all that had occurred, and she passed the greater part of the night, and the whole of the next day, as Betty subsequently informed me, in "sniggling and crying most bitter, sir."

As may be supposed, this childish behavior on the part of Mrs. Pettytippin did not tend materially to enhance my amiability, and as I sat opposite to her in our little back parlor, at eight o'clock p. m. of the momentous Friday, I was in anything but a Christian frame of mind.

I sat there, in grim and ghastly silence, to listen to the arrivals at the Smithers's festive halls; and I had not long to wait.

A rattle of distant wheels—a jolt—a bump—a clattering of horses' feet near at hand—a dead halt—a loud knocking at the Smithers's door—and an appeal to the Smithers's new bell. A pause. Then the unmistakable letting down of steps—debarking of heavy freight—and ultimate driving off of some four-wheeled vehicle. These announced the first arrival.

Shortly afterwards, more wheels audible in the distance, coupled with the same results; and after this the arrivals so thick and fast, the letting down of steps so continuous, and the knockings at the door so incessant, that my head was presently in a complete whirl. The appeals to the new bell, too, were so constant and vigorous, and its staunchness put so severely to the test, that, if it had not been of the very stoutest make and hardest wire, I am convinced it never could have survived the wear and tear of that one evening. Had it been the old bell patched up for the occasion, it would certainly have come clean away in the flunkey's hand at the first tug he gave, in sheer fright at the subsequent wrenchings it would be likely to undergo.

"Come, my dear," said I to Mrs. Pettytippin, at such time as this hubbub had ceased, "let's have supper, and get to bed. Betty, bring up the tray!"

Supper was a light meal with us, and it was soon over. I then smoked my winding-up pipe, with the addendum of a glass of grog, preparatory to retiring for the night; and so little had we heard of the festivities going forward in the next house (further than the advent of the guests), that I began to rejoice in the inward thought that Smithers's threat of keeping us awake all night had merely been advanced by that gentleman as an additional inducement for us to accept his invitation. But this soothing reflection was speedily dissipated, and the flattering unction I had laid to my soul plucked off by the rude fingers of after experience.

The Smithers's ball-room (as I subsequently discovered to my cost) was on, and occupied the whole of, their first floor, and our bed-room, *pro tem*, was also on the first floor, with only a thin partition dividing the two rooms—parti-walls being luxuries wherewith our neighborhood boasted no acquaintance. The result was, that when my wife and I entered our dormitory at half-past ten o'clock, our ears were saluted with a Terpsichorean din, absolutely terrific. The band—consisting of an ophicleide, a trombone, a French horn, two violins, and a double-bass—had been ingeniously planted at that end of the ball-room the wall whereof was close to the head of our French bed, and the effect was—well, forcible.

I believe this arrangement to have been a planned thing on the part of the Smitherses—a diabolical contrivance to destroy the peace of mind of two innocent and unsuspecting persons. And I base that belief on the fact that they had, a day or two previously, made the tour of our house, under convoy of Mrs. Pettytippin, to inspect some improvements we were carrying out therein, and had been told by her where we had been compelled to fix our sleeping-room during the alterations, in consequence of the other parts of the house being, as she termed it, "all at sixes and sevens."

"Plague take it!" ejaculated I, as I stood, candle in hand, listening to the tumult already referred to, "we can't sleep here."

"We can sleep nowhere else," replied my wife, simply.

I knew that perfectly well, and divesting myself of my garments, not without an inward groan, I replaced them with the habiliments of slumber, crawled into bed, and pulled the clothes carefully round my shoulders and over my ears—not with the view of drowning the noise in the next house (for I felt that any attempt to that end would have been ridiculously futile) but because it was my nightly habit thus to encase myself.

I had just dropped into a placid doze during a temporary lull of wind and stringed instruments, and was dreaming of being in the Polytechnic diving-bell, with an odd sensation of singing in the ears, when I found myself unconsciously listening to the voice of Mrs. Pettytippin, who, having scuffled her head above the clothes, was rhapsodising in the following manner: "There's the 'Prima Donna!' Tippy, dear, the 'Prima Donna Waltz,' you know; they're playing it: and you can hear the feet of the dancers quite distinctly."

"Do hold your tongue," growled I, roused by this ill-timed appeal to a consciousness of all the horrors of my situation, for the orchestra was blowing and scraping away more energetically than ever. "Is it not enough that I am to be kept from my natural rest by the disgusting fooleries next door, but that you must add your two-penny voice to the general clamor. Be silent, Mrs. P., if you would not have your husband a raving maniac."

"Don't be cross with me, Tippy, I meant no harm."

"Then keep the peace," growled I, turning my back upon her, and once more immersing my head beneath the sheets.

The tempest had ceased as I spoke, and I thought I would make a second attempt to go to sleep. I knew if I could once get soundly off, I should be all right—for I am a heavy fellow, whom it takes a great deal to rouse. I squeezed my lids tightly together, and I felt an inward certainty that the experiment would answer. I became partially oblivious; I was just about to turn the corner comfortably, when—twang, purt, twing, twiddle, tweedle, tweedle—

D—n it! The orchestra was at it again; as so was Mrs. Pettytippin.

"The first set," said she, softly communing with herself; "A bow, a curtsy; partners cross over; *balancez*;—end of the first figure. Ah! how I wish I was there."

My rage, on hearing these words, was something fearful. I started up in bed—I tore off my nightcap and hurled it wildly into space—I beat the pillow with my fist. "Oh, heaven!" I yelled, "if ever man was cursed with an abominable woman, whose sole delight is in torturing, and—aggravating her husband, that man is Nelson Pettytippin, and that woman, Mrs. P. ARE you."

I have a remembrance as I uttered this lamentation, of making hideous faces, of foaming at the mouth, and of being pos-

essed with some shadowy and horrible idea that my senses were deserting me.

"If I do not quit this room—this chamber of torture—at once I shall do something desperate," said I, with ghastly calmness, "I know I shall."

"Doo—on't leave me in anger, Tippy," urged my wife.

The wretched creature was sobbing violently, with her head upon my shoulder, and her two little hands clasping my arm like a vice.

I am not naturally an unfeeling man, and I believe that this simple action of my wife's would have had a softening influence upon my spirits, if that detestable band had not struck up again at this juncture with a force and volume which threw all its previous efforts completely in the shade. It was impossible for human nature to endure it any longer, and with an unearthly shriek of terror and despair I leapt from the bed, thrust myself savagely into my trousers, tucked the rest of my clothes under my arm, seized the chamber candle, and, in spite of Mrs. Pettytippin's efforts to detain me, rushed from the room.

Yes! I rushed from the accursed place, and took my way down stairs into that sitting-room, from whence I had departed three short hours before, in perfect innocence of the trials which were in store for me.

I closed the door after me with a savage bang, set the light on the table, and seeking the corner where my own especial arm-chair had its standing, threw myself into its snug depths, with my coat and waistcoat and one boot for a footstool. (I mention an apparently trivial circumstance, to show the reader of this lament the unsettled state of my nerves at the time.) I tried a pipe, and a glass of brandy and water. I couldn't smoke—I couldn't drink—I couldn't do anything with the knowledge of that demoniac tootling and scraping going on next me. I broke two tumblers, and clipped a piece out of my favorite meershaum in the attempt. But in the frame of mind I then was, what to me were tumblers and meershaums? Nothing—less than nothing! I might have gone on smashing pipes and glasses by dozens, and have left off ignorant of any knowledge of the fact, or, at most, utterly reckless of the disaster. I have very little more to say, and yet I am conscious of having advanced nothing that will possess the reader with the faintest conception of what I that night endured. No description can come within any reasonable hail of it, and pens, ink, and paper, are but the media of incoherence.

But, sitting in that room alone, at the dead of night—or, rather, the quickening of morning—I made a solemn compact with myself that I would hold no further communication, on any pretence whatever, with the diabolical Smithers, or any branch of his hated family. I registered this vow in my pocket-book, and turned down the page to mark the entry.

THE LIGHTHOUSE, OR ALONE WITH THE DEAD.

OUT there! You see that revolving light which comes and goes with all the regularity of night and day, which is tended by human hands, which is human work, set up to warn noble ships from hidden rocks and death, which is, perhaps, the most gracious work of man. Tended through the long solitary nights and days by solitary men, the lighthouse shines refulgent on the watery way.

What do the two lonely men who tend it talk of—think of—as day after day they live, hearing no voices but their own, each learning no news but that stored up in the other's mind? They must talk—what then do they talk of? Of who was in the last boat that brought oil for the beneficent lamp and food for themselves? Of who shall come in the next boat, and what their news will be? Do they thumb the old newspaper till it falls in pieces from very holding, and is blown away by the breezes? Do they tell each other of their early lives, in pauses of the wind which so often sweeps about them and screams at finding them? Or do they quarrel and grow silent, as the two poor Italian prisoners did? What do they do and say, those lonely men in lighthouses far away from land?

How they must look for the next boat and count the weeks, and days, and hours (as boys in school looking out for holidays count) that must elapse before it comes. Three months always—sometimes longer—ebb away [between] the boat-visits to

some of our lighthouses—far away from shore, where there seems to be always wind, and where the sea seems ever angry with the lighthouse rocks, and washes over them, and seethes and strives to bring down the work of arrogant humanity.

Of one such lighthouse—where dwelt two men—a lighthouse rarely visited, for about it the sea never ceases to lash, and boats tremble and shake dreadfully when they draw near it—of one such lighthouse I have a tale to tell.

The daring little boat had come upon a visit and brought the wanted oil and food, for it had been long since the sea had been calm enough to let a boat approach, and that sea had raged and heaved so awfully and so continually that the provisions had run short and the oil cans had grown nearly empty, and for the two men the days had grown longer and longer, and the nights longer and longer, till they had come to think time meant to stand still.

And the oil and food were landed, and the two men who had staid their term (and over—by the sea's command) wished those who came to replace them luck—and mugs were clicked, and beer and grog were drunk, and there was much good-fellowship. And then the two who had stayed their allotted time jumped joyfully into the boat that was to take them to the shore for three long months.

For, you see, it seems a natural law that men cannot bear a changeless solitude very long—reason will fly when there is no work for her; and in the lighthouse life it is a rule that two shall tend the light while two are on shore. And when three months are passed, those upon the shore take up the solitary work and let their other fellow-workmen go home and have their holiday.

Of the two men who came with the oil and food, one went down and down the steps to see the boat off, and the other stayed behind, beside the fire, his head resting on his hands and his lips pale; he was a great, brawny, six feet man, with streaming hair, wide shoulders, and clear, look-out-afar bold eyes; but, for all the brawniness and strength and daring eyes, he drooped his head upon his hands as he sat leaning by the fireplace—he felt nohow, he said, as his companions joked him, and said he did not like his turn on, and wanted to go home again. And as they went out of the room the lights grew dim to him, and when the men had reached the bottom of the stone steps he had fallen on his face, and the daring eyes closed, never again to open in this world—he was dead.

"Good-bye," said the living tender of the lighthouse lamp, as he shook his mates' hands and wished them safe at home; "there—there," he said; "see, the wind was rising, they had better come up and have another glass." "No, no," they answered. But he again said, "do," quite urgently, and called up to his mate to come and ask them to drink again, and wish good luck.

"George, come and ask them—or—or bring it down to them."

But no voice answered from above, and the sailor-fellows in the boat said Georgy was surly, and huffed, and wanted to go home, and they roared up to him, and above the noise of the rising wind, which set right against the lighthouse, they belloyed out that he was a shaggy bear, and that if he did not cheer up Jack 'ud have to pitch him out. What—he would not answer? Then he was surly. And they all laughed loud and long—and the laughter rose up on the wind and was carried far away.

They let go the rope, and the boat was steered for shore. "Good-bye," they said to him who could and did answer; "Good-bye, and go up and stroke the bear down for us, and tell him we sent him luck." Then they struck up a bold sea-faring song, and plashed their oars in the now boiling water. And as they saw the watcher go up the steps and reach the illuminated door and turn and look after them, they raised the lantern they carried (for it had grown night while they tarried at the light) and bellowed out their song louder than ever, and the notes, carried on the wind, hit against the lighthouse and were lost there. He tried to answer them, and called out, but the wind was dead against him and bore his words round the lighthouse, and far away from the boat—quite—quite in another direction.

Then he went in.

He saw the form lying stretched upon the floor, and calling

to it by the name of "George, old boy," asked it why he was lying there. And when his mate didn't answer he laughed again, and called him a surly bear, Robin Rough-head, and pushed his foot against him in a free, rough, sailorly way, and told him to get up and take a drink and cheer his spirits.

But the great sailor form stretched on the ground did not move. It still kept with its face turned towards the ground—the head lying on the hands.

Then he stooped down, and roughly and jollily laid hold of the beard about the chin, and cried out, "George—man! George, what ails you!"

And yet it was motionless.

Then he got up and swore an oath, and said that George was surly, and might lie there.

But as he rose, he felt the hand with which he had pulled the beard quite wet, and looking at it by the lamplight, he saw that it was red with blood.

"George, man—George!" he then cried, and he flung himself down and turned his comrade over, and yet by the lamplight he found that all the beard was blooded, and that from the mouth ran hot blood, and that the arms fell down loosely to the floor, and that the eyes were partly closed, and that his mouth gaped slightly. And as he upheld the limp form, and as the blood dropped on to him, he saw that his companion was dead.

"Holloa," said one of them in the boat, stopping his singing; "he's opened the door—see how the light shines from it. Why, surely he's not calling—a true seaman, like he is, must know his voice wouldn't reach us through such a wind as sets against him. Holloa, he's waving his hat and arms—ah, ah, all right, mate—he's come to, has he—bring him down, make him show himself, the old bear. Now, Harry, swing up the lantern to let him know we see him; and sing out with a will—all's well; all's well."

And he saw the swinging lamp grow smaller and smaller, and he heard the singing voices grow fainter and fainter, and he called and called—and the wind carried the sounds away round the lighthouse, and far away from the boat. And then he fell to the stone ground and tried to tear it up with his hands, and to bite it with his teeth.

And as he looked up, when he ceased to hear the singing, though he strained his ears for it, he could see the lantern no more, and he was alone with it lying on the floor there—all dyed in blood, and stiffening—stiffening.

Though, perhaps, he might not be dead. He might only have fainted. He was such a strong fellow—he couldn't die like that—no, he had only fainted. He would call.

"George! George! my boy—mate!"

He did not turn and look, he kept his head away as he called. Then he thought he had answered, and as he asked himself whether he could look up, the same sound came upon him and he knew it was the wind.

He dared not go in, as the lamp high up there was brightly burning he had no need—no need to do so—hence he went down the steps till his feet touched the water, and only returned as the tide drove him up them again, and the water plashing at his feet told its own sound of death—death!

At last the water drove him up to the door, and by the time the day was breaking, so now fearing death a little less, he turned and looked, and once looking he could not tear his eyes away.

He saw the light grow stronger and stronger, and play upon the dead features, and at last up came the great sun and shot his beams through the lighthouse window, and played gaily with the hair of the dead lying on the floor.

Then he thought it moved again, and he ran to it, but a touch, a mere touch on the hand told him he was wrong, and he fell back again, pressing against the wall that he might be as far away as possible from the terrible thing that he had lately laughed and talked with.

Still though he pressed away from it, he kept his eyes on it, and he still looked and looked, and could not turn his eyes away from it.

At last, from far over the sea came the voices of sailor-men, who with their ship had perhaps been saved from death by that same shining light under which lay the gone sailor.

And as the sound came upon him he looked up, then started

to his feet, and peered through the windows at the wind-filled sails. He thought for a moment he would wave something white and shining from the window, that should tell the sailors in the ship that he was in trouble, but the next moment he remembered that lighthouse men often, for the sake of mere good-fellowship, would wave white linen in the breeze when a great ship passed by, and he thought they would but return his salute, and sail on and away.

But, again, the voices came upon him.

Then he wept.

And all his terror melting in his love for an old mate, who had lived with him as man and boy, he stooped down, took up the stained hand, and wept like any child.

But when the night came again, and he had gone up to trim the lamp, he was afraid to return, and he sat up there trembling.

By next morning he had grown to fear it more than ever, so he covered it up with the blankets off the bed; but then he could see the outline of the form; then he threw more clothes upon it—threw the jacket that he wore upon the heap—but still he could see the dreadful shape. Then he built the table and chairs round about it; but still he saw the form through openings in the wood. Then out he ran again, down the steps, and dashed himself upon the rocks, covered thinly with water.

And here was but one day gone, he thought; one day out of three long months of days. Then, perhaps, even the boat might not come.

Oh! how wearily the time sped on—wearily, wearily.

Ships went past, and little dreamed their inmates as they looked up that the lamp was tended by a man who lived in one long agony. There he knew the form must be and lie. He dared not bring it out, and lay it on the rocks, and let it drift away; they would say he murdered him. And every time the lamp had to be tended he had to step over the dead man; and every day, as day succeeded day, the lighthouse grew more dreadful. Every day the sun came and shone upon the form, and played upon the covering laid over it.

He used to dread the return of the tide, which drove him higher and higher up the steps till he was at the door, past which was the secret. He used to go down those steps and wait for the boat—the boat that he thought would never come. He could not read, or he might have driven the time away by reading, but he took the old pack of cards that had been in the lighthouse so long, and he took them with him down the steps and played the old games they had played together, by himself—looking up every minute for the boat, or looking out longingly to sea, as the proud ships rode past.

But when the three months had gone, and when the lighthouse had grown so dreadful that he sometimes asked to die—when the time was fully up for the boat to come, and when no boat grated on the lighthouse rocks, then he gave way, and began to despair.

And yet all this, while the lighthouse had shone out bright and grave, and warned many and many a ship from the treacherous rocks. All through these months of agony the light had not once grown dim—not once.

But when the boat had been due a fortnight, and did not come, then, as the sun went down in a great sea of blood, he threw himself upon the steps, and thought himself the last man left on earth, and that he must die too. He took no heed of the water swelling up about his feet; he took no heed of the dusk coming on, and of the lamp unlit; he would go in no more; the water might rise and drown him; he would not move. Then things began to swim about him; the low wind talked and the sea also, and then he felt sick and lay immovable.

And yet the dusk was growing darker, and the lamp was unlit.

And as he lay with his eyes looking up towards the sky, and his thin hands (for he had grown thin) stretched out on either side of him, he thought he heard the wind say, or rather hollow, "How is it with you, lads?" But he did not move, the wind had spoken to him so often: then he thought he heard the grating of a boat's keel; but that he knew was the rising water; so he closed his eyes and waited till it should rise above him.

And as he closed his eyes he thought a hand touched him. He knew it was only fancy. Then he felt himself lifted.

Then yet unbelieving, yet thinking it all fancy, he unclosed the eyes he had never meant to open again, and looked about him.

Great God!—there it was before him, rising and falling on the water.—The boat, the boat, the BOAT!

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

If a gun be discharged at a distance from us, we all know that we can see the smoke before we hear the report, and are aware therefore that sound takes some time in travelling. We believe, however, our seeing to be instantaneous—as practically it is; but it is only so because of the limited power of the eyes. Even to the longest sighted, a man a mile off is a small object; two or three miles off he is almost imperceptible, and quite so at eight or ten. We have no sensation, therefore, of the time which light takes in travelling, because our power of seeing is restricted to a distance so small as to make the time occupied in its rapid transit inappreciable. Light travels, in round numbers, one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second; if, therefore, we were gifted with eyesight to distinguish objects at that distance, we should see any movement among them one second after it occurred. The sun is about ninety-five million of miles from us, so that with sufficient power of eyesight we should see what was passing on its surface some eight or nine minutes after the incidents happened. Or if we looked to those stars which astronomers tell us are so remote that it takes thousands of years for the light they emit to reach our world, we should witness the progress of events which had ceased there thousands of years before.

I had been speculating whether instruments would ever be invented to give us this wondrously increased power of vision, and on the vast addition to our knowledge of the universe we should derive from it, when I fell into what the old writers would call a vision, or a dream. I was walking along a London street in familiar converse with a friend, when I was struck by his saying, after narrating an incident which had occurred, "It is not more than two thousand millions of miles off now."

"Not more than what?" I said.

"Not more than two thousand millions of miles off."

Seeing that I still looked bewildered, "Why, where have you been," he continued, "not to have heard of the new method of reckoning time by distance, which has already with us passed into a habit?"

"Reckon time by distance?" I repeated dreamily.

"Just so; time since an incident by the distance at which you may see it now."

"I am aware of the power of seeing at any distance," I said; "but can't understand yet your new method of calculating time."

"Then you don't know of our recently acquired faculty of transferring our consciousness at will to any point, however remote?"

The idea took away my breath; for some time I could not reply. After a while I began, "Do you really mean to say—"

"My dear fellow," he interrupted, "we have not possessed the power so long, that I cannot in some sort appreciate your feelings on hearing of it for the first time. But a practical instance will tell you more than many words of mine. Come with me into this court of justice—for the certainty with which offences are now detected has not yet convinced all men of the folly of offending—come in with me, and you will soon know all about it."

We entered; the court was as I had seen it before, except that there were no counsel; there was the judge, the jury, the prosecutor in the witness-box, and the prisoner at the bar—the latter charged with a street robbery. As we went in, the judge was asking the prosecutor when the alleged robbery took place.

"It is about one hundred and twenty thousand millions of miles off now," replied the man.

"Are you not aware, sir," said the judge to him sternly, "that in courts of law we abide by the old formula? Tell me how many days it was since; I can calculate for myself, if needful, the distance in miles."

"It took place this day week," said the man, "in Cheap-side."

"And at what hour of the day?" inquired the judge.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you have heard the charge made against the prisoner at the bar, and the time and place in which the offence is said to have been committed. You will now, if you please, project yourselves with me, and so many of those present who choose to accompany us, to the distance the prosecutor, in compassion to our ignorance, was good enough to mention—one hundred and twenty thousand millions of miles; we will then move gently downwards till we see Cheapside at five o'clock, in the afternoon, which we shall know by the vehicles being all jammed together, and at a stand still, just as every one has the strongest desire to get out of the city quickly."

"What can this mean?" said I to myself. "However, I should like to go wherever they go."

The wish had scarcely flashed through my mind, when I was in the open air; I could see no one, not even myself, but I had a kind of consciousness that my friend, the judge and the jury were all about me. Looking down, I beheld the world far beneath, its divisions distinct as one sees them when stooping over a globe. While I was gazing about in astonishment, now at Europe, now at Africa, I was recalled to myself by hearing the judge say,

"Gentlemen, we are too far off: Cheapside is jammed up, it is true, but the horses' heads are all turned City-wards; it is here only about ten o'clock in the morning; we must go a little nearer—about five thousand millions of miles."

I looked again as he was speaking; I found England, London, Cheapside, the bustle in which latter I could see as plainly as if looking from an upper window of a house in the street.

Without a sensation of motion we had evidently changed our position; the horses' heads were now turned from the City; and soon we saw the prosecutor come out of his shop-door, buttoning up his great-coat.

"You see the prosecutor, gentlemen?" said the judge.

"Yes," in one voice replied the twelve jurymen.

The prosecutor was evidently in a hurry; he had left his warehouse without staying to fasten his coat and without putting on his gloves. When he had buttoned his great-coat, he took his gloves out of his pocket, and in so doing pulled out part of his pocket-handkerchief. He walked rapidly along Cheapside, and just as he was crossing Queen street the prisoner made his appearance.

"You see the prisoner, gentlemen?" said the judge.

"Yes," in one voice replied the twelve jurymen.

"Watch carefully what takes place," said the judge.

I saw the prisoner sidle up to the prosecutor; for some little time he walked close behind him. At last, as the prosecutor was stayed a moment by the crowd at a crossing, the prisoner took hold of the handkerchief and drew it out of the pocket, in doing which he drew out also a pocket-book, which I distinctly saw fall on the pavement; the prisoner stooped down, picked up the pocket-book, and made off with both it and the handkerchief.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "you have witnessed the transaction; you have seen both handkerchief and pocket-book stolen?"

Eleven of the jury assented, but the twelfth said:

"I saw him take the handkerchief; but I did not see the pocket-book."

"How very provoking!" said the judge.

"How stupid!" said the eleven jurymen.

"We must, if you please, rise sixty millions of miles and witness the transaction again," said the judge; "and pray, sir, look attentively this time when the handkerchief is pulled out of the pocket."

Another conscious change of position, and in a minute we again saw the prosecutor issue from his shop, buttoning up his coat, and take out his gloves; again the prisoner appeared, followed him, drew out the handkerchief and pocket-book, picked up the latter and made off.

"I saw the pocket-book stolen this time," said the unfortunate jurymen.

"In that case," said the judge, "we may resume our places in court."

In a sensation we were there, as quiet and unruffled as though no one had moved.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord," in one voice, said the twelve jurymen.

"Prisoner," said the judge, rising, "we have all seen you commit the robbery with which you stand charged. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be imprisoned for twelve months with hard labor. The proceeds of your work will be appropriated, first in recompensing the prosecutor for his loss by your act, and for his time occupied in this trial; then in payment of the cost of your food and of keeping you in safe custody; and if aught should remain after these claims are satisfied, it will be given you on your liberation. I trust that during this time of enforced abstinence from evil habits, and separation from evil companions, you will seriously resolve to lead an honest life in future; and that you will always bear in mind, and when the term of your imprisonment arrives, will tell your late associates, that, by the new powers which science has conferred upon men, the chance of escape for a captured criminal is gone: the judge and jury who try him are now able with their own eyes to see the offence committed."

We left the court.

"But how could it be," said I to my friend, "that we saw the same thing twice over?"

"How?" said he; "do think how it was that we saw it once."

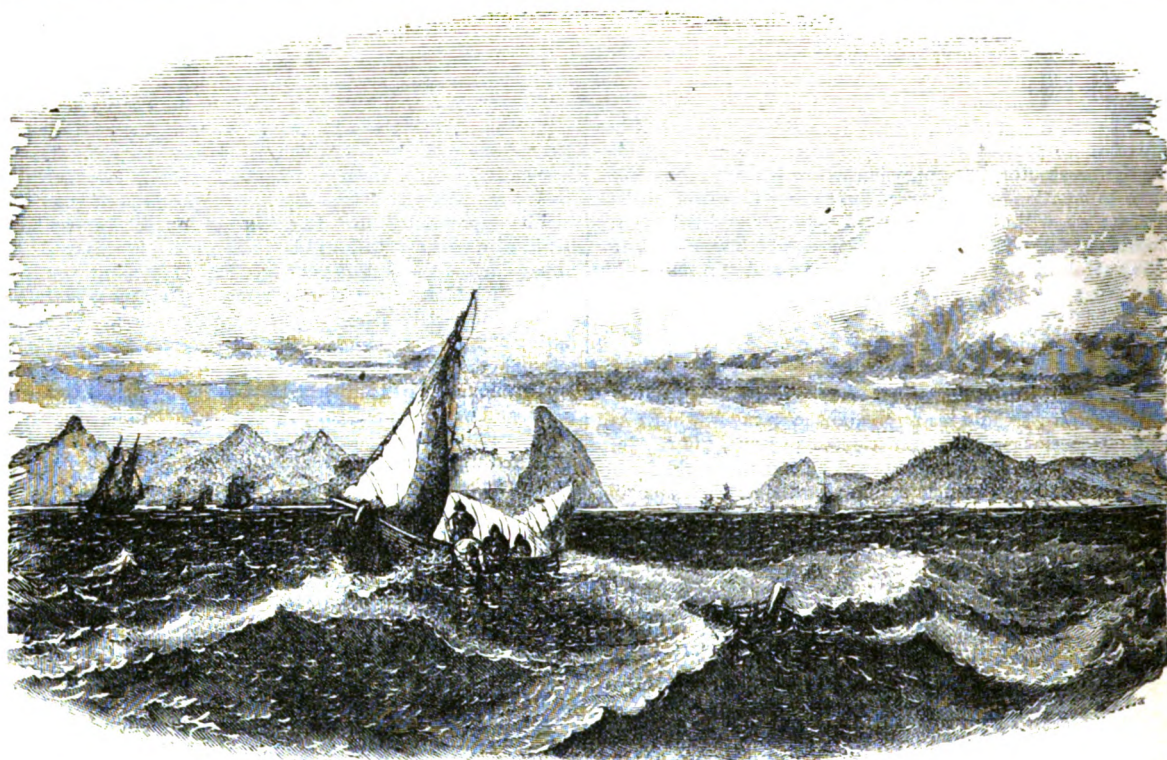
"By being in a position," said I slowly, and thinking over each word, "to which the light in its passage was just arriving."

"Exactly," said my friend; "your description is true of all seeing: we see a thing when the light in which it is done reaches our eyes—there is nothing new in this. You can see it a third time, or a thousandth, if you wish; it is but the willing to be certain millions of miles off. That which has been, is always; it is only a question of where we must be to see it."

AGE.—But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches, on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

An officer had a wooden leg so exceedingly well made, that it could scarcely be distinguished from a real one. A cannon ball carried it off. A soldier who saw him fall called out, "Quick, run for the surgeon." "No," replied the officer, coolly; "it is the joiner I want."

SHARP RETORT.—"Dr. Porson," said a man to the great Grecian scholar, with whom he had been disputing, "my opinion of you is most contemptible." "Sir," replied the doctor, "I never knew any opinion of yours that was not contemptible."



CORCOVADO.

TRES IRMAOS.

SUGAR LOAF.

SANTA CRUZ.

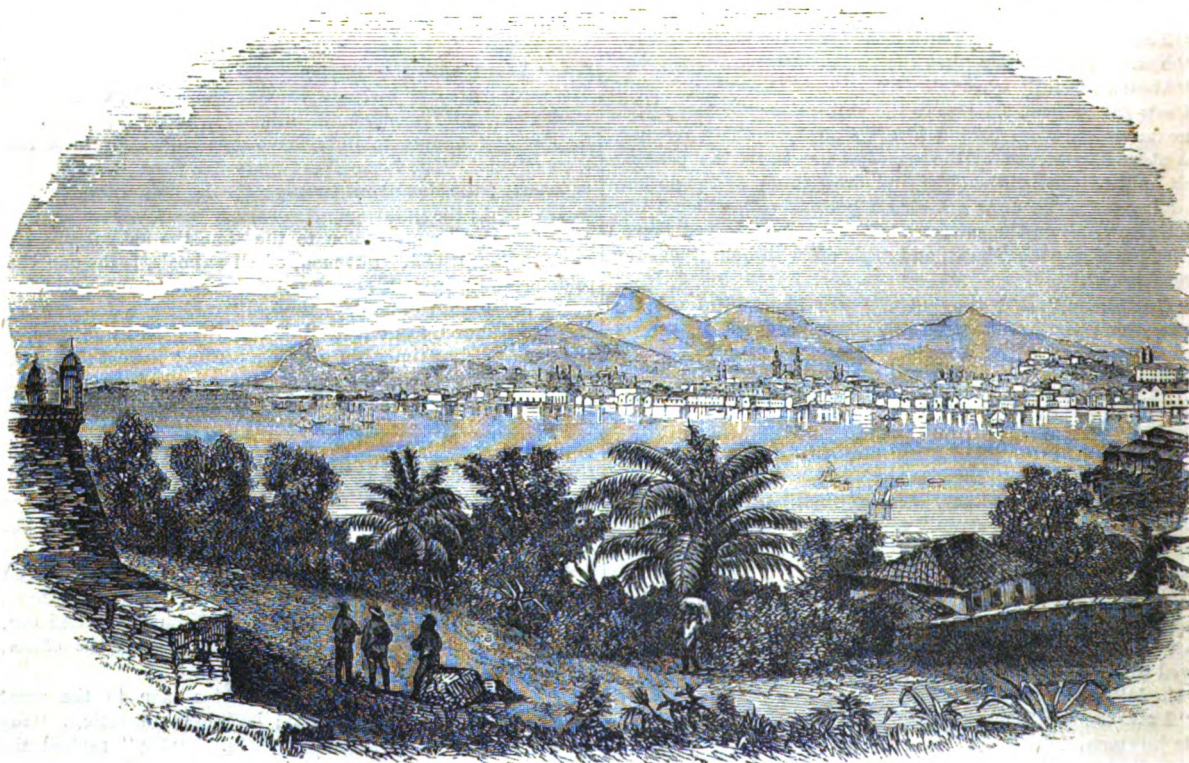
IPANEMA.

ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

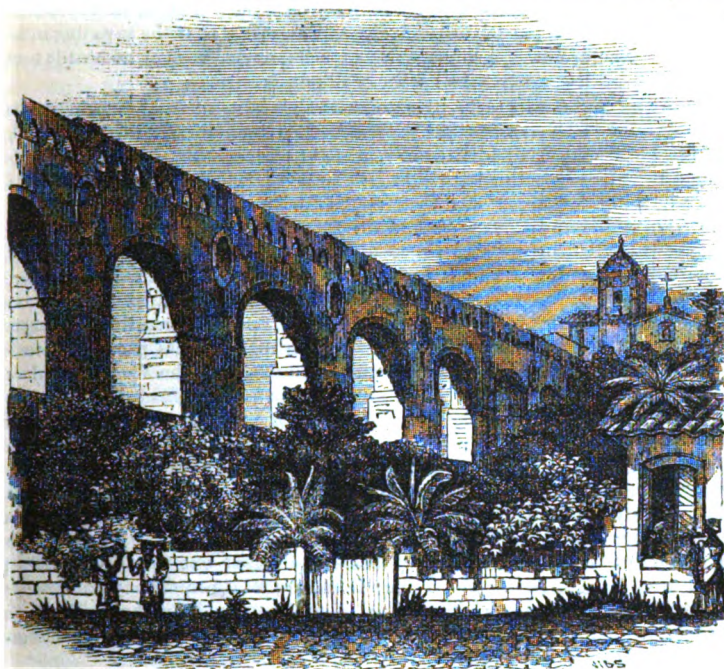
THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, CAPITAL OF THE
EMPIRE OF BRAZIL.

THE Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople and the Bay of Rio de Janeiro are always mentioned by the traveller tourist as pre-eminently worthy to be classed together for their extent, and for the beauty and sublimity of their scenery. The

first two, however, yield the palm to the last named magnificent sheet of water, which in a climate of perpetual summer, is enclosed within the ranges of singularly picturesque mountains and dotted with the verdure covered islands of the tropics. He who in Switzerland has gazed from the quai of Vevay, or from the windows of the old Castle of Chillon, upon the grand panorama at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, can have an



VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO FROM THE ISLAND OF COBRAS



THE GREAT AQUEDUCT. RUA DOS ARCOS.

idea of the general view of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro; and there was much truth and beauty in the remark of the Swiss, who, looking for the first time on the native splendor of the Brazilian bay and its circlet of mountains, exclaimed, "*C'est l'Helvétie Méridionale*" (it is the Southern Switzerland)

What a glorious spectacle must have presented itself to those early navigators, De Solis, Majellan and Martin Affonso de Souza, who were the first Europeans that ever sailed through the narrow portal which constitutes the entrance to Nitherohy (Hidden Water), as these almost land-locked waters were appropriately and poetically termed by the Tamoya Indians. Though the mountain sides and borders of the bay are still richly and luxuriantly clothed, then all the primeval forests existed, and gave a wilder and more striking beauty to a scene, so enchanting in a natural point of view, even after three centuries of the encroachments of man.

We all of us know, either by our own experience or by that of others, how joyful is the sight of land to the tempest-tossed voyager. When the broad blue circle of sea and sky, which for days and weeks has encompassed his vision, is at length broken by a shore—even though that shore be bleak and desolate as the ice

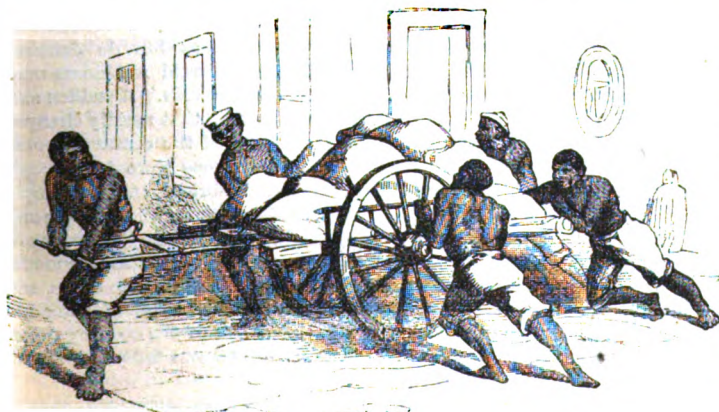
mountains of the Arctic regions—it is invested with a surpassing interest, it is robed in undreamed-of charms. What then must be the emotions of one who, coming from a latitude of stormy winter, gazes upon these bright shores and beholds around him a land of perpetual summer, with its towering and crested palms and its giant vegetation arrayed in fadeless green.

The first entrance of any one to the Bay of Rio de Janeiro forms an era in his existence, for even the dullest observer must afterward cherish sublimer views of the manifold beauty and majesty of the works of the Creator. I have seen the most rude and ignorant Russian sailor, the immoral and unreflecting Australian adventurer, as well as the cultivated and refined European gentleman, stand silently side by side upon the deck, mutually admiring the gigantic avenue of mountains and palm-covered isles, which, like the granite pillars before the Temple of Luxor, form a fitting colonnade to the portal of this finest bay in the world.

On either side of that contracted entrance, as far as the eye can reach, bold, abrupt and beautiful, stretch away the mountains, whose pointed and fantastic shapes recall the glories of Alp-land. On our left, the "Sugar-Loaf" stands like a giant sentinel to the metropolis of Brazil. The round and green summits of the Tres Irmaos (Three Brothers) are in strong contrast with the peaks of Conovado and Tijuca; while the Gavia rears its huge sail-like form, and half hides the fading line of mountains which extends to the very borders of Rio Grande do Sul. On



RIO COFFEE CARRIERS.



A RIO CART AND "HORSES."

the right, another lofty range of picturesque headlands stretches into the bold promontory well known to all south Atlantic navigators as Cape Trio. Mighty rivers and virgin forests, palm trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, howling monkeys and screaming birds, diamond-mining, revolutions and earthquakes are the component parts of the picture formed in the mind's eye, as we draw near to those bold and beautiful shores. By and by we discern with delight the peculiar bright leaved woods of Brazil, with here and there the purple blooming quaresma tree; and when we observe that the snakelike cacti and rich flowering parasites shoot forth and hang down even from the jagged and precipitous sides of the "Sugar-Loaf," and as we single out in every nook and crevice new evidences of a genial and prolific climate, emotion before overwhelmed by vastness of outline, now unburthens itself in every conceivable exclamation of surprise and admiration.

The breeze wafts us onward, and we pass beneath the white walls of the Santa Cruz fortress. A black soldier, dressed in a light uniform of

envious coolness, leans lazily over the parapet, while higher up on the ramparts a sentinel marches near the glass cupola. Gliding under the guns of Santa Cruz, you find yourself at the first spot of the bay ever inhabited by civilized man. You now have the city looming up before you, its white suburbs extending for miles along the irregular shores of the bay, and running back almost to the foot of the Tijuca mountains; while gazing on the domes and steeples, and the bright verdure-clad Gloria, Santa Teresa, and Castello hills, you are cut short in your admiration by the cry of a Brazilian official, "Let go your anchor!" The command is obeyed, and your vessel swings round, giving you glimpses of new scenery, and while waiting the visit of the custom-house official, you walk the deck and find a never-tiring subject of interest in noticing the little steamers and graceful feluccas, with their noisy passengers, that ply between the shores and distant points.

The city of Rio de Janeiro is at once the commercial emporium and political capital of the Brazilian nation. The country has more extensive territorial limits than any other in the New World, with natural advantages second to none on the globe. Rio de Janeiro is the largest city in South America, the third in size on the western continent, and boasts an antiquity greater than that of any city in the United States. The harbor connects with the Atlantic by a deep and narrow passage cut between granite mountains, with an entrance so safe that pilots are unnecessary. So commanding, however, is the position of the various fortresses at the mouth, that if sufficiently manned by a body of determined men, they might defy the hostile ingress of the proudest navies of the world.

Once in the city, it is found that Rio de Janeiro presents to the beholder no resemblance to the compact brick walls, the dingy roofs, the tall chimneys and generally even sites of American towns. Its surface, on the contrary, is diversified by hills of irregular but picturesque slopes, which shoot up in different directions, leaving between them flat intervals of greater or less extent. Along the base of these hills and up their sides stand rows of buildings, whose whitened walls and red tiled roofs form a happy contrast with the deep green foliage which always surrounds and embowers them.

From the central portion of the city the suburbs extend about four miles in each of the three principal directions, so that the municipality of Rio de Janeiro, containing three hundred thousand inhabitants, covers a greater extent of ground than any European or American city possessed of the same population. Here dwell a large part of the nobility of the nation, and, for a considerable portion of the year, the representatives of the different provinces, the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors and consuls, and a commingled populace of Brazilian and foreigners of almost every clime. That which in popular estimation confers the greatest distinction in Rio, is not the busy throng of foreign and home merchants, sea captains, ordinary government officials and the upper classes of society; but it is the fact, that here resides the imperial head of Brazil, the young and gifted Don Pedro II., who unites the blood of the Braganças and Hapsburgs, and under whose constitutional rule civil liberty, religious tolerance and general prosperity are better secured than in any other government of the New World, if we except the United States.

For one hundred and forty years after its foundation, the city of Rio enjoyed a state of tranquil prosperity, and in this respect differed very much from the other cities of Brazil, nearly all of which, during the period referred to, were subject to attack by the English, Dutch or French. The increasing wealth of Rio finally excited the cupidity of the French, who, in 1710, sent a squadron, commanded by M. Du Clerc, with the intent of capturing Rio. The whole expedition was ingloriously defeated, and horrid barbarities were committed on the French prisoners. M. Duguay Trouin, one of the ablest naval officers of the time, sought permission to revenge his countrymen and to plunder the city. Individuals, according to the spirit of the times, were found ready to incur the expenses of the outfit, in prospect of the speculation. The project was approved by the government, and an immense naval force was placed at Trouin's disposal. The expedition was eminently successful, the place was stormed, taken and plundered. The plunder was so great, that although a number of vessels, loaded with treasure, were lost, including the most valuable part of the booty, there remained to the

adventurers a profit of ninety-two per cent. upon the capital invested in the outfit. From the time that the invading squadron weighed anchor on their homeward voyage, no hostile fleet has entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

It is nearly a century since all substantial improvements were commenced; the streets then began to be lighted and paved, the slave-marts were removed to the suburbs, fountains of running water were built, the great aqueduct which spans the Rua dos Arcos was then constructed, and in different ways the foundations were laid for the present prosperity and beauty of the city, which impulses were promoted under the succeeding administrations of different governors. The city, however, assumed its present importance at the moment when it was announced that the royal family of Brazil, driven from Portugal by Napoleon, had determined to make Rio its permanent residence. Upon the welcome announcement the Viceroy's Palace was at once prepared, and all the public offices in the palace square were immediately vacated to accommodate the royal suite; these not being deemed sufficient, private citizens were required to leave their residences and send in their keys to the viceroy. The royal family entered the harbor of Rio on the 7th of March, 1808; at the approach of the fleet the inhabitants left their houses and covered the surrounding hills, those who could do so procured boats and sailed out to meet the royal squadron. The Prince Don John VI. immediately on landing proceeded to the cathedral and returned thanks for his safe arrival, and the city was given up to festivities for nine successive days and nights.

In order to appreciate the changes which have taken place since the event just alluded to, it must be remembered that up to that period all commerce and intercourse with foreigners had been rigidly prohibited by the narrow policy of Portugal. Vessels of nations allied to the mother country were sometimes allowed to come to anchor in the ports of this mammoth colony, but neither passengers nor crew were permitted to land, except under the superintendence of a squad of soldiers. The policy of China and Japan was scarcely more strict and prohibitory. To prevent all possibility of trade, foreign vessels—whether they had put in to repair damages, or to procure provisions and water—immediately on their arrival were invested with a custom-house guard, and their remaining was limited to the shortest possible time necessary to accomplish the purposes. As a consequence of these offensive regulations, a people who were rich in gold and diamonds were destitute of the essential implements of agriculture and of domestic convenience. A wealthy planter who could display the most rich and massive plate at a festival, might not be able, with all his wealth, to give his guests a knife and fork. A single tumbler might be at the same time under the necessity of making repeated circuits through the company. The printing-press had not made its appearance, books were not to be had, and education was entirely neglected. The people in every possible way were made to feel their dependence; the spirits of industry and enterprise were consequently crushed out.

On the arrival of the prince regent the ports were thrown open, a printing-press was at once started, and the Royal Gazette was published; academies of education and fine arts were founded; the royal library was thrown open to the public; foreigners were invited to settle in the city and country, and embassies of foreign nations took up their residence at Rio de Janeiro. Streets and squares were multiplied; splendid residences were arranged on the neighboring hills and islands. A sudden and continued influx of population was visible, that rapidly changed the whole state of affairs; the people of the country seemed alike to change. The fashions of Europe were introduced. From exclusion and the restraint of non-intercourse, the people engaged in the festive ceremonies of the court, whose levees and gala days drew together multitudes. In the mingled society of the capital, antiquated customs gave way, new ideas and modes of life were adopted, and these spread from circle to circle, and from town to town, until the whole character of Brazilian society was changed. The independence of the country subsequently took place, and Rio de Janeiro became the proud capital of an immense empire.

Probably no city in the world can compare with Rio de Janeiro in the variety of sublime and interesting scenery in its immediate vicinity—scenery which is perhaps unequalled on the

face of the earth, and on the production of which nature seems to have exerted all her energies. I have visited many places celebrated for their beauty and their grandeur, but none of them have left a like vivid impression on my mind. As far up the bay as the eye can reach, lovely islands, verdant and palm-clad, are to be seen rising out of its dark bosom; while the hills and lofty mountains which surround it on all sides, gilded by the brilliant sunshine, form a befitting frame for such a picture.

Narrow paths wind around the hills that surround the city, leading to the many beautiful residences and gardens by which they are covered to the summit. On either side of the paths are dense hedges of flowering mimosas, lofty palms and the singular cashew-tree, with its refreshing bottled-shaped fruit, and occasionally, huge waving banana-trees hung with splendid parasites, while throughout the scene there prevails a quiet and a coolness which could scarcely be anticipated within the precincts of a city situated beneath a tropical sun.

In the evening a delicate transparent mist hangs over the country; the moon shines brightly amid heavy and singularly grouped clouds; the outlines of the objects illuminated by it are clear and well defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in the shade. Scarce a breath of air is stirring, and the neighboring mimosas that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the margueiras and the jaca-tree.

Twenty minutes' walk from the *frigid* beach will bring you into the sparsely inhabited environs, where you may see the coffee-tree, with its cherry-like berries, the noble dome-shaped margueira, the fruit of which is so highly esteemed by the English living in India, and orange-trees whose glowing yellow burdens never become wearisome to the eye or cloying to the palate. Here too may be seen the rich fields of the mandioca, a plant so necessary for the comfort of the inhabitant, that it may be compared to wheat of temperate zones; a full account of which we will give on a succeeding page. The most attractive part of this side of the bay is the peaceful Rua del Inga, and the Praia de Carahy. You wind through a thoroughfare, if it can be so called, overhung by graceful shade-trees, and on either side almost hidden by hedges of mimosa, creeping and flowering vines, huge plants and cacti in gorgeous bloom, contrasting with the vermilion roofs and the blue arabesques of Brazilian cottages. In a few moments you reach the Praia de Carahy, where the fanning sea breeze dashes the silvery waves in foaming brightness against the shell-paved beach, while far beyond repose the surrounding mountains, with the city of Rio de Janeiro nestling at their base.

No language can depict or analyze the parts and details of this matchless panorama, or unravel that magic web of beauty into which palaces, villas, forests, gardens, the mountains and the sea are woven. What pen can paint the soft curves, the gentle undulations, the flowing outlines, the craggy steeps, and the far seen heights, which in their combinations are so full of grace and at the same time expression? Words here are imperfect instruments, and must yield their place to the pencil and the graver. But no canvas can reproduce the light and color which play around this enchanting region. No skill can catch the changing hues of the distant mountains, the star points of the playing waves, the films of purple and green which spread themselves over the calm waters, the sunsets of gold and orange, and the aerial veils of rose and amethyst which drop over the hills from the skies of morning and evening.

The streets of the city are generally quite narrow, there being but two or three exceptions to this rule. The houses seldom exceed three or four stories in height. Formerly nearly all the upper part of the stores were occupied as dwellings, but within the last seven years things have naturally changed, and the proprietors and clerks have established themselves in picturesque cottages in the suburbs. Rua Direita is the principal street, and on it are the points from whence start the omnibuses and other vehicles to every part of the city and suburbs. To a stranger nothing can be more novel and animated than the scenes here witnessed during the business hours of the day. At these hours only are vessels allowed to discharge and receive their cargoes, and at the same time all goods and baggage must be despatched at the custom-house and taken therefrom. Consequent upon such arrangements the utmost activity is needed to remove the goods despatched, and to embark those

productions of the country which are daily required in the transactions of a vast emporium. Black-coated merchants congregate in numbers about the exchange, and here comes a negro dray; the team consists of five stalwart Africans pushing, pulling, steering and shouting, as they make their way amid the serried throng, unmindful of the Madeira Islander, who, with an imprecation and a crack of his whip, urges on a thundering mule-cart laden with boxes. Now an omnibus thunders through the crowd, and a large four-wheeled wagon belonging to some company for the transportation of goods crashes in its wake. Formerly all this labor was performed by human hands, and scarcely a cart or a dray was used in the city unless, indeed, it was drawn by negroes. Carts and wagons propelled by horse-power are now quite common, but for the moving of light burdens, and for the transportation of furniture, pianos, water, &c., the negro's head has not been superseded by any vehicle.

While almost stunned by the roar of the multitude, the stranger will find a new source of wonderment. Above all the confusion of the Rua Direita is heard a stentorian chorus of voices responding in quick measure to the burden of a song. He beholds over the heads of the throng, a line of white sacks rushing round the corner of Rua de Alfandega (Custom-House street). He hastens to that portion of Rua Direita and sees that these sacks have each a living ebony Hercules beneath. These are the far-famed coffee-carriers of Rio. They usually go in troops, numbering ten or twenty individuals, of whom one takes the lead and is called the captain; these are generally the largest and strongest men that can be found. While at work they seldom wear any other garment than a pair of short pantaloons; their shirt is thrown aside for the time as an encumbrance. Each one takes a bag of coffee upon his head, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, and when all are ready they start off upon a measured trot, which soon increases to a rapid pace.

As one hand is sufficient to steady the load, several of them frequently carry musical instruments in the other resembling children's rattle-boxes; these they shake to the double-quick time of some wild Ethiopian ditty, which they all join in singing as they run. Music has a powerful effect in exhilarating the spirits of the negro, and certainly no one should deny him the privilege of softening his hard lot by producing the harmony of sounds which are sweet to him, though uncouth to other ears. It is said, however, that an attempt was at one time made to procure greater quietness in the streets, by forbidding them to sing. As a consequence, they performed little or no work, so that the restriction had to be taken off. Certain it is now that they amply avail themselves of their vocal privileges, and the impression made upon the stranger by the mingled sound of their hundred voices falling upon his ear is not soon effaced.

These coffee-carriers are the finest race of blacks in Brazil. They are almost all of the stately Mina tribe from the coast of Benin, and are athletic and intelligent. They work half clad, and their sinewy, graceful forms look as if carved out of black marble, as they bound forward seemingly unmindful of their heavy loads. They have a system among themselves of buying the freedom of any one of their number who is most respected. After having paid their master, of their daily earnings, the sum required by him, they club together their surplus to liberate the chosen favorite. There is now a Mina black in Rio, remarkable for his height and powerful build, who is called the prince, being in fact of the *blood royal* of his native country. He was a prisoner of war and sold in Brazil. It is said that his subjects in Rio once freed him by their toil; he returned home, engaged in war, and was a second time made prisoner and brought back. Whether he will again regain his throne, I know not; but he is an excellent carrier, and so strong that, when a friend of mine embarked, the prince carried the largest case of baggage on his head the distance of two miles and a half. This same case was pronounced unmanageable in Philadelphia by the united effort of four American laborers, and it had to be relieved of half its contents before they could venture to lift it up stairs.

The Mina negro seldom makes a good servant; they are of a noble but almost untamable disposition, and are not contented except in the free air of heaven. The men become coffee-carriers, the women *quilandiras*—street peddlars.



THE PADRE.

There is no mistaking a priest or any species of ecclesiastic in Brazil. The *frades* (monks), the Sisters of Charity, as well as the priests, have their peculiar costumes, most of them exceedingly inconvenient in a warm climate. You cannot be an hour in the streets of Rio de Janeiro without beholding the *padre*, with his large hat and his closely-buttoned long gown, moving along with perfect composure under a hot sun that makes every one else swelter. In the churches where there generally prevails a cool atmosphere, the *padre*, with his uncovered, tonsured head, his smooth, oily face, his thin gown and airy laces, seems prepared for a tropic clime; but when the mass is said and his duties are finished, he doffs his garment of common-sense thickness, and dons that which would be more comfortable in a northern winter.

The holy days and religious festivals of the church are very numerous, and are only deemed interesting or important in proportion to the pomp and splendor they display.

The daily press of Rio de Janeiro reap annually enormous sums for religious advertisements, of which I give one or two specimens.

The announcement of a festival in the church of Santa Rita, is thus concluded:

"This *festa* is to be celebrated with high mass and sermon at the expense of the devotees of the said Virgin, the Most Holy Mother of Grief, who are all invited by the Board to add to the splendor of the occasion by their presence, since they will receive from the above-named Lady due reward."

The following will be to Northern Christians as novel as irreverent:

"The sacred Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Goçalo (a small village across the bay), will hold the feast of Holy Ghost on the 31st, with all possible pomp and splendor. Devout persons are solemnly invited to attend, to give greater influence to this act of religion. On the 1st proximo there will be the feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, with a grand procession in the evening, a *Te Deum* and a sermon. On the 2d, the feast of the patron saint of San Goçalo; at 3 p.m. there will be brilliant horse-racing! after which a *Te Deum* and magnificent fireworks."

The tradesmen, too, have an eye to business, and freely advertise their ecclesiastic wares through the agency of the public journals. The following is a specimen:

"Notice to the *Illustrious Preparers of the Holy Spirit*. In the Rue dos Ourives, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, in gold, with glories, at eighty cents each; smaller sizes, without glories, at forty cents; silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, at six dollars and a half per hundred;

ditto, without glories, three dollars and a half; Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, seventy-five cents per hundred."

The language of these advertisements seem to us something like blasphemy, but with a Brazilian public there is a levity and a want of veneration in holy things, shocking to all whose religious impressions are derived from the Word of God.

On Good Fridays a funeral procession bearing a representation of the body of Christ, is borne through the streets. At night occurs a sermon and another procession, in which *anjinhas* (angels), led by a priest, scatter rose leaves and flowers upon the path, or carry emblematic devices alluding to the crucifixion.

As the reader may be anxious to know what kind of angels take part in these spectacles, we must explain that they are little girls of from eight to ten years old, dressed in a most fantastic style. The leading design of their dress seems to be to exhibit a body and wings, wherefore the skirt and sleeves are expanded to enormous dimensions by means of hoops and cane framework, over which flaunt silks, gauzes, ribbons, laces, and tinsels, and plumes of divers colors. On their head is placed a species of tiara. Their hair hangs in ringlets down their face and neck, and the triumphal air with which they march along shows that they fully comprehend the honor they enjoy of being the principal objects of admiration.

Never are the balconies more crowded than on these occasions. There is an interest in beholding one's own children performing a part which draws out hundreds of families who otherwise might remain at home. There is no procession more beautiful or imposing than this. As I gazed at the long line of the gown-clad men bearing in one hand an immense torch, and leading by the other a brightly decked *anjinha*; as from time to time I saw the effigies of those who were active or silent spectators of that sad scene which was presented on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago; as I beheld the soldiers, helmet in hand and their arms reversed, marching with slow and measured tread; as I heard the sweet solemn chant issuing from the voice of childhood, or the majestic minor strains of the *marche funèbre* wailed upon the night air, the æsthetic feelings were powerfully moved. But when a halt occurred, and I witnessed the idle levity and utter indifference of the actors, the effect on myself vanished, and I could see at once that the intended impression upon the multitudes in the streets and in the neighboring balconies was entirely lost.

The Brazilian lady sallies forth to church on Sundays and festas arm in arm with her husband or brother, the children preceding according to their age, all dressed in black silk, with neck and arms generally bare, or at most a light scarf or cape thrown over them, their luxuriant hair beautifully arranged



and ornamented, and sometimes covered with a black lace veil; prayer-book in hand they thus proceed to church. Mass being duly gone through, and a contribution dropped into the poor box, they return home in the same order.



THE ANJINHO.

It is a matter of surprise to Northerners how the Brazilian ladies can support the rays of that unclouded sun. Europeans glide along under the shade of bonnets, large straw hats and umbrellas; but these church-going groups pass on without appearing to suffer, seldom using even a small parasol.

The different street cries here that attract attention remind one of those of Dublin or Edinburgh. The same nasal tone and high key may be noticed in all. The *gulandeiras*, the vendors of vegetables, oranges, guavey, maracajas (fruits of the passion flower), mangoes, *doces* (sugar-cane), toys, &c., particularly shout out their stock in a shrill, lusty voice. Children are charmed when this their favorite old black comes tramping down the street, with her little African tied to her back and her tray on her head, singing:

"Cry meninas, cry minos,
Papa has money in plenty,
Come buy ninha, ninha, come buy!"

And complying with the invitation down run the little *meninos* and *meninas* to buy *doces* doubly sugared, to the evident destruction of the gastric juices and teeth. Be it remarked *en passant*, that no profession has more patronage at Rio than that of dentistry.

Next appears at the head of the street that charm of a Brazilian lady's day, the pedlar of silks and muslins. He announces his approach by the click of his *coado* (measuring stick), and is followed by one or more blacks bearing tin cases on their heads. He walks up-stairs sure of a welcome; for if they need nothing of his wares, the ladies have need of the amusement of looking them over. The negroes deposit the boxes on the floor and retire. Then the skillful Italian or Portuguese displays one thing after another, and he manages very badly if he cannot prevail on the economical lady to become the possessor of at least one cheap bargain. As to payment, there is no need of haste; he will call again next week, or take it by instalments, just as the *senhora* finds best; only he should like the *senhora* to have *that* dress; it suits her complexion so admirably, he thought of the *senhora* as soon as he saw it; and the price a mere *nada*. Then, too, he had a box of beautiful lace, just made, a new pattern.

Now comes the black cook Jose, basket in hand,

counting with his fingers, and bent on beating down to the lowest price the white-teethed Ethiopian who presides, in order that he may have a few *vinhos* filched from his master, to spend as he returns home in the purchase of a little *cachaca*, "*paramate o bizo*," (to kill the beast); what this much feared animal is has never been ascertained, but certainly, judging from the protracted effort that is required to kill him, he must be possessed of remarkable tenacity of life; a sort of phoenix among animals. The fish, vegetables, fruit, and indispensable chickens being purchased to his satisfaction, he next goes to the street appropriated to the butchers. Here he buys some beef, lean but not ill-flavored, an apology for mutton, easily mistaken for patriarchal goat, or a soft pulpy substance considered a great delicacy (appropriately termed by the witty Emerald Islanders, "Staggering Bob"), the flesh of an unfortunate calf that had scarcely time to look at the blue sky ere it was consigned to the butcher's knife. Then he proceeds to the *benda* to purchase the little dose for his *bizo*, and wends home in high good-humor to prepare breakfast.

A couple of years ago the streets of Rio were terribly infested with beggars; these mendicants had their chosen places in the thoroughfares of the city, where they regularly waited and saluted the passers-by with the mournful whine of "*Favorece o sen pobre pelo amor de Deus*." If any, instead of bestowing a gift, saw fit to respond to this formula with the counterpart, "*Deus the favorece*" (God help you), they were not always sure to escape without an insult. At length it was discovered that the greater number of these were poor old worn-out slaves; those afflicted with blindness and elephantiasis were sent out by their masters to ask alms. A new *chef de police*, however, made an onslaught upon these wretched mendicants. No slave was thenceforth allowed to beg, as he rightly deemed that the owner who had enjoyed the fruit of his labor during his days of health, could well afford to take care of him when overtaken by old age and sickness. Twelve mendicants were considered real objects of charity, and now enjoy the monopoly of the eleemosynary sympathies of the good people of Rio, and I believe find it a most profitable business. Some of them either blind or lame are carried in a blanket by two slaves, or drawn by one; one worthy rejoices in a little carriage drawn by a fat sheep, and another, a footless man, rides on a white horse.

The markets are a pleasant sight in the cool of the morning. Fresh bouquets shed fragrance around, and the green vegetables and bright golden fruits contrast well with the dark faces of the tall stately *Mina* negresses who sell them. "What is the price of this?" "What will the *senhor* give?" is the common reply, and woe betide the first efforts of a poor innocent ship's steward in his early attempts at negotiation with these queenly damsels, whose airs seem to indicate that with them to sell or not to sell is equally indifferent and beneath their notice.

In an outer circle of the markets you invariably find small shops filled with birds and animals. Here gay macaws and screaming parrots keep up a perpetual concert with chattering apes and diminutive monkeys. At a little distance outside are huge piles of oranges, panniers of other fruits ready to be sold to the retailer, and the *gulandeiras'* wicker baskets filled with



GOING TO MASS.

chickens and bundles of palmito for cooking. It makes one sad to think that the procuring of these palmito sticks has destroyed a graceful palm (*Cuterpe edulis*); but what is there that we are not ready to sacrifice to that Maelstrom the stomach? One of these beautiful trees I sketched at Constantia, fifty miles from Rio. It was not straight, as we usually find it, but gracefully curved, and, as it lifted its slender form and tufted summit above the tropical forest it presented a picture of such uncommon loveliness, that day after day I visited the spot to drink my fill of beauty.

The Indians in the Amazonian regions adorn themselves with the rich plumage of the surpassingly brilliant birds of the forest, and like the cultivator of roses, they are not content with the gorgeous colors which nature has painted, but by artificial means produce new varieties. The Napé Indians have a head-dress which is in the highest estimation, and they will only part with it under the presence of the greatest necessity. This ornament consists of a coronet of red and yellow feathers, disposed in regular rows and firmly attached to a strong plaited band. The feathers are entirely from the shoulders of the great red macaw; but they are not those that the bird naturally possesses, for the Indians have a curious art by which they change the colors of the plumage of many birds. They pluck out a certain number of feathers, and in the various vacancies thus occasioned infuse the milky secretion made from the skin of a frog. When the feathers grow again they are of a brilliant yellow or orange color, without any mixture of green or blue, as in the natural state of the bird; and it is said that the much coveted yellow feather will ever after be reproduced without a new infusion of the milky secretion.

There are few curiosities more esteemed in Europe and the United States than the feather-flowers of Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. They are made from the natural plumage, though from time to time the novice may have palmed off upon him a bouquet, the leaves of which, instead of being from the parrot, have been stolen from the back of the white ibis and then dyed. This deception can, however, be detected by observing the stem of the feather to be colored green, which is never the case in nature. No one travelling in the English steamers should postpone his purchases of these beautiful souvenirs of bright birds and Brazil until he arrives at Madeira, for the numerous pedlars of that island offer an inferior article made from artificially colored feathers. Bahia is the cheapest mart for this kind of merchandise. No ornament can surpass the splendor of the flowers made from the breasts and throats of humming birds. A lady whose bonnet or hair is adorned with such plumage seems to be surrounded with flashes of the most gorgeous and ever-varying brilliancy. The carnations and other flowers, made from a happy combination of the feathers of the scarlet ibis and the rose-colored spoonbill, are also very natural, and are highly prized.

Among all the plants of the country none is more worthy of a particular study than the mandioca, which plant has been and is as much associated with the sustenance of life in Brazil as wheat in more northern climes. This vegetable (*Jatropha maniot L.*) being the principal farinaceous production of the country, is deserving of particular notice. Its peculiarity is the union of a deadly poison with highly nutritious qualities. It is indigenous to Brazil, and was known to the Indians long before the discovery of the country. Southey remarks: "If Ceres deserves a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might the deification of that person have been expected who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioca." It is difficult to imagine how savages should have ever discovered that a wholesome food might be prepared from this root.

Their mode of preparation was by scraping it to a fine pulp with oyster shells, or with an instrument made of small sharp stones set in a piece of bark so as to form a rude rasp. The pulp was then rubbed or ground with a stone, the juice carefully expressed, and the last remaining moisture evaporated by the fire. The operation of preparing it was thought unwholesome, and the slaves whose business it was to pick the flowers of the *nhambi* and the root of the *urucu* in their food, "to strengthen the heart and stomach."

The Portuguese soon invented mills and presses for this purpose. They usually pressed it in cellars and places where it was least likely to occasion accidental harm. In these places it

is said that a white insect was found generated by this deadly juice, itself not less deadly, with which the native women sometimes poisoned their husbands, and slaves their masters, by putting it in their food. A poultice of mandioca with its own juice was considered excellent for imposthumes. It was administered for worms, and was applied to old wounds to eat away the diseased flesh. For some poisons also, and for the bite of certain snakes, it was esteemed a sovereign antidote. The simple juice was used for cleaning iron. The poisonous quality is confined to the root, for the leaves of the plant are eaten, and even they may be made innocent by boiling, and be fermented into vinegar or inspissated till it becomes sweet enough to serve for honey.

The crude root cannot be preserved three days by any possible care, and the slightest moisture spoils the flour. Piso observes that he had seen great ravages occasioned among the troops by eating it in this state. There were two modes of preparation by which it could be more easily kept. The roots were sliced under water and then hardened before the fire. When wanted for use they were grated to a fine powder, which being beaten up with water became like cream of almonds. The other method was to macerate the root in water till it became putrid, then hang it up to be smoke dried, and this, when pounded in a mortar, produced a flour as white as meal. It was frequently prepared in this manner by savages. The most delicate preparation was by pressing it through a sieve and putting the pulp immediately in an earthen vessel on the fire. It then granulated, and was found to be excellent when either hot or cold.

The native mode of cultivating it was rude and summary. The Indians cut down the forest trees, let them lie till they were dry enough to burn, and then planted the mandioca between the stumps. They ate the dry flour in a manner that baffled all attempts at imitation. Taking it between their fingers, they tossed it into their mouths so neatly that not a grain was lost. No European ever tried to perform this feat without powdering his face or his clothes, to the great amusement of the savages.

The mandioca supplied them also with their banqueting drink. They prepared it by an ingenious process which savage man has often been cunning enough to invent, but never cleanly enough to reject. The roots were sliced, boiled till they became soft, and set aside to cool. The young women then chewed them, after which they were returned into the vessel, which was filled with water and once more boiled, being stirred the whole time. When this process had been continued sufficiently long, the unstrained contents were poured into earthen jars of great size, and buried up to the middle in the floor of the house. The jars were closely stopped, and in the course of two or three days fermentation took place. They had an old superstition that if it were made by men it would be good for nothing. When the drinking day arrived, the women kindled fires around these jars, and served out the warm potion in half gourds, which the men came dancing and singing to receive, and always emptied at a draught. They never ate at these parties, but continued drinking as long as one drop of the liquor remained, and having exhausted all in one house, removed to the next, till they had drank out all in the town. These meetings were commonly held about once a month. De Lery witnessed one which lasted three days and three nights. Thus man in every age and country gives proof of his depravity, by converting the gifts of a bountiful Providence into the means of his own destruction.

Mandioca is difficult of cultivation; the more common species requiring from twelve to eighteen months to ripen. Its roots have a great tendency to spread. Cut slips of the plant are inserted in large hills, which at the same time counteract this tendency and furnish it with a dry soil, which the mandioca prefers. The roots when dry are of a fibrous texture, corresponding in appearance to those of the long parsnip. The process of preparation is first to boil them, then remove the rind, after which the pieces are held by the hand in contact with a circular grater turned by water power. The pulverized material is then placed in sacks, several of which, thus filled, are subjected to the action of a screw press, for the expulsion of the poisonous liquid. The masses thus solidified by pressure are beaten fine in mortars. The substance is next transferred

to open ovens, or concave plates, heated beneath, where it is constantly and rapidly stirred until quite dry. The appearance of the farina when well prepared is very white and beautiful, although its particles are rather coarse. It is found upon every Brazilian table, and forms a great variety of healthy palatable dishes. The fine substance deposited by the juice of the mandioca, when preserved, standing a short time, constitutes the tapioca of commerce so well known in the culinary departments of North America and Europe, and is now a valuable export from Brazil.

The Emperor of Brazil, by the various limits of the constitution, has not the scope for kingcraft that is the heritage of Alexander II., or the achievement of Napoleon III. The life of some crowned heads is only an official one; very few of the *Dei Gratia* rulers possess intrinsic merit; they are educated, refined, and may or may not be affable. In the eye of the legitimist their chief distinction is the blood which has coursed through the veins of generations of kings. He who is situated half way between the legitimist and the red republican regards with greater or less degree of veneration the representative of executive power which he beholds in the ruler, and is possibly excited to a certain admiration by the amiable and benevolent character which he who sits upon a throne may possess; but it is very rare in the history of nations to find a monarch who combines all that the most scrupulous legitimist would exact, who is limited by all the checks that a constitutionalist would require, and yet has the greatest claim for the respect of his subjects and the admiration of the world, from his native talent or from his acquisitions in science and literature. Those rare combinations meet in Don Pedro II. In his veins courses the united blood of the Braganças, the Bourbons, and the Hapsburgs. By marriage he is related to the royal and imperial families of England, France, Russia, Spain and Naples; his relations are of every grade, from the constitutional monarch to the most absolute ruler.

The Brazilian ruler receives his talents in a direct line. Don Pedro I. was a man of great energy and ability, and Donna Leopoldina was not without some of that power which characterized Maria Theresa. The early studies of Don Pedro II. were confirmed by the Franklin of Brazil—José Bonifácio de Andrada, and we know not how much his tastes for science may have been influenced by other ardent admirers of the study of nature. His mind thus early became imbued with such pursuits, and when growing up to manhood, he omitted no opportunity for making additions to his store of knowledge.

Don Pedro II. was proclaimed Emperor of Brazil on the abdication of his father, when he was five years and seven months old. A council of regency, composed of three members, took the reins of government, which shortly passed into the hands of one regent; and so truly had statesmen of every political shade the good of their country and the rights of their prince at heart, that during this critical period, from 1831 to 1835, when France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Greece and all American states were in a general state of disturbance, and had lost their institutions, or modified them violently, Brazil preserved its constitution with only some modifications legally established in its municipal or provincial councils.

The education of the young emperor was perfect. In every branch of learning that it was thought necessary to teach him he made remarkable progress. His two sisters—Donna Januária, married, in 1844, to the Count of Aquila, brother of the King of Naples; and Donna Francisca, married, in 1843, to the Prince de Joinville—shared with an equal ardor in his high and varied studies.

In July, 1840, the Emperor Don Pedro II. was (although he had not yet attained his majority) declared by the Chambers to be of age, and assumed the sovereign power when not quite fifteen. His imperial majesty was united in marriage, on the 30th of May, 1843, to the Princess Theresa-Christina-Maria, sister of the King of Naples, eminently distinguished for her accomplishments, her patronage of the fine arts, unbounded generosity and amiable disposition. From the above union were born two princes, who died young, and two princesses, the eldest of whom, Christina Leopoldina, bears the title of imperial princess, as heir presumptive to the crown.

Don Pedro is tall and stout: he has large blue eyes, fair and abundant hair and beard—a northern type which seems to have

come from fair Germany rather than the warm latitudes of the brown Rio. He is an expert horseman, and delights in athletic exercises. When at Rio he is constantly in public. The summer season he passes at his palace of Petropolis, a German colony of his creation, eight leagues from Rio, an eagle's eyrie, elevated on high mountains overlooking the bay—a rich and picturesque country, inferior in nothing to the finest parts of Switzerland. The emperor receives twice a week his subjects and foreigners who desire to be presented to him. He speaks to every one, and listens with the courteous manners of a gentleman, and converses with each in his own language; writing and speaking fluently English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. Strongly attached to literature, the young prince presides assiduously at the sittings of the Historical and Geographical Institute of Rio, and his interest is never more vividly excited than when he hears the reading of historical or literary papers concerning the origin of his empire. His private library, enriched by more than 20,000 volumes, has been selected with exquisite taste and discernment. He devotes himself to the encouragement of all industrial enterprises, by encouraging public works and perfecting the navigation of the rivers—natural canals by which commerce will carry life into the most retired parts of the interior. But the great work of Don Pedro II., a work at once of humanity and policy, and which will be his indelible title of glory in the eyes of Europe, is that of having openly attacked the slave-trade.

The policy of the emperor and the Brazilian chambers has been very simple and sensible. It was not sufficient to decree the suppression of the traffic, but it was necessary to open up to the agriculturists new ways and means, by which they should, within a longer or shorter delay, dispense with black laborers. The legislature, to provide for this necessity, took proper means to attract European colonists to Brazil. Two very effective laws to this end were passed in 1850; one, concerning the concession of territorial properties; the other, settling the mode of colonization. Several attempts tried on this new basis have been attended with the happiest results. Little colonies have sprung up, especially in the south of the empire, and are in a flourishing condition. The planters and landed proprietors throughout the empire represent themselves satisfied, as experience teaches them it is infinitely to their advantage.

To form a correct judgment of the young emperor, to appreciate his good sense, prudence, sagacity and firmness, one must study the history of Brazil for the last ten years. No one, even of his most eminent counsellors, is more thoroughly informed on all the secrets of policy in international questions, as well as in questions of party created by the constitutional mechanism. No one has studied more or knows better the workings of the administration in its minutest details. It must be observed, *en passant*, to the honor of the prince, Don Pedro I., who endowed the empire with this constitution, that these operations are simplified as much as possible by an intelligent system of decentralization, which leaves to provincial governors and councils the arrangement of affairs not possessing a general interest.

The constitution of Brazil, given to it by Don Pedro I., is admirably adapted to the feelings and customs, and requirements of the inhabitants of this vast empire, and has continued fresh and vigorous in the mild exercise of its laws over the Brazilian nation. It is a singular fact that in the midst of all the republican institutions of South America, the Brazilian alone has flourished great and free; while the others have fallen to tyrants, or crumbled to pieces from the defective elements which composed them. And, curiously enough, this constitution of a new empire has at this time only two constitutions in the Christian world more ancient than itself—the English and the federal constitution of the United States, and the indications are, that the people living under it will continue to increase in prosperity, and prove that countries originally Spanish and Portuguese colonies, in spite of the examples set by Central America and Mexico, can be made to prosper and grow into mighty nations, if only blessed with liberal governments and an intelligent ruler, holding his office by inheritance and not by election.

An anecdote characteristic of the emperor is related in "Brazil and the Brazilians," which will form a proper conclusion of our article. In the year 1852 a large American steamer



A BARGAIN.

bound for California stopped at Rio, and the emperor signified his intention to pay it a visit. The emperor went on board, examined every part of the ship. He was not content with beholding the mere upper works of the machinery, but descended into the hot and oily quarters of the lower part of the ship, where the most intricate portion of the machinery was situated. When the investigation of the engine was concluded, the emperor desired to visit the forward deck. This the captain was opposed to, fearing lest his majesty would be shocked at the appearance of some very rough specimens of humanity bound for the "gold diggings." The emperor could not be diverted from his design. There on the taffrail sat the New York "Mose," the Philadelphia "Killer," and the Baltimore "Plug Ugly." The emperor, after some general observations, approached these "American sovereigns" near enough to have



THE QUITANDEIRA.

them "betwixt the wind and his nobility." One of the unshorn, who with his companions had regarded his majesty the while with a most patronizing look, suddenly tumbled from the taffrail, discharged his quid into the ocean, and hat in hand

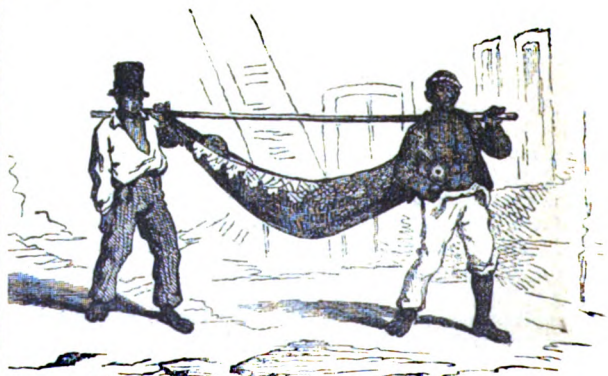
yelled forth in a well-meaning but terrific voice, "Boys, three cheers for the Emperor of the Brazils!" In a twinkling every Californian was on his feet, and never in their oft-fought battles for the "glorious democracy" did they send forth such rare and hearty huzzas as they did that day for Don Pedro II. The suddenness, the earnestness, the good intention, and the enthusiasm of the whole procedure, was mirth-provoking in the extreme. The emperor returned the impromptu salute with a profound bow, and for the occasion, with becoming gravity.

Prepared from the recently published work of "Brazil and the Brazilians," portrayed in historical and descriptive sketches by Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher, illustrated by one hundred engravings. Published by Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia; Sheldon & Blakeman, New York.



THE BRAZILIAN LADY'S DELIGHT.

AN ANCIENT LIBRARY.—An important discovery has been made in one of the tombs of Memphis, of a whole library of papyruses, which fortunately was saved from destruction by the agent of the British Museum, who bought the whole lot. Mr Bird, of the Museum, has as yet only deciphered one of these curious manuscripts, which turns out to be a complete history of the royal dynasties registered under numbers 18 and 19 in Manetho's Chronological Canon. The celebrated Sesostris belonged to one of these dynasties, and the same period comprises the history of the occupation of Egypt by the Hyksos or shepherds, who kept Egypt under their sway for ages.



THE BEGGAR OF RIO.



MORNING.

Purs'd by the cock, the moon-calf shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the mora.—THOMSON.

THE TRUE WIFE: AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH WAR.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine—
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller 'twixt life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command ;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.—WORDSWORTH.

How often, when we cast our eyes over the blood-stained pages of history, when we gaze upon the troubled scenes of war and violence which are there of such frequent occurrence, do we see, looking forth from the very midst of the flame and the battle-smoke, and the wild weltering waves of fierce passion and agony, the calm sweet face of woman, intent upon some merciful mission, some work of duty or affection ! How often do we hear, even above the din of that tempest of human passions,

her clear silvery voice, uplifted in prayer to the Most High, or in supplication to the victor to spare the vanquished ; soothing, consoling, sustaining, cheering and comforting ; filling the ears of the wounded as with angelic music, and shedding the light of a divine faith, and a love which passeth understanding, over the dark arena of human strife !

So have I seen a dove amid the storm
Spread its white pinions on the howling blast,
And hover o'er the black waste like a gleam
Of light celestial ; so, amid the gloom
Of deepest night, mine ear hath caught the strain
Of some sweet song-bird, warbling, as it were
A soul that, spite of cares, and woes, and wrongs,
That strive to hem it in, like prison-bars,
Soared up on wings of faith, and made appeal
To Him who sitteth on the golden throne.

How numerous are the instances in which woman has displayed devoted affection, high courage, perseverance and fortitude, and all the noblest qualities of the human heart and mind, in times of peril and calamity of every kind, and especi-

ally of civil and international welfare! Many such have been chronicled and recorded to her honor, and it would be a pleasing task to select some of the most remarkable of these from the various national histories and family records, amid which they shine here and there, like stars in a cloudy firmament. One instance of this kind has recently come under our notice, and it is of so beautiful and touching a character, and moreover, so little likely to be known to the fair readers of this periodical, that we are induced to place it before them.

In the year 1794, when war was raging between Great Britain and France—then republican in its form of government—Major Shipley, an officer of engineers, of noble lineage and great ability in his profession, was ordered out to the West Indies, where his services were particularly required by Sir John Vaughan, commander-in-chief of the station. Mrs. Shipley, the heroine of our sketch, who had married the young engineer officer in 1781, and who was, like him, connected with some of the most illustrious and ancient English families, accompanied her husband—determined, like a true wife, rather to brave the perils of the deep, as well as of an unhealthy climate and a scene of warfare, than remain at home in safety and suffer him to go forth alone on his path of danger. This heroic lady had with her three children, all daughters, the youngest of whom was quite an infant; and on her, therefore, rested the cares and responsibilities of a mother, rendered extremely heavy by the scenes and circumstances of privation and suffering amid which she now ventured.

The Shipleys embarked in a government troop-ship, called the *Woodley*, whose bad sailing qualities were soon manifested. It was in the gloomy month of November when they went on board, and so great were the difficulties of getting a large fleet to sea at that boisterous season, that they did not leave Plymouth Sound until the 15th of February. Previous to setting sail, the *Woodley*, which was laden with provisions, and commanded by a lieutenant in the navy, was run into by another store-ship and greatly damaged. She was only able to keep up with the convoy three days, at the end of which period a storm arose which tried her severely. By incessant working at the pumps she was kept afloat, until calmer weather and a favorable breeze enabled her to reach Gibraltar, which she did thirteen days after leaving Plymouth, with thirteen feet of water in the hold, and her crew and passengers utterly exhausted. Here she underwent repairs, which detained her three weeks. Again she put to sea and was met by a second storm, which obliged her to seek shelter in Cadiz. This was a bad beginning, and we cannot wonder that Mrs. Shipley should have felt so strong a presentiment of evil, that only a high sense of her husband's duty, and a strong determination to follow him through all perils, could induce her to embark for a third time on the treacherous sea. After a three days' stay at Cadiz, the ship set sail with a favorable wind, and received no further interruption until she arrived within thirteen leagues of Barbadoes. And now, while the voyagers were delighting themselves with anticipations of soon landing among friends and countrymen, a suspicious sail hove in sight, and quickly their worst fears were confirmed. It was a French cruiser, the *Pedrix* corvette, against whose heavy armament resistance would be utterly useless. They were made prisoners by men who had shown, in their sanguinary contests with the British and other powers, but little regard for the usages of civilized warfare, and went, much against their will, under the tricolor, on a cruise among the West India islands, receiving constant additions to their numbers by the capture of other unfortunate vessels which chanced to fall into the clutches of the Gallic rover. In this manner a fortnight passed away, during which the condition of the captives was truly deplorable. Crowded into a small ship almost constantly in motion, with a crew by no means under the same constraint as those of a British man-of-war, they were subjected to many privations and annoyances. Mrs. Shipley shared better than most of them, being admitted, with her children and two servants, into the captain's cabin, where she was permitted during the day to enjoy the company of her husband, who every evening at six o'clock was taken charge of by the master-at-arms and secured for the night. Sometimes the food was bad and scarce, and then the complaints and inquiries of the children caused the affectionate mother's tears to flow afresh; otherwise, after they had got a little used

to their situation, the family were tolerably serene, and at times were cheerful. The officers of the *Pedrix* treated them with courtesy and kindness, but could not make them forget that they were prisoners, in the power of an implacable foe, with but little hope of a speedy restoration to liberty. Ever before their eyes was the gleaming bayonet of the guard; and the thunder of the cannon, which shook their floating prison, told of havoc and destruction to friends and countrymen.

At length the captain of the cruiser, fearful of falling in with any ships of the British squadron, and losing his prisoners, begins to look out for a safe place to land them; and finding that the republican flag is flying at the little island of St. Martin's, transfers them to a prison-shop there, and so gets rid of his onerous charge. The accommodations here are most miserable; but as Shipleys have a small cabin to themselves, they are for a while comparatively happy, although their privacy is often broken in upon by a brutal guard, who insists upon coming at all hours, without any previous notice of his visits. A complaint on this head is met by a threatened separation of husband and wife, the dread of which at once enforces submission.

After some weeks passed in this floating gaol, Mrs. Shipley and her children are taken on shore, ostensibly for the purpose of providing them better accommodation, with the promise that Major Shipley should visit them occasionally. This, however, he was permitted to do only once; the indulgence was discovered to be too great for an English prisoner; and all that the unhappy wife could gain by her frequent and earnest entreaties, was permission to see her husband on board the prison-ship once a fortnight, in the presence of a French officer. In the intervals of these visits, the unhappy prisoner contrived, by the aid of a spy-glass, to obtain a sight of his wife and children, who daily, at a certain pre-appointed hour, were at a window which overlooked the harbor, and to be assured of their health by the waving of a handkerchief. While matters were in this condition, Mrs. Shipley was one evening surprised by the entrance into her room of a French officer, who produced an order to carry her and the children back to the prison-ship; the reason alleged being the ill-treatment by the British authorities at Martinique of the French women who were prisoners there. As Mrs. Shipley found, this was but a preliminary step to the removal of the family to Guadaloupe, where Governor Viet r Hogue was known to be one of the most brutal and violent of the French leaders. She was assured, on the honor of a republican, that this was not her destination; but she soon had reason to know what such an asseveration was worth.

On the same night the now re-united family were roused from their sleep to be put on board a vessel bound for the island which our heroine's fears had too truly prophesied was to be their destination. With much difficulty, Mr. Shipley obtained permission to precede his wife and family, in order to arrange for their accommodation, and, stepping into a canoe for the purpose, was wantonly, as it appears, precipitated into the water by a villain dead to every sense of humanity. His distracted wife heard him struggling for life between the ship and boat, with no power to help him; he was, however, rescued from a watery grave as by a miracle, and, much bruised and nearly exhausted, was conveyed on board the waiting vessel, with his little ones and attached wife, who was so affected at the incident, that she had a constant succession of fainting fits until they reached Guadaloupe, where, with three or four hundred other prisoners from St. Martin's, they were landed, and marched, amid the abuse and brutal mockery of an excited populace, to the common gaol, Major Shipley, as a captive of great consequence, being placed with his family at the head of the unhappy band, and so having to bear the brunt of the public opprobrium. After remaining some hours in the gaol, they were conducted, again with hoots and execrations, to the National House, and had to listen to a long and violent tirade from the governor against the English nation, and naval and military commanders, whom he accused of all kinds of atrocities, which he said were sufficient to justify any severities on his part towards the prisoners in his power. Major Shipley's reply was at once manly and dignified: "If," he said, "such accusations were true, the character of his nation must be greatly changed; but at all events his wife and innocent children were not fit subjects for retaliation. For himself, he solicited no favor, than that he

hoped the delicacy due to him as a prisoner, who could make no reply, would induce the governor to be sparing of his reproaches." After a while, it was determined to give Major Shipley and his family the parole of the town of Basse Terre, the capital of the island, and an empty house was allotted to them for lodging. Here, with little else in the way of furniture than some trunks of linen of their own, which they had been able to obtain, and a mattress sent by Hogue as a great favor, they were, if not quite happy and comfortable, yet far more so perhaps than they had been during the whole term of their imprisonment; they were together, and undisturbed in their domestic arrangements; they could hold sweet intercourse, and strengthen and encourage each other to bear present afflictions, and to hope for future deliverance; for where is the dark prison-house into which hope will not sometimes enter? They could watch the gambols of their children, and, even in the midst of their sorrow for the privations which those dear ones suffered, find pleasure in their ways of winning sweetness, and words of artless sympathy; they could be glad and joyous in spite of adverse circumstances; this is the happy privilege of youth; and their parents, too, would sometimes catch the infection of their thoughtless mirth, and smile and speak as in the bygone times.

But now a fresh calamity was impending; another separation was to take place between Major Shipley and his devoted wife. Two months had scarcely passed since the above-named arrangement was made, when Hogue, finding himself greatly inconvenienced by the constantly-increasing number of prisoners, resolved to disembarass himself of such of them as were incapable of bearing arms: he therefore issued orders for the immediate transportation of such, which of course included women and children, to Martinique, which was then the head-quarters of the British army. There were few among these who were not glad to be released from their prison, and restored to their friends and countrymen; not so, however, was Mrs. Shipley, like a faithful wife, she clung to her husband, and only the more closely for his being in danger and difficulty. She wished to be permitted to remain to share his fortunes, whatever they might be; but her earnest supplications to this effect were disregarded. On quitting her prison, she seemed to leave all that was connected with her present happiness and future prospects, for she left her husband there. In an agony of despair she flew to the governor, to whom, during captivity, she had never before spoken. She implored him to look on her second child, who lay burning with fever, preceding the measles; entreated him not to think of her as an enemy, but as a woman—a wife, a mother! one entitled to the compassion and protection of all, without regard to difference of nation or political opinions. At least, she said, if I must part with my husband, let him accompany me and my sick child to Martinique on his parole, to return a prisoner in the vessel which bears us, after being assured of our safety. And what was the reply to this touching appeal from an English lady to one who ought to have been, to befit his station and command, a French gentleman? After listening unmoved to her supplications, Hogue turned to one of his aides-de-camp, and said, "There is no honor in the breast of an Englishman; besides, her husband is the friend of the rascal Vaughan! (Sir John Vaughan, British commander-in-chief.) Tell the woman, that a vessel is under weigh to convey her to Martinique, and let her go down to the beach."

And so she went. "Three months' endurance had," as she herself says, "taught her submission;" and with a broken heart she bade farewell to him whom she never expected to see again.

On reaching Martinique, Mrs. Shipley was received with great kindness by the authorities, as well as the inhabitants generally; all ranks of people appeared to strive which could show her the greatest attention and respect. The house of the paymaster-general, Mr. Rose, was resigned to her accommodation; and this gentleman especially did all in his power to mitigate her sorrow. Her mind was constantly set upon devising some scheme for her husband's deliverance; many of these were entirely chimerical; but, as they served to keep her hopes alive, they received every attention and encouragement which could be given to them. When a plan was shown to be impracticable, she fell into despondency; but her fertile mind quickly suggested another expedient; and again the flattering

tale was whispered in her ear, that the loved one, who was languishing in a foreign prison, might yet be restored to her. The British commander-in-chief, to whom she submitted her plans, although he listened attentively, and encouraged her hopes, was yet obliged to exercise his better judgment and discretion. All communication, except of a warlike character, had ceased between him and the French, who had shown an utter disregard for the usages of civilised warfare; and hence, for the space of three months, Mrs. Shipley was without intelligence of her husband's health and condition. She knew that the English captives were exposed to great privations; that in a very short time one thousand or more had expired in the prison-ships at Pont-à-Pierre, for want of proper food, and protection from a vertical sun; and her busy imagination conjured up a thousand horrors, which, like the Furies in the Greek tragedy, spurred her on to the most desperate resolves, and deeds too, if need were. The recollection of her husband's worth and attachment was ever present in her mind; she thought of the many years during which he had made her the object of his tenderest care; of his infinite value to herself and her family; and as all his long-treasured acts and words were fondly recalled by memory, she seemed to be moved with a giant's strength; and no effort appeared so great, no danger so imminent, but it would be made and braved for his deliverance. And then how transporting was the prospect of his restoration through her means to liberty, to country, to home, and the arms of those whom he dearly loved! At all events, the attempt must be made; she could not bear to remain longer in suspense and apprehension; casting herself upon the protection of Providence, she would rather brave death than endure this lingering life of agonizing fear and doubt. Accordingly, she makes another appeal to the British commander, lays a fresh plan before him; and he, perhaps, rather to satisfy her, than entertaining much hope of a successful issue, consents that the trial shall be made. He assigns to her use a small vessel, and places therein five French prisoners, viz., a naval captain and four seamen, whom she is to offer in exchange for her husband; and thus furnished with the means of ransom, as she hopes, the adventurous woman sets forth on her wild expedition, as most persons considered it. Her only female companion is a black servant; and her little bark is manned by those who are enemies to her nation; moreover, she is rushing, as it were, into the very jaws of destruction, for Hogue, as she well knows, pays but little respect even to defenceless women; and his deadly enmity to the British monarchy-lovers, and friends to the hated Bourbons, would prompt him, as it has already done, to commit the most atrocious crimes. A flag of truce, hoisted at the mast-head, like the white wing of a dove fluttering amid the storm, would be no protection, for that had been frequently fired into by the French. No friendly messenger could be sent before, to prepare the way—nothing at all could be done to divest the enterprise of its danger, or give assurance of success. The inhabitants of Martinique, who were composed chiefly of royalist families, most of which had lost friends or relatives in the deplorable struggle then going on, and who entertained a perfect horror of their adversaries, were amazed to see a woman, so lonely and unprotected, thus trust herself to the mercy of five republican seamen, and steer straight off for the enemy's port. Their blessings and their prayers went with her; but they looked upon her children as motherless, and her attempt as altogether insane.

Under such circumstances, then, did this heroic woman bid adieu to her little ones, whom she had consigned to the care of Mr. Rose, and an old, faithful servant, with sealed instructions relative to their disposal in case she should never return. We may measure the depth of her devotion to her husband by the greatness of the sacrifice implied in this contingency. She was ever a most affectionate mother, and what an effort must it have cost her to tear herself away from those dear children, with the possibility—nay probability—that she would never see them more! But she is strengthened and sustained by a high sense of duty, and a strong faith in the protection and guidance of her Almighty Father; and so she goes, tossed up and down upon the stormy waves, and exposed to the terrors of a tropical tempest, during the first night of her adventurous voyage. As the lightnings flash around, and the thunders roll, and the billows seethe and foam, and threaten to engulf her little vessel,

her womanly nature is for a time dismayed ; the more especially when amid the fitful glare of light, her eye falls upon the swarthy faces of her companions, and her unprotected state is thus most vividly presented to her mind ; she is then ready to faint with terror ; but soon her brave spirit rises up and asserts its superiority over this physical weakness, and with outward calmness, although some inward agitation, she goeth on her perilous way.

As one that aye some high commission bears
And in the face of danger smiles, as though
An angel-voice were whisp'ring in her ears
Assurance of her safety and success.

And now the storm abates ; the little vessel is enabled to carry sail ; she makes progress, and on the 12th of October (that is, the day but one after she left Martinique), arrives at Basseterre roads, Guadaloupe. The harbor master comes on board, learns the purpose of this extraordinary visit, and departs with surly looks, taking with him the French prisoners and a letter to citizen Hogue, written with all the earnestness and pathos which the occasion demands. In the meantime the vessel is not allowed to anchor ; orders must first be received from the governor, who is at Pont-à-Pierre, or from the second in command, to whom the letter is delivered at the National House. The surly harbor master is also the bearer of a missive from Mrs. Shipley to a French lady whom she had known when a prisoner at Guadaloupe, and who, as we shall presently see, was of essential service to the English petitioner.

¶ We may imagine the state of painful suspense in which Mrs. Shipley remained until her messenger's return. Within sight of the house where she had for awhile resided, and where she left her husband, every door and window was now closed—the place was evidently deserted. Was its late inmate removed to another prison ? or had his spirit been released by death from all earthly thralldom ? These were the two alternatives which naturally presented themselves to the mind of the anxious wife : and how fearful was the question—which ? which ? At length, however, she was relieved from her worst apprehensions ; the harbor-master returned, and, with a civility which filled her with hope, informed Mrs. Shipley that he had orders to take her on shore, and to the house of Madame Fournielle, the lady to whom she had addressed a letter. He had orders, he said, too, to land her luggage, and pass it on without the usual inspection ; and this was hailed as a circumstance of good augury.

¶ By Madame Fournielle and her family our voyager was received as a beloved daughter returned to her home after a much-regretted absence. Although Mrs. Shipley's political opinions were entirely at variance with theirs, she was waited upon by the ladies themselves, and everything was done which the most delicate and sensitive mind could suggest to comfort, assist, and encourage her. On the return of Representative Hogue to Basse-terre, which took place in about three days, he was waited on by the mother of Madame Fournielle, who prepared the way for an interview between him and Mrs. Shipley, who had now learned that her husband was yet alive on board one of the prison-ships, and who was cheered by the assurance that Hogue was favorably disposed towards her. When the hour appointed for the interview arrived, she went, hoping—and yet fearing—to the National House, and was received by the dreaded chief with unwonted respect and politeness ; even he was evidently touched to the soul by her heroic devotion. He expressed the utmost surprise that a woman so unprotected should venture into his government, and said that her letters had impressed him with the greatest personal respect and admiration of her character ; that if he had consulted his own inclination, he should have sent back Mr. Shipley long since ; but, as the representative of a great nation, it behoved him to act cautiously in dealing with a prisoner of his rank and value to his country. As it was, he could not treat with a woman respecting an exchange of prisoners ; but he was happy to have it in his power to reward this noble undertaking by permitting Major Shipley to accompany his wife back to Martinique, upon parole not to engage in active service until his exchange was ratified by the French commander-in-chief.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of transport which filled the breast of Mrs. Shipley, as she listened to these words, and was thus assured that her brightest hopes (which she

had scarcely dared to entertain) were indeed realized. At Hogue's command a messenger was at once despatched to bring her husband from his gloomy prison to the fond arms that were waiting to receive him ; and as a strong proof of the enmity which was entertained by the French toward their English prisoners, it may be mentioned that the brutal fellow affected to be ignorant of the major's release, merely saying, in answer to his eager inquiries, that " a woman had come to see him from Martinique."

How astonished and delighted was he, then, to find what a true woman and loving wife it was who had come, through perils and obstacles innumerable, not only to see him, but to bear him away to liberty and the caresses of his children.

Need we tell of the triumphal re-entrance of the little vessel into the harbor of Martinique ? of the shouts and exclamations of the people ? of the congratulations of friends and acquaintances ? of the surprise and joy of attached servants and children ? all this may be imagined. Mrs. Shipley, in a simple and modest narrative which she has drawn up of her adventure, says : " I could not have known, in this world, a sensation of pleasure equal to what I experienced at this memorable period of my life. How unutterable those sensations of happiness which filled my breast as I listened to the rejoicing of my children ! when I witnessed the emaciated and woe-worn form and features of their father, daily regaining health in the bosom of his family ! To this and every other blessing it had been my happy fate to restore him, guided by the merciful and pitying hand of God—by Him made the humble instrument of giving back to an aged parent the best of sons : to these helpless children the best of fathers ; to his king and his country a faithful soldier ; to myself my husband and my friend !"

To the above narrative of womanly affection and heroism it will only be necessary to add, that Major Shipley, after performing important services, chiefly in the West Indies, and rising to the rank of Major-General, was made, in 1813, Governor of Granada, having previously received a patent of knighthood. He died at the seat of his government, Nov. 30th, 1815, and his faithful wife survived him but four years, dying August 6th, 1820, in France ; she was interred at Boulogne, in the English burial ground. Louis XVIII., in consideration of the services rendered by General Shipley to the Bourbon family, had assigned his widow and her daughters a residence at St. Cloud, where every attention and respect was paid them by the king and royal family. After Lady Shipley's death, the daughters continued to reside there until the change of dynasty took place in France, when they came to England. Subsequently, by the generous assistance of the Duke of Clarence (who contributed £50) and another friend, the remains of their mother were removed to Canterbury Cathedral, where they now rest with those of her maternal grandfather, Ralph Blomer, D.D., who was one of the prebendaries of that cathedral, and chaplain to King Charles II.

SOMETHING ABOUT CATS.

In ancient Egypt we find the cat regarded as a sacred animal ; the male, with his round head and rayed whiskers, symbolizing the sun ; the female, Pasht, or Bubastis, the lion or cat-headed deity. The visitor to the British Museum will find proofs of this superstitious reverence of the cat in the wall-cases of the Egyptian room, where several mummies of these honored Grimalkins, preserved with aromatic spices and precious gums, have survived uncounted centuries, to contrast the value of a dead cat in the land of the Pharaohs with the fate of such relics in modern times, ignominiously consigned to a dustman's cart, or hanging feloniously the scarecrow of a garden.

In those antique days no man dare ruffle the fur of Tom or Tabby with impunity ; and long after the Romans had established themselves in Egypt, an insult offered to one of these animals roused the people to an insurrection. Mahommed appears to have been himself tinged with a lingering superstition in favor of the cat ; he is said to have been constantly attended by one ; and from respect to the prophet's predilection, an hospital for cats was founded at Damascus, which Baumgarten found filled with inmates ; and other establishments of

the same kind were maintained, at the expense of the public, in various parts of Turkey.

"Howell the Good," a Prince of Wales, legislated for this animal, and his laws prove that the race was then by no means over plentiful, since a kitten of a week old (or before it could see) sold for a penny—a value that became quadrupled as soon as it had caught its first mouse. A cat worth four pennies was required to be perfect in its sense of hearing and seeing; to be in possession of the whole of its claws; and, if a female, to be a good nurse. Wanting any of these specified qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the purchaser the third part of its value. Further, it was enacted that "if any person stole the cat that guarded the prince's granaries, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, with its fleece and lamb; or in lieu of these, as much wheat as, when poured upon the cat suspended by the tail, her head touching the floor" (rather hard upon poor pussy, by the way), "would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former."

Descending to the middle ages, a mal-odor of magic taints the fair fame of our *proteges*—more especially attaching itself to black or brindled cats, which were commonly found to be the "familiar" of witches; or, rather, their "familiars" were supposed to take the form of these animals; and hence, in nearly all judicial records of these unhappy delusionists, demons in the shape of cats are sure to figure. The witches in "Macbeth" (for what impression of the times he lived in has Shakspeare lost?) awaited the triple mewing of the brindled cat to begin their incantations; and more scientific pretenders to a knowledge of the occult arts are usually represented as attended in their laboratories by a feline companion.

Fragments of a superstitious faith in the magical, or what was till comparatively recent times so nearly allied with it, the medicinal attributes of the animal, still survive in certain rustic and remote districts of England, where the brains of a cat of the proper color (black, of course) are esteemed a cure for epilepsy; and where, within our memory, such a faith induced a wretched being in the shape of woman, mad with despair and rage, to tear the living heart from one of these animals, that, by sticking it full of pins and roasting it, she might bring back the regard of a man, brutal and perfidious as herself. Such formulas are frequently to be met with in the works of ancient naturalists and physicians, and were doubtlessly handed down from generation to generation, and locally acted upon in desperate cases.

It is on evidence that more than one old woman has been condemned by our wise ancestors to pay the penalty of her presumed league with Satan in a fiery death, upon no better testimony than the fact that Harper, Rutterkin, or Robin, had been seen entering her dwelling, in the shape of a black cat. But if in ancient times old women, and young ones, too, have been brought to grief through the cats they fostered, certain it is that these creatures have suffered horrible reprisal at the hands of certain vagrants of the sex in our own; and Fleet-ditch (before it was covered in), and other hideous and forbidding purlieus of the great metropolis, have revealed the fact that hetacombs of cats annually fall victims to these "midnight hags," who ruthlessly inflict on them the fate of Marsyas, for the sake of the shilling each which the furriers are in the habit of giving for their skins.

Our *Felis domestica* has, for a long time, labored under the serious disadvantage of a traditional character. Buffon sums her up as a "faithless friend, brought in to oppose a still more insidious enemy;" and Goldsmith—who it is well-known became a writer of natural history, "upon compulsion," and had neither time nor opportunity for personal observation of the habits and instincts of the creatures he so charmingly describes—followed in the track of the great naturalist, and echoes this ungracious definition; yet Goldy's good friend and great luminary, Dr. Johnson, doubtless found another nature in the cat, whose sick appetite he tempted with oysters, brought home expressly for his feline favorite, in the capacious pockets of his broad-skirted coat.

Boys, naturally cruel, exhibit a real or pretended contempt for cats, which often leads to their abuse of them; and this antipathy is not unfrequently found full-grown. We have met but very few men who have owned to a partiality for puss; while with the majority she is barely tolerated upon Buffon's

theory, and cases have occurred of persons evincing an insurmountable degree of repugnance to these animals.

Only very recently, a lady friend of ours discovered a great tragedian, who had come to visit her, skipping with the most comic dexterity from one piece of furniture to another in her drawing-room, in a very frenzy of abhorrence and terror at the sight of a cat; which he kept shrieking to the perplexed servant, for God's sake, to remove.

Yet our *proteges* reckon many great men upon her list of friends.

Cardinal Wolsey's cat sat on the arm of his chair of state, or took up her position at the back of his throne when he held audiences; and the cat of the poet Petrarch, after death, occupied, embalmed, a niche in his studio; indeed, poets appear to be more susceptible of pussy's virtues and graces than other persons; and she has on many occasions been made the subject of their verse, the sentiment of which fully expresses a sense of the maligned animal's faithfulness and affection.

Tasso, reduced to such a strait of poverty as to be obliged to borrow a crown from a friend, to subsist on through a week, turns for mute sympathy to his faithful cat, and disburdens his case in a charming sonnet, in which he entreats her to assist him through the night with the lustre of her moonlike eyes, having no candles by which he could see to write his verses:

"Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi."

The cat of Pierre Jean de Beranger has been similarly honored; and Lady Cust reminds us of Gray's ode, "On the death of a favorite cat, drowned in a vase of gold fishes." This cat, by the way, was not the poet's; but Horace Walpole's; and the catastrophe occurred at Strawberry Hill, in 1747, after the rupture of their "unequal friendship," as Dr. Johnson phrases it, had been re-cemented.

This tragedy brings us to a singular proof of the inflexible resolution of the cat, in pursuit of its prey; and to the curious predilection for fish which it eagerly exhibits. The editor of a recent edition of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature" tells us that Mr. Moody, of Jesmond, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had a cat that was in the habit, not only of catching fish, but of bringing them home alive; and which even went so far as to initiate a neighbor's cat in the art of taking them, both being frequently seen in company, watching for the fish, or prowling about on the look-out, on opposite sides of the river.

Millers' cats are frequently found to become adepts in the piscatory art. One at Caventon, in Roxburghshire, the moment she heard the noise of the mill-clapper cease, used to start off to the dam, and plunge in to her belly after the trout left in the shallows, and continue to catch fish like an otter.

Lady Cust tells us that she has herself seen a cat thrust her arm up to the shoulder in the coldest water, to seize a fish at the bottom of a glass globe.

We ourselves knew a cat that used his paw as adroitly, but to a different purpose. Daily, for a considerable period, the cream-jug was found minus of more than half its proper contents, and no one understood how it disappeared. It would be placed on the table by the servant, full to the neck; and during her mistress's removal from one apartment to another, or perhaps to the garden, to summon her husband—for it was summer-time—the cream would have shrunk. Titus, in the meanwhile, would be left in the room with the most perfect faith—not in his honesty, but in the narrowness of the neck of the cream-jug; but one evening the glass door, between the apartment and the garden revealed him, complacently seated on the table, assisting himself at leisure to the cream, by inserting his paw in the jug, and luxuriously licking the proceeds off from it.

Their tendency to bring home their prey exhibits a love of approbation, after their kind, in a very remarkable degree. Why else at such a time should they seek out the person from whom they are in the habit of receiving most attention? Our own cat watches sparrows for hours under the covert of some tangled vine branches, and no sooner effects the capture of her victim than she hastens to lay her prize at our feet, walking round it and looking up into our face, as if expecting a compliment on the occasion. Some friends of ours are in the possession of a beautiful canary, which their cat captured in the garden, and brought in, in his mouth, for their approval, palpitating but uninjured; and we know of more than one instance

of a cat turning hunter, and hunting an adjacent wood, when the young rabbits were in season; one indeed was in the habit of supplying his mistress, a peasant's wife, with this kind of game so frequently, that she received notice from the keeper to prevent Tom from trespassing, on pain of his being shot; and a cat of our own, who used to take his twilight way in the same direction, on one occasion walked home with a snare about his neck, giving evidence that human poachers were not the only ones on the look-out for the game that the wood contained.

It has been said that the attachment of the cat is rather to the place in which it resides than to the inhabitants; yet the graceful sleek-furred creature, with her black coat spotted with golden sable, and her breast and paws milk-white, that ornaments our hearthrug at this moment, deserted the house in which she had been born and bred, to take up voluntarily her abode in ours, which, from that day she has never left; the discipline, however, to which she had previously been accustomed was evident from the fact that the moment the parlor hearth-brush was touched to dust the fire-place or remove crumbs, Muff fled into a corner, or out of the room in mortal trepidation; a very short time, however, elapsed before all terror of the instrument left her, and in return for the gentleness with which she has been treated, she has evinced an amount of tractability, affection and intelligence, which convinces us that these qualities are too generally absent in this animal simply from her owner's want of faith in them. When moving about in the house, or garden, Muff follows our steps with all the docile attention of a dog; and if we pause in our occupation to say a word to her, or pinch her silky ears, she instantly purrs her gratitude, and waves her tail with all the triumphant grace of a field-officer's feather.

Singularly enough, when writing puss never interrupts us, but either makes herself up into a *broche* on the hearthrug, or if there happen to be a chair near, seats herself in it, looking wise and complaisant as Minerva's bird; but the moment the newsman calls, and we sit down at our ease to read the paper, Muff instantly leaps into our lap, as if she thought it no great liberty when she finds us so lightly employed. Instead of the shy, sidelong looks with which naturalists say the cat meets the eye of its master, her looks meet ours with the most perfect confidence, and we firmly believe that these animals are by no means indifferent physiognomists. She evinces a repugnance and liking to particular persons; in the one case she absents herself from a room the moment they enter it, and keeps away during their visit, however lengthened it may be; in the other, she immediately seeks their caresses, and makes herself perfectly at home with them. Tears seem inexplicable to her; and if ever we indulge in them, she looks in our face with a wondering concern that is very like sympathy. On one occasion, when severely ill, this cat took up her quarters in our room, and would scarcely leave it even to be fed. But this is by no means a singular instance of this animal's attachment; for, on speaking of it to a friend, we were told of a cat which had acted in precisely the same way during the illness of her mistress; but as soon as she perceived that she began to eat, the faithful creature left her post, and after an absence of an hour or so, returned with a bird in her mouth, which she laid on the bed without attempting to eat it, but evidently recommending it to the notice of her mistress. The next day puss again went hunting, and came back with a frog; and for three or four days she continued to pay these practical attentions to the recovering lady, who always believed that the cat intended to tempt her sick appetite with the dainties she herself best appreciated. We know an instance of a cat pining to a shadow in the absence of a lady who had been particularly kind to it, and which recovered rapidly on her return; and we have noticed the same thing in our own cat, and have beheld such evidences of her delight at our coming back after some weeks of absence, that we cannot for a moment doubt the reality of her attachment. She will walk round and round, and rub herself against our feet, smell our clothes, and follow jealously about the house, from room to room, as if afraid that she should again lose us.

There is a touching story on record of the favorite cat of the Earl of Southampton—the friend and companion of the ill-fated Earl of Essex in his fatal insurrection—which, being separated from her master, found her way down the chimney to the room

in which he was confined. Even this does not equal the story of M. Zimmerman, a schoolmaster at Thom, who had a cat which had been from infancy the constant companion of one of his sons. The child became sick, and the cat kept close to his bed day and night; he died, and the affectionate creature never left his remains till they were buried; she then crept into a retired corner of the house, and refusing sustenance pined herself to death.

Nor is it only to human beings that cats are capable of attachment; occasionally they form the most incongruous friendships for other animals, and a remarkable firmness and constancy is observable in them. We remember, in our early home, a little *no'er-do-well* chicken, snubbed and pecked at and half starved—the smallest, weakest youngling of a large brood, evidently detested by its mother, and put upon by every other member of the family; a state of things further enhanced by cramp, croup, &c. We remember that this miserable little birdling was one day dropped into a lamb's-wool sock, and placed before the kitchen fire to give him a last chance of life. Of evenings the hearth was shared by our cat and a favorite spaniel, upon whose actions it was thought necessary, for the sick biped's sake, to keep a sharp look out; but what was the surprise of the whole household to see pussy take the poor chick under her protection, suffering it to nestle close to her for warmth, and at other times to perch itself on her body as she lay or sat before the fire; while with the dog the chicken was equally trusting and familiar; and as warmth was what it most required, and the furry coat of puss and the curly one of Carlo afforded this in perfection, the invalid rapidly recovered, but continued when a full-grown fowl to peck the bread and milk in pussy's saucer, and to roost in the sunshine on the dog's back. It could not in this instance have been the promptings of maternal instinct which led the cat not only to suffer but encourage the approach of the shivering little chick, eagerly seeking the comfortable warmth diffused by her sleek body, though this has frequently been found to lead to attachments almost as singular. White, of Selborne, in one of his letters, recounts to a brother-naturalist the following story *apropos* to our subject: "My friend had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat kitten and the young were despatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most fondlings, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little short inward notes of complacency, such as they use towards their kittens, and something gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection." He subsequently mentions the finding of a nest of three young squirrels by a boy of the village, who put them under the care of a cat which had recently lost her kittens, and which suckled them with the greatest assiduity, and being offended at the number of persons who came to visit herself and fondlings hid them, as she would have done her own kittens under similar circumstances.

Sir W. Jardine, in a note on the former letter, quotes one from Mr. Broderip, in the *Zoological Journal*, in which he writes: "I saw a cat giving suck to five young rats and a kitten; the cat paid the same maternal attention to the young rats, in licking them and dressing their fur, as she did to her kitten, notwithstanding the great disparity of size." In these instances doubtless the pressing need of relief (for these animals suffer greatly from the distension of their teats when deprived of their young), as well as the natural feelings of maternity, induced the adoption of these singular *proteges*; but, as we before said, no such motive led to the friendship of our parlor cat with her beaked and feathered favorite; still less to the well-authenticated attachment of a black cat for Godolphin, the celebrated Arabian stallion, and which lasted for many years. When the horse died, in 1753, the cat sat still upon his carcase till it was put under the ground, and then crawling slowly and reluctantly away was never seen again till her dead body was found in a hayloft. Stubbs painted the portraits of the lordly Arabian and his lowly but faithful friend, the cat.

It is probable that when no human kindness is bestowed on them, that this capability of attachment is expended on the

place rather than the inmates, and many curious histories are told of the pertinacity with which they cling to their old homes; an instance of this occurred many years ago in our own family. An ancient relation was flitting from one farmhouse to another, some thirteen miles distant; and not knowing how the barns at the new homestead might be off for cats, two accomplished mousers were literally bagged and sent over in a wagon with a portion of the household stuff to L—. The way, as we have understood, was across the country, through rough and devious roads, and the cats were in the dark. They were safely secured, as it was supposed, and left for the night to grow acquainted with the peculiarities of their new hunting-ground; but on the next day they were nowhere to be found about the barns. A fortnight after, however, one of the servants was sent over with orders to the bailiff of the old farm, when the renegades Kick and Fitz-kick were discovered, taking their noon-day siesta on the top of a bean-bin, not yet recovered in appearance from the weary way they had travelled back to their old shelter at West-Well. It appeared from the bailiff's account that they must have been several days on their journey, living precariously in the meanwhile, and suffering (to judge from the appearance of their soiled, torn and neglected fur) no little inconvenience from rough ways, thorny thickets, panic, &c. By what means they were enabled to trace their way back to their old home at so great a distance and by a route wholly unknown to them, is precisely one of those questions to which the phrase *instinct*, comprehensive as use has made it, offers no satisfactory solution. In this case both sight and trail were equally at fault. Did the same instinct occur to both animals at the same time, and then and there resolve itself into immediate and simultaneous action? or did Kick, being the elder, start the proposition, and Fitz-Kick, drunk with the new wine of youth—"swift, merry and pliant"—readily and thereupon fall into it?

Huc, in his "Chinese Empire," tells us that the Chinese peasantry are accustomed to tell the noon hour from the narrowing and dilation of the pupils of pussy's eyes; they are said to be drawn down to a hair's-breadth precisely at twelve o'clock. This horological utility, however, by no means gives her a fixed tenure in a Chinese home—there she enters into the category of edible animals; and, having served the purpose of a cat-clock, is seen hanging side by side with the carcasses of dogs, rats and mice, in the shambles of every city and town of the Celestial empire.

The most remarkable physical peculiarity of the cat is the property which its fur possesses of emitting electric sparks when rubbed—this is particularly the case in frosty weather; and the observant Mr. White, referring to the frost of 1785, tells us that during two Siberian days his cat was so electric that had a person stroked her, being properly insulated, the shock might have been given to a whole circle of people.

Vatel, who gives the pulse of several of our domestic animals in his "Veterinary Pathology," says that the pulse of the cat beats from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty per minute; her life is generally limited by naturalists to ten years, but in 1844 there was in the possession of a lady at Cambridge a cat which had been in the family twenty years, and at that age produced kittens; these, perhaps the most playful, amusing and graceful of all young creatures, are fifty-six days before they are born and nine before they actually see the light; but long before this event the provident instinct of the mother impels her to seek out all sorts of impossible, or, rather, unpermissible places to make her nest in. Fond of sweet scents, our cat affects our drawers, surreptitiously opens cupboards in our bed-room—for it, of all apartments in the house, appears (probably from its privacy and quietude) the only happy one for her purpose—and, being disturbed therefrom, gives herself to her accustomed basket, but not until the very last necessity. Once, being left in a closet which contained a quantity of old newspapers, we found she had employed herself in treading and tearing them with her hind feet into a mass of tiny pieces, with which she had composed a very comfortable bed.

The patient attention of these creatures to their young, the anxiety for their safety which they exhibit, the exquisite cleanliness in which they keep them, might afford valuable practical lessons to many matrons of higher organization. As for their personal cleanliness, it is quite beautiful, and never neglected

while the cat is in health; as soon as daylight comes, Muff commences her toilet, and brushes, dusts, and licks her coat into the most shining smoothness; these operations last sometimes for nearly an hour, and after every meal her face and paws are subjected to the same process. It is simply a vulgar error to believe—as some old wives do—that when cats wash over their ears it is a sign of rain; Muff washes over them almost daily; but we observe that great irritation of the skin generally preludes wet weather, and that before high winds the cat exhibits a mad friskiness and excitement, which may probably be accounted for by a state of atmosphere highly charged with electricity, acting upon an animal whose fur is known to be a vehicle of it.

As to the punctual habits of the cat, with regard to feeding time, we shall say nothing, since the whole animal creation, from man downward, when dependent on another for the preparation of their meals, come to be rigid timeists; but that they possess some method of calculating time we believe, having known a cat (accustomed to be removed nightly from the parlor-hearth to sleep elsewhere) which, with a ludicrous pertinacity of purpose, always managed to elude observation just before the time, and to steal off into heavy shadows and odd nooks and corners, to put off, or avoid, the hated ceremony. Although carnivorous animals, cats cannot prosper without grass; the frequent licking of their coats with their rough tongues occasions the loose hair to be conveyed to the stomach, where it forms, as in that of the cow, the deer, and other animals, into balls, or long rolls, inducing in the cat dulness and loss of appetite, ending in death; but the rough grass, which pussy swallows medicinally, adheres to the hair, which is thus digested, or ejected, from the stomach. The niceness with which our *Felis domestica* seeks out the proper species of this simple is quite amusing, as well as the grave (under-advice) regularity with which she will occasionally resort to it, fasting for several days together; at other times she appears to take it as a dinner pill. But Lady Cust tells us it is also regarded as a cosmetic in Cat-land; and as Muff is generally considered a beauty, coquetry, as well as consideration for her general health, may lead to her frequent doses of it. Cats abominate bad smells; and any sticky or disagreeable substance thrown upon their fur, which they cannot lick off, frequently occasions them to pine away and die.

"When necessary to give the cat medicine she should be rolled, like a mummy, in a large cloth, leaving only the head out; then place her upright between the knees of a sitting person; place another cloth under the jaw to keep that clean, and then with a gloved hand open the mouth wide, but gently, and at one effort, holding it open and pouring the medicine from a teaspoon down the open throat, a very little at once, not to cause choking, but letting it be comfortably swallowed in very small quantities. Do not put the spoon into the mouth, as the cat will bite it and spit out the contents, but pour it from a small spoon; then with a sponge and chilled water wipe off the least impurity from the mouth and chin, rub it dry with a clean cloth, and unsuave the patient, and put it in a quiet, warm, comfortable place, for about an hour and a half." In fits, to which young cats are subject, take a sharp pair of scissors and slightly snip one of their ears in the thin part, but without disfiguring the ear; have some warm water, and hold the cat's ear into it, rubbing it gently till a few drops of blood flow, which immediately gives relief; but, as a preventive to fits, half a spoonful of common salt in about two teaspoonfuls of water is a good alternative for them; this medicine is also recommended in other diseases to which the cat is subject; in diarrhoea, new milk with mutton suet melted in it is recommended.

But we must now conclude, although we have not half discussed our many proofs, that either the cat has made great moral and social progress since the days of bloom-colored coats and Oliver Goldsmith, or, as was usual to this "good-natured man," he took its character upon trust.

"WASN'T that a waste of powder?" said an Irishman to a Kentuckian, who had just brought a coon to the ground with his rifle from a large tree. "Why so, Pat?" asked the hunter. "Sure the fall would a kilt him."

A DYNASTY NOT MENTIONED IN HISTORY.

A GREAT excitement was recently created in the gastronomic world of Paris by a struggle for supremacy which has been going on among the leaders of the culinary art. Who has not heard of the illustrious line of the Chevet's, so long the acknowledged kings of cooks and princes of good dinners, and whose name has now been borne by two generations of culinary notoriety?

CHEVET I.

Chevet Senior, the founder of the house, came from Picardy some time during the palmy days of the last century; set up a little eating-house in a back street of the metropolis, attracted the notice of discerning patrons, removed into the Palais Royal, and became the cook of the epoch. This great man trained up a son in his own way; lavished on him the light of his own genius and the results of his thirty years' experience among frying-pans, spits, and casseroles; and died of apoplexy at the ripe old age (for a cook) of fifty-seven, in his kitchen, paper cap on head, in the midst of a dinner worthy of himself, which he was busy preparing when the dread summons came.

CHEVET II.

His son, second of the name, succeeded to the sway, the fortune, and the fame of his venerated sire. The *sauces*, *entremets*, *rois* and *ragoûts*, that had illustrated the family-name under the administration of their father, maintained, and even increased, their old reputation under the intelligent reign of the son. The shop in the Palais Royal became the *entrepôt* of artistic cheer for all European *gourmands*, and its extensive kitchens dispensed the cream of culinary perfection to half the courts and diplomatic dinners of Europe. In the windows of the former, through which a crowd is always gazing from one end of the year to the other, you behold every species of fish, swimming in tanks or prepared for cooking; turtles crawling lazily in and out among stones and streams of water; hams of every name and shape; the finest and costliest sausages of Spain and Italy; pies from every region renowned for their production; game, poultry, venison, cheeses, pastes of various kinds, and countless other preparations that you look at and admire in trustful ignorance of their nature; vegetables of a size and succulence not to be seen elsewhere; the fruits of all the "five quarters" of the globe to be had gathered, or growing as you choose; in fact, everything you ever heard of as fit for the gods to feast on, with many more that neither you nor they ever heard of or thought of. The establishment of Chevet II. is indeed, as was the same establishment in the reign of Chevet I., the one great centre and culminating point of culinary art and gastronomic perfection.

But death, alas! is no respecter of persons, not even in the case of cooks; and this noble scion of a noble sire, treading only too exactly in the footsteps of his predecessor, passed, a few months ago, through the same shadowy gate by which the founder of the dynasty had disappeared. Like him, too, he fell in harness—in white apron and paper cap—sinking into an arm-chair beside the furnaces at which he was engaged in superintending some new triumph of his skill. The kitchen-boys thought him asleep, and waited reverently for his waking; but though the *ragoûts* began to burn, their master slept on. Madame Chevet, being at length summoned to the kitchen, sent off in hot haste for a doctor; but when the son of Esculapius arrived, he could only certify that apoplexy had intervened, and that all was over. The soul of the great cook, like that of his father before him, had passed away from the things of earth on the savory fumes of his own kettles.

AN USURPER OF THE CHEVET CROWN.

Madame Chevet, thus left a disconsolate widow, dried her eyes after a decent interval, and announced to the world that she was prepared to carry on the establishment, devoting all her energies to the maintaining of the supremacy so long enjoyed by the House of Chevet.

But the widow did not know that the head cook under her late lord was surreptitiously preparing to contend with her for the sceptre she deemed her own.

Great was her indignation on learning that this functionary, who had made good use of his apprenticeship, had removed himself to the Boulevard, where he had fitted up a magnificent

restaurant, over whose doors he had had the audacity to place, in golden letters, the deceptive inscription—*Maison Chevet*.

The public, enchanted to see a new establishment opened, as it innocently supposed, by the renowned artists of the Palais Royal, flocked in shoals to the pretender's dining-rooms. The fare was pronounced to be unexceptionable, the wines perfect, the house in every way worthy of its name. The Parisians came in crowds, and orders for dinners, *dejeuners* and suppers came in by the score, everybody supposing the house to be truly under the leadership of a lineal descendant of the Chevet line.

THE USURPER DETHRONED.

But the popularity of the new restaurant threatened to damage the real *Maison Chevet* of the Palais Royal; and the indignant widow sent her lawyer to demand the removal of the obnoxious inscription above the doors of the pretender. The latter refused to comply with this demand, and the widow brought a suit against the usurper of her husband's name. This suit has recently been tried, to the great amusement of a gossip and *ragoût* loving public.

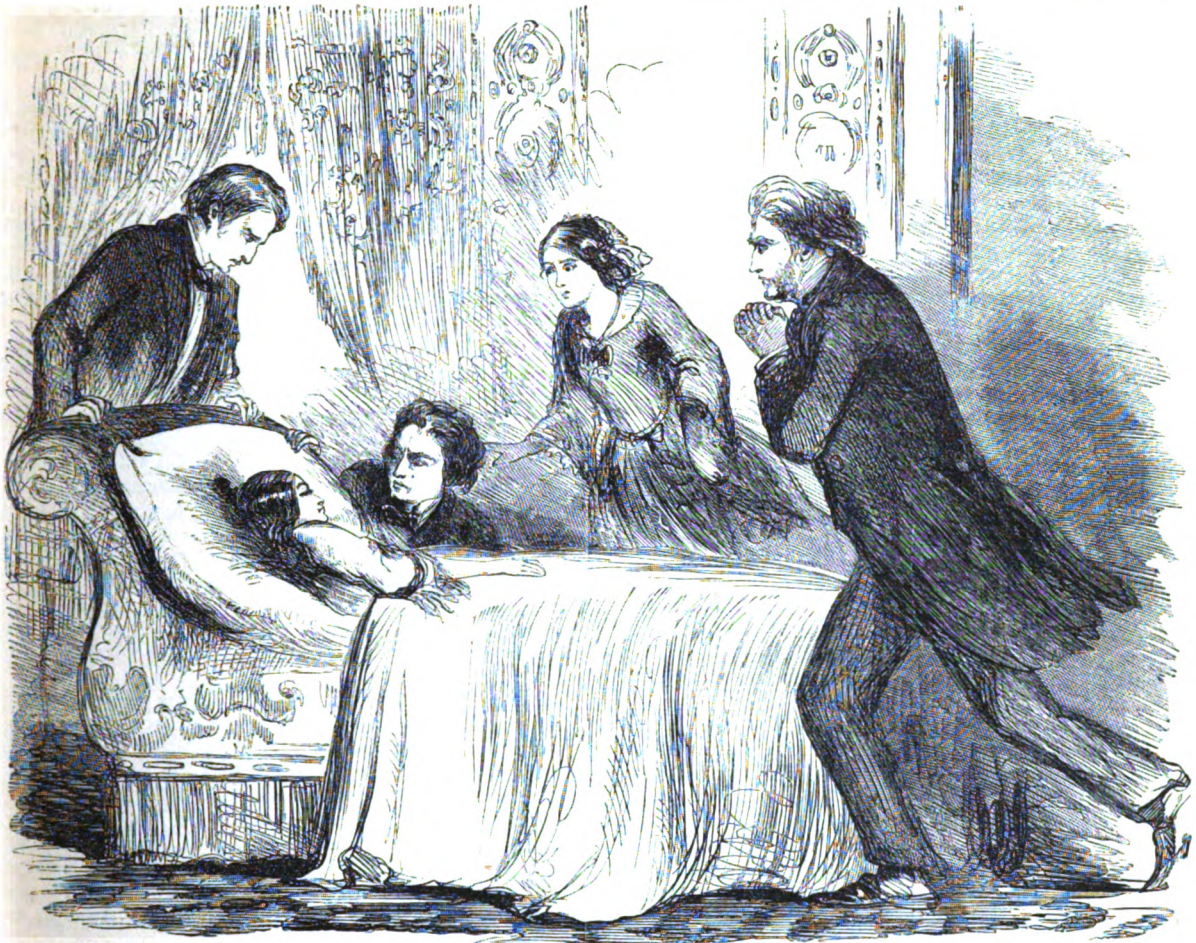
The usurper endeavored to justify his assumption of the name of his late employer, on the plea of his having been his right-hand man for so many years, and by the testimony of his customers to the excellence of his dishes, which the oldest patrons of his late chief declared to be absolutely identical with the preparations that had so long been the delight of their dinners.

"The world-wide reputation of this unrivalled house will not suffer in my hands," said he, with conscious dignity; "the late Chevet himself would not disavow the skill that emulates so perfectly his own."

"Possibly not," replied the judge; "but that is not the point in question. Your cookery may be faultless; but your name is not Chevet. Make your establishment as perfect as you please, but put your own name, and not that of another, over your door."

So the pretender has been compelled to strip himself of his borrowed plumes; and Madame Chevet has published a triumphant advertisement in all the Paris papers, reminding the universe that she, and she only, is the successor and continuator of preceding Chevet's; that the traditions of the school are only to be found in her establishment; and that the lovers of good cheer will find under her auspices, and hers only, all those gustatory perfections and satisfactions for which, during the last two generations, it has looked with a confidence never yet betrayed, to the house of Chevet.

CHINESE IVORY BALLS.—It has long puzzled people how the carved concentric ivory balls, cut out one within another, are made. It has been conjectured that originally they are balls cut into halves, so strongly and nicely gummed or cemented together that it is impossible to detect the junction. Attempts have been made by some to dissolve the union by soaking and boiling a concentric ball in oil—of course to no purpose. The plain solution obtained from more than one native artist, is the following: A piece of ivory, made perfectly round, has several conical holes worked into it, so that their several apices meet at the centre of the globular mass. The workman then commences to detach the innermost sphere of all. This is done by inserting a tool into each hole, with a point bent and very sharp. That instrument is so arranged as to cut away or scrape the ivory through each hole, at equi-distances from the surface. The implement works away at the bottom of each conical hole successively, until the incisions meet. In this way the innermost ball is separated; and to smooth, carve and ornament it, its various faces are, one after the other, brought opposite one of the largest holes. The other balls, larger as they near the outer surface, are each cut, wrought and polished precisely in the same manner. The outermost ball of course is done last of all. As for the utensils in this operation, the size of the shaft of the tool, as well as of the bend at its point, depends on the depth of each successive ball from the surface. Such is their mode of carving one of the most delicate and labyrinthine specimens of workmanship to be found in China or elsewhere. These "wheels within wheels" are intended chiefly for sale to foreigners; and numerous specimens annually are sent to England and America.



"I AM HERE, DEAREST."—"FATHER, I THANK THEE!"

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

"I CAN work, mother, I know I can; I can work for somebody, can do something now that you are so much better, and can spare me. And, mother, if I can only earn a little, you will not have to go to work so soon as you did before. Oh, mother, I can; I know, I know that I can." And over the quivering lip of the noble boy a glad smile broke, and in the deep, earnest eye was a higher and holier light, and the sweet voice was more wildly winning in its sudden joyousness, in its pleading truthfulness, as he added, "And I can study in the evenings, mother, when I have not to work for you; and I shall not care if I do not go to school any more, if—"

"But what can you do, my son?" And the voice of the invalid mother was faint and feeble.

"Oh, mother," and the dark eye of the boy flashed with light, "I can do a great many things! and I can learn to do a great many more, I know I can. I am older than they think me; I am almost fifteen. You said this morning, mother, that you wished for some fruit; and I have been thinking and thinking, ever so long; and, dear mother, may I not go to Mr. Vernon's and work for him this afternoon? He will, I know, give me some fruit for you."

A faint smile trembles over the faded lip of the young mother as she gazes on her beautiful boy, and Ernest knows that he may go; and kissing that white brow he bounds hopefully, eagerly from the room.

The poor widowed one is left alone. Closely she clasps her pale and wasted hands over her suffering heart, and a low moan breaks startlingly on the deep stillness there. And through the crushed tear-drops that steal to the soft, sad eyes, she looks around the narrow apartment, so dark, so cold, so comfortless! and wildly, as if some bitter agony was wringing the tired heart, she murmurs, "And all, all is gone! But a single piec of bread is left, and—soon our rent will be due. They

say that Mr. Vernon is a hard and cruel man. Will he wait, or—?" A shudder moves her feeble frame, and she bows her faint and aching head upon the low couch. But rest is not there.

The twilight hour has come; and still the suffering mother moves not. She is watching, she is waiting for her only one. How long the hours have seemed! She hears his footstep, not light and free and joyous, but quick, low and impatient. He has entered the apartment. He has passed to her side. His face is flushed crimson, his manner deeply agitated, and his words fall wildly, incoherently on the heart that listens. "Oh, mother, mother, I have not brought you any fruit."

"No matter, my son, I shall do very well without them." The words were spoken soothingly, yet the slight voice trembles.

"Oh! mother, and I had worked so hard all the afternoon with the workmen at Mr. Vernon's; and then when we came back from the field I went up to him in little Ella's flower-garden and asked for some fruit to carry home to mother. He frowned upon me, and said if my mother wanted fruit she must buy them. One of the men told him I had been to work; and then he only muttered something about its keeping me out of idleness. Oh, mother, how disappointed I was. But I did not reply, I did not cry, then; but was it wrong? I felt that I should like to see him poor, and distressed, and oppressed, and suffering as you do now, without home or friends, and—and, mother, I could not help it, but I could curse—"

Mrs. Gray started. A wild cry trembled through her heart. The wound had struck to its depths. No hand on earth could heal it.

Oh, the agony of that one moment, when she found that dark and deadly passion in the soul of her beautiful boy had been awakened! Wildly she winds her frail arms around him, and presses his white lips close to her aching heart, to hush there the fearful words that are gathering over them. With an earnestness, startling in its deep intensity, she says,

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, what have you said? what would you say? Heavier, darker, colder than death is this one sentence on my soul. How could you, my son, indulge for a moment in such feelings? Oh, God, and have I indeed lived to see this day!"

"Mother, mother!" and the hidden face is lifted to her gaze. "Oh, mother, forgive me; forgive me that I have so wounded your feelings that I have added another sorrow to your suffering soul. It shall never happen again. I am more guilty than she was," and the humbled boy lay sobbing in her arms.

Closer she pressed him to her weary heart. One kiss upon these trembling, pleading lips; one look of love from those darkened eyes; one low whispered word—the still small voice from heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven"—and then all is silence amid the deepening darkness.

From that crushed heart a voiceless prayer was wrung—was struggling up to the home of love and mercy, to Him who answereth the spirit supplications that find no utterance. And then and there, in that hallowed hour, was his heart consecrated for a high and holy work in life. The spirit of the Highest, the breathings of the Infinite, the still, small voice of the All-seeing would be there a power and presence for ever. It was human to hate—it was divine to forgive.

The child still slept; his high heart was humbled, his proud soul subdued and sanctified; and amid his troubled dreams he whispers, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven." And like some broken outcry seems the trembling tone, yet it fell in mournful music on that mother's watching heart. Exhausted by toil, excitement, anger, disappointment and sorrow, the wearied child still slept.

The twilight hour has come. The evening shadows, deep and dark, tremble over that pale face, wet and warm with the crushed tear-drops that still linger there. The latch of the door is gently lifted. A slight figure passes into the room. A low, sweet voice echoes through the lone chamber, "I have brought you some fruit, Mrs. Gray." And ere the latter could speak, Lily Vernon had laid her treasures on the rude table and fled.

Ernest moved and moaned in his sleep as that low thrilling tone broke upon the stillness there, and slept again—slept till the first faint flush of morning light trembled through the broken shutters and half-drawn curtains; and until the first sun rays, like light upon the morning flowers, touched his shaded brow and awoke him from that long night slumber. The white, yet still lovely face of his mother was bent close to his, as if she had been watching—had been counting his every breath. Slowly the past, like a deepening pain, stole over his heart.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, and his eye fell upon the gift of Lily; and then all unconsciously he placed his hand on his brow in thought. "Oh, mother, it was a dream, then, that Mr. Vernon refused you the fruit and spoke so harshly to me, and—and——"

"But mine was no dream," she said, "no, no; it was a small, still voice I heard in my sleep, and I knew it was for me. I knew it came from heaven. I knew my father spoke, 'Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.'"

Days passed on. Mrs. Gray still continued ill. Until now she had supported herself and her son by her needle. It was but little that Ernest could earn, and that was spent for bread, and yet often there would be none in the house. And then, tired and faint and hungry, he would sink on his mother's couch, and hiding his pale face on her heart, would whisper in a agony, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Some weeks had elapsed since the quarter's rent was due, and several times Mr. Vernon had called for it. The dying widow was unable to meet the demand. She told him so, and hoped the time would come when she would be able to cancel the debt. But no. Mr. Vernon soon let the cottage to others, and the widow and her son were turned from it. A low, dilapidated hovel received them.

This last blow was too much. Long had that young mother struggled with poverty, sorrow and sickness; and now, this added affliction, the exertion necessary to be called into action, and which she was wholly unequal to—anxiety, disappointment, despondency, all aided in prostrating the poor and friendless woman.

In less than a week, in that cold, dark hut, alone, save the

angel-presence of her only son, whose gentle ministries were holy in their simple earnestness, in their beautiful truthfulness, their purity, mournful, yet angelic-like, a hope and a blessing in that one darkened hour—she breathed her last.

One dying kiss is pressed upon the lips so often bent to hers, and one mild whisper is there—the last of earth, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven"—and the desolate orphan boy is alone. His beautiful mother is dead. On beholding death, how dark seems life!

And there, at that midnight hour, in that dark, cold room, so comfortless, so desolate, kneels the lone, forsaken orphan—kneels there beside that low, uncovered coffin—kneels there alone, and wild moans break on the fearful stillness, trembling up from the wounded heart.

The cold breathings of the darkened night steal through the broken casement, and move the damp tresses from the faded forehead. Autumn's first leaves, stirred by the morning breeze, have gathered slowly and silently around him, are mingling with the waning shadows, are trembling with the hot tear-drops that fell from aching eyes, are stealing in still sadness over the dark coffin. But still there comes up the murmur, and still is heard the moan, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven." It seems as if that is all that is left to him of earth. His beautiful mother is dead. There, at the edge of yonder forest, is the grave. There, among the withered blossoms, among the fading flowers, among the twining wild vines, amid the deepening shadows of the dark, old wood, is that one hallowed spot, that holy place, where memory will ever come to worship and to pray.

The lone and friendless boy still lingers there, the only mourner, and consecrates the place by prayers and tears; and then burst forth, bewilderingly and in bitter agony, on the trembling twilight air, wild words, that are wrung from the helpless heart—wild words, that seem amid the startling stillness like some deep prophecy of the far-off future. "Father, Father, oh, grant me power to return good for evil a hundred-fold. Give me strength for this, the strength that is not on earth, to love our enemies, to bless them that hate us, to pray for them that persecute us. May this divine lesson be the object of my life!"

And this is the orphan's prayer, the prayer of the forsaken, that steals out like strange music from among the forest shadows and the evening silence. And as he planted the wild willow and the mourning cypress there, still, still came up the sad whisper, as if it were a lesson that must be remembered, as if it were a line of life upon his heart amid the deepening darkness there. "Father in heaven, grant me power ever to return good for evil!" And then came back the echo, one thrilling spirit-whisper, and he knew it was for him; he knew it was his own heart's answer; he knew it as one from heaven, "Forgive as ye would be forgiven."

And was that broken spirit-prayer heard? And was that one wild wish of the wronged heart answered, answered from above, those pleadings breathed out in bitter agony?

Time passed. Mr. Vernon, the haughty landholder, had become the millionaire merchant. But rumor had whispered that to the large estates long since transferred to him by the death of a distant relative, others could and would lay claim; and in this his honor, his honesty, his integrity were implicated.

Two children only had been left to him. His son, a young man of much promise, whose high attainments, cultivated powers, and classical knowledge were rarely equalled for one of his age, he wished to prepare for the bar; and he wrote to one, still young in his profession, and yet whose lofty name was a high household word—one whose proud success had won him a noble fame, one already honored and distinguished and trusted—to ask if he would receive him into his office. It was long after Mr. Ashton had received the letter from the hand of his servant ere he opened it. He had flung it carelessly on the cold marble of the table on which he bent his aching brow. And still and statue-like he sat there, in all the proud majesty of sculptured grandeur and pictured gracefulness. What thoughts swept through his heart, as he still sat there, none might know.

Perhaps the darkness of the past might be gathering there. Perhaps the silent sadness of the present might fling a warping weight over all thought and feeling. Perchance hope had gone

forth to meet the far-off future. It matters not. But as he lifts his face it is pale and sad, and his eye falls on the neglected letter.

One low sigh, as if awaking to the dull realities of life, and the note is opened. It is read; and slowly and silently the rich crimson stains his lofty brow. Then that face, beautiful in its proud intellectuality, majestic in its classic grace and loveliness, so winning, so changeful, is deadly white, and the dark flash of the large, searching eyes is again fixed intently upon the page. Again each line, each word is read; and the proud look is half hidden, and the haughty lip slightly moves, and the dark, damp hair is pushed back more wildly from the pale temple. Again he bends his proud face upon the cold table, in thought, perhaps in prayer; then he is himself again.

And yet, over those lofty features steals a strange, sad calmness, and from those dark eyes breaks a deeper, a more fascinating light. The hand trembles not that writes the answer back. It is wholly in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Vernon.

The young man, Francis Vernon, has come. Mr. Ashton gazes upon him steadily, till he shrinks back half abashed and embarrassed from the searching glance that seems to read his very soul; and then a slight smile moves the lip of the lawyer, and he affectionately greets him.

Weeks went on. Never before had Francis Vernon met with so able and efficient an instructor, and yet one so kind, so generous, so indulgent. From the lofty treasure-house of that mighty mind he was gathering up classical knowledge, high legal attainments, noble sentiments and godlike thoughts, and a beautiful science that was a power and not a passion. And while the young man learned and loved, there was a deep, almost painful feeling of reverence for his distinguished preceptor. It is but the high heart-homage the world unconsciously ever offers to genius, heart-given, heaven-guarded, whose breathings here on the earth are the eternal ministrations of a holier home than this.

A lawsuit was instituted against Mr. Vernon, in which his property was endangered, his honor implicated. In the ever-successful hands of Mr. Ashton he wished to leave his cause. He repaired to that gentleman's home. All was stated; the papers were placed before the lawyer, and a bank-note of value was laid with them as a retaining fee.

A shadow came up over the face of Mr. Ashton. His proud lip slightly curled, and he answered half-haughtily, "No, sir." And then he faintly smiled, and his voice was low and sad as he said, "When this affair is decided, favorably, I trust, sir, there will then be sufficient time to meet all obligations incurred."

Mr. Vernon looked fixedly into the face of his lofty companion. He read there that which forbade him to press the subject further. He gazed for a moment in awe and admiration on that proud man, and then left the office. The son, too, had heard all this, but dared not question him who still sat there silent and statue-like, gazing half-wildly upon the papers.

The documents were all examined; there was a sufficient time for a full and complete investigation; time to bring all his lofty legal knowledge to bear upon the case so confidently and hopefully committed to his care and keeping by one who trusted that all would be well. And yet there was a sad misgiving of heart that he would not succeed. He knew not why. It was the first time he had felt this fear. Hours, and days, and nights he spent in preparation for this one event, on which hung the fortunes, the honor, the hopes, the happiness of a family. Still, proud and mighty as he was, he shrank back from the trial. For some days the family of Mr. Vernon had been in town; but not once had the earnest entreaties of Frank, the repeated and pressing invitations of the father, prevailed upon Mr. Ashton to call at their hotel. He always politely yet proudly declined.

The day came for the trial—hundreds assembled to witness it; and as the renowned Mr. Ashton made his appearance in the crowded court the mass inadvertently, as if in homage, moved back to let him pass. Slightly, almost involuntarily, he bowed his acknowledgments; and the proud, firm step that smote upon the floor, faltered for the first time.

A shadow like death has swept over his soul; a weight, heavy, and cold, and oppressive, hangs upon his shrinking heart, whose pulses beat low and slow beneath it—he cannot help it; and when, as counsel for the defendant, he arose to speak, there

was a nervous movement, a shrinking diffidence, a trembling timidity, a faint, low, broken tone, as if it were a first effort, a first attempt; and with every spoken word a change came over his lofty features, over lip and brow, as if he were painfully conscious of his own embarrassment, of his own failure. How strange all this, in one whose gifted soul had never bent to fear!

And now that vast concourse gaze upon him in silent wonder. His friends watch him with a painful shuddering they cannot resist. His opponents, who have come up to the encounter in fear, knowing with whom they have to contend, feel a momentary relief; and a smile of scorn, of exultation, of triumph, is seen on each haughty lip, that cannot be mistaken.

Ashton pauses a moment. He gazes around unconsciously over all that vast assembly; the darkness on his heart gathers deeper. And there he stands, a proud, lofty, majestic being, still silent, motionless. But a low, sweet voice, so lone, so thrilling, so bewildering, from the deep depths of an forgotten past whispered words that have once won him from darkness. He heard them then, and he bowed to their holy teachings; he hears them now, in this one trying hour, and he bends to their deep power, bends his strong soul, and listens.

The charm is over; the spell is broken; the darkness has fled. A still small voice in his heart is heard, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

He starts from his bewildering reverie. The white lip crimson; the half-hidden temple flushes; the pale, cold forehead is warmed by an unseen breath, and a flush of almost fearful light springs to the deep, dark, beautiful eye. And then, in a voice whose tone is like the wild, winning music of some immortal harp, swept by trembling and impassioned fingers, that awakens echoes that die not away on earth, he speaks.

And upon the gathering, the deepening stillness break the powerful, the startling strains, that charm with their fearless fascination. Over the hearers' hearts sweeps in wild majesty that eloquence that is ever irresistible.

There is a lofty gracefulness in the bewildering language there breathed; there is a startling sublimity in the careless composing of sentences and sentiments. Those words of argument, drawn from the depths of profound logic, of practical reasoning, are overwhelming.

And still thrilled that resistless eloquence through the hearts of the hearers; still rung his deep words among all that listening crowd; still trembled with wild vibrations that voice that ever had power to convince and subdue, that tone so low, and yet so deep and bewildering. And still as ever was Mr. Ashton successful in his cause.

Business had detained him in the court on the last day of the trial until night. Then, wearied and dispirited, he gained the street. Francis Vernon took his arm, and mechanically the latter walked by his side. The young men turned and ascended a flight of steps. The next moment they stood in the broad entrance hall of a lofty mansion.

"My father wished us to call here," said Francis Vernon. "He would see you to-night."

Mr. Ashton started. He thought he had reached his own place of abode. It was too late now to retreat; the parlor door was thrown open, and Mr. Vernon came forward with a warm welcome to meet him.

Yet he dared not express himself to the high and haughty, kind and generous one whom he felt had saved him. And yet his gratitude was most fervent. After a moment's silence, Mr. Vernon invited his guest to accompany him to his own apartment. With a proud bow he obeyed.

A beautiful girl rose as they entered. She sprang to her father's side. She had not noticed the stranger's entrance; she supposed her father was alone. She had not seen him since his cause was decided. And now she wildly clings to him, and low trembling words break from her quivering lip. "Thank God, my father, you are saved—your fortune, your honor, your all!"

The father presses her closely to him, and bends his lip to her brow, and says, in a voice scarcely audible, "And, my Ella, the one who saved us is here."

Ella looks up. The stranger advances, a sad smile moves his lips as he extends his hand to the fair daughter of his client. Involuntarily she places hers within it, and there it remains cold

and passive, for the mild glance of her earnest eye is wandering over his stately person—is fixed upon that pale, proud face. Its voice falls upon her ear, upon her heart, as he speaks to her. The quick crimson has faded from her brow, has fled from her trembling lip, over which breaks the one wild cry, “Ernest Gray!” And then she hides her face upon her clasped hands from his view.

And the voice is slightly tremulous that says, “Then I am not forgotten, Ella?” And with deep agitation that softened his rich voice, he resumes, “Neither have I forgotten that angelic being that brought that one holy gift, at the twilight hour, to a dying mother. Oh! that will ever be remembered.”

Mr. Vernon stood gazing on the two in astonishment. All, all came back like a darkened thunderbolt to his heart. He read all now, and a low groan was heard from his guilty soul. Unable to stand beneath the withering consciousness of his own conduct he sank upon a seat, and bent his blanched brow upon the table. What dark throes of agony wrung his awakened heart none but the Almighty knew.

Ella gazed on the loved form of her father. A wild look of distress broke over her pale features, as she said, “And you, sir, have done all this for us, when—when——”

“Speak not of it, then, I entreat you.” And the words were spoken with painful incoherency. “I have only done my duty. I have but practised what I early learned. I have but lived out the one life-lesson my dying mother breathed upon my childish lip, even when the dark curse of oppression gathered, lingered there. My mother has saved me. On all the past she has written for me, ‘Forgive, as you would be forgiven.’ This have I learned and loved. On this I have leaned my life. It has been a memory and a hope and a blessing. It has been a presence ever around me. It has been a promise on the covenant cloud. Like heaven this has come up to me, for my mother’s spirit has breathed it, and the deep curse that darkened my young life fled from thence for ever. And it ever seems that my mother’s spirit is still watching over me and around me, is ever here to guard and to save, is ever whispering holy words for me to live and practise. That angel presence is all, everything to me.”

Mr. Vernon lifted his face, so pale with agony. Ella sprang to her father’s side. “Father, dear father!” she cried. But what words of consolation had she for him then?

“Leave me, Ella, leave me alone,” he said, and the tone was hoarse and hollow. One moment she gazed upon him and then obeyed.

For long, long hours was the conference between the two; and when Mr. Ashton sought his room that night it was with a perturbed step, with deep agitation in every movement.

And what thoughts still swept through his tired heart, as hour after hour passed by, with his throbbing temples on his clasped hands, none might ever know. As he arose and paced his spacious chamber, one low sentence was said, “No, no. It was but the wild and earnest enthusiasm of gratitude. Only that for me, only that and fame—cold, hollow, and mocking.”

Mr. Vernon spent a few more days in town; but Mr. Ashton had not again called upon him. He pleaded business and declined. And yet even in those hours of weariness and study there was a sweet, sad face looking into his. There were tearful eyes lifted timidly to his own. A beautiful being, whose form was one of graceful elegance, whose face was one of pleading loveliness, knelt to him to thank for a mercy deed. And only came up that vestal vision so enchantingly, so mockingly.

Was not his heart too high, too haughty, too proud to love? Had not the world said this? Had not the many, wearied in their ineffectual efforts to win his worship, echoed it?

“I must go home for a few weeks, Mr. Ashton; my sister is dying,” said Francis Vernon.

Mr. Ashton started. The announcement was new. The warm flush fled from his shaded forehead of almost feminine fairness; and white and tremulous was the lip that answered, “Go then, immediately.”

The words were spoken with one breath. The next moment he was in his own apartment. “Ella Vernon dying!”

The words were not spoken, were not whispered, were not breathed; but he felt that all of life was fading from his vision,

was dying in his heart as this one fearful thought thrilled wildly through it.

That long, long day, that long night was passed in anguish, in the agony of dying hope, of darkened happiness. And then, calm, and proud, and stately, he pursued his usual routine of wearying avocations.

And yet with what nervous impatience did he expect a letter from his friend! None came. Heavily the hours wore on, and days and weeks, and still was the young man absent, and still he had not heard from him. But in the public prints he read of the continued illness of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Vernon.

It was with a shudder that he now took up a public journal. He feared to find a different announcement. And yet with a restless movement, with a searching glance that took in every word, he glanced over every paragraph and page.

A note is placed in the hands of Mr. Ashton. It is from Francis Vernon. He breaks the seal, and reads the contents:

MR. ASHTON: My dear friend, much as you have done for us, ever sensible of the obligations we have incurred, still under the deep and abiding sense of the injuries you have received, I have yet another, still another favor to ask of you. I would commit to your trust the delicacy of a dying sister. With your honor it will be as safe as with heaven. I fear not. The secret will be held sacred. Ella loves you. And yet even this confession I have not wrung from her heart. But in her troubled dreams at the midnight hour she has declared it. She has prayed that she might see you but once more. Will you grant this request of one that is dying for you? Your own feelings must answer this. Yours,
F. VERNON.

In an elegant apartment, close by the open window, on the dark cushions of a sofa, half supported by pillows, reclined the still beautiful Ella Vernon. Through the careless folds of the rich curtains, through the pale passion-flower blossoms that drape the proud pillars of the portico; through the clematis that clings to the costly casement; through the trembling wild vine leaves, whose heavy fragrance seems well-nigh oppressive, the warm sunlight still struggled, and its softened rays pressed the faded forehead of the sleeping girl, and mingled with the ungathered tresses of damp hair that lay darkly on the muslin folds of her snowy robe. And pale flower leaves, wafted in by the evening breeze, lay light upon the helpless form.

Ella sleeps. Francis Vernon in that one hour is the only watcher there. Slowly the door is opened, and Mr. Ashton enters unannounced. The brother starts from his seat. Wildly he wrings the hand of his friend, but does not speak, and fearing to betray too much emotion, leaves the apartment.

Mr. Ashton is there alone. Long he gazes on the beautiful and slumbering form before him. Long he gazes on the face so white, so lovely still. The hand of death is not there yet. Long he remains kneeling there beside that unconscious one, counting the slight respiration that scarcely moved the cold folds of finest muslin that drape the faded form. Long he remains there counting the faint pulses that are struggling low and irregularly at the transparent wrist.

And was Death watching there too? The thought flashes fearfully through his heart. With a trembling hand he pushes back the damp, heavy tresses from that white brow. It has disturbed the deep slumber.

She moved and moaned, and murmured the name of him whose listening heart had heard the whispered words.

“I am here, dearest,” was breathed low on a dying music strain.

Slowly those large, soft eyes were opened. Slowly a slight flush stole to the faded, shaded temple. Slowly he clasped her wasted hands together, and a faint whisper trembled over the white lip, “Father, I thank Thee.”

But the effort was too much. A change came over the fair features, and she sank back powerless upon the damp pillows.

Was this death? Mr. Ashton wildly summoned assistance; but she had only fainted, and with ready restoratives was soon restored.

A few hours later, and he still stands there by that sick one’s couch. The man of God too is there. The consecrating marriage rite is there performed, so strangely startling in its deep power, so holy in its trustfulness, so beautiful in its earnest truthfulness, so pure in its solemn sacredness.

The hallowed ceremony is over, and the gentle girl is a bride, the bride of one loved from early childhood. And then, and there, in that one shadowy hour, the evening hour of prayer, can you not see what angels are registering there, to be held holy, to be remembered for ever? And death fell back confounded. His victim had escaped him, for joy brought the blessed medicament which restored the flush of health to the faded cheek and brightness to the sunken eye, and Ella lived to fulfil the dreamings of her youth.

Mr. Vernon had been humbled to the very dust, and from thence he rose a changed being, a better man, a worshipper of his God. And in low and broken accents he said to him to whom he was so much indebted, "You have saved to me my inheritance, you have saved to me my honor, you have saved to me my child, and the blessings of the Almighty will ever be with you; you nobly forgave as you would be forgiven. And, oh! may my heavenly Father pardon me for all the dark deeds of which I have been guilty!"

And was not the poor, lone, desolate orphan boy's prayer heard, and answered, answered from above?

He had returned good for evil; he had lived out his mother's lessons, had given them to the world a free-will offering; and from his pure heart there rose the one eternal anthem of gratitude, of love, of worship for this.

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven." Mother, teach this to thy son. Tell it ever to his childish mind. It is the doctrine that the Redeemer taught. It is the precept that He practised. It is the life that He lived on earth. "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven," are the words He would have the world hear, believe and practise. And there are yet hearts left that will receive the divine lessons and attend to it.

Mother, teach this lesson to thy wayward boy; breathe it to his heart, whisper it to his spirit, live it ever in thy life, and pray God to add His blessing. Believe, and it will be given.

Mother, listen. The future of that child so warmly cherished rests with thee. Mould that mind aright. Bend the strong spirit to the teachings of heaven. Breathe upon that young and yearning heart the holy lessons of Scripture. Whisper still the beautiful words, "FORGIVE, AS YE WOULD BE FORGIVEN."

THE TOMB OF NOAH.

THE great plain of Ararat presents a very interesting and beautiful aspect. It is studded with numerous villages, clothed with rich verdure, watered by refreshing streams, skirted by a subordinate range of mountains, and overshadowed by the awful monument of the antediluvian world. In all its amplitude of grandeur this mountain seems to stand as a stupendous link in the history of man, uniting the two races—the men before and the men after the Flood. As you travel over that plain, and gaze on the icy peaks of the mountains, rising majestically into the cloudless heaven, your Persian guide touches your sleeve, and mentions that you are fast approaching Nakhthévan.

"What is Nakhthévan?"

"Is it possible that the Frankish gentleman has never heard of that city?"

"Not that he can remember."

"It is an old city with a still older tomb—the sepulchre of our father Noah. When Noah came out of the ark and descended the mountain, he built a city, and called it by a name which signified the first residence. Once upon a time it contained 16,000 houses—that was a long while ago; it belonged to the Armenians, then to the Turks, then to

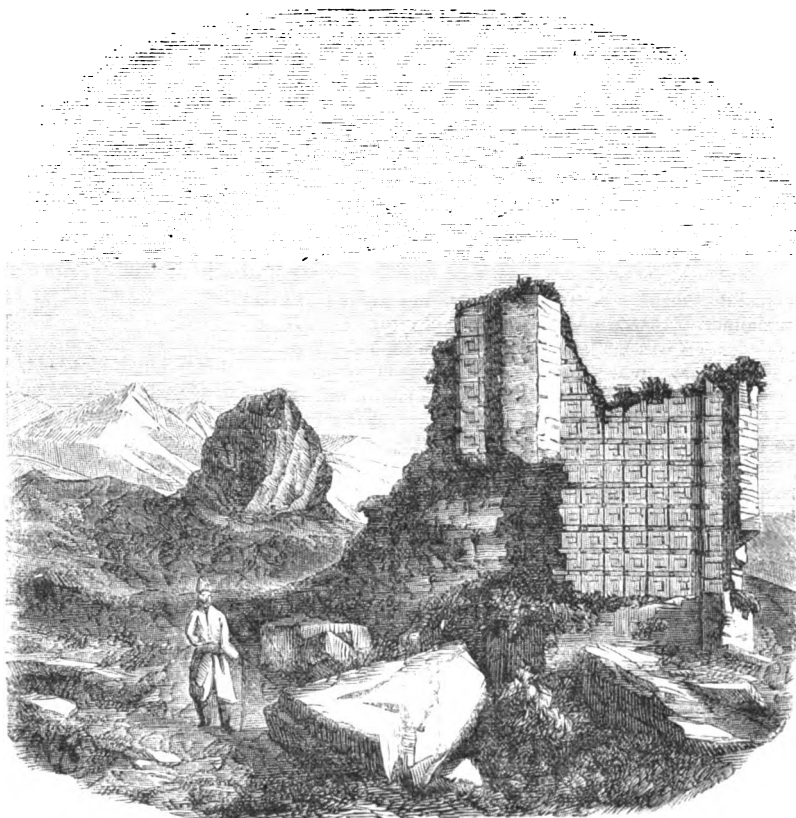
the Russians—but they had all alike cared for the tomb of Noah."

The tomb of Noah is situated at the side of the broken walls of an abandoned fortress, in the midst of a vast plain covered with the ruins of bygone glories, half buried in the sand. It is a small round cell, the interior forming an octagon, ten or twelve feet in diameter, which has been cleared of the old lamps and broken pots, and residuary grease, the mementoes of the piety of the faithful in former times. Formerly the shrine was visited by pilgrims of all faiths—Russians, Armenians, Persians, Jews, Turcomans, and the rest, to do reverence to our common father—since the Flood. The view on both sides of this ancient structure is very fine, commanding an extensive prospect of the plains of Armenia and the mountains of Ararat. To these mountains you hasten forward, after regarding with an unavoidable interest the ruins about Nakhthévan, but still more interested in the spectacle of Ararat, awful in height and beautiful in shape, and whereon all of human flesh once had their home.

The curious aspect presented by the ruins of the old Armenian fortress and the tomb of the patriarch is happily represented in our engraving.

THE late eminent Dr. Wollaston was introduced at an evening party to a rather pert young lady. "Oh, doctor," she said, "I am delighted to meet you; I have so long wished to see you." "Well," said the man of science, "and pray what do you think of me now you have seen me?" "You may be very clever," was the answer, "but you are nothing to look at."

A DAUGHTER'S CHOICE.—When Philip Henry, the father of the commentator on the Bible, sought the hand of the only daughter of Mr. Matthew in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger; "and they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.



THE TOMB OF NOAH.

CHATEAU BOURET AND THE LOST TRUMPETER.

"You are indeed a singular person not to have seen Marly? Call upon me there, and I will show it to you."

These were simple expressions; but they were uttered by Louis XV., who by this condescension had obtained from a rich government contractor an advance of a few millions of francs, in addition to the large sums already lent by the same individual. His heart of adamant had gradually softened under the influence of this royal invitation, given in the familiar manner assumed by the king to humiliate his nobility, by addressing himself to the commonalty, and thus obtaining from the latter the gold and the services he could not ask from the great.

It is well known that the financialist Bouret was received at the Château of Marly, and that several millions of francs purchased this unparalleled honor. After this affair all the wealthy bankers in France made it an absolute condition, when applied to for a loan, that an interview with royalty should be obtained for them. The request, at that period, was bold; many of the courtiers considered it monstrous, even in the reign of Louis XV., when the rigorous court etiquette of the preceding century began to relax. However, as even royal debts require settlement, pride was set aside, and the pretensions of the plebeian money-lender were overlooked. The compromise between dignity and interest was made at the regal palaces of Marly, Versailles, and St. Germain.

The immense fortune of Bouret the banker has become proverbial. How had he obtained his riches? I might, in reply, answer in the words of a certain marquis to one of his creditors, who inquired when he should be paid, "You are very curious, sir!" Perhaps he had made it in some lucky dealings in flour or salt, or with nothing at all, the most probable of all suppositions, for money is like oil—one has only to stir vigorously a few drops for some time, to make mountains of froth. It is, however, beyond doubt that Bouret owed the foundation of his immense fortune to speculations in wheat, for, in 1747, the department of Provence caused a medal to be struck in honor of the contractor, who had procured grain for the inhabitants during a season of dearth, without accepting any other recompense than this high mark of esteem from a grateful country.

Bouret was a millionaire without precedent. At one time his notes were preferred even to gold throughout the Indies. It was also reported that he was a votary of pleasure. By this we may understand that he had his suburban mansions, regaled a countless host of friends at his table, had his *entrée* into the most distinguished circles, kept a magnificent stud, and gave delicious entertainments in apartments sumptuously decorated.

Like his great predecessor, Louis XV. had recourse, all his life, to loans. In this, however, he was not always successful, for the money thus borrowed was seldom repaid. Several bankers had declined the rash honor of obliging royalty in this ruinous manner. At this period of doubtful solvability of the Court, application was made to Bouret for an advance of some millions to this monarch, whose coffers had been emptied by unforeseen expenses—as if such expenses ought not always to be foreseen! The rich banker was not easily entrapped; but his vast resources made him bolder than most other financialists. After having stipulated the conditions of the loan, he added, that he would only consent to assist the court—for the king's name was never pronounced openly in these negotiations—except on the express condition of being presented to Louis XV. He clung tenaciously to this honor, of which his descendants might hereafter boast. Not being able to leave a name rendered illustrious by feats of arms, or senatorial distinction, he sought an equivalent for the obscurity of his origin, in the fame that would redound from the royal interview he was seeking. The agents of the court demurred at what they termed the daring assumption of the upstart banker; but Bouret was inexorable. What was to be done? Finding the king in a moment of good humor, the prime minister broached the subject. Although somewhat easy in minor matters, Louis the XV., we must admit, was almost as punctilious in some points of etiquette as his predecessor. He refused at once the condition imposed by Bouret. It was, he said, a bad precedent. Gentlemen were

already degrading themselves too much every day; example would aggravate the evil, and the consequences would be disagreeable. There was a position for everything; the mountains did not descend into the valleys, nor did the stars remove from their appointed places. It is not known whether the king really made these comparisons; but after having given a formal refusal to the phantasy of Bouret, he became, by degrees, less difficult; and, at length overcoming his royal repugnance, he consented to the interview. Certain conditions were, however, annexed to this concession. Bouret was not to be formally announced. He was not to be inscribed in the reception-book; but it was arranged that the king, while walking in the park at Marly, should, as it were, accidentally meet the banker, and receive his homage. Bouret was overjoyed; and without delay, the loan demanded was conveyed to the royal coffers. The lender having fulfilled his part of the agreement, it remained to be seen how the king would keep his promise.

It would be impossible to describe the emotions to the financialist, when he found himself in the magnificent groves of Marly, near the spot where the king would pass. His anxiety was extreme. From which point would the sovereign arrive? Who would compose his suite? How should he salute the monarch, and what should he say? When at length Louis XV. came in sight, walking slowly towards him, and leaning upon a gold-headed cane, Bouret lost all his suggestive enthusiasm, and his ingenious projects to sustain a conversation so ardently desired. His limbs trembled like the shrubs beside him. A nervousness he could not control possessed him. He would willingly, at the last moment, have rescinded the all-important condition of his contract; but it was too late. The king was not more than twenty paces from him; with a sudden effort Bouret recovered somewhat his self-possession, and, with a lowly inclination and hat in hand, he waited the approach of the monarch. Having once decided upon his course of action, Louis XV. assumed the courteous dignity he could so well sustain. In this character every look and action possessed an irresistible charm. Stepping near the banker, and taking off his hat, the king, in a mild tone, exclaimed: "M. Bouret, I anticipate the pleasure of eating a peach at your country house, in return for your visit to me at Marly."

Louis had already passed on before Bouret, overcome with joy and gratified honor, could find words for a reply.

"What!" he said to himself, as he returned with a light heart to Paris, "the King of France and Navarre has promised to eat a peach at my country house! That evidently means he will partake of luncheon. Surely there is no event more brilliant, no condescension more striking in the history of France! What a magnificent prince! What a priceless honor!"

Bouret had forgotten what the interview had cost him. He thought nothing of the millions of francs that had passed from his coffers for ever. On his return to Paris the elated banker proclaimed everywhere his good fortune. It was the talk of the city, and in some circles he was already hailed as a future minister; and Bouret was far from thinking otherwise himself. The night brought pleasant dreams, and day dawned upon his calmer mood with reflections on this grand event of his life. "The king," he said, "promised to visit me at my country house; but I have no estate that can truly be called such. I must purchase one worthy to receive such a royal guest—a park, with a befitting mansion. A magnificent place near Paris, is what I require. Where shall I find one? Quick—let me see what can be done!" Dressing himself hastily, he traversed the road to Versailles, full of impatience and hope.

Right and left of the route the banker perceived various noble structures which might have suited his purpose, but these were not the days when great estates were sold by auction. The family rights were held sacred through generations. Bouret inquired at the gates of several mansions between the capital and Versailles, but all were occupied. He at length became impatient, and experienced as much anxiety as Columbus might have felt, when he had a world in idea, but wanted ships to prove its reality. He turned his steps in the direction of Fontainebleau, but with the same ill success. The sadness of disappointed ambition stole upon the opulent financialist. Day after day produced the same results, until he became thin with care, and lost both appetite and sleep. The vision of a peach haunted his thoughts incessantly.

At length, one day, as, fatigued and discouraged at his fruitless research, he was returning pensively through the forests of Senart and Rougeaux, both enclosing rich domains—the smallest of which would have satisfied his desire—he arrived at the village of Nandy, situated near the river Seine, amidst woodland and pastoral scenery of exquisite beauty. Struck with the charms so lavishly displayed by nature in this quiet spot, Bouret came to a sudden decision. “Since no one,” he said to himself, “will sell me a château, I will raise one here that shall eclipse everything!”

A few days afterwards the banker purchased the lands of Croix Fontaine, as it is termed, and forthwith raised upon the site an edifice of unparalleled splendor. Such was the origin of the building that was called sometimes after his own name, or Croix Fontaine; and upon which enormous sums of money were lavished.

Destroyed in less than sixty years after it was raised, at the present time it is difficult to give an adequate description of the place. Some particulars, however, exist of the splendor with which the Château Bouret was furnished.

The decoration of an apartment called the Japanese, had cost millions of francs. It was literally covered throughout with rare porcelain. The tables, chairs, chimney-pieces, cornices, came from China. All the pieces were of immense size. The staircase conducting to this room was also of porcelain, colored with gold and azure.

To ingratiate himself still further, by flattering the imagination of the king, Bouret had furnished an apartment in the same manner as one occupied by Louis at Versailles.

The architects, masons, painters, left only when the château, the park, the pleasure-gardens and the lodges were finished. Bouret had sown gold, and marvels had sprung out of the earth. On the spot where he had been ready to drown himself from vexation and disappointment, he could now contemplate, from the summit of his mansion, the immense extent of his estate. The peaches were not forgotten. Uniting in one large orchard some lands he had purchased to increase his estate, he had peaches in abundance for the royal selection. His most ardent wish now was to remind King Louis of the promise made twelve months before. Since that period, the monarch, always in the same pecuniary difficulties, instead of repaying Bouret, had borrowed other sums. He was consequently more disposed than before to grant a second audience to the banker, who was, on his side, less timid in asking the favor. This time, the financialist was not received in the open air, and in secrecy; but he presented himself at Versailles in the royal apartments, amidst the great families of the kingdom—such as the Condé and other magnates. “Sire,” said Bouret, addressing Louis XV., “the peaches are ripe. My château is prepared for the grandeur of your visit, promised, if your majesty may remember, in the park of Marly.”

“Very good, M. Bouret. We will soon have a hunt in your park,” returned the monarch, graciously, as he passed into the next apartment.

“Hunt in my park! the king coming to hunt on my estate! a yet more signal honor!” said Bouret to himself. “It is not a mere peach that Louis XV. would gather in my garden, but a royal hunt that he would enjoy!”

Fancy aided these reflections; and Bouret imagined himself on horseback beside the king, galloping to the sound of the horn—the barking of the dogs—the cries of the hunters—as if he had been a Condé himself! One thing, however, did not enter into his dreams; and that was, the money he had expended to complete his hunting-stud—one hundred thousand crowns at least. Besides this, enormous sums had been disbursed to purchase his manorial privileges. The ruins of this magnificent château still remain. The cellars, built of marble and stone, have resisted the frequent attacks of the pickaxe—gunpowder alone could destroy them. These cellars are immense; and their extent cannot be traced amidst the earth which has fallen in. Oaks have fastened their roots in these eternal relics.

At various places, in the woods surrounding the Château Bouret, may still be seen, amidst the grass, the traces left for the route of the carriages belonging to the banker. This line extends from Paris to Croix Fontaine. The road which was opened in the wood, for the use of Louis XV., is still visible

where the grass is low. One would almost imagine it was a Roman highway—revolution has already made so many antiquities in France!

“Since I can no longer doubt the visit of the king,” said Bouret to himself; “and it is certain that his majesty will deign to pass a whole day with me in my palace of Croix Fontaine, my honor demands that I should display, in every manner, the respect, the love, and the enthusiasm that I feel for his royal person. History will speak of this visit. Ages to come will place my name beside that of Louis XV. Let me, therefore, well consider what should be done to entitle me to such a page in history!”

After mature deliberation on the employment of each minute that would be consecrated to the visit of the king, Bouret considered seriously how he could immortalize the event; and he at length determined to place a colossal statue of Louis XV. in the grand court of the château, to commemorate the anticipated honor. The monument was erected. We are sorry that no document remains to inform us of the merit or the cost of this work of art; but, without doubt, Bouret must have been satisfied, since he requested an inscription from Voltaire, then in the zenith of his fame.

The philosopher of Ferney complied; but with his habitual caustic humor. Whether the lines sent were engraved on the monument or not, there is no record to tell.

Louis XV. was already somewhat aged when he promised so rashly to taste a peach in the garden of his financialist; and he was five years older when Bouret, who was presented to him for the third time—but on this occasion at the Tuileries—reminded him, with a respectful assurance, of the flattering expectations he had received from the monarch, of a royal hunt in his park.

This time Louis remembered distinctly his promise. With a courtesy unequalled, he assured M. Bouret that he was too old for hunting; still, however, if the banker persisted, he was ready to fulfil his engagement, notwithstanding age, and the necessity of observing strict quiet. Confused with such kind words from royal lips, Bouret kneeled, and protested that, if anything could console him for being deprived the honor of a visit from his sovereign, it was certainly the words he had just heard.

“Rise, M. Bouret,” returned the monarch, graciously, “and assure Madame Bouret that when this attack of gout has left me, I will go and take my evening repast at your château, since I am not allowed to hunt.”

Bouret rose and followed in the suite of the king, who entered his private apartments.

“I have nothing to desire on earth,” thought the banker, as he quitted the Tuileries. “His majesty excuses himself for not being able to hunt on my estate, and invites himself to an evening repast at my château! The peach that would have been gathered in my garden is nothing more than a breakfast; the hunt, a dinner; but the evening repast—this is certainly a supper and a ball! His majesty will sleep in my mansion, as Louis XIV. honored the Prince de Condé at Chantilly, and the Duke de Montmorenci at Ecouen!”

We have already alluded to the enormous amount expended by the infatuated Bouret in the erection of his palace; to this we may add, besides the sums which he continued to lend the royal coffers, the money spent in stocking his park with deer and wild boar. His financial position became compromised, ambition cast him from wave to wave into the midst of a sea of trouble. He was, however, no less warm in his desire to receive the king. Why should not the monarch ennoble the man to whom he was indebted? The Château Bouret might even become, after the royal visit, a little lordship. Such examples were not wanting. How this idea pleased Bouret! He a nobleman, having arms upon his plate and the panel of his carriages!

One reflection confounded the financialist. The king had said to him, “Assure Madame Bouret that I will take my evening repast at your château.” “Madame Bouret! The king, then, thinks I am married! How am I to undeceive him? At my age a financialist ought to be married. His majesty is right; and besides, how am I to give an evening repast without a wife? After all,” continued M. Bouret, soliloquising, “it is time to finish my career of too indulgent youth. This mistake

of the king is a message from Providence that designs me to contract an honorable marriage!"

The end of these reflections was, that Bouret united himself to a cousin of Madame de Pompadour. The words of the king had sounded like an order to him. "Let the king come now," he cried, triumphantly; "I have a wife to do the honors of an evening repast, to which he invited himself."

Louis XV. had attacks of rheumatism after the gout, and his health declined fast. Each time that Bouret spoke to the minister of the intended visit, he was answered, "His majesty will not quit Versailles until health is restored. When this happens, your wish shall be notified to him."

Meanwhile the fortune of the banker declined like the health of the king. The two reigns closed together. At length Bouret heard that the king had died of the small-pox. He was inconsolable. "It was written," he cried, "that Louis XV. would not visit my château—no breakfast—no hunt—no evening repast! And, worse than all, I am married!"

Tragical was the end of the infatuated banker. In a paroxysm of despair, with a mind enfeebled by disappointment and reverses, he shot himself! Who will say that the origin of all his troubles does not date from his ambition to be presented to royalty, and from the day when the visit that was to crown all his hopes was promised? His violent death took place in the year 1778, four years after that of Louis XV., his debtor and his idol. Towards the close of his career, Bouret was so poor and neglected by his friends, that he, who had lent such vast sums to kings, could not obtain an advance of fifty louis. I never traverse the forest of Rougeaux without diverging from my path to seek the ruins of a noble edifice on which were lavished vast riches, fond hopes, and strange devotion. A small pavilion, besides the cellars already alluded to, alone remains of the colossal structure raised by Bouret. To these famous cellars the neighboring villagers ascribe a legend which is not uncommon. Struck with the prodigal expenditure of Bouret, the peasants have attributed to him the power of a sorcerer. If, they say, he did not make gold, he possessed sufficient to fill these caves—which extend beneath a quarter of the forest of Rougeaux—with the precious metal, and even diamonds. At the period of the Revolution, the château was demolished, but the caves were preserved—secretly protected, according to tradition, by the powerful genius who watched over the gold of the financialist. Many a brave adventurer attempted to pierce the solitudes of the subterranean treasury, from whence they expected to return millionaires, but they were struck with a strange terror after taking a few steps in the obscure recesses, and retraced their steps. Every year similar attempts were made, but without success, and this, instead of discouraging cupidity, only provoked it. Such was the legend, when a trumpeter on his return from the army listened to the story related to him at midnight by some of the villagers. Instead of the terror they had expected to inspire, not a trace of astonishment was visible on his countenance! The soldier had been to Moscow and Egypt, and nothing surprised him; and as to fear, he knew not what it was. He had entered Rome as a conqueror; his horse had grazed upon the sacred grass in the gardens of the Vatican. Our trumpeter had no more prejudices than his horse. When he had heard the legend, he put his pipe aside and cried gaily: "Is that all? The night is clear, and if you will permit me I will inspect these caves. By the beard of the mufti which I took at Cairo, I will not leave until I have rifled them like the pockets of a Prussian—quick!—a stick and a lantern!"

The surprise was general. Endeavors were made to turn the trumpeter from his project. Evil genii, demons, and gnomes were mentioned, but the soldier was firm in his resolution. All that could be obtained from him in the names of his mother and his sweetheart was, that during his subterranean excursion he would constantly sound his trumpet, to assure those who would follow him, step by step, above through the forest, of his existence. "Be it so," he replied with a laugh, and the expedition commenced. A crowd of villagers accompanied the soldier to the entrance of the caves, in the darkness of which he was soon lost to view. For a quarter of an hour the trumpet was heard in the vaults below, at one time in a loud blast, then in a mournful echo, which sounded sadly through the forest. "What treasures he is perhaps beholding!" said the

awed peasants, already jealous of the soldier's fortune; "what gold is in his grasp!" Suddenly the trumpet ceases; they listen with their ears to the ground, but not a note is heard. Terror gains upon them. "What can have happened? Perhaps he is filling his pockets with doubloons!" After a terrible silence of half an hour, the trumpet is again heard, but the soldier did not appear. One moment the sounds issued from one quarter, and no sooner did the villagers run there, than they heard it in the opposite direction. One might have termed it a Will-o'-the-Wisp in the guise of a sound. Until daylight this music was heard through the forest, at various points, deceiving every one who endeavored to find out whence it proceeded.

Afterwards it was heard no more, and the trumpeter was never again seen—he had evidently perished, a victim to his temerity. However, a year after this event, an old wood-cutter pretended to have heard in the middle of the night the sound of a trumpet under the earth, about a hundred paces from the ruins of Château Bouret; a gamekeeper of an adjoining estate declared he had heard the same noise. Little more was wanting to induce a belief in the village that the lost trumpeter was still wandering in the mysterious caverns of Bouret. The following year, some poachers, who have generally keen ears, declared that they had been surprised during the night by the same sounds. Since then the peasants affirm, that three times in the year the lost trumpeter makes himself heard by persons traversing the forest. According to the legend, the unhappy man cannot find the entrance to the caves; or, what is no less probable, he cannot make up his mind to leave behind him a portion of the gold with which he is overlaid. Such is the curious tradition of the lost trumpeter, and the end of the history of Château Bouret.

A WRITER in *Notes and Queries* gives an instance of Curran's wit, introduced after a defeat in a conversational contest with Lady Morgan. "It was the fashion then for ladies to wear very short sleeves; and Lady Morgan, albeit not a young woman, with true provincial exaggeration, wore none—a mere strap over her shoulder. Curran was walking away from her little coterie, when she called out, 'Ah! come back, Mr. Curran, and acknowledge that you are fairly beaten.' 'At any rate,' said he, turning round, 'I have this consolation, you can't laugh at me in your sleeve!'"

HOUSES OF THE POETS.—The house in which Moore was born is now a whiskey-shop; Burns' native cottage is a public-house; Shelley's house, at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born is occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed his sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," is now an ordinary beer-house. A house in which James Montgomery lived for forty years at Sheffield is a beer-shop.

ALMOST AN ESCAPE.—A prisoner of state incarcerated in a dungeon in Piedmont, not long since attempted to escape by taking the place of a deceased fellow-prisoner in the coffin. Removing the corpse, he laid it upon the straw in the corner of the cell and threw his blanket over it, so it should resemble a prisoner asleep, and then stretching himself in the coffin, shut the lid. The bearers came in, took up the coffin and carried it forth; but unfortunately, as they were crossing the courtyard, the prisoner was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The bearers dropped the coffin and fled with terror, but some of the guards not being so superstitious, hastened to the spot, caught the poor fellow, and carried him back to his dungeon.

YOURS AND OURS.—A widower in the neighborhood of Bristol, having three children, married a widow with a like complement of olive branches, and after they had been married six years, they further added to the combined family by three more of their own, making in all nine. When one of the "tuneful nine" would be overheard making a noise in the house, it was no uncommon thing for the husband to say, "That's yours, Mrs. A." Presently another cry would be heard, when Mrs. A. would retort by exclaiming, "That's yours, Mr. A." A third young urchin would then give tongue, when Mr. and Mrs. A. would exclaim with one voice, "That's ours."



"This was a fountain, set round with a rim of old, mossy stones, and paved in its bed with what appeared to be a sort of Mosaic work of variously colored pebbles. The play and slight agitation of the water, in its upward gush, wrought magically with these variegated pebbles, and made a continually shifting apparition of quaint figures, vanishing too suddenly to be definable. It was reported to be productive of intestinal mischief to those who quenched their thirst there."—HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

HAWTHORNE'S Legend of Maule's Well gives a thrilling description of a fountain, hollowed by a man of toil who dwelt alone. The waters were said to have communicated some strange power of sorcery to the laborer, and under this pretence a wealthy magnate branded him as a wizard, and seized on his lands. But on the scaffold the prisoner pointed to his persecutor, exclaiming, "God shall give him blood to drink."

One day, years afterward, when the rich man's mansion was filled with invited guests, he did not join them in their revels. They waited long, and at length, struck by terror, sought his chamber. He sat cold and stiff in his chair, with a paper clasped in pulseless hand. His ruff and beard were crimsoned with blood, and a wizard hand was seen for one instant grasping his throat. The terrified guests started back, exclaiming, "Truly God hath given him blood to drink."

FULL many a long, long year ago
An humble cottage stood
Beside a road but little trode,
Deep in a solitude.

All lowly though the cotter's thatch,
And humble though his name,
In th's retreat as warm heart beat
As his o' wider fame.

With his own hand, beneath the shade,
He digged a fairy well,
Wherein he gazed, each day amazed.
Upon the water's swell.

His fame was such as few men knew,
So humble was his life,
And day by day he wore away
His strength in labor's strife.

To magnates he obeisance made,
And reverend clergy, too:
And yet no law, his eyes e'er saw,
His heart's deep mystery knew.

Strange thoughts sometimes—so whispers said—
Went swimming through his brain:
Just as the swell within the well
Would rise and fall again.

And some there were who thought this true,
That secretly a power
Was wrought by him within the rim
Where danced the crystal shower.

That sorcery swelled in his heart,
And sorcery in the well;
As if they both were nothing loth
Their secrets each to tell.

One single acre was the all
Of this poor soul's domain;
Yet even this cold Avarice
Would wrest from him again.

Outstretched about him lay the lands
Of one more rich than he,
Who long had sworn this should be torn
From him most wrongfully.

And so to gain an end so base,
This man of might and fame
Proclaims the poor an evil doer,
And Wizard brands his name!

And people all prolong the cry,
And hunt the victim down;
Till, quick and fast, his hopes are past,
And Death begins to frown.

A dense and dreadful throng there was,
One fragrant summer morn,
Upon a hill where rested still
The blush of early dawn.

And fearful looked all faces there,
And tremblingly all stood,
While not a word could once be heard,
For many and many a rood.

Stern magistrates, with clouded brows,
And priests, with rigid mien,
And men with cords, with ruff, and swords,
And prisoners between.

The dew was glittering on the grass;
The mists were curling slow;
The morning bird alone was heard,
All tremulous and low.

Then mounted they the scaffold stairs—
Those prisoners alone—
Upon their hands were hempen bands,
Yet from their lips no groan.

All silent, mute, and firm they stood,
And gazed upon the throng,
Nor uttered prayer, thus helpless there,
Nor changed their purpose strong.

But suddenly a voice was heard
From up the scaffold's height,
And every face in all the place
Grew pallid with affright.

And from the row of prisoners,
A single hand was seen
To point full long toward the throng,
At one of lofty mien.

The hand was his who digged the well—
The man his enemy,
Whose avarice had led to this—
This wrong past remedy.

And silence brooded like a pall
Upon the people then,
And every heart took sudden start,
Among these stern-faced men.

They gazed in awe upon the hand,
And on the great man, too,
And one deep thrill, like Death's cold chill,
Crept o'er their hearts anew.

The voice from up the scaffold's height,
It sounded on the air
A wailing tone, that could a'ene
Pronounce a *curse* in prayer!

"*But God shall give him blood to drink!*"
The poor man loudly cried,
While pointed he full fearfully
Upon the man of pride.

The months rolled round all silently—
The years went by apace—
And greater, too, the great man grew,
In wealth, and name, and place.

A mansion high one morning stood
Where once had stood the cot,
And magnates strode adown the road
To reach the favored spot.

The guests were crowded in the hall,
And crowded round the door,
And still they came—guests without name—
Till there could come no more.

The man of might—the man of pride—
The master—where was *he*?
Ho! servants, call!—we're waiting all
Our noble host to see!

He sat within his stony walls,
And conned his letters o'er;
—'Twere sure unmeet to fail to greet
The guests without the door.

"Where is your master?" shouted one,
A sword-hilt in his hand;
"Why comes he not? Hach he forgot
His name throughout the land?"

He ordered thus—a servant said—
That he be left alone,
Until he knew his guests so true
Had gathered every one.

"'Tis past the hour! The guests *have* come!"
And on the oaken door
The sword-hilt falls, which loudly calls
Its owner, o'er and o'er.

There is no sound—there is no breath—
That can be caught within;
There is not heard a single word
Above the echo's din.

A knock again—he answered not!
Press down the latch with might!
And in its track the door swings back;
The proud host greets the sight!

Upon the crowd his eyes are fixed;
His hands a paper hold;
Within his chair, still seated there,
His gaze is stern and bold.

"Ho!—rouse you up, good master, now!
The guests have long been here!"
—Yet all aver he did not stir,
To rout their rising fear.

His eyes are set—his hand is stiff—
There's blood upon his beard!—
There's blood enough upon his ruff,
And all his breast is smeared!

A wizard hand is on his throat!
Whose may it, pray you, be?
—It vanished then before the men
Who gazed so fearfully!—

And there were rumors far and near
About the great man's end,
And men turned pale to hear the tale,
And whispered—"Heaven forefend!"

For God *had* given him blood to drink !
 The blood upon his ruff—
 Upon his beard—all redly smeared—
 The proof were plain enough !

Still bubbles up the wizard's well !
 Still silvers it the rim ;
 Still, without change, these figures strange
 Keep shifting, dusk and dim.

BLUNDERS OF AUTHORS AND PAINTERS.

THOUGH poets and painters may claim, in the proper exercise of their art, great licence of invention and speech, and a far greater liberty of illustration and embellishment than is allowed to the sober writer of history, yet it seems plain that historical truth or chronological accuracy should not be entirely sacrificed to dramatic or pictorial effect. And this is more especially true when the poem of the picture is founded upon history, or designed generally to represent historical truth. Anachronisms, both ludicrous and strange, have been made by poets and painters, from whom more accuracy might have been expected. The "world's great poet," Shakespeare, in whose matchless works we seem, rather instinctively, to expect exactness in the details of time, place and circumstance, has in some instances curiously misplaced the true chronological order of some events, of the true state of which it can hardly be supposed he himself was ignorant. His contemporaries and successors were also guilty of great blunders in the same way, but a few only of those made by the great poet will be given.

In the play of "Coriolanus," Titus Lartius is made to say, addressing C. Marcius :

"Thou wast a soldier even to *Cato's* wish."

It is a little curious how Marcius could have been a soldier of "Cato's wish," for Marcius, surnamed Coriolanus, was banished from Rome, and died more than two hundred years before Cato's eyes first saw the light. In the same play Menenius says of Marcius, "He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander," or like Alexander. The anachronism made in this case is almost as bad as that just given, for Coriolanus was banished from Rome and died not far from B.C. 490, and Alexander was not born until almost one hundred and fifty years after. And the poet in the same play makes still another error in the words which he puts into the mouth of Menenius, "the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricatic." Now, as the renowned "father of medicine" was not born until A.D. 130, of which fact it seems hardly probable that Shakespeare could have been ignorant, he has overleaped more than six hundred years to introduce Galen to his reader.

In the tragedy of "Julius Caesar" occurs an historical inaccuracy, which cannot be excused on the ground of dramatic effect. It must be imputed to downright carelessness. It is in the following lines :

Brutus. Peace ; count the clock.
Cassius. The clock has stricken three.

Cassius and Brutus both must have been endowed with the vision of a prophet, for the first striking clock was not introduced into Europe until more than eight hundred years after they had been laid in their graves. And in the tragedy of "King Lear," there is another as great inaccuracy in regard to spectacles as that in "Julius Caesar" respecting clocks. King Lear was king of Britain in the early Anglo-Saxon period of English history, yet Gloster, commanding his son to show him a letter which he holds in his hands, says, "Come, let's see ; if it be nothing, I shall not want spectacles." It is generally admitted that spectacles were not worn in Europe until the very last of the thirteenth, or the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Shakespeare also anticipates in at least two plays, and by many years, the important event of the first use of cannon in battle or siege. In his great tragedy of "Macbeth," he speaks of cannon "overcharged with double cracks ;" and King John says :

"Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
 For ere thou can'st report, I will be there ;
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard."

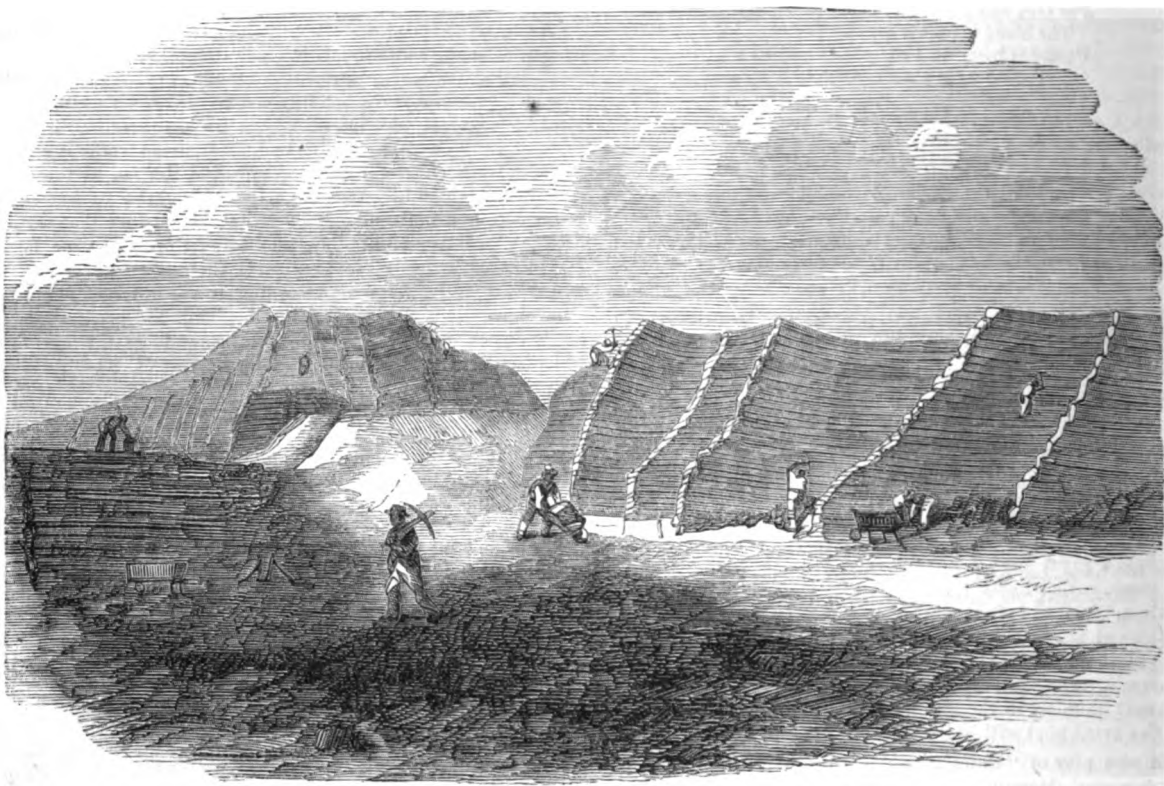
Cannon, it will be recollected, were first used at Cressy, in 1346, whereas Macbeth was killed in 1054, and John did not begin to reign until 1199. In the "Comedy of Errors," the scene of which is laid in the ancient city of Ephesus, mention is made of modern denominations of money, as guilders and ducats ; also of a striking clock and a nunnery.

Anachronisms, or, more correctly speaking, blunders, have been made by painters of celebrity, which upon the "living canvas" appear more palpable than those made by authors upon paper. Some of these transcend the simply ridiculous ; they border closely upon the grotesque.

Tintoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour, and as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument. He is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin ; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters ; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

TERROR A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.—No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear ; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever, therefore, is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime, too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not ; for it is impossible to look on anything as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror—as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plane of a vast extent of land, is certainly no mean idea ; the prospect of such a plane may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean ; but can it ever fill the mind with anything so great as the ocean itself ? This is owing to several causes ; one being, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.—*Burke*.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.—After Gainsborough's introduction to court, commissions for portraits flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and untiring industry, he was unable to satisfy the impatience of some of his sitters. One gentleman lost his temper, and inquired of the painter's porter, in a voice loud enough to be overheard, "Has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait ?" Ushered into the painting-room, he beheld his picture. After expressing his approbation, he requested it might be sent home at once, adding, "I may as well give you a cheque for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough, "it just wants the finishing stroke ;" and such was his independent spirit, that snatching up a background brush he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming, "Sir, where is my fellow now ?"



GUANO QUARRY, IN ONE OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

THE GUANO ISLANDS.

THE discovery of the immense deposits of guano has proved of incalculable value to the agricultural interests all over the world. The attention of scientific men was first called to the investigation of this peculiar manure in the year 1840, since which period a large number of islands have been discovered, giving assurance of an almost inexhaustible supply for the uses of mankind. It has now become a most important article of commerce; at all seasons of the year a fleet of ships, from all quarters of the habitable globe, will be found waiting their turn for a freight of that deposit which is the farmer's hope in his distant home.

The Chincha Islands represented in our engravings, contain the largest amount of the guano deposit yet discovered. They belong to the Peruvian government, and yield an enormous revenue; over four hundred thousand tons, at from forty-five to fifty-five dollars per ton are shipped every year. The three islands forming the Chincha group were at one time supposed to contain over one hundred million of tons, but a close examination has been made and has resulted in the calculation that twenty-five millions of tons is about the quantity they will yield, which at the present rate of export would be exhausted about the year 2020.

A recent traveller gives an interesting description of the Chincha Islands, with many curious and valuable statistics. When he arrived there, there were one hundred and twenty-five ships waiting for cargoes, some of which had been waiting four months for their turn to go under the "shoots." These "shoots" have been arranged to facilitate the operation of loading, and the waters are so quiet round these islands that vessels are enabled to land up close to the cliffs and receive their cargoes direct through wooden or canvas "shoots." By this means a vessel of a thousand tons may be loaded in three days if the men work well, but the Peruvian government has arranged the time according to the tonnage, ten days being allowed for every one hundred tons register. There are nine hundred laborers upon the islands. Three or four hundred of these are Chinese who work by contract at four dollars a month, renewing it, if they choose, with the increase of four dollars monthly and a bonus of one hundred and twenty dollars. Some

work on their own account, and receive four and some five shillings for every cart they load. The guano is quarried out by men with pickaxes, as seen in our first sketch, who work into the mass, leaving a sort of wall between each gang. In some places it is so hard as to require great physical exertion to dislodge it. When removed it is conveyed in wheelbarrows either direct to the mouths of the shoots or to large carts which run on tramways to the shore.

The principal hill of guano is in the background, with the laborers at work on its side. This was originally sixty or seventy feet in height above the natural rock of the island. The color varies very much—in some parts being as dark as warm sepia, and in others as light as that of a Bath brick; where the men are digging, the ammonia is very powerful, affecting the eyes; it is often found in nearly a pure state, in large crystallised lumps.

The hut on the right, as represented in our second picture, is the head-quarters of the man employed to regulate the loading and dispatch of the boats which are seen under the shoots receiving the guano. The inclosure in the foreground, over the shoots, is to prevent waste by the wind blowing it away, and to enable the workmen to form a constant collection near the mouths of the canvas tubes, seventy feet in length. Following the cliffs to the left are seen the huts of the Chinese, and another shoot with an embankment and tramway on it leading to the quarries. The cart is just tilted: the horse draws it back up the incline. In the background stands a machine intended for scooping out the guano; but it is in disuse, as it did not answer. Close behind it, on the north side of the hill, but not in view, are the settlement, governor's house, &c. The cliffs are perforated in all directions, forming picturesque arches and caves. They are also working the middle island, an English ship lying under a shoot 140 feet in length, the cliffs being perpendicular. The surface of the guano is covered with skeletons of birds and bones of seals; and the soil is like a rabbit warren, from the hundreds of holes running in every direction. These are made by a bird about the size of a pigeon, which remains hidden during the day, sallying forth at dusk to fish.

The south and smallest island has not yet been touched. It is literally covered in one part down to the sea with skeletons of sea-lions and seals—the former as large as twelve and fourteen feet in length. It is supposed that they crawl to the

highest point as they feel death approaching. The guano on this island is perforated by the birds even more than on the middle one, and one cannot walk without constantly breaking through the crust, and sinking halfway to the knee. There is a variety of opinions respecting the formation of the guano. Considering its depth (it being in some places 140 feet above the natural rock), its great solidity, and the extent of the superficial area, it would appear impossible that any number of birds since the flood could have been the cause; yet deep below the surface, and in the centre of the hill, eggs and skeletons of birds are constantly found. It affords a subject for discussion, but it is doubtful if there will ever be an unanimous opinion respecting it. Gold and silver ornaments are discovered occasionally, having been buried by the ancient Peruvians more than three centuries ago.

APROPOS OF TRUFFLES.

THAT nondescript vegetable parasite the truffle, which is in such great and growing demand in France as a flavorer of poultry, and of the thousand-and-one preparations of which poultry forms the basis, has long been the subject of anxious and painstaking investigations among the naturalists of that country. The truffle—a sort of tuber, in appearance much resembling a crooked and knotty potato, but black, and possessing no stem or prolongation of any kind—is found bedded in the ground about the roots of the oak; some species of which tree, known as *truffle-oaks*, seem to exert a more powerful influence than others in determining the development of these tubers, and are accordingly planted with a view to their production. A pamphlet has recently been published on this subject by M. Ravel, the well-known truffle-dealer, containing a new and very original theory respecting this much-disputed condiment; which theory, odd as it appears, and contrary as it may seem to the past conclusions of naturalists on this subject, still commands attention

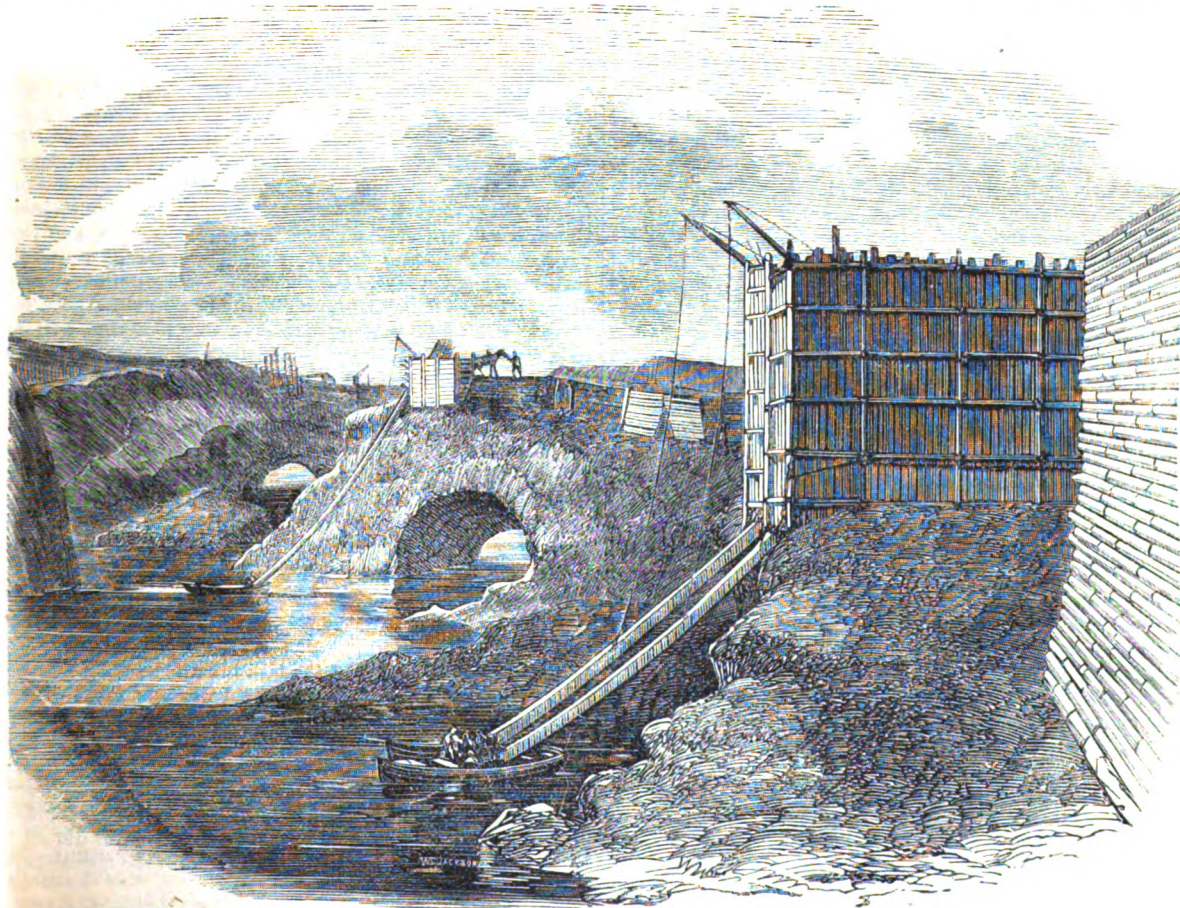
from the admitted competence of its author, and his great success as a raiser of truffles.

M. Ravel begins by remarking, that up to this time naturalists have considered the truffle to be an ordinary vegetable product, possessing, like other plants, its characteristic life and vegetation; but gives it as his opinion that the truffle is merely produced accidentally in the vegetation of the oak by the prick of a fly, to which he gives the name of *truffigène* or *truffle-generating*. It is a well-known fact in natural history that certain flies prick certain plants, in order to produce upon the latter excrescences which serve to protect their eggs, these excrescences varying in character according to the different plants or trees upon which they are produced. Thus the prick made in the branches of the oak by the gall fly produces the gall nut, which contains the gallic acid; according to M. Ravel, a similar prick made by the “*truffigène-fly*” produces the truffle, which may be considered as a species of gall nut, produced, it is true, by a different insect, and containing different elements; but both the gall nut and the truffle being the work of an insect desirous of providing a shelter for its eggs and preparing food for the larvæ.

The development of the truffle is described by M. Ravel as proceeding in the following manner.

The “*truffigène-fly*” that may be seen in winter constantly flying about the truffle grounds, and around the oaks that produce the truffles, penetrates into the ground, reaches the fibrous roots, and pricks them at the extremities to deposit its eggs. The prick causes a drop of milky fluid to ooze out, containing an azotised principle; this drop slowly enlarges through the addition of azote, which it continues to receive from the roots of the oak, and which it draws also from the air, if any fissure in the ground enables the air to reach it. When several drops of this milky fluid touch each other in growing, they unite and form those large truffles of irregular and fantastic forms, whose size varies according to the number of truffles thus joined.

The truffle, once formed, is abandoned to itself, and grows and expands by means of the nourishment afforded both by the



“THE SHOOT.” BOATS RECEIVING GUANO.

earth and the air. M. Ravel states that all the naturalists who have most carefully examined the truffle have been unable to discover in it any germ or radicle; and he adduces this fact as a further proof that it is not a regularly organized, independent vegetable product.

As before remarked, only some varieties of the oak produce truffles; and it is said to be very difficult to distinguish those which possess this peculiar power. According to M. Ravel, one of the surest signs is the total absence of vegetation over the entire space of ground covered by the truffle oak; for when the truffles begin to be produced, every trace of grass disappears from the surface of the soil in which they are subsequently found.

M. Ravel considers that a barren argillaceous soil is the best for the cultivation of these tubers; and recommends acorns to be sown in it, after the following plan.

A hole, about three inches deep, is made in the ground with a conical-shaped hammer; the acorn is placed in this hole, and covered up with earth, which is then beaten down firmly with the broad side of the hammer; by this means the ground around it is hardened, and rats cannot attack the acorn. The distance to be left between the rows depends on the intention of the cultivator. If they are sown with the idea of being transplanted, it is sufficient to place the acorns in a line at a distance of two inches from each other, with two feet and a half between each line. In this way there will be sufficient space for the growth of the young oaks until they are fit to be transplanted. If it be not intended to transplant them, a distance of five inches should be left between the acorns, and of ten between the rows. In order that the "truffigène-fly" may flourish and produce an abundance of truffles, it is necessary that the truffle grounds should have plenty of sun. As the young oaks grow, they must therefore be gradually thinned, and consequently the truffle-ground is continually decreasing, as also the quantity of truffles produced; for, as the fly attacks the extremities of the roots, it is only at the circumference of the circle made by the roots of the trees that the truffles are formed.

M. Ravel concludes his pamphlet by expressing a hope that this method of culture will be extensively adopted, and his conviction that the production of truffles may thus be largely increased.

This curious theory of the renowned truffle-raiser reminds me of a little incident in humble life, on which I often look back with pleasure.

A few years ago, my friends, the Waltons, of Walton Court, situated in one of the beautiful rural counties of England, were staying in Paris; and amidst their other engagements, were busy preparing the *trousseau* of their charming daughter Alice Walton, who was on the eve of marrying a rich Devonshire baronet.

Among the various pretty things being got ready for the occasion was a quantity of embroidery, which needed great skill and care in its execution; and as the wife of my *concierger* was a very superior embroideress, and had often begged me to recommend her in that capacity to my English friends, I proposed to Lady Walton to confide to her a portion of the work to be done.

Accordingly, after due examination of specimens of Madame Billot's powers in this line, several delicate commissions were intrusted to her, the good woman setting to work thereupon with great zeal and satisfaction, and stitching away at the little window of her lodge from early morning to bedtime, to the imminent risk of her eyesight, but to the rapid advancement of the embroidery.

Still, with all Madame Billot's perseverance, there was too much for her to do. So one day when I passed by her door on my way into the street, she made her appearance with a number of samples of embroidery, which she handed to me, requesting me to examine them.

"What is all this, Madame Billot?" I inquired, after looking at the embroidery. "This work is almost more beautiful than yours."

"Madame is right," returned the portress. "And I thought that, as there is so much to be done, and the ladies want their work finished as soon as possible, they might be glad to give some to *la jeune fille* who did these patterns, a young orphan,

and so pretty, and so well conducted! An angel, madame, a real angel *du bon Dieu*!"

"And what is the name of this angel?" I inquired.

"She is called Lucie—Ma'amzelle Lucie Courtois; and she lives in the house opposite. It has been a great grief to me not to have been able to find a little corner for her on our seventh story. I could have looked after the dear child a little, and have helped her in many ways; but we have had nothing to let up there for a long time past. And then, to be sure, she is so *sage* and so prudent, that she can take very good care of herself; so, after all, it does not much matter. Lucie's father was a painter, and dreadfully poor; though he came of good, honest people—farmers—and well to-do. But he offended his family by leaving the farm (in Lower Normandy, and a nice, comfortable place, as I've heard) and coming here to be an artist. And to make matters worse, he married a good, pretty young woman—an orphan herself, and without a sou—who died in a few years, leaving him this one daughter, a dear little blossom, just three years old. The poor father never did much with his painting, he was so unhappy at losing his wife, and he was always of a delicate turn. In a few years he died too; and little Lucie, who had been brought up by the Sisters of Charity, and had learned to read and to sew, maintained herself by sewing. Bless her little heart! she had always a great turn for embroidering; and she had begun to sew for money even before her poor father fell ill, and many a little delicacy did she earn for him with her little delicate fingers. Well, he died at last, poor man; and Lucie was left all alone. Her father's people offered to take her home; but they had left her father and her mother to struggle and die, and she would not go to them.

"I will stay here, and work and maintain myself, mother Billot," she used to say to me; 'and I will earn enough to put a handsome stone over my father and mother. I will not have to say "thank you," to those who left them to die in poverty and sorrow.' Ah! 'tis a brave little heart! And so she has lived and worked on, hard and patiently, day after day, feeding herself and her canary, and putting by a trifle now and then for the stone that's to be set up over the grave. And she would be so thankful for work just now, for she has been without anything you may call a good job for a month past. And besides," continued the portress, in a confidential tone, "she is very much in love with an excellent young man who wants to marry her; but his parents object to the match on account of her being poor, and she will never marry him until they consent. She says she has seen enough of the misery of marrying into a family where you are not welcome. She tries to put up something for a *dot* (wedding portion), but it is slow work, and I tell her she will be as gray as my cat before she can do that; and then she sighs and says, '*Que voulez-vous*, mother Billot? I can't help it; I must do my best, and it will be all as the good God pleases.' But I am keeping madame a very long time with my talk," said the portress, suddenly interrupting herself and begging "a thousand pardons" for her loquacity.

"I hope," said I, moving on towards the street, "that I may be able to help your little *protégée*. I will go and see her, and will show some specimens of her work to the ladies."

I was indeed so much interested by Lucie's history, that I went over to her little room at once, and found it and her so neat, so orderly, so pretty, and with so much goodness and native refinement evident, that I did not hesitate to recommend her to Lady Walton, who, with her usual kindness, gave her a quantity of work, which being very well paid, helped not a little to swell the slender savings so carefully hoarded in the little money-box.

Lucie acquitted herself of the task intrusted to her, so much to the satisfaction of my friends, and I was so pleased with all that I saw of her, that I mentioned her to all my acquaintances, and was fortunate enough to get her a succession of work, so that her earnings became steadily larger. Still the purchase of the gravestone—which was at length put up and paid for, to her great joy and satisfaction—was a very heavy affair for her; and the *dot* was almost as far off as ever. Her lover did all he could to persuade her to marry him in spite of the opposition of his family; but she was inflexible.

One day I went to her room to give her some sewing, and found her weeping very bitterly. She told me that the parents

of her *fiancé* were trying to marry him to a young person whom they had found for him—a splendid *parti*, with a *dot* of five thousand francs.

"I know very well that Jacques will not take her, with all her money, and it is that which grieves me the most," said she, wiping her eyes, and speaking as calmly as her sobs would let her. "I can't marry him for Heaven knows how many years, if ever. I shall never have such a *dot* as this. And Jacques' youth will pass, and his friends will be angry, and I shall be blamed. Ah, I am indeed very unhappy!"

While I was endeavoring to console the poor girl, a letter was brought to her by the porter. It was from one of her uncles, telling her of the death of a brother, the only individual of her father's family who had ever spoken a kind word to the poor orphan. He had tried in vain to induce her to come to them; but Lucie had remained firm in her refusal, as we have seen. He had sent her at different times baskets of fruit, a small cask of cider, and so on; and she had often sent him little presents—warm stockings and nightcaps of her own knitting, and other little gifts of similar kind. The letter informed her that the old man had left her a bit of ground, woodland, of trifling value, full of young oaks. Lucie was grieved to hear of his death; but though touched and gratified by his remembrance of her, she smiled sadly at the thought of his bequest.

"I would rather he had left me a hundred francs," she remarked, as she looked at the letter; "not that I ever wanted anything of him; but what good will a bit of ground full of young oaks be to me?"

"The young oaks will be old ones in time," I answered; "and then you will be able to sell them for a good deal of money."

Soon after the occurrence of this incident, I left Paris, remaining away about eighteen months. On my return, my portress informed me, with a very smiling face, that "Ma'amzelle Lucie" was impatient to see me, and had begged her to let her know as soon as I arrived. "She wants no more work," added the portress mysteriously; "but I am bound not to tell madame the news; Lucie wants to have the pleasure of telling it herself."

"I see the news must be good, at all events, Madame Billot. Send for her directly," I replied, as I followed my luggage upstairs to my apartment.

In a few minutes my pretty little neighbor made her appearance; and as to her news, my readers have probably already guessed what it was. Her bit of woodland had proved to be a truffle ground of remarkable bearing, and was now worth several thousands of francs, with the certainty of becoming more valuable every year. Jacques' family had all been to see her, and were as anxious for the marriage as they had formerly been averse to it. Her father's family, moreover, had tendered their overtures of reconciliation; and as she was now independent of their assistance, she had accepted their proffered friendship. Lucie was in the midst of her preparations for her marriage, and both she and Jacques were equally happy.

"We have bought a little farm close by the truffle ground, and are going to live there. Jacques' family and mine might certainly have been kinder to us in the past," she remarked, as she brought her story to a close. "But I tell Jacques we must let bygones be bygones; and I am so happy that I cannot find it in my heart to be angry with anybody."

The wedding took place a few days afterwards; and Jacques and Lucie are now substantial and thriving farmers, with half a dozen children, and one of the cosiest cottage homes in all Normandy.

A BAD INVESTMENT.

SIR CHARLES ENFIELD and Sophia Medhurst were a couple of young lovers in the dangerous predicament of not exactly knowing their own minds. They were passing that epoch of human life when people have not yet formed a clear idea of what they would have; they long after an ideal perfection, but the object which comes the nearest to their standard, often fails to fulfil their imaginative desires, and so they relinquish the possession of something that is really good to accept what experienced persons would call an indifferent, nay, an inferior article.

Sir Charles was one-and-twenty; the greater part of his minority was passed under the control of a strict and conscientious guardian, who carefully nursed his large property, and who, while preserving his youth from the dangers of the world, debarred him also from the lessons it had to teach. His sister, Sarah Enfield, confided to the selectest of ladies' establishments, met there a friend who more and more interested her brother on the occasions of his visits. Sophia had every qualification to make a young man happy—beauty, intelligence, accomplishments, birth and connections of the highest eligibility—everything except fortune. The guardian heard of the mutual inclination, and approved; Sophia promised in every way to be a fitting mistress for Enfield Hall; and without any formal engagement being entered into, it so happened that the predestined pair met frequently in London during the first season after Sir Charles's coming of age.

But a London season is a dazzling scene, frequently too dazzling for youthful eyes to gaze at and appreciate steadily. A wealthy baronet just come of age is a sort of rare moth, for whose capture innumerable waxlights are made to beam their inviting rays. Society is a country whose frontiers are coterminous with those of many a doubtful region, of many a dangerous district, into which a certain few are allowed to enter unscandalised and unscathed, while others return only with serious damage to pocket, to reputation, or to both. One of these hazardous provinces is the operatic department; and yet it was nothing either extraordinary or sinful that a young man who could scarcely help being in the fashion should be charmed with what he saw and heard from the audience part of her Majesty's Theatre; nor that curiosity should lead him to profit by his privilege of taking a peep behind the scenes; nor that, when there, he should reply to the sallies of the laughing artistes, whose saltatory feats astonished him; nor that his conversation with Mademoiselle Athalie should lead to something like acquaintanceship. Her dancing was perfect, her rouge delicately softened off, and her muslins spotless—that is when not spotted with gold or silver tinsel.

But a high-spirited girl, full of native pride and rectitude, and fresh from exclusive provincial life, is displeased to hear of questionable companionships on the part of those on whom her affections begin to be fixed. "Does he take as much pleasure in the society of people like those as in mine?" said Sophia to herself. "Does he think that because he is rich, and I am portressless, I will ever consent to be put on a par with, or neglected for, a public dancer? His sister says it is nothing but thoughtless levity; but if he loves me as I thought he did, his whole attentions ought to be centred in myself. He ought to live for me, and for me alone."

And then there were matrons with daughters of their own to marry, who would have accepted the life-tenant of any entailed estate with or without indiscretions on his back, who fed Sophia's unhappiness by daily reports how that dear Sir Charles was enjoying the lately acquired freedom of majority. Sir Charles too was carefully informed of Sophia's displeasure; and the result on him was the sage reflection, that it would never do to give way to woman's fancies; that if a man submitted to unreasonable dictation and causeless suspicion before marriage, he might as well make up his mind to yield the pantaloons ever afterwards; and a great deal more wise ratiocination to match. In short, at the end of the season, instead of St. George's, Hanover square, and bridesmaids, and a *dejeuner*, and a travelling carriage, the lovers' destiny was a dissolution of any possible partnership by mutual consent. Sophia and her friend Sarah Enfield returned to the country; Sir Charles started, with a courier speaking half a dozen languages, on a German-Swiss-Italian-French tour. Both he and Sophia had separately and firmly vowed in their own minds that they would never again either write to, speak to, think of, or look at, or listen to news of each other; no, never! Really, they meant what they said; no, never!

Travelling, even with a fast courier and plenty of money to spend, palls in time. Man must have a resting-place both for the sole of his foot and the affections of his heart. And so it is no great wonder if Sir Charles, after he had rattled through Bathland, the Alps, the Lakes, and the Pyrenees, did sometimes think with a slight impulsive yearning of his old English country mansion and his old sweetheart Sophia Medhurst. But

to go straight home at once, and confess that he had been no better than a foolish hobbledohoy, required more magnanimity than he was gifted with as yet. He therefore made a sort of half-settlement by wintering at Paris, carefully concealing from his most intimate friends the increasing twinges of his *maladie du pays*, or home sickness. The carnival fell early, and with it came the usual succession of operas, balls, and ballets, the most distinguished ornament of the latter being Mademoiselle Athalie herself. Of course the London acquaintance was renewed; but the attentions on the part of the gentleman were invariably so discreet, so respectful, and so delicate, that mademoiselle began to conceive ambitious hopes: her serious Anglais, her formal Sir Enfield, as she called him, might be meditating matrimonial arrangements—with herself. She might be a “*miladi*,” such things had happened, and therefore might happen again. Her ruling passion had a chance of being gratified in a manner beyond all expectation. Now ambition was not her ruling passion; nor was love, nor vanity: the object of her life was—avarice. Her terpsichorean friends, who knew her best, said that she was not a Jewess certainly, but that most assuredly she was a Jew.

All this while Sarah Enfield kept up a close correspondence with the moody tourist, who replied with very fraternal punctuality. How could a brother and sister alone in the world do otherwise? How, too, could she help mentioning Sophia; and how could a sharp-witted girl like her avoid observing the change in her brother's feelings, and the obvious direction in which they tended? She undertook the office, blessed both on earth and in heaven, of a peacemaker, a mediator, an expunger of ill-will and an exciter of affection. Her diplomacy proceeded with such triumphant success, that one day Sir Charles wrote in black and white, and with his name actually signed at the bottom, that he would gladly return to reside at Enfield if he were assured that Sophia really wished to see him there. By return of post came a letter from Sophia's self, couched in most friendly and yet maidenly phrase, which elicited a rejoinder that we should be glad to be able to reproduce here for the gratification of connoisseurs in love-letters; but it is safe under lock and key in Sophia's casket.

A few days afterwards, a morning visit at Mademoiselle Athalie's elegant apartment concluded with the unexpected announcement, “I am going to England to-morrow. Can I do any thing for you there?”

Mademoiselle felt that her castle in the air was stricken by a thunderbolt; but recovering her presence of mind with admirable promptitude, and remembering doubtless that “out of sight” is only too often “out of mind,” she said, “I don't think you can do anything for me there; but I want particularly to step to the Palais Royal, and shall be eternally grateful if you will escort me thither.”

No gallant young man could decline such a request; the bonnet and shawl were donned with fairylike rapidity. While passing down the Rue Vivienne, the lady made decided points at every jeweller's shop she passed, which points assumed the character of absolute halts when once the enclosure of the Palais Royal itself was entered; and finally, the most insinuating tones conveyed the suggestion that a parting *souvenir* would be ever treasured nearest to her heart of hearts, that star-shaped brooch, for instance, would do.

“Let us step in and look at it,” carelessly replied Sir Charles. “A very pretty thing,” he observed, after examination. “Very good taste; a five-rayed star, made up of a combination of minute stars, with one large star as the centre-piece. Yes,” he continued, after reflecting a while, “this might do. The price?”

“Five thousand francs; only two hundred pounds English. Every brilliant warranted, and the workmanship first-rate. You will not find a cheaper thing in Paris, sir, for the money.”

“It is a larger sum than I intended to lay out on a trinket just now, at the end of an expensive tour—”

“We have other things, sir, which are not so costly; for instance, those paste ornaments, which an unprofessional person can hardly distinguish from real diamonds—”

“I will look in again in the course of the afternoon. What other real diamonds have you in stock?”

“Here they are, sir; you can look at them at your leisure. There is no occasion to hurry.”

While Sir Charles was thus occupied, mademoiselle drew the jeweller aside, and thrusting a thousand-franc note into his hand, whispered, “*Tiens!* When he comes again, tell him, that to secure his custom, you will let him have the star-shaped brooch for four thousand instead of five, although you are a loser by the bargain. Here is the difference, which I pay myself. I have set my heart upon the star.”

The inspection ended, the visitors left the shop. Very shortly afterwards Sir Charles took a formal leave of Mademoiselle Athalie, promising to send her some trifling token of remembrance. He then stepped to his banker's to see how his balance stood, and found it more favorable than he expected. With a stock of cash he returned to the Palais Royal, and had a second interview with the jeweller of the star.

Early next morning the polyglot courier presented himself at mademoiselle's apartment. “My master left Paris last night,” he said, “and I am to follow at noon with the baggage; but he charged me to deliver this into your hands.”

“How kind of him!” exclaimed Athalie, all smiles and delight. “It is a larger case than I expected. No doubt he has generously added something else.”

She hastily unsealed the parcel, to examine its contents; but as soon as they were visible, a doleful change overspread her countenance. “What's all this?” she cried. “And where's the star?”

“Oh, my master has taken the star to England. He is going to give it to the lady he is to be married to. He said that that complete suit of paste would be much more useful to you when you do princesses and queens upon the stage.”

“How much did it cost?” gasped Athalie.

“Five hundred francs, I believe,” replied polyglot. “That's pretty well, I think, by way of a ‘good afternoon.’”

“My poor thousand-franc note!” she sighed in despair. And then—whether there is any sympathy between actresses and couriers, we cannot say—she confided to the grinning messenger the secret of her bad investment.

But she lost nothing in the end; for polyglot, immediately on his arrival at Enfield, whispered the tale to Sophia's lady's-maid; who, as in duty bound, the first time she fastened the brooch-star on her mistress's bosom, accompanied the act by the anecdote. Sophia, sometimes smiling to herself, religiously guarded the mystery till after her marriage; but long before the honeymoon was over, she said to her husband, “Charles, dear, I want a fifty-pound note. You will oblige me by getting it safely conveyed to that admirable artiste Mademoiselle Athalie, with Lady Enfield's compliments. You don't yet know that she had the generosity to advance part of the funds which purchased the first present you gave me after our foolish quarrel. It was the morning-star of my happiness.”

A. QUAIN MUSICAL CRITICISM.—A critic in a metropolitan contemporary writes: “Cettes valse is sufficiently agreeablement écrite, and will serve tres bien for pretty jeune ladies to play, and pour autres pretty jeune ladies to dance to. To judge par le titre-page elle est written pour some place ou autre where a patois, moitié French moitié English is spoken, and comme notre criticism is intended pour etre read par les same persons—nous have adopted le same style.”

THE WALNUT was originally in England called the Gaulnut, having been introduced from France. Herbalists used to consider the walnut efficacious in diseases of the head, because it bore what they called the *signature* of the head (i. e., a fancied resemblance), the outer green skin representing the pericranium; the shell within, the skull; and the kernel, the brain. Towards the close of the sixteenth century walnuts were found more effective than cannon balls. The town of Amiens was besieged by the Spaniards, who were then in arms to oppose the accession of Henri Quatre to the throne of France. A small number of Spanish soldiers, disguised as French peasants, with a cart laden with sacks of walnuts, came to the gate and asked permission to sell their walnuts. On the gate being opened for them, one of the sacks, which was purposely left untied, fell (as designed) from the cart, and the French guard, busying themselves in picking up the scattered walnuts, were attacked by the disguised soldiers; then a party of Spaniards, who were at hand in ambush, rushed forward, surprised and took the town.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE PATRIARCH

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

No tombstone saw they there,
No sepulchre's pallid gleam;
But a quiver went through the blue bright air,
Like a thrill of a glorious dream!
And the stately palm-trees bowed,
By old Euphrates' tide;
And the deep sky glowed, like a burning cloud,
Or a spirit glorified,
When the good old Patriarch's footsteps trod
The sapphire pavements, that lead to God!

Where was he, when the gates
Of Heaven were opened wide?
Praying alone, like one that waits,
By Tigris' sacred tide!
Or by some lonely shore,
Where the hollow echo dwells,
And sounding sea beats evermore,
Mid rocks, and strange bright shells?
Or chanting God's praises, with happy cheer,
When the songs of the angels broke on his ear?

And the gray Chaldean plains
With a golden radiance shone,
As Earth first caught the light that reigns
Beside the Eternal Throne!
Far off, and low, she heard
The flow of Life's bright stream,
And the music of strange sweet melodies
That haunt her like a dream!
And only God's angels, with solemn eye,
Saw the glorious pageant passing by!

And still the rocks frown high,
Amid the shadows, lone—
But their echoes never more reply,
To the sweet angelic tone;
And an awful mystery fills
That land of unknown graves,
And ever thrills the solemn hills
That guard Euphrates' waves!
But the word of God, through ages dim,
Reveals how Enoch went home to Him!

VERE EGERTON; OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFETIME.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE SERASKERAT.



RUE believers were thronging in and out of the great mosque of St. Sophia, pious in the consciousness of their many prostrations, rigorous in their observance of the hour of prayer. A *mollah* was shouting from one of the minarets, calling north, south, east, and west on all the faithful servants of the prophet to offer up their daily orisons; and the infidel, as we term him, responded zealously to the call. Business was drowsily nod-

ding in the bazaar; and the tradesman, sitting cross-legged on his counter, pointed feebly with his pipe towards the rich wares which his customer seemed barely to have energy to select. Slipshod Turkish ladies, accompanied by their negro damsels, were tripping slowly home from the bath, peeping at the Giaour through the thin folds of their *yashmaks* with curiosity not untempered by scorn. Pot-bellied children, pashas in miniature, holding up their garments with one hand, whilst they extended the henna-dyed fingers of the other, waddled after the stranger, now spitting at him with precocious fanaticism, now screaming out something about "Bono Johnny" and "Para," in unseemly cupidity for an alms. Dogs, gorged and sleepy, the recognised scavengers of the streets, lay coiled up in each shady corner and recess. Everything betokened somnolence and repose. The very sentry at the gate of the Seraskerat had laid his musket carefully aside, and was himself leaning against the wall in an attitude of helpless resignation and imbecility. My Turkish uniform, and his knowledge of my person as attached to the staff of Omar Pasha, served somewhat

to arouse him; but ere he was fairly under arms I was already in the inner court of the Seraskerat, and beyond reach of his challenge or his salute. What a contrast did it present to our own Horse-Guards, to which office it is a corresponding institution! Notwithstanding our boasted superiority, notwithstanding the proverbial supineness and indolence of the Sultan's officials, the comparison was hardly in favor of our London head-quarters for the hindrance of military affairs. Here was no helpless messenger, whose business it seems to be to know nothing, and who answering every question with the unfailing "I will go and inquire," disappears and is seen no more. Here was no supercilious clerk, whose duty would appear to enjoin concealment of all he does know, and an imperative necessity of throwing difficulties in everybody's way. Here was no lingering for hours in an ante-room, to obtain a five minutes' interview of authoritative disapprobation, on the one hand, and submissive disappointment on the other. On the contrary, at the foot of the stairs leading to the Seraskier's apartments were collected a posse of bustling, smart attendants, all alive and willing to assist in whatever was going on. Foreign officers, chiefly Hungarians, passed to and fro in eager conclave or thoughtful meditation. Interpreters were on the alert to solve a difficulty, and well-bred, active horses stood saddled and bridled, ready to start at a moment's notice with an order or a despatch. A knavish dragoman was jabbering bad Italian to a Jewish-looking individual, who I concluded must be a contractor; and a tall colonel of Turkish cavalry, rolling a cigarette in his brown, well-shaped fingers, stood looking on in dignified indifference, as if he understood every word of their conversation, but considered it immeasurably beneath his haughty notice.

I sent up my name by a slim-waisted young officer, a Turk of the modern school, with long hair and varnished boots, over which, however, he was forced to wear India-rubber goloshes, that on going into the presence of a superior he might pay the indispensable compliment of uncovering his feet; and almost ere I had followed him three steps upstairs he had returned, and informing me that I was expected, held aside the curtain, under which I passed into the presence of the Seraskier.

Again, how unlike the Horse-Guards! the room, though somewhat bare of furniture, was gorgeously papered, painted, and decorated, in the florid style of French art; a cut glass chandelier hung from the centre of the ceiling, and richly-framed mirrors adorned the walls. From the windows the eye travelled over the glorious Bosphorus, with its myriads of shipping, to the Asiatic shore, where beautiful Scutari, with its background of hills and cypresses, smiled down upon the waters now gleaming like a sheet of burnished gold. A low divan covered with velvet cushions and costly shawls stretched round three sides of the apartment, and on this divan were seated in solemn conclave the greatest general of the day and the Seraskier or Commander-in-chief of the Turkish army.

Some knotty point must have been under discussion before I entered, for Omar Pasha's brow was perplexed and clouded, and a dead silence, interrupted only by the bubble of the Seraskier's *narghileh*, reigned between the two. The latter motioned me courteously to seat myself by the side of my chief; an attendant brought me a spoonful of sweetmeat, a tiny cup of strong, thick coffee, and an amber-tipped chibouque adorned with priceless diamonds, and filled with tobacco such as the houris will offer to the true believer in Paradise. I knew my assistance would soon be required; for although Omar Pasha is a good Turkish scholar, few men save those to whom it is almost a mother-tongue can converse fluently for any length of time with a Turk in his own language: so I smoked in silence and waited patiently till I was wanted.

True to the custom of the country, Omar Pasha resumed the conversation in an indifferent tone, by a polite inquiry after his excellency's health, "which must have suffered from his exertions in business during the late heats."

To this his excellency replied, "that he had been bled, and derived great benefit from it; but that the sight of his highness, Omar Pasha, had done him more good than all the prescriptions of the *Hakim*."

A long silence, broken only as before; Omar Pasha, who does not smoke, waxing impatient, but keeping it down manfully.

The Seraskier at length remarked without fear of contradiction,

that "his highness was exceedingly welcome at Constantinople," and that "God is great."

Such self-evident truths scarcely furnished an opening for further comment, but Omar Pasha saw his opportunity and took advantage of it.

"Tell the Seraskier," said he to me, as being a more formal manner of acknowledging his courtesy, "that his welcome is like rain on a parched soil; that Constantinople is the paradise of the earth, but the soldier ought not to leave his post, and I must return to the army, taking with me those supplies and arrears of pay of which I stand in need."

All this I propounded in the florid hyperbole of the East.

"Assuredly," answered the Seraskier, a stout, sedate, handsome personage, who looked as if nothing could ruffle or discompose him, and was therefore the very man for the place. "Assuredly, the beard of his highness overflows with wisdom; there is but one God."

This was undeniable, but hardly conclusive; Omar Pasha came again to the attack.

"I have made a statement of my wants, and the supplies of arms, ammunition, and money, that I require. The army is brave, patient, and faithful; they are the children of the Sultan, and they look to their father to be fed and clothed. That statement has been forwarded to your excellency through the proper channels. When the children ask for bread and powder to fight the accursed 'Moscov,' what is their general to reply?"

"Bakaloun" (we shall see), answered the Seraskier perfectly unmoved. "If your highness's statement has been duly forwarded, doubtless it has reached our father the Sultan, with the blessing of God. Our father is all-powerful; may he live for a thousand years."

Omar Pasha began to lose patience.

"But have you not seen and read it yourself?" he exclaimed, with rising color; "do you not acknowledge the details? do you not know the urgency of our wants? have you not taken measures for supplying them?"

The Seraskier was driven into a corner, but his *sang-froid* did not desert him for a moment.

"I have seen the statement," said he, "and it was cleverly and fairly drawn up. The war is a great war, and it has great requirements. By the blessing of God, the armies of the faithful will raise the walls of Sebastopol, and drive 'the Moscov' into the sea. Kismet—it is destiny, praise be to Allah!"

"Before I set foot on board ship, before I leave the quay at Tophana, I must have those supplies shipped and ready to sail," urged Omar Pasha, now thoroughly roused, and showing his European energy in strong contrast to the Oriental apathy of the other; "I cannot proceed without them, I must have them by the end of the month. Orders must be sent out to-night—I will you promise me this?"

"Bakaloun" (we shall see), replied the Seraskier, and after a few unmeaning compliments the audience ended, and I accompanied my chief down stairs into the court-yard of the Seraskerat.

"And this, my dear Egerton," said he, as he mounted his horse to proceed to his own quarters, "is one of the many difficulties with which I have to contend. Nobody knows anything—nobody cares for anything—nobody does anything. If we had but a government, if we were not paralysed, why with such an army as mine I could have done much. As it is, we are worse than useless. If the men have no shoes, no powder, no bread, and I apply to the authorities, as I have done to-day, it is 'Bakaloun' (we shall see). We shall indeed see some fine morning when the troops have all deserted, or are starved to death in their tents. Every official, high and low, seems only to look out for himself; what is there for us but to follow the example? And yet what chances lost! what an army thrown away!"

"But the Allies will soon take the place," I remarked, wishing to look on the bright side of things if possible, "and then our plan of a campaign is feasible enough. We shall sweep the whole of the Crimea, and strike him such a blow in Asia as will cripple our old friend the 'Russky' for many a long day."

Omar smiled and shook his head. "Too many masters, friend Egerton," he replied; "too many masters. The strings are pulled in Paris, and London—ay, and in Vienna too. Diplomats who do not know their own business are brought

forward to teach us ours, and what is a general to do? There should be but one head to two hands. Here we have it all the other way. No, no, it is all 'Bakaloun' together, and we must make the best of it! I will send for you to-morrow if I want you."

As he rode away in his long dark overcoat and crimson fex, I looked after his manly, nervous figure, and thought to myself what a commander would that have been in any other service in the world. Had he but chanced to be born a Pole instead of a Croat, would the Danube still form a line of demarcation between the eagle and its prey? Would the Sultan be even now basking in beauty and revelling in champagne amongst the enervating delights of the Seraglio gardens? Would the balance of power in Europe be still held in equipoise? and the red flag, with its star and crescent, still flaunt over the thronging masts of the Golden Horn?

Several of my old acquaintances crowded round me ere I left the court-yard of the Seraskerat, welcoming me back to Constantinople, and eager to learn all the thrilling news of the day; every man believing every other to be better informed than himself as to all that was going on in the front. I could gratify them but little, as my duty had now for some considerable period removed me from the scene of active operations. Truth to tell, I longed ardently to be in the field once more.

Amongst others, my old comrade, Ali Mesrour, the Beloochee, touched me on the shoulder, and greeted me with the heartfelt cordiality that no Asiatic ever assumes save with a fast and well-ried friend. The last time I had seen him he was engaged with some half-dozen Cossacks on the heights above Baidar, in the most romantic portion of the Crimea. He had kept them gallantly at lance's length for more than ten minutes, and made his escape after all, wounded in two places, and leaving three of his enemies dismounted on the field. Then he was ragged, jaded, dirty, and half-starved, for we were all on short rations about that time; now I should hardly have recognised him, sleek, handsome, and debonair, dressed, moreover, with unparalleled magnificence, and carrying, as is the custom of these warriors, all his worldly wealth, in the jewelled hilt of his dagger, the mounting of his pistols, and the costly shawls that protected his head and wound about his middle. He seized my right hand, and pressed it to his heart, his eyes, and his forehead; then poured forth a volume of welcomes in the picturesque language of the East.

Could I do less than ask after the welfare of Zuleika, the gallant animal to whom I owed liberty and life?

"Allah has preserved her," replied the Beloochee, "and she is now in a stable not far from this spot. Her skin is sleek and fair; she is still my soul, and the corner of my heart."

"May she live a thousand years," was my comment; "to her and her master I am indebted for being here now. She is one of the best friends I ever had."

The Beloochee's eyes sparkled at the recollection.

"It was a favorable night"—he answered—"and destiny was on our side. The dog of a Cossack! What filth I made him devour! How he rolled in the dust, and gasped at the kisses of my sharp knife! The Effendi rode in pain and weakness, but Allah strengthened him. The Effendi can walk now as well as when he left his mother's side."

We were strolling together down one of the shady narrow streets that lead to the water's edge, for I was on my return to Pera, and the Beloochee, in his delight at meeting his old comrade, would not suffer me to proceed alone. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the scorching heat which had reigned all day was at last tempered with the breeze from the Black Sea. Oh! blessings on that breeze from the north! Without it how could we have endured the stifling atmosphere of Roumelia in the dog-days? By one of those wonderful arrangements of nature, which, after all (being accounted for on natural principles), would be far more wonderful were they not so, this welcome air began to blow every day at the same hour. I used to look for it as for the coming of a friend. If he was not with me at half-past three, he was sure not to be later than five-and-twenty minutes to four; and when he did come, I received him with bare brow and open arms. Ere we reached the bridge, the climate, from being well-nigh unbearable had become delightful, and all the inhabitants of Constantinople seemed to have turned out to drink in new life at every pore, and enjoy the un-

speakable refreshment of a lowered temperature, till the dews should fall and the sun go down.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A TURK'S HAREM.

As we neared the water's edge, my companion started and turned perfectly livid, as if laboring under some fearfully strong emotion. True to his self-command, however, he allowed no other outward sign to betray his feelings. In front of us walked a Turkish lady, closely veiled of course, and accompanied by a female negro slave. Following the Beloochee's gaze, I observed by the lady's dress and demeanor that she was of high rank, and in all probability the property of some great man, a Pasha at least. At that time a black attendant argued no inferiority on the part of the mistress as it does now. It is only since the peace of '56 that the negro woman has been at such a discount in Stamboul as to fill every corner of the streets with her lamentations, looking in vain for a purchaser, a master and a home.

The cause of this sudden fall in the value of a strong, serviceable article, which had hitherto commanded a fair and remunerative price, is to be found as usual in the enterprise of speculators, and the luxurious tendencies of an unfeeling public. The far-seeing slave-dealers who provide the Turkish market with Circassian wares had no difficulty in foretelling that the Treaty of Paris would abandon to their fate those gallant mountaineers of the Caucasus who have so long and so manfully struggled for independence from the Russian yoke, and that soon they must bid an eternal farewell to their lucrative traffic in Circassian beauty, and their judicious supply of wives for the Pashas of Constantinople. Accordingly, ere the treaty came into operation, and the government of the Czar was authorized to forbid the export of its new subjects, they proceeded to buy up, far and near, every eligible young lady of Circassian origin, and forward her as speedily as possible to the Emporium of Matrimony at Constantinople. Nor was this so hard a lot for these mountain-daisies as it may at the first sight appear. They are taught to look upon the slave-market of the Turkish capital as the arena in which they are to contend for the prizes of life—namely, comfortable quarters, luxurious baths, a house full of slaves, and a rich master. To be deprived of her season at Stamboul is a bitter disappointment to a Circassian belle. We in England cannot understand this. Our fair Anglo-Saxons broil in London through the dog-days simply and entirely for the exquisite delights of its amusements and its society. Who ever heard of an English girl going to a ball with any ulterior view but that of dancing? Who ever detected her paying her modest court to an elderly Pasha (of the Upper House) for the sake of having jewels and amber, and gilded arabas and slaves, at her disposal? Who ever knew a blooming rose of June that would have made the treasure of his life to Lazarus, and changed his gloomy dwelling to a tower of Paradise, transplanted by her own desire to the hot-houses of Dives, there to queen it for a day among all his plants and exotics, and then pine neglected and withering away? No, no, we know nothing of such doings, but the trade flourishes handsomely in the East, and consequently the spring and summer of '56 saw Constantinople literally smothered in beauty. I use the word advisedly, for an Oriental enslaver, in the language of Burns, is "a lass who has acres of charms," and a pasha purchases his wife as he does his mutton, by the pound. Now, demand and supply, like action and re-action, are "equal and contrary," nor is woman more than any other marketable commodity exempt from the immutable law: so when this invasion of beauty came pouring into Constantinople, the value even of a Circassian decreased steadily in an alarming ratio, till a damsel that, in the golden days of gallantry, would have fetched a hundred and fifty pounds sterling, was now to be bought "warranted" for five! Mark the sequel. Luxury crept in amongst the lower classes. The poor Turkish artizan, ambitioning a Circassian bride, sold his tools, his all—nay, his faithful black wives, to purchase the unheard-of blessing. The poor negro women were turned adrift into the streets. Who was to bid for them? During the worst period of the panic, black women were selling in Constantinople at a shilling a dozen.

The Beloochee gripped my arm hard. "It is Zuleika!" he whispered between his set teeth. "She has not seen me—she does not know I am here. Perhaps she has forgotten me!"

"Let us follow her," said I, for in truth I sympathised with poor Ali, and my English blood boiled at the manner in which he had been deprived of his bride.

The Beloochee loosened his dagger in its sheath, and drew the folds of his shawl tighter round his waist. "Efiendi," said he, "you are a true comrade—Bismillah! the end is yet to come."

The lady and her attendant walked provokingly slow, looking at every object of curiosity on their way, and making it exceedingly difficult for us to adapt our pace to theirs without exciting observation in the passers-by. At length they reached the water side, and summoning a calque pushed out into the Bosphorus. We were speedily embarked in another and following in their wake, our calque, or boatman, at once penetrating our intentions, and entering into the spirit of the thing with all the fondness for mischief and intrigue so characteristic of his class. As we glided along over the rippling waters we had ample time to dispose our plans, the object of which was to give the Beloochee an opportunity of communicating with his lost love, to learn, and if possible to rescue her from her fate. "Keep close to that calque," said I to our sympathising waterman, "and when we are secure from observation go up alongside." The rascal showed all his white teeth, as he grinned intelligence and approval.

So we glided down the beautiful Bosphorus, past marble palaces and glittering kiosks, till we came under the very walls of a building, more magnificent than any we had yet passed, with a wide frontage towards the water, supported on shafts as of smoothest alabaster, the closed lattices of which, with its air of carefully guarded seclusion, denoted the harem of some great dignitary of the empire, who was in the habit of retiring hither to solace himself after the labors of government and the cares of state. Through a gate of iron trellis-work, beautifully designed and wrought, we caught a glimpse of a lovely garden, rich in gorgeous hues, and sparkling with fountains murmuring soothingly on the ear, whilst from the lofty doors, securely clamped and barred, wide steps of marble reached down to the water's edge, lipped and polished by the lazy ripple of the waves.

Here we brought our bark alongside the object of our chase, but we had reckoned without our host in counting on the imperturbability of a lady's nerves, for no sooner had the Beloochee turned his face towards Zuleika, and whispered a few short syllables straight from his heart, than with a loud shriek she tossed her hands wildly above her head, and fainted dead away in the bottom of the calque.

At that instant the boat's nose touched the lower step of the palace, and the negro woman, almost as helpless as her mistress, began screaming loudly for assistance, whilst a guard of blacks, opening the huge double doors, came swarming down to the water's edge, scowling ominously at the Beloochee and myself, who with our mischievous boatman had now shoved off and remained at some distance from the shore.

There was but one thing to be done, and that quickly. "Hakim!" I shouted to the blacks, who were bearing the lifeless form of the girl up the palace steps; "I am a doctor, do you want my assistance?" and at the same time, I handed my pencil-case and the back of a letter to my comrade. Alas! he could not write, but in a hurried whisper entreated me, if possible, to communicate with Zuleika, and bear her the message which he confided to me from his old and faithful love.

By dint of threats and a kick or two, I prevailed on my friend the calque, who began to think the fun was getting too hot for him, to pull ashore; and boldly mounting the steps, I informed the chief of the harem-ground authoritatively that I was a physician, and that if the Khanum's (lady's) life was to be saved, not a moment must be lost. She was evidently a favorite wife of her lord, for her fainting fit seemed to have caused much commotion in the household, and during his absence the major-domo of the harem took upon himself, not without many misgivings and much hesitation, to admit me, a Giaour and a man, within the sacred and forbidden precincts.

The Turks have a superstitious reverence for the science of medicine, which they believe, and not without reason, to be practised by the Franks more successfully than by themselves. To my adoption of the character of a *Hakim* I owed my present immunity and my entrance into that sanctum of a Turk's house,

which it is considered indecorous even to mention in conversation with its master.

I do not lay claim to more courage than my neighbors, and I confess it was with a beating heart that I followed the helpless form of Zuleika, borne by her swarthy attendants up the palace steps, through the massive doors which swung and closed behind me, as if to shut out all chance of escape, to find myself at the top of a handsome staircase, on the very threshold of the women's apartment. What confusion my entrance created! Shrieks and jeers, and stifled laughter resounded on all sides, whilst black eyes flashed inquiring glances at the Frankish doctor; veiled, indeed, but scarcely dimmed by the transparent folds of the yash-mak, and loosely clad forms in all the colors of the rainbow, flitted hither and thither, with more demonstration of activity than the occasion seemed to warrant.

I had heard much of the discipline of these caged birds, and pictured to myself, with sympathizing pity, their isolated condition, cut off from friends and relatives, weighed down by all the fetters of wedlock, but denied the consolations of domestic happiness, and had imagined that the Turkish woman was probably the most unhappy of all the daughters of Eve. What a deal of commiseration thrown away! Perhaps no woman in the world is more completely her own mistress in her own way than is the wife of a Turkish dignitary. Habit reconciles her to the veil, which indeed is of the thinnest material, and is almost her only restriction. She can walk abroad for business or pleasure, attended by only one female slave, and with such a convoy comes and goes unquestioned. It is only of very late years that an English lady could walk through the streets of London without at least as efficient a guard. The Oriental beauty, too, has her own hours and her own apartments. Even her lord himself, he whom we picture as a turbaned Blue-beard, despotic in his own household, the terror of his wives and servants, preserves a chivalrous etiquette towards the lady that adorns his harem. He does not venture to cross the threshold of her apartment should he find her slippers placed outside. It is a signal that he is not wanted, and nothing would induce him to be guilty of such an act of rudeness as to go in. He comes at stated times, and his visits are always preceded by due notice. He lavishes handsome presents on his departure, and when he is unable to see himself in the sight of her beauty, in consequence of his other engagements, and the rest of the suns in whose rays it is his duty to bask, he provides her with caïques and arabas to take her abroad, and furnishes her with plenty of pin-money to spend in the delightful occupation of shopping.

The chief of the negro-guard looked wistfully at me as I accompanied him, rolling the whites of his eyes in evident uncertainty and perturbation. As, however, Zuleika was still senseless, it seemed absolutely necessary that I should prescribe for her before my departure, and, accordingly, he motioned me to follow the stout blacks who were carrying her into the very inner recesses of the harem.

As I passed through those luxuriously-furnished apartments, I could not refrain from casting many a curious glance around at the diverse implements and accessories of the Turkish toilette, the many devices practised here, as in all lands, by ladies to "keep them beautiful or leave them neat." Costly shawls, silks from India, muslins like the web of the gossamer, and brocades stiff and gorgeous as cloth of gold, were scattered about in unlimited profusion, mixed with amber beads, massive gold chains, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, French watches set to Turkish time, precious stones of every value and hue, sandal wood fans, and other rare knick-knacks, mixed up with the most insignificant articles one can imagine, such as card-racks, envelope-cases of papier maché, small brushes with oval mirrors at the back, and all sorts of trifles sent out from Paris and bought in Pera, to amuse those grown-up children. The rooms were lofty and spacious, but the casements, even those that overlooked the gardens, jealously closed, and the lattices almost impervious even to the cool northern breeze. Bath-rooms opened from either side of the apartments, and every appliance for that Turkish luxury was of the most complete kind. At length we reached the room appropriated to Zuleika's especial use, and as her bearers laid her on the divan, I observed that in this more than in any other apartment of the palace luxury reigned supreme. I argued Zuleika must be, at least for the present, the reigning favorite of the Seraglio.

CHAPTER XXXII.—MY PATIENT.

"With the blessing of Allah! rub the palms of her hands with saffron!"

"Allah-Allah! Allah-Allah! tickle the soles of her feet with feathers!"

"It is destiny: In the name of the Prophet, pour cold water down her back! Room for the Frankish Hakim! May dogs defile the grave of the Giaour!"

Such were the exclamations that followed me into the apartment of Zuleika; for the Moslem daughters of Eve are not exempt from the curiosity attributed by tradition to the common mother; and have, moreover, superinduced on that pardonable failing certain prejudices of their own against the Christian unbeliever, whom, even when availing themselves of his assistance, they do not scruple to curse fluently, spitting the while between their teeth with considerable energy and effect.

Pending the application of their customary remedies, which in my ignorance of fainting-fits I judged to be the professional course of treatment, the ladies of the harem crowded and hattered at the door, peering over each other's shoulders, advancing a step into the apartment, retiring in confusion with a giggle and a scream, flirting atrociously with their negro guards—men of ebony without and ice within, as indeed they had need be—and otherwise to the best of their abilities increasing the general confusion.

One alone came boldly forward to my assistance; venerable she was, but a dame whom age, though it had deprived her of the charms, had not robbed of the enchanting timidity of youth.

In her efforts to assist the sufferer she had cast her veil aside, but true to Oriental modesty she scrupulously covered her mouth (and a very black set of teeth) with her hand even while she addressed me. Authoritative in her manner, and evidently accustomed to despotic sway in this part of the establishment, I confess I sincerely pitied the Pasha to whom this energetic lady must for several years have belonged. She came close up to me, tore the yash-mak from Zuleika's face, and exclaimed in tones which admitted of no dispute,

"Bring otto of roses to anoint our dove; strip her at once from head to foot; and kick the Giaour down stairs!"

It was now time to assume a certain amount of dignified authority. I waved away the uncomprising old lady with the air of a magician dismissing his familiar; I ordered the lattice to be immediately thrown open—fortunately it looked towards the East, which was considered much to enhance the virtue of the breeze that stole through its aperture—and taking advantage of the returning animation which dawned on Zuleika's countenance, I repeated an incantation in English—if I remember right it was the negro melody of "*Oh, Susannah!*" accompanying the monotonous tones with appropriate gestures, until my patient opened her languishing black eyes, glanced heavily around her, and sitting upright on her couch announced herself completely recovered.

My popularity was now at the flood. Had I administered the simple remedies which I have since been informed are beneficial in such cases, I should, however successful, have been looked upon merely in the light of a common practitioner; but that the lady should recover to the tones of a popular air, accompanied by a deportment of ludicrous solemnity, constituted a success which stamped me at once as a proficient in the Black Art, and won for me unqualified obedience and respect, not wholly devoid of fear.

To take advantage of the happy moment, I pulled my watch from my pocket and placing my finger on the patient's wrist, bid the imperious dame aforesaid remark how the pulsations corresponded with the ticks of that instrument. This, too, was a great discovery, and the watch was handed round for examination to all the curious inmates of the harem in turn.

I then ordered the rooms to be cleared, and insisted that I should be left alone with my patient, until the minute-hand of my watch had reached the favorable hour.

* A curious custom peculiar to the sex all over the East. The veil, indeed, seems only adopted as a screen for the mouth, since the eyes are suffered to flash undimmed by its transparent folds. Should a Turkish woman be surprised by chance without her yash-mak, she immediately claps her hand to her lips, and so remains till the male stranger has passed by.

This I knew would give me five minutes' conversation with Zuleika, and as I expected the Pasha home at every instant, I could not afford more than this short space of time to give my friend the Beloochee's message, and plead his cause. The room was speedily cleared, not however without much laughing, screaming and scuffling in the passage. As soon as I was alone with Zuleika, I whispered gently in her ear not to be afraid, but to trust me, as I came from him she loved best in the world.

The girl started, and began to tremble violently; she was so pale that I dreaded another fainting fit, and the consequent destruction of my reputation as a doctor. Though an Arab, she was a woman; and at this crisis of her destiny was of course paralyzed by fear and totally incapable of acting for herself. Had her emotion mastered her once more, the golden opportunity would have been lost; there was nothing for it but to work upon her feelings, and I proceeded in a tone of indifference—

"You have forgotten him. He bids me say that 'the rose has been transplanted into a garden of purer air and cooler streams; he has seen with his own eyes that she is blooming and fragrant, and he is satisfied. He rejoices in your happiness and bids you farewell!'"

She burst into a flood of tears; her woman's heart was touched, as I hoped it would be by the sentiment I had put into her lover's mouth, and the relief thus afforded brought her composure and self-command. She came of a race, too, that never lacked courage or fortitude, and the wild desert-blood soon mantled once more in her rich soft cheek—the tameless spirit of the Bedouin soon flashed again from her large, dark eyes.

"Effendi!" she replied, in a firm though mournful voice, "my father's daughter can never forget. Bid him think no more of the rose he cherished so fondly. She has been plucked from the stem, and now she is drooping and withering away."

"But Allah suffers not the flowers to perish," I proceeded in Oriental metaphor, while she clasped her slender hands and seemed to look through me with her glittering eyes. "He sends the dews from heaven to refresh them at night. A wild bird will sing to the rose before dawn, and she will open her petals and bloom once more fresh and glistening in the morning sun. Zuleika have you completely forgotten Ali Mesrour?"

At the sound of his name a soft saddened expression stole over her eager face, large drops gathered in her drooping eyelashes, and it was with a thrilling voice that she replied, "Never! never! once more to see him—only once more to hear his voice, and so to die!—and so to die!" she repeated, looking dreamily as if into the hopeless future.

"It is destiny," was my answer. "There is but one Allah! An hour before dawn there will be a caique at the garden gate. Zuleika must contrive the rest. The risk is great, but 'the diver cannot fetch pearls without wetting his hair.' Will Zuleika promise?"

"I promise!" was all she had time to reply, for at this instant no slight commotion was heard in the household, and looking from the casement, I perceived an eight-oared caique brought alongside of the palace-steps, from which a pipe-bearer, springing rapidly ashore, followed by a more sedate personage, evidently a *kedib* or secretary, who, emerging from the shade of a white silk umbrella, hitherto held carefully over him by a third official, now labored majestically up the marble steps, pausing occasionally to draw a long breath, and looking around him the while with an air of corpulent satisfaction that no one but a Turk could imitate with the slightest prospect of success.

It was indeed the Pasha himself—the fortunate possessor of the magnificent dwelling, the owner of all these negro slaves, this gorgeous retinue, these beautiful women—and more still, the lord and master of poor Zuleika. I thought it better to meet him on the threshold than to risk his astonishment and displeasure by awaiting his entrance into the harem; accordingly I hurried down to the courtyard of his palace, and presented myself before him with a mixture of Eastern courtesy and European self-respect, such as never fails to impress a Turk with the feeling that in presence of a Frank he is himself but of an inferior order of mankind.

"Salaam Effendi!" was the observation of the proprietor, as polite and unmoved as if he had expected me all day. "You

are welcome! My house with all it contains is at your disposal!" He motioned me courteously into a large handsome apartment on the ground floor of the palace, bid me be seated, and clapping his palms together, called for pipes and coffee; then placing himself comfortably on the divan, he crossed his hands over his stomach, and repeated, "You are welcome!" after which he sat perfectly silent, nodding his head from side to side, and peering curiously at me out of his small twinkling gray eyes.

He was an enormously fat man, buttoned up of course into the usual single-breasted frock-coat, on the outside of which glittered the diamond order of the Medjidjie. His huge shapeless legs were encased in European trousers of the widest dimensions, and terminated in varnished Wellington boots, from which he had just cast off a pair of india-rubber goloshes. It was the modern Turkish custom, affected by the Sultan himself, and a dress so ill-adapted for the dog-days at Constantinople can hardly be imagined; yet every official, every dignitary, every military man, is now clad in these untoward habiliments, for which they have discarded the picturesque draperies of their ancestors; so that the fine old Turk, "shawled to the eyes, and bearded to the nose," is only to be seen in Stamboul amongst the learned professions and the inferior orders of tradesmen and mechanics. A red fez was the single characteristic article of clothing worn by the Pasha; and a more villainous expression of countenance than that which it overshadowed, it has seldom been my lot to confront. We stared at each other without speaking. It would have been ill-bred on the part of my host to ask me what I wanted, and I should have been guilty of an equal solecism in entering on my business until I had partaken of the customary refreshment.

Coffee was ere long brought in by negro slaves armed to the teeth, and of savage scowling aspect. It was served in delicate filigree cups, set with priceless diamonds. Long chibouques were then filled and lighted. As I pressed the pure amber to my lips and inhaled the fragrant aroma of the narcotic weed, I resolved to brazen it out manfully; but never, never again to find myself in such another scrape, no, not for all the warriors in Beloochestan, nor all the "Zuleikas" that ever eloped with them from the desert.

I thought I would say nothing of my visit to the harem. I judged, and rightly, that neither the ladies themselves, nor the negro-guard, whose duty it was to watch over those caged birds, would be over-anxious to communicate the breach of discipline which had just been enacted, and that, although the secret was sure to ooze out in the course of a day or two, it was needless to anticipate the turmoil and disturbance which would attend its discovery.

But what excuse to make for my ill-timed visit? How to account for my intrusion on the leisure of so great a man as Papoosh Pasha, one of the half-dozen highest dignitaries of the empire, the friend and counsellor of the Sultan himself, even then fresh from the sacred precincts of the Seraglio Palace, where he had been helping sundry other ponderous Pashas to mismanage the affairs of the country, and to throw dust in the eyes of the enervated voluptuary who held the reins of power in a sadly palsied grasp. I, too, must take a leaf out of the book of Asiatic duplicity. I had seen a shipload of wounded dropping her anchor as I came along; there must have been another attack on the stronghold at Sebastopol, I was pretty safe in surmising, with no satisfactory result. I would pretend then, that I had been sent to inform his Excellency of the particulars, and accordingly I puffed forth a volume of pure white smoke towards the ceiling, and advanced under cover of the discharge.

"His Highness has sent me higher in haste to inform your Excellency of the great news from the front. Am I too late to be the fortunate bearer, or has your Excellency already heard the particulars from the Elshie?" (the ambassador.)

He darted a keen, suspicious glance at me, and replied gravely enough, "The war goes on prosperously in the front. We shall yet sweep 'the Moscow' from the face of the earth!"

"I am desired to inform your Excellency," I resumed, determined to persevere at all hazards. "that the Allies have again attacked the place. The Moscow came out in great numbers to repel the assault; the French have suffered severely; the Turkish troops covered the retreat with great gallantry and

steadiness; fifteen hundred Russians remained dead upon the field; many more are disabled. Sebastopol must surrender within ten days."

"*Mashallah!*" replied the Pasha, laying his pipe down by his side; but for the life of me I could not make out whether or not he believed a word I had been telling him.

"Have I fulfilled my duty to your Excellency?" I continued, becoming every moment more and more anxious to make my escape. "I am at your Excellency's disposal; I am the humblest of your slaves. Have I your permission to depart?"

He looked uneasily around, but there seemed no apparent excuse for delay. It was evident to me that he wished to communicate with his retainers, but that his politeness forbade him to do so in my presence, and a Turk never allows any emergency to make him forget the exigencies of etiquette. He bade me farewell with much cordiality, ordered a horse to be got ready to carry me home, and dismissed me with many expressions of affection, but with the same fierce twinkle in that cunning leaden eye, that had already more than once warned me to beware.

Many and devoted were the Pasha's retainers; hundreds slept on his mats and followed at his heels, but I question whether I, the poor nameless Interpreter, could not command a greater amount of affection, courage, and fidelity, in the breast of my one trusty, four-footed slave and companion, than existed in the whole retinue, black and white, of the Oriental dignitary.

Bold had followed me through my wanderings, faced with me many of the dangers of warfare, and shared in all its privations. The old dog was getting very time-worn now, quite grizzled about the muzzle, and ludicrously solemn both in countenance and demeanor. To the world in general his temper was anything but conciliatory, and it required little provocation to make him set his mark on man or beast that affronted him; but with me he was always the same, obedient, devoted and affectionate. He accompanied me everywhere, and would wait for hours in the courtyards of the Seraskerat, or the Embassy, till his master emerged from the long-watched portal, when he would rise, give himself a lazy shake, and stalk on gravely by my side, occasionally thrusting his wet, cold nose into my hand, and scowling at all strangers, even of his own species, with a very ominous "*noli me tangere*" expression, that forbade the slightest approach to familiarity.

Now the dog is an unclean animal to the Mussulman, and although his life is spared, as being the authorized scavenger of the streets, the true disciple of the Prophet scrupulously shuns all contact with the brute that the Christian loves to train as a servant, and cherish as a friend. There is a curious old Arabic legend, which, although not to be found in the Koran, is recognized by the Faithful as a trustworthy tradition, and to believe in which is esteemed an essential point of doctrine by the devout, that accounts for this unkindly superstition. Freely translated, it runs much in the following fashion:

"When Allah had created the land and the sea, the mountains, the forests, the flowers, and the precious stones, he looked and behold there was beauty and silence all over the earth.

"Then Allah created the birds and the beasts and the fishes; all things that swim and creep and fly and run, and every living thing rejoiced in the sunshine.

"So Allah rested from his work in the Garden of Eden, by the Four Rivers, and looked around him, and behold the whole earth was as it were the forepart of the day.

"Then the breeze blew, and the waters laughed and rippled, and the birds sang, and the blossoms fell.

"So the angels smiled, and said, Praise be to Allah! It is very good—Allah! Bismillah!

"Then Allah saw that there were none of the inhabitants of earth could smile as the angels smiled, or walk erect and praise him with the face to heaven.

"For the steed was grazing downward, and the lion lay couched in his lair, and the eagle, though she turned her eye to the sun, had neither praise nor smile.

"Then Allah took clay and moistened it, and fashioned it till the sun went down.

"And Allah rested from his work, and left it in the Garden of Eden, by the Great Tree, where the Four Rivers spring.

"Now Gabriel walked in the garden, and he stopped where

the work of Allah lay plastic on the sward, and the star shone bright on his forehead, for he praised Allah in his heart.

"And Shaitan came to walk in the garden, to cool his brow, and he stopped over against Gabriel and mocked.

"And Shaitan said, 'What is this, that I may know it, and name it, and claim my share in it for my own?'

"And Gabriel answered, 'Praise be to Allah! who has made all things well. This is Allah's work, and it shall be the perfection of all. Bismillah!'

"Then Shaitan laughed once more, and he turned the image over with his foot, so that it stood on all-fours, with its face to the dust, and spat upon it, and said, 'It is empty! On my eyes be it!'

"And in the morning there was silence in Eden, for the work of Allah had been defiled.

"And Allah said, 'This is the doing of Shaitan. Behold I will make of it yet another brute, and it shall be called the Dog, and be accursed.

"And I will take other clay, and fashion another image that shall smile as the angels smile, and walk erect with its face to heaven, and I will call it Man.'

"And Shaitan cowered behind the Great Tree and listened to the voice of Allah, and, though he trembled, he smiled.

"For Shaitan knew that he would have his share in the Man as in the beast."

Poor Bold, unconscious of his excommunication, hurried up to me in the courtyard of the Pasha's palace, where a fine horse richly caparisoned, was being brought alongside the mounting-block for my use. In doing so the dog's tail, waving to greet his master, touched the hand of a tall forbidding-looking negro that stood by, grinning from ear to ear, as is the custom of his countrymen. The black swore a great oath, and kicked my dog savagely in the jaw. As Bold pinned him by the leg, I caught him such a buffet under the ear as knocked him fairly into the dust; from which abject position he embraced my feet and called me "his father." With some little difficulty I rated Bold off his prostrate foe, and mounting my horse, or rather the Pasha's, rode quietly to my hotel, where I dismissed the steed, and the groom who had accompanied him on foot, with a "*baksheesh*," and thought nothing more of the transaction. "A word and a blow," is as common a proceeding in Constantinople as at Donnybrook fair, though it leads to far different results, inasmuch as in the former abode of despotic authority and slavish submission, it is very generally the only argument that is capable of enforcing proper subordination and respect.

It is seldom that a man loses his temper, even under the greatest provocation, wit out having cause, sooner or later, to regret his want of self-command. There are few of our fellow-creatures so unimportant that it is not worth while to conciliate them; none that may not some time have it in their power to inflict on us an injury; besides, an angry man is only less contemptible than a frightened one. And, like everything else that is unchristianlike, it is surely ungentlemanlike to put oneself in a passion. There was not much in knocking down a negro slave for his brutality towards my favorite, yet, ere long, I had cause bitterly to rue that I had not let him alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—"MESSIRIE'S."

A narrow street, paved with the roughest and sharpest of flints, debouching into three other streets even less commodious than itself; a Turkish sentry dzing terpid at his post; half a dozen *hamauls* (porters) clad in rough frieze jackets and wide pantaloon of the same material, gathered in at the knee, scratching their brown herculean legs, and examining their broad, flat feet, as they recline against a dirty, dead wall, and interchange their jests with a degree of humor foreign to our English ideas of Turkish gravity; a rascally-looking dragoman in a black frock-coat and a fez, rolling a cigarette, prepared to cheat, rob, swindle, or lie, at the shortest notice—a slave to every sensual vice, except drunkenness, and speaking all the languages of earth in bad Italian; a brace of English jack-tars, a-fire with raki, trolling out "Cheer, boys, cheer," and a stray Zouave, equally exhilarated, joining in chorus; a T. G., or travelling gent., with nascent beard, and towel wound turban-wise around his straw-hat, wishing himself in Pall Mall, and indignant at the natives, who call him "*Johnny*."

The *real* thing from the Crimea, in a curiously worn-out shell-jacket, patched and darned, stained and tarnished, with a bronzed face, a bushy beard of two years' growth, and a slight limp that for the rest of his life will bid him "remember the fifth of November," and the turning of the tide upon the declivity of Inkermann.

Two or three English merchants, like crows, to be seen all over the world, and everywhere in the same dress, with white shirts and honest broad-cloth coats that remind one of home; a Queen's messenger, with tweed shooting-jacket, and official forage-cap, clean shaved and clear-looking, after the bad passage and gale of wind he is sure to encounter in the Mediterranean, a miracle as to *habitudes* of the place, being actually as fresh from London as yonder copy of *The Times* newspaper, which came with him by the same mail, the only unfeathered biped in creation that thoroughly carries out the idea of "Here to-day, gone to-morrow." Such are the concomitants of the scene on which I enter at the door of Messirie's hotel, that well-known rendezvous in Pera, where congregate all that have any connection with the mother country; a place where every rumor is to be heard, with its latest embellishments, and where, for the sum of seventeen francs a day I can command a moderate breakfast, a dinner, into the components of which it is better not to inquire, and a murky bedroom where the fierce mosquito shall drain my life-blood all the weary night.

"Is Major Manners in the hotel?" I inquired, as I threw myself off the Pasha's horse, and glancing at a face in the street very like that of the man I knocked down some three-quarters of an hour ago, reflect what a family resemblance reigns amongst the wretched sons of Ham. Bold is in his worst of humors, and growls ominously. "Is Major Manners here?" I repeat, and three Greek servants, with an abortive attempt to pronounce the Frankish name, shrug their shoulders and open their hands to express the hopeless imbecility in which they rejoice. I perceive a stout man in a white hat, picking his teeth unconcernedly in the passage, and, recognising him for the master, I apply at once for the information I require. He looks contemptuously at me in reply, and turning his broad back upon me, walks off without deigning to take any further notice of a customer; but I have been here before, and I know there is balm in Gilead. I know that in a certain little room on the left I shall find the hostess, and that she, the mainstay and prop of the establishment, will spare no pains to assist a countryman. Kindly Madame Messirie! always ready to aid one in a difficulty, always busy, always good-humored, always so thoroughly English, it was quite refreshing to hear the tones of your homely voice and fancy oneself in the "White Lion," or the "Blue Bear," or some other pleasant hostelry with post-horses and a bar, and an ostler's bell, far away in merry England.

"Vere Egerton! can that be you?" said a voice that I thought I recognized, as I entered the *sanctum* in which the hostess reigned supreme. "Little Egerton, as I'm alive, grewed out of knowledge, and doubtless by this time a Pasha with three tails, and a true Believer. Tell me all about the process of conversion and the tenets of your faith."

It was indeed Ropsley—Ropsley the Guardsman—Ropsley the dandy, but how altered! The attenuated *roué* of former days had grown large and muscular, his face was brown and healthy, his forehead frank and open, the clear gray eye was brighter and quicker than it used to be; it had caught the ready, eager glance of those who look death habitually in the face, but had lost much of the cruel, calculating, leaden expression I remembered so well. Despite his worn-out uniform, the rents in which showed here and there a red flannel shirt—despite his close-cropped hair and flowing beard—I could not but confess to myself, as I grasped his hand, that Ropsley looked ten years younger and ten times handsomer than when I saw him last.

Yes, I met him cordially, and as an old friend. 'Tis true he had been my greatest enemy, 'tis true he had inflicted on me a wound, the scar of which I felt I should carry to my grave; but months had passed away since then; months, which, crowding events upon events, had seemed like years; months of danger, labor, hardship and tribulation. Of what avail is suffering if it does not soften and purify the heart? Why are those that mourn blessed, if it is not that they learn the bitter lesson grief alone can teach? My task had been a hard one—

how hard none knew save the poor humbled scholar who conned it day by day, and blistered the page with his tears; but I had conquered it at last, and so I freely forgave Ropsley, and clasped him by the hand.

"You dine here, of course," he said in his old, half-humorous, half-sarcastic voice. "Madame Messirie, princess of Pera, and queen of my soul, order a place to be set for my friend the Pasha, and lots of champagne to be put in ice. I have only just come down from the front; I have scarcely had a decent dinner or seen a silver fork for a year and a half. It's an endless business this, Egerton; hammer, hammer, hammer, yet nothing comes of it, and the old place looks whiter and more inviting than ever, but we can't get in!"

"And the Mamelon?" said I, eager for the last news from the spot to which millions of hearts were reaching, all athirst for hope.

"Got it at last," was his reply, "at least our neighbors have; I hope they'll keep it. We made a sad mess last week, Egerton; lost no end of men, and half our best officers. Whew! I say nothing, but mark my words, if ever—but there's the bell! Never mind the siege now. War's a mistake, but dinner (if you can get it) never deceives you." And so saying, the *célebré* dandy patted me on the back and pushed me before him into the well-lighted and now crowded *salon*.

In that strange country, so thoroughly Asiatic, which we call Turkey in Europe, there were so few links to connect us with the life of civilization which seemed to have passed from us like a dream, that it was no wonder we clung to Messirie's hotel and thronged its *table d'hôte* with a constancy and devotion less to be attributed to its own intrinsic merits than to the associations and reminiscences it called forth. Here were to be met all the gallant fellows who were going to, or coming from, the front. Heroes, whose names were destined to gild the page of history, might here be seen drinking bad tea, and complaining of the butter like ordinary mortals; but always in the highest spirits, as men seem invariably to be during the short lulls of a campaign. When you are likely to be shot next Monday week, if you have small hopes, you have few anxieties. Here, too, you might sit opposite a diplomatist, who was supposed to know the innermost secrets of the Court at Vienna, and to be advised of what "the Austrians meant to do," whilst rubbing shoulders with you as he helped himself to fish, and confronting the man of ciphers, some heroic refugee, Pole, Croat, or Hungarian, whose name was in every journal of Europe, as it was inscribed on every military post in Austria or Russia, launched away with a capital appetite, and appeared only conspicuous for the extreme modesty and gentleness of his demeanor. Contractors of every nation jabbered in every language; nor was the supple Armenian, grafting the bold spirit of European speculation on his own Oriental duplicity, wanting to grasp his share of the plunder which John Bull was so magnanimously offering as a premium to every description of fraud. Even the softer sex was not without its representatives. Two or three high-born English ladies, whose loving hearts had brought them hovering as near the seat of war as it was possible for a non-combatant to venture, daily shed the light of their presence at the dinner-table, and were silently welcomed by many a bold spirit with a degree of chivalrous enthusiasm, of which, anxious and pre-occupied, they were little aware. A man must have been living for months among *men*, must have felt his nature gradually *brutalizing* amidst the hardships, the sufferings and the horrors of war, thoroughly to appreciate the softening influence of a woman's, and especially of a *countrywoman's* society. Even to look on those waving white dresses, those gentle English faces, with their blooming cheeks and rich brown hair, was like a draught of water to a pilgrim in a weary land. It reminded us of home—of those we loved—and we went our way back into the desert a thought saddened perhaps, yet, for all that, kindlier and happier men.

"What a meeting?" exclaimed Manners, as, gorgeously arrayed in the splendors of a full-dress uniform, he took his seat by my side and shook hands with Ropsley, who returned his greeting with a cordial pressure and a look of quiet amusement in his eye that almost upset my gravity: "Everdon at Constantinople!" continued our former usher: "we only want De Rohan to make our gathering quite perfect!"

I winced, and for the first time in my life I saw Ropsley color,

but Manners was too much occupied to notice the emotion of either of us; for, during his many visits to Constantinople, the dashing officer of Bashi-Bazouks had made such numerous acquaintances, and became so necessary an ingredient in the society of Pera, that there seemed to be hardly an individual at table, from an *attaché* of the embassy down to the last-joined officer of the Commissariat, with whom he was not on terms of intimate familiarity. He had scarcely taken his seat and unfolded his dinner-napkin, ere the cross fire of greetings and inquiries began. Manners, too, in the sunshine of all this popularity, had expanded into a wag; and although his witticisms were of a somewhat profound order, and not always very apparent to the superficial observer, they were generally well received; for a wag was a scarcer article in Constantinople than at the front.

So Manners proceeds with his dinner in great satisfaction and glory. After a couple of glasses of champagne, he becomes overpoweringly brilliant. He is good enough too, to take upon himself the onerous task of drilling the waiters, which he affects in bad French, and of abusing the deficiencies of the *cuisine*; a topic affording indeed ample scope for declamation. The waiters, especially a cunning old Greek, with a most villainous expression of countenance, betray an immense respect for Manners, tinged with an amused sort of amazement, and always help him first.

They bring him a dish of hare, large of limb and venerable in point of years. Our Bashi-Bazouk exclaims indignantly, "*Qu'est que ça ?*"

"*C'est un lièvre, M'sieur,*" replies the waiter, with a forced smile, as of one who expects a jest he will not comprehend.

"*C'est un chat !*" gasps out Manners, glaring indignantly on the official.

"*Pardon, M'sieur,*" says the waiter, "*c'est trop gros pour un chat.*"

"*Chat,*" repeats Manners; "*Chat Thomas !*" he adds, in a sepulchral voice, and with a frowning brow. The waiter shrinks abashed, the company laugh, and Manners' observation counts for a joke.

By this time conversation begins to buzz pretty freely around. Everybody drinks champagne, and tongues soon become loosened by the exhilarating fluid. Various topics are discussed, including a new beauty that has just arrived from Smyrna, of French extraction, and supposed to possess a fortune that sounds perfectly fabulous when calculated in *francs*. Manners listens attentively, for he has not totally abandoned the idea of combining the excitement of war with the pursuit of beauty—properly gilded, of course—and his maxim is that "None but the brave deserve the fair." Her praises, however, as also her name and address, are intercepted by the voluble comments of two stout gentlemen, his neighbors, on the utter incapacity of the Turkish Government, and the hopeless imbecility of "the people of this unhappy country, sir—a people without a notion of progress—destined to decay, sir, from the face of the earth," as the stouter of the two, a British merchant, who is about investing in land here, remarks to his neighbor, a jovial Frenchman, who has already bought many a fertile acre in the neighborhood of Constantinople, under the new Hatti-Sheriff; and who replies, fixing his napkin securely in his button-hole:

"*Pourri, voyez-vous, mon cher. C'est ça ne durera pas trois ans.*"

Opposite these worthies, an ensign in the Guards, and the Queen's messenger, who is of a theatrical turn, are busy with the character, private as well as professional, of a certain star of the opera, whom the latter has already criticised in the execution of his duty at Vienna, and an ardent desire to hear whom haunts the former enthusiast to such a degree, even in the very trenches, that he longs to attack and take Sebastopol single-handed, in order to get home again before she leaves London for the winter. The Turkish Ministry, changing as it does about once a week; the policy of Austria; the Emperor Napoleon's energy; the inefficiency of our own Commissariat; the ludicrous blunders of the War-Office, and the last retort courteous of Lord Stratford, all come in for their share of remark from prejudiced observer of every party and every opinion; but by degrees one voice rises louder than the rest, one individual attracts the notice of the whole dinner-table, and nowise abashed, but rather encouraged by the attention he commands, details

volubly his own account of the capture of the Mamelon. He is a Frenchman and a civilian, but somehow he has a red ribbon on his breast, and belongs to the Legion of Honor, so he "assisted," as he calls it, at the attack; and if he speaks truth, it must indeed have been an awful sight, and one in which his countrymen outdid themselves for valor, and that quality peculiar to the soldiers of France, which they term *élan*, a word it is hopeless to think of translating. His opinions are decided, if not satisfactory; his plan of storming the place an excellent one, if it could only be carried out.

"We have taken the Mamelon!" says he, "and what remains? Bah! The Malakoff tower is the key to the whole position. What would you have? Every simple soldier in the army knows it as well as you and I do. I tell you I 'assisted' at the capture of the *Mamelon Vert*. They received us with a fire, well sustained, of grape and small arms. Our ammunition failed us at this critical moment. I was in the ditch—*me !*—when the Zouaves came on with their yell—the 152d of the line were in front of them. It must be carried with the bayonet! *Pflan !*—our little red pantaloons were swarming up the work and over the parapet ere you could count ten—the tricolor was hoisted and the guns spiked in a twinkling—that is the only way to arrange these affairs. Now, see here—you have your Redan, you others—you have sapped up to it as near as you can get. There must be a combined attack. You cannot hold it till we have silenced that little rogue of a Malakoff. What to do? One of these 'four mornings,' as it was with the Mamelon so will it be with the Malakoff! Give me a thick column, with the Zouaves in front and rear. These are not follies. I advance my column under cover—I pour in a volley!—I rush on with the bayonet! At the same moment the Redan falls. Your Guards and Scotchmen run in with their heads, a thousand cannon support you with their fire, the Allies hold the two most important defences, the Garden Batteries are silenced. *Chut !* the place is ours! France and England are looking on. I do not say that this will be done; but this is how it ought to be done. If your generals are fools, what is that to me? I am not a general—I!—but a simple civilian! Waiter, a cigar! *Qui vive, verra.*"

It is all *pipe-clay*, as the soldiers call it, now. The one engrossing topic silences every other. Alma, Inkermann, Lord Raglan's flank march, and the earlier incidents of the siege, are related by the very men who took an active share in those deeds of glory. Two cavalry officers, both wounded on the fatal day, recapitulate once more the *pros* and *cons* of the immortal charge at Balaklava—a question that has been vexed and argued till the very actors themselves in that most brilliant of disasters scarcely know how they got in, and still less how they ever got out. Though struck down by the same shell, and within ten yards of one another, each takes a diametrically opposite view of the whole transaction from his comrade. They differ materially as to time, position, pace and results; above all as to the merits of the leader whose wreath of laurels faded as undeservedly as it bloomed prematurely.

"I was close behind him in the whole way," says the one; "I never saw a fellow so cool in my life, or so well 'got up.' He regulated every stride of that good chestnut horse like clock-work. When we came into fire, our line was dressed as if on parade. I know it by my own squadron. Will you tell me that man lost his head?"

"But where was he after we rode through the guns?" replies the other. "Answer me that! I grant you he took us in like a brick. But why didn't he bring us out? I never saw him after I was hit, and I must have seen him if he had rallied the first line, and been in his proper place to look out for his support. You were close to me, old fellow! I never knew before that bob-tailed Irish horse of yours could gallop a mile and a half. You were sickish, my boy, for I saw your face; but your eyesight was unimpaired. Tell me, did you see him, and what was he doing?"

"I did, I'll swear!" answers the partisan, as fine a specimen of a young hussar as ever drew a sword. "And I'll tell you what he was doing. Mind, I don't say it because I like him, for I don't. Confound him! he put me under arrest once in Dublin, and I believe it was only because my boots weren't well blacked. But I saw him with my own eyes, striking at three Cossacks who were prodding him with their long lances; and if poor old

Champion had not dropped under me at that moment, I'd have gone in and had a shy to help him, if I lost my stick. No, no! he's game as a pebble, let them say as they will; and if it wasn't for the cursed papers, he'd have had all the credit he deserves. It was the quickest thing I ever rode to, my boy," adds the young one, rather flushed, and drinking off his champagne at a gulp in his excitement. "He had a *lead*, and he kept it right well, and I won't hear him run down."

"I don't care," replies his friend. "I maintain it's a general's duty to know everything that's going on. I maintain he ought to have stood still and looked about him (to be sure, we couldn't see much in that smoke); ay! and if necessary, waited there for the Heavies to come up. Now I'll prove it to you in five minutes, if you'll only listen, you obstinate young beggar! Do you remember, just before we were both hit, your saying to me, 'What a go this is?' and my answering, 'Whatever we do, we must keep the men together, but half my horses are blown.' Do you remember that?"

"I admit nothing," answers the young man, laughing, "but I do remember that. It was just before we saw that strong body of Russian cavalry in rear of the guns, and I don't make out now why they weren't down upon us."

"Never mind that," pursues his opponent. "They behaved very steadily, and retired in good order; but you remember the circumstance. Well, he was then about six horses' lengths from us on our right."

"On our left," interposes the younger man—"on our left; for I remember poor Blades was knocked over between me and him."

"On our right," persists the other. "I am certain of it, my dear fellow, for I remarked at the time——"

"I am positive he was on our left! I remember it as well as if it was yesterday."

"I could take my oath he was on our right; for I recollect seeing his sabre-tasche swinging."

"Left," says one, "Right," says the other; and they never advance one step farther in the discussion, which will be prolonged far into the night, to the consumption of much brandy and water, together with countless cigars, but with no further result.

If no two men see any one action of common life in the same light, how hopeless must it be to endeavor to get at the true statement of an event which takes place in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, all excited, all in peril of their lives, all enveloped in the dense smoke of a hundred guns, all maddening with the fierce, blood-stirring turmoil of such a deed of arms as the death-ride at Balaklava.

The instant dinner is finished, and coffee served, cigars are lit. It is a signal for the ladies to retire, and our handsome countrywomen sail out of the room, with that stately walk that none but an English lady ever succeeds in effecting. Many a glance follows them as they disappear; many a stout heart tightens under its scarlet covering, to think of the ideal at home—her gloves, her dress, her fragrant hair, her graceful gestures, and the gentle smile that may never gladden him again. Men are strange mixtures! the roughest and the coldest exteriors sometimes hide the most sensitive feelings; and when I hear a man professing audacious libertinism, and a supreme contempt for women, I always mistrust the bravado that is but a covering for his weakness, and set him down at once as a puppet, that a pair of white hands—if one only knew where to find them—can turn and twist and set aside at will.

Ropsley was much softer in his manner than he used to be. Had he too experienced the common fate? Was the dandy Guardsman no longer impervious, *nulli penetrabilis astro*? Painful as was the subject, he talked much of the De Rohans. He had seen Constance married; he had heard repeatedly from Victor during the past year; and though he evidently knew my hopes and their disappointment, by the tenderness with which he handled the subject, he could not resist enlarging on the topic, and talking to me of that family, in which I could never cease to take the warmest interest. I winced, and yet I listened, for I longed to know and hear of her even now. I would have lain quietly on the rack only to be told of her welfare. It was painful too. Perhaps there is no moment at which the heart feels so empty—at which the hopelessness of a loss is so completely realized, as when we hear the idol of our lives talked of

in a matter-of-course way, as being totally unconnected with, and independent of, ourselves.

I remarked that, of his own accord, Ropsley never mentioned Valérie. To an inquiry of mine as to the welfare of my kind and handsome nurse, he gave, I thought, rather an abrupt reply; and turning suddenly round to Manners, asked him if "there was nothing to be done in the evening in this stupid place?" To which our gallant Bashi-Bazouk, who considered himself responsible for our amusement, answered delightedly, "No opera yet, Ropsley, though we shall have one in six weeks; no evening parties either, except a few among the French inhabitants—delightful people, you know, and *very* select. I am invited to-night to a little music not far from here. I could take you both, if you like, with me. As friends of mine you would be most welcome. You speak French, Ropsley, if I remember right?"

"A little," replied the latter, much amused, "but not with your accent;" which, indeed, was true enough; for he had lived a good deal at Paris, and knew Chantilly as well as Newmarket. "Am I well enough dressed, though, for your fastidious friends?" he added, glancing, not without a gleam of inward satisfaction from his own war-worn, threadbare uniform, to Manners' brilliant and somewhat startling costume.

"Couldn't be better!" replied the latter; "looks workman-like, and all that. This time next year I only hope mine will be half as good. Meanwhile, come along, you and Egerton; never mind your cigars, they all smoke here."

"What! ladies and all, at these *select* parties?" laughed Ropsley. "I thought we were going amongst a lot of duchesses; but I hope they don't drink as well?"

"Custom of the country, my dear sir," replied Manners, gravely; "only cigarettes, of course. If a young lady offers to roll you one, don't refuse it. These little things are matters of etiquette, and it is as well to know beforehand." So, drilling us on in the proper behaviour to be observed at a Pera party, our cicerone swaggered out into the night air, clanking his spurs and rattling his sabre with a degree of jingling vigor which seemed to afford him unlimited satisfaction. It was rather good to see Ropsley of the Guards—the man who had the *entrée* to all the best houses in London, the arbiter of White's, the quoted of diners-out, the favorite of fine ladies—listening with an air of the greatest attention to our former usher's lectures on the proper deportment to be assumed in the company to which he was taking us, and thanking him with the utmost gravity for his judicious hints and kind introduction to the *élite* of Pera society.

"Go home, Bold, go home." The old dog *would* accompany me out of the hotel, *would* persist in following close at my heel along the narrow street. Not a soul but our three selves seemed to be wandering about this beautiful starlight night. The Turkish sentry was sound asleep on his post; a dark figure, probably some houseless *hamoul*, crouched near the sentry-box. Savage Bold wanted to fly at it as he passed.

"How cantankerous the old dog grows," remarked Ropsley, as Bold stalked behind us, ears erect, and bristling all over with defiance. Ere we were fifty yards from the hotel he stopped short and barked loudly; a footstep was rapidly approaching up the street. Murders and robberies were at this time so frequent in Constantinople, that every passenger was an object of mistrust in the dark. We, however, were three strong men, all armed, and had nothing to fear. Bold, too, seemed to recognise the step. In another moment the Beloochee overtakes us, and with even a more imperturbable air than usual, salutes me gravely, and whispers a few words in my ear. On my reply he places my hand against his forehead, and says, "The brothers of the sword are brothers indeed. Effendi, you know Ali Mesrour, the son of Abdul. From henceforth my life is at the disposal of my Frankish brother!"

A hurried consultation between the three Englishmen succeeds. Manners makes a great virtue of sacrificing sundry waltzes on which he seems to have set his heart, and is pathetic about the disappointment his absence will too surely inflict on Josephine, and Philippine, and Seraphino, but is amazingly keen and full of spirits notwithstanding. Ropsley, no longer the unimpressionable, apathetic dandy, whom nothing can excite or amuse, enters with zest into our projects, and betrays a depth of feeling—nay a touch of romance—of which I had be-

lieved him incapable. Bold is ordered peremptorily to "go home," and obeys, though most unwillingly, stopping some twenty paces off, and growling furiously in the darkness. Two and two we thread the narrow streets that lead down to the water's edge. The Beloochee is very silent, as is his wont, but ever and anon draws his shawl tighter round his waist, and loosens his dagger in its sheath. It is evident that he means real business. Manners and Ropsley chat and laugh like boys out of school. The latter never seemed half so boyish as now; the former will be a boy all his life—so much the better for him. At the bridge Ali gives a low shrill whistle. It reminds me of the night we escaped from the Cossacks in Wallachia; but the good mare this time is safe in her stable, and little thinks of the errand on which her master is bound. The whistle is answered from the water, and a double-oared catque, with its white-robed watermen, looms through the darkness to take us on board. As we glide silently up the Bosphorus, listening to the unearthly chorus of the baying wild dogs answering each other from Pera to Stamboul, Manners produces a revolver from his breast-pocket, and passing his finger along the barrel shining in the starlight, observes, "Four of us, and six here, make ten. If the gate is only unlocked, we can carry the place by storm."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"THE WOLF AND THE LAMB."

PAPPOOSH PASHA is taking his *hiel* (repose) in his harem. Two softly shaded lamps, burning perfumed oil, shed a voluptuous light over the apartment. Rich carpets from the looms of Persia are spread upon the floor; costly shawls from Northern India fall in graceful folds over the low divan on which he reclines. Jewel-hilted sabres, silver-sheathed daggers, and fire-arms inlaid with gold, glitter above his head, disposed tastefully against the walls, and marking the warlike character of the owner; for Papoosh Pasha, cruel, sensual, and corrupt to the very marrow, is nevertheless as brave as a lion.

Two *nautch-girls* belonging to his seraglio have been dancing their voluptuous measure for his gratification. As they stand now, unveiled, putting and glowing with their exertions, the rich Eastern blood crimsoning their soft cheeks, and coursing wildly through their shapely, pliant limbs, the old man's face assumes a placid expression of sleepy content only belied by the gleam in that wicked eye, and he is good enough to wave his amber-tipped pipe-stick in token of dismissal, and to express his approbation by the single word, "*Peli*" (very well). The girls prostrate themselves before their lord, their silver armlets and anklets ringing as they touch the floor, and bounding away like two young antelopes, flit from the presence, apparently not unwilling to escape so easily. Papoosh Pasha is left alone with the favorite; but the favorite looks restless and pre-occupied, and glances ever and anon towards the casement which opens out into the garden of the seraglio, now beginning to glisten in the light of the rising moon, and breathing the odors of a thousand flowers, heavy and fragrant with the dews of night. This part of the harem is on the ground floor, and is a retreat much affected by his highness for the facility with which the breeze steals into it from the Bosphorus.

Zuleika is dressed in all the magnificence of her richest Oriental costume. Her tiny feet, arched in true Arabian symmetry, are bare to the ankle, where her voluminous muslin trousers are gathered in by a bracelet, or more correctly an anklet, set with rubies and emeralds. A string of beads of the purest lemon-colored amber marks the outline of her slender waist, and terminates a short, close-fitting jacket of pink satin, embroidered with seed-pearls, open at the bosom, and with long sleeves fringed by lace of European manufacture. This again is covered by a large loose mantle of green silk, carelessly thrown over the whole figure. Zuleika has not forgotten that she is lineally descended from the Prophet, and wears his color accordingly. Her hands, in compliance with Eastern custom, are dyed with *henna*, but even this horrid practice cannot disguise the shapely symmetry of her taper fingers; and although the hair is cut short on her left temple, the long raven locks from the other side are gathered and plaited into a lustrous diadem around her brows. She had pencilled her lower eyelashes with some dark substance that enhances their natural beauty, but even this effort of the toilette has not succeeded in imparting the languishing expression which a Turkish beauty

deems so irresistible. No; the gleam in Zuleika's eye is more that of some wild animal, caught but not tamed, glancing eagerly around for a chance to escape, and ready to tear the hand that would caress it and endeavor to reconcile it to its fetters.

She does not look as though she loved you, Papoosh Pasha, when you order her to your feet, and stroke her hair with your fat hand, and gloat on that mournful eager face with your little twinkling eye. Better be a bachelor, Papoosh Pasha, and confine yourself to the solace of coffee and pipes, and busy your cunning intellect with those puzzling European politics, and look after the interests of your dissipated master the Sultan, than take a wild bird to your bosom that will never know you or care for you, or cease to pine and fret, and beat her breast against the bars of the cage in which you have shut her up.

The old man sinks back upon his cushions with a sigh of corporeal contentment. His fat person is enveloped in a flowing shawl-gown, which admits of his breathing far more freely than does that miserable tight frock-coat he wore all day. He has gorged himself with an enormous meal, chiefly composed of fat substances, vegetables and sweetmeats. He has had his tiny measure of hot strong coffee, and is puffing forth volumes of smoke from a long cherry-stick pipe. He bids Zuleika kneel at his feet and sing him to his rest. The girl glances eagerly towards the window, and seems to listen; she dare not move at once to the casement and look out, for her lord is mistrustful and suspicious, and woe to her if she excites his jealousy to such a pitch that she cannot lull it to sleep again. She would give him an opiate if she dared, or something stronger still, that should settle all accounts; but there is a dark story in the harem of a former favorite—a Circassian—who tried to strike the same path for freedom, and failed in the attempt. She has long slept peacefully some forty fathoms deep in the sparkling Bosphorus, and the catques that take her former comrades to the Sweet Waters, glide along over her head without disturbing her repose. Since then, when Papoosh Pasha drinks in the women's apartment, he has the gallantry to insist on a lady pledging him first before he puts his own fat lips to the bowl.

"Come hither, Zuleika, little dove," says the old man, drawing her towards him; "light of my eyes and pearl of my heart, come hither, that I may lay my head on your bosom, and sleep to the soft murmurings of thy gentle voice."

The girl obeys, but glances once more uneasily towards the window, and takes her place with compressed lips, and cheeks as pale as death. A long Albanian dagger, the spoil of some lawless chief, hangs temptingly within arm's length. Another such caress as that, Papoosh Pasha, and who shall insure you that she does not bury it in your heart!

But a more feminine weapon is in her hand—a three-stringed lute or gittern, incapable of producing much harmony, but nevertheless affording a plaintive and not inappropriate accompaniment to the measured chant with which the reigning Odalisque lulls her master to his rest. The tones of her voice are very wild and sad. Ever and anon she stops in her music and listens to the breathing of the Pasha; so surely he opens his eyes, and raising his head from her lap bids her go on—not angrily nor petulantly, but with a quiet overbearing malice that irritates the free spirit of the girl to the quick. She strikes the gittern with no unskilful hand; and although her voice is mournful, it is sweet and musical as she sings; but the glance of her eye denotes mischief, and I had rather sleeping over a powder magazine with my lighted *chibouque* in my mouth, than pillow my head, as you are doing, Papoosh Pasha, on the lap of a woman maddened by tyranny and imprisonment—her whole being filled with but two feelings—Love stronger than death; Hatred fiercer than hell. And this is the caged bird's song:

Down in the valley where the Sweet-Waters meet—where the Sweet-Waters meet under the chestnut trees.—

There Hamed had a garden; and the wild bird sang to the Rose.

In the garden were many flowers, and the pomegranate grew in the midst. Fair and stately she grew, and the fruit from her branches dropped like dew upon the sward.

And Hamed watered the tree and pruned her, and lay down in the cool freshness of her shade.

Beautiful was the pomegranate, yet the wild bird sang to the Rose.

The Lily bent low to the earth, and drooped for the very shame, because the breeze courted the Lily and kissed her as he swept by to meet the Sweet-Waters under the chestnut trees.

For the Lily was the fairest of flowers; yet the wild bird sang to the Rose. Then there came a blast from the desert, and the garden of Hamed was scorched and withered up;

And the pomegranate sickened and died; and Hamed cut her down by the roots, and sowed corn over the place of her shade.

And the breeze swept on, and stayed not, though the Lily lay trampled into the earth.

Every flower sickened and died; yet still the wild bird sang to the Rose.

In the dawn of early morning, when the sky is green with longing, and the day is at hand,

When the winds are hushed, and the waters sleep smiling, and the stars are dim in the sky;

When she pines for his coming, and spreads her petals to meet him, and droops to hear his note;

When the garden gate is open, and the watchers are asleep, and the last, last hope is dying,—will the wild bird come to the Rose?

The concluding lines she sang in a marked voice there was no mistaking, and I doubt if they did not thrill to the heart's core of more than one listener.

The moon had now fairly risen, and silvered the trees and shrubs in the harem garden with her light, leaving, however, dense masses of shade athwart the smooth lawn and under the walls of the building. Cypress and cedar quivered in her beams. Not a breath of air stirred the feathery leaves of the tall acacia, with its glistening stem; and the swelling ripple of the Bosphorus plashed drowsily against the marble steps. All was peace and silence and repose. Far enough off to elude observation, yet within hail, lay our caïque, poised buoyantly on the waters, and cutting with its dark outline right athwart a glittering pathway as of molten gold. Close under the harem window, concealed by the thick foliage of a broad-leaved creeper Ali Mesrou and myself crouched, silent and anxious, scarce daring to breathe, counting with sickening eagerness the precious moments that were fleeting by, so tedious yet so soon past. Twenty paces further off, under a dark group of cypresses, lay Ropsley and Manners ready for action, the latter with his hand in his bosom caressing the trusty revolver by which he set such store.

Everything had as yet gone off prosperously. We had landed noiselessly and unobserved. The garden gate, thanks to woman's foresight and woman's cunning, had been left open. The sentry on guard, like all Turkish sentries when not before an enemy, had lain down, enveloped in his great coat, with his musket by his side, and was snoring as only a true son of Osman can snore after a bellyful of *pilaff*. If his lord would but follow his example, it might be done; yet never was old man so restless, so ill at ease, so wakefully disposed, as seemed Papoosh Pasha.

We could see right into the apartment, and the rich soft lamplight brought out in full relief the faces and figures of its two occupants. Zuleika sat with her feet gathered under her on the divan; one hand still held the lute; the other was unwillingly consigned to the caresses of her lord. The old man's head reclined against her bosom; his parted lips betokened rest and enjoyment; his eyes were half closed, yet there was a gleam of vigilant malice upon his features that denoted anything but sleep. The poor girl's face alternated from a scowl of withering hatred to a plaintive expression of heart-broken disappointment. Doubtless she was thinking "the last, last hope is dying, and the wild bird is not coming to the rose."

Ali Mesrou gazed on her he loved. If ever there was a trying situation, it was his—to see her even now in the very embrace of his enemy—so near, yet so apart. Few men could have enough preserved their self-command not to betray, even by the workings of the countenance, what a storm of feelings must be wasting the heart; yet the Beloochee moved not a muscle; his profile, turned towards me, was calm and grim as that of a statue. Once only the right hand crept stealthily towards his dagger, but the next moment he was again as still as death. The Pasha whispered something in the girl's ear, and a gleam of wild delight sparkled on her face as she listened. She rose cheerfully, left the room with a rapid, springing step, and returned, almost immediately, with a flask under her arm and a huge goblet set with precious stones in her hand. Papoosh Pasha, true believer and faithful servant of the Prophet, it needs not the aid of a metal-covered cork, secured with wire, to en-

able us to guess at the contents of that Frankish flask. No sherbet of roses is poured into your brimming goblet—no harmless, unfermented liquid, flavored with cinnamon or other lawful condiment; but the creaming flood of amber-colored champagne whirls up to the very margin, and the Pasha's eye brightens with satisfaction as he stretches forth his hand to grasp its taper stem. Cunning and careful, though, even in his debauches, he proffers the cup to Zuleika ere he tastes.

"Drink, my child," says the old hypocrite, "drink of the liquid such as the houris are keeping in Paradise for the souls of the true believers; drink and fear not—it is lawful. *Allah Kerim!*"

Zuleika wets her lips on the edge, and hands the cup to her lord, who drains it to the dregs, and sets it down with a sigh of intense satisfaction.

"It is lawful," he continues, wiping his moustaches. "It is not forbidden by the blessed Prophet. Wine, indeed, is prohibited to the true believer, but the Prophet knew not the flavor of champagne, and had he tasted it he would have enjoined his servants to drink it four times a-day. Fill again, Zuleika, oh my soul! Fill again! There is but one Allah!"

The girl needs no second bidding; and once and again the Pasha drains the tempting draught; and now the little twinkling eye dims, the cherry stick falls from the opening fingers, the Pasha's head sinks upon Zuleika's bosom, and at last he is fast asleep. Gently, tenderly, like a mother soothing her child, she hushes him to his rest. Stealthily, slowly she transfers his head from her own breast to the embroidered cushions. Dexterously, noiselessly, she extricates herself from his embrace. A low whistle, scarcely perceptible, reaches her ear from the garden, and calls the blood into her cheek; and yet, a very woman even now, she turns to take one last look at him whom she is leaving for ever. A cool air steals in from the window, and plays upon the sleeper's open neck and throat. She draws a shawl carefully, nay, caressingly, around him. Brute, tyrant, enemy though he is, yet there have been moments when he was kindly and indulgent towards her, for she was his favorite; and she will not leave him in anger at the last. Fatal delay! mistaken tenderness! true woman! always influenced by her feelings at the wrong time! What did that moment's weakness cost us all? She had crossed the room—we were ready to receive her—her foot was on the very window-sill; another moment and she would have been in Ali's arms, when a footstep was heard rapidly approaching up the street, a black figure came bounding over the garden wall, closely followed by a large English retriever, and shouting an alarm wildly at the top of his voice. As the confused sentry fired off his musket in the air; as the Pasha's guards and retainers woke and sprang to their arms; as the Beloochee glared wildly around him; as Ropsley, no longer uninteresting, swore volubly in English, and Manners drew the revolver from his bosom, Bold, for the second time that day, pinned a tall negro slave by the throat, and rolled him over and over on the sward, made as though he would have worried him to death in the garden.

It was, however, too late; the alarm was given, and all was discovered. The man I had struck in the afternoon of that very day had dogged me ever since, in hopes of an opportunity to revenge himself. He had followed me from place to place, overheard my conversation, and watched all those to whom I spoke. He had crouched under the sentry-box at the door of Messirie's Hotel, had tracked us at a safe distance down to the water's edge, and had seen us embark on our mysterious expedition. With the cunning of his race, he guessed at once at our object, and determined to frustrate it. Unable, I conclude, at that late hour to get a caïque, he had hastened by land to his master's house, and, as the event turned out, had arrived in time to overthrow all our plans. He was followed in his turn by my faithful Bold, who, when so peremptorily ordered to leave us, had been convinced there was something in the wind, and accordingly transferred his attentions to the figure that had been his object of distrust the livelong day. How he worried and tore at him, and refused to relinquish his hold. Alas! alas! it was too late—too late!

The Pasha sprang like a lion from his lair. At the same instant, Ali Mesrou and myself bounded lightly through the open window into the apartment. Zuleika flung herself with a loud shriek into her lover's arms. Manners and Ropsley came

crowding in behind us, the former's revolver gleaming ominously in the light. The Pasha was surrounded by his enemies, but he never faltered for an instant. Hurrying feet and the clash of arms resounded along the passages; lights were already twinkling in the garden; aid was at hand, and Turk, tyrant, voluptuary though he was, he lacked not the courage, the promptitude which aids itself. At a glance he must have recognized Ali; or it might have been but the instinct of his nation which bid him defend his women. Quick as thought he seized a pistol that hung above his couch, and discharged it point blank at the Beloochee's body. The bullet sped past Zuleika's head and lodged deep in her lover's bosom. At the same instant that Ropsley, always cool and collected in an emergency, dashed down both the lamps, Ali's body lurched heavily into my arms, and poor Zuleika fell senseless on the floor.

The next moment a glare of light filled the apartment. Crowds of slaves, black and white, all armed to the teeth, rushed in to the rescue. The Pasha, perfectly composed, ordered them to seize and make us prisoners. Encumbered by the Beloochee's weight, and out-numbered ten to one, we were put to it to make good our retreat, and ere we could close round her and carry her off, two stout negroes had borne the still senseless Zuleika through the open doorway into the inner chambers of the palace. Placing the Beloochee between myself and Ropsley, we backed leisurely into the garden, the poor fellow groaning heavily as we handed him through the casement, and so made our way, still fronting the Pasha and his myrmidons, towards our catque, which at the first signal of disturbance had been pulled rapidly in-shore. Manners covered our retreat with great steadiness and gallantry, keeping the enemy at bay with his revolver, a weapon with which one and all showed much disinclination to make further acquaintance. By this time shrieks of women pervaded the palace. The blacks, too, jabbered and gesticulated with considerably more energy than purpose, half a dozen pistol-shots fired at random served to increase the general confusion, which even their lord's presence and authority were completely powerless to quell, and thus we were enabled to reach our boat, and shove off with our ghastly freight into the comparative safety of the Bosphorus.

"He will never want a doctor more;" said Ropsley, in answer to an observation from Manners, as, turning down the edge of the Beloochee's jacket, he showed us the round vivid mark that, to a practised eye, told too surely of the irremediable death-wound. "Poor fellow—poor fellow," he added, "he is bleeding inwardly now, he will be dead before we reach the bridge."

Ali opened his eyes, and raising his head looked around as though in search of some missing face—

"Zuleika," he whispered; "Zuleika!" and sank back again with a piteous expression of hopeless, helpless misery on his wan and ghastly features. The end was obviously near at hand, his cheeks seemed to have fallen in the last few minutes, dark circles gathered round his eyes, his forehead was damp and clammy, and there was a light froth upon his ashy lips. Yet as death approached he seemed to recover strength and consciousness; a true Mussulman, the grave had for him but few terrors, and he had confronted the grim monarch so often as not to wince from him at last when really within his grasp.

He reared himself in the boat, and supported by my arm, which was wound round his body, made shift to sit upright and look about him wildly, dreamily, as one who looks for the last time. "Effendi," he gasped, pressing my hand, "Effendi, it is destiny. The good mare—she is my brother's! Oh, Zuleika! Zuleika!"

A strong shudder convulsed his frame, his jaw dropped, I thought he was gone, but he recovered consciousness once more, snatched wildly at his sword, which he half drew, and whispering faintly, "Turn me to the East! There is but one Allah!" his limbs collapsed—his head sunk upon my shoulder—and so he died.

Row gently, brawny watermen, though your freight is indeed but the shell which contained even now a gallant faithful spirit. One short hour ago, who so determined, so brave, so sagacious as the Beloochee warrior? and where is he now? That is not Ali Mesrou whom you are wafting so sadly, so smoothly towards the shore. Ali Mesrou is far away in space, in the material paradise of your own creed, with its inexhaustible sherbets, and

its cool gardens, and its dark-eyed maidens waving their green scarfs to greet the long-expected lover; or to the unknown region, the shadowy spirit-land of a loftier, nobler faith, the mystical world on which religion herself dare hardly speculate, where "the tree shall be known by its fruits," "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

So we carried him reverently and mournfully to the house he had occupied; and we laid him out in his warrior dress, with his arms by his side and his lance in his hand, and ere the morrow's sun was midway in the heavens, the earth had closed over him in his last resting-place, where the dark cypresses are nodding and whispering over his tomb, and the breeze steals gently up from the golden Bosphorus, smiling and radiant, within a hundred paces of his grave.

The good bay mare has never left my possession. For months she was restless and uncomfortable, neighing at every strange step, and refusing her food, as if she pined truly and faithfully for her master. He came not, and after a time she forgot him; and another hand fed and cared for her, and she grew sleek and fat and light-hearted. What would you? It is a world of change. Men and women, friends and favorites, lovers and beloved, all must forget and float with the stream and hurry on; if there be an exception—if some pale-eyed mourner, clinging to the bank, yearns hopelessly for the irrevocable Past, what matter, so the stream can eddy round him, and laugh and ripple by? Let him alone! he is not one of us. God forbid!

Of Zuleika's fate I shudder to think. Though I might well guess she could never expect to be forgiven, it was long before surmise approached certainty, and even now I strive to hope against hope, to persuade myself that there may still be a chance. At least I am thankful Ali was spared the ghastly tidings that eventually came to my ears—a tale that escaped the lips of a drunken calgee, and in which I fear there is too much truth.

Of course the attack on the Pasha's palace created much scandal throughout Constantinople; and equally, of course, a thousand rumors gained credence as to the origin and object of the disturbance. The English officers concerned received a hint that it would be advisable to get out of the way as speedily as possible; and I was compelled to absent myself for a time from my kind friend and patron, Omar Pasha. One person set the whole thing down as a drunken frolic; another voted it an attempt at burglary of the most ruffian-like description; and the Turks themselves seemed inclined to resent it as a gratuitous insult to their prejudices and customs. A stalwart calgee, however, being, contrary to his religion and his practice, inebriated with strong drink, let out in his cups that, if he dared, he could tell more than others knew about the attack on the palace of Papoosh Pasha, and its sequel. Influenced by a large bribe and intimidated by threats, he at length made the following statement: "That the evening after the attack, about sundown, he was plying off the steps of Papoosh Pasha's palace, that he was hailed by a negro-guard, who bade him approach the landing-place; that two other negroes then appeared, bearing between them a sack, carefully secured, and obviously containing something weighty; that they placed it carefully in the bottom of his catque, and that more than once he distinctly saw it move; that they desired him to pull out into mid-stream, and when there, dropped the sack overboard; that it sunk immediately, but that he fancied he heard a faint shriek as it went down, and saw the bubbles plainly coming up for several seconds at the place where it disappeared; further, that the negro gave him fifty piastres over his proper fare for the job, and that he himself had been uncomfortable and troubled with bad dreams ever since."

Alas! poor Zuleika! there is but little hope that you survived your lover four-and-twenty hours. The wild bird came, indeed, as he had promised, in the early morning, to the rose, but the wild-bird got his death-wound; and the rose, I fear, lies many a fathom deep in the clear, cold waters of the silent Bosphorus.

(To be continued.)

ELDER FAWSEL ON THE "SPERRITS."—Ethan Spiko, of Hornby, Me., has written a letter to the *Portland Transcript*, describing the doings of the elder in Hornby. We do not see how any one can resist the elder's logic:

"Elder Phineas Fawsil preached agin it last Sabberday. It was a great aoutbust of the elder's, an gin comfort to many. I do suppose that Elder Fawsil, when he's fairly waked up, is about as tough a customer as the devil ever wrasled with. I don't raaly spose he'd be a bit more affected of Belzebub, or even the old boy himself, than I should be of a yerlin colt. You orter hear him talk of the devil—jest as easy and famillyer as though he knew he'd got the critter under his thumb, an' was sartin he had holt of him where the



INNOCENT MIRTH—THE SLIDE ON THE SIDEWALK.



GENERAL THAW, AND BURSTING OF THE WATER-PIPE.

hair was short. But I was going to say suthin of this last sarmint of hisn.

"The elder laid deoun seving pints, an proved em all.

"Fust. Speeritoalism is the works of satin.

"Second. Its the tow jint, werked by odd force, an vitalized super carbonick electric fluid.

"Third. (This pint I didn't get hold of egzactly, he not speakin very legibly—but it was ither mesmerism or mormonism, but it don't matter much, as whichever it was, he proved it.)

"Fourth. Its anny-mill magnitudes.

"Fifth. (This pint, nyther, I can't give ver-bunkum; but it was some kind of a bug—seounded suthin like Jew-n-bug.)

"Sixth. [Ef it war speerits, they war evil speerits.

"Seventh. There is no speerits, no-how.

"The discourse was chock full of scripter bearing on the several pints, an hysterical facks—for he's just as larned as he can be, an I do actooally bleve, ef by accident (he would't do it noinly), he [should get any more into him, he'd bust right up! Why, he'd handle them great Greek and Latin words in such a way, that no-



FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE—AWFUL DISCOVERY OF BLACK BEETLES.

body can understand, jest as easy as I kin ceow, or tater, or any other simple household word.

"He said this sort o' thing was nothin new to him. Alluded to the witch of Endor, an the hogs which got the devil into them. At this pint the elder went off on a target about pork—said it was pis'n—that ef the devil ever got aout of the pesky hogs, he'd got in again neow, in the whiskey sweetened with strucknine. Then he tuk up the meejums, an the way he made their feathers fly is a solum warnin to all wrappers. Said thar wasn't a second hand chaw of terbacker's difference atween em and that ere Simeon Magog spoken of in scripiter. Then he struck aout into about the allmightest pea roar rashun ever heard in this subloonyary spear. He actooally seemed to take the devil right up by the tail, and shake him like a cat would a nice. I beant much of a poick, an don't aun much to imagenation, but—I swan to man—I een just thought I could hear the old critter holler, as the elder whanged and cuffed him about. Ef I war in his place, I'd think twice about it, afore I'd go smellin raound agin within the elder's reech."

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

To gather up the floating fun of a whole nation, is a task herculean. Even to winnow the good from the bad is no slight undertaking, but it is one that is of itself a pleasing employment. The Western literature abounds in broad, practical jokes, rough as the country, and too rough, we find, for the refined taste of our readers; still we hope to cull a few to add spice to our columns.

Western banks spring up like toadstools, and are about as intrinsically valuable. Apropos to this fact:

A good story is told of a Michigan farmer who recently went down into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer absent than he intended to be, and he failed to meet a business engagement. On being rather reproached for not being home he made due apology. "I will tell you how it is, squire; at every little town they wanted me to stay and be president of a bank."

The duration of eternity is a space of time that figures have hitherto even failed to convey an idea. But we are happy to be able to give an illustration which will set the matter in a clear and appreciable light:

An orthodox Yankee expresses himself as follows, concerning "Eternity": why, don't you know the meaning of that word! Nor I hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them up, and it would not begin to tell how long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and millions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

BRING a Benedict, we do not profess to be afraid of anything enveloped in crinolines; but of the young lady who figures in the following anecdote, we confess we should have a wholesome terror. Some folks ungallantly assert that nine men out of ten are trapped into marriage: and that even the tenth would not have ventured had his eyes been fully opened. We do not, of course, agree to this proposition, but after reading the experience of the Parisian lawyer, we begin to have our doubts. At the close it will be perceived that the poor fellow affects to make the best of it, but it is evidently a bad case:

A girl, young and pretty, but above a'l, gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer (we translate the incident from the French journals for the benefit of our home-made attorneys), and thus addressed him:

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love, to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I now proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had of course a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment; then, being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly—

"Mademoiselle, according to our law you already possess the means of forcing the man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"That you will procure witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, monsieur. I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good-day."

A few days afterwards, the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questions her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Oh! all goes on swimmingly. I have passed a half hour with my intended. I have been seen to go up stairs and come down again. I have four witnesses who will affirm this under oath."

"Capital! capital! Persevere in your design, mademoiselle; but mind, the next time you consult me, you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render happy in spite of himself."

A fortnight afterwards the young person, more naive and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within than she flung herself hastily into a chair, saying she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to re-assure her, and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlace her garments.

"It is useless, monsieur," said she, "I am much better."

"Well, now do tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse."

"Are you very impatient to know it?"

"Exceedingly so."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself!" said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been three times *à-tête-à-tête* with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany us to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

We find a husband's surprise thus earnestly and touchingly expressed:

"George, you are looking very smiling. What has happened?"

"The most delightful thing. I caught my Jenny by surprise this morning in her morning wrapper, and *without hoops*, and I got the first kiss I've had since whalebone skirts came into fashion."

WAYWARD men are easily managed, if one could only find out their leading idiosyncrasies. The following is an instance where the man was naturally querulous, disputatious, and could not comprehend the quiet indifference in one he wished to make his opponent:

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his neighbor, Mr. F—, a remarkably cool, calm non-resistant, and addressed him thus:

"That piece of fence over there is mine, and you shan't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F—, "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No, no; it is mine and I shall keep it."

"Well," said Mr. F—, "suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Well," continued Mr. F—, "shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?"

"No, I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposured, Mr. F— said:

"Well, neighbor, then I shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong—to you or to me."

Struck dumb by the appeal, the worthy man turned away, saying:

"I won't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his own rights."

THE late "panic" affected everybody more or less. It affected people in various ways, and in one instance both curiously and mysteriously. The unobservant after reading the case may believe the man to have been drunk, but the philosophical thinker will search deeper and will find that the unsettled feeling of the times had struck in, and the patient was afflicted by the non-circulation of the permeating medium, resulting in a species of dollarless-tremens:

A tall, lank Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp-post on Fifth street last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

"Come, sir, you are making too much noise," said the watchman.

"Noise, who's that said noise?" asked the post-holder, as he skewered his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

"It was me," replied the watchman, as he exposed his silvered numbers to full view.

"You! and who in the devil are you? it taint me that's making of the noise. No, sir, its the banks that's making all the noise. They are a breakin', a crushin', and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise! It's the bankers that are makin' of the noise. They are a hollerin' and y-lpin' and a screechin' like wild injuns, over the times that worsers everybody but themselves. No, sir, it ain't me that's makin' of the noise."

"You are tight as a brick in a new wall," said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

"Me tight! Who said I am tight? No, sir, you are mistaken. It's money that's tight. Go down on Third street, and they'll tell you there that money is tight. Go into the workshops and you find money is tight. Read the newspapers and you'll find out that 'tis

money that's tight. Me tight! I've got my a red, but Kanawha, and the devil couldn't get tight on that. No, sir, I'm not tight."

Then you are drunk.
Drunk. Stranger, yer out of it again. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' 'round buttin' their heads again stone walls, and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk—that is everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I ain't drunk, sir; no sir, stranger I ain't drunk."

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for then?"
"Fool! Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed. I've caught the contagion. I'm afflicted."
"Are you sick?"
"Exactly."
"What's the matter with you?"
"I've got the panics."
"The what?"
"The panics, sir; it's going to carry off this town. I tried to escape by hard drink, but it's no use. The panics have got me sure."

TAKING it out in trade works very well, when the arrangement is mutual, but there are occasions when the advantages are not perceptible, at least to one of the parties; as thus:

"What's the matter, Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter," said the old man: "I have been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C's wife to wash with, and what do you s'pose I got for it?"

"About ninepence."
"Ninepence!" She told me that the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

THERE are some people so constituted that they would grumble at anything; we pity them, for they must be such wonderfully bad company for themselves:

An old cynic at a concert one night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz:

"Oh, give me a cot in the valley I love."
Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well," if I had my choice, I would ask for a bedstead."

DICTIONARY language is very well in its way, but it sometimes fails to give the information asked for, and its pomposity is not unfrequently taken down a peg or two:

"I say, my friend, are you sufficiently acquainted with the topography of the neighborhood to direct me to a near disciple of Esculapius?"

"Which?"
"Can you direct me to the nearest physician?"
"Hey?"
"Can't you tell me the way to a doctor, sir?"
"Oh! want to see the doctor, do ye? Why didn't you say so?"

And again:
Doctor looking learned and speaking slow, "Well, mariner, what tooth do you want extracted? Is it a molar or an incisor?"
Jack, short and sharp, "It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster."

No man, however low down in the social scale, but has some redeeming quality. Our friend who gave the church members a well merited rebuke, acknowledged the "corn" as to his failings, and took particular pains to show up theirs:

They had a parish meeting in our church, writes the New England correspondent, and the great question of the increasing salary of our excellent pastor was up for discussion. But the debate was like the handle of a pitcher—all one side, nearly every one taking the ground that it would be impossible to go beyond the present starvation point. At length, to the surprise of all, a poor old man, who was never known to speak in meeting, rose, and holding on by the pew to steady himself, said:

"Mr. Chairman, they call me a droll fellow, and so I am; they call me a drunkard, so I am; they call me a swearer, and it is true, and I'm ashamed of it—ashamed of all; but I ain't half so much ashamed of it as I am that I have to live in a town where the people are too stingy to give the minister a decent living."

The effect of this short speech was very happy. It shamed the people into duty and decency, and the salary was increased by the unanimous vote of the congregation.

PERTNESS is sometimes mistaken for smartness: the young lady in the following was very pert, but we have but little opinion of her wit:

Aunt—"Pray where are you going, Beatrice?"
Niece—"To a dance, aunty."

Aunt—"I wonder if at your mother can allow it. For my part I am truly thankful that this vain world has very few charms for me."

Niece—"Then the matter is indeed nicely adjusted, since you have very few charms for this vain world."

We have a special admiration for coolness under trying circumstances, it shows the power of mind over matter:

A countryman took his seat at a hotel table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the other gentleman's glass. "That's cool," exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," said the other, solemnly, "I should think there was ice in it."

We remember an old but very good story which treats of a man who said only acquired self-knowledge, and rated himself at a proper valuation. It was as follows:

A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted.

Among others he had tried school teaching.
"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.
"Wal, I didn't teach long, that is I only went to teach."
"Did you hire out?"
"Wal, I didn't hire out, I only went to hire out."

"How was it?"
"Wal, you see I travelled into a district and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickless was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickless—named my object—introduced myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big and unruly gals and boys of the district."

He then wanted to know if I really considered myself capable, and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few questions in 'rithmetic and geography, and showing my handwriting. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait.

"Let me see you walk off a little way," said he; "I can tell just as well as if I'd heard you examined."

He sat in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish, but I was considerable frustrated and didn't mind it much, so I turned and walked as smart as I knowed how. He said he would tell me when to stop, so I walked till I thought I'd gone far enough, then I 'spected suttain was to pay, and looked around.

"Well."
"Wal, the door was shut and Mr. Snickless was gone."
"Did you go back?"
"Wal no, I didn't go back."
"Did you apply for another school?"
"Wal no, I didn't apply for another one," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judge my appearance was against me."

A most ludicrous mistake occurred at a church in a small Eastern city, during last summer. It has all the elements of a farce incident, and must have been equally astonishing to the actors and the audience:

The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when to the great astonishment and manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice, "Those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony will now please to come forward." A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to arise. Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant slip in the broad aisle during the service slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well dressed, but no one present knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything or seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married *alone*. The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman, in an under tone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory!"
"Very, sir."
"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"
"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"
"Me, sir!" said the astonished shepherd, "how should I know of your lady's movements? This is a matter belonging to yourself."

A very few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories:

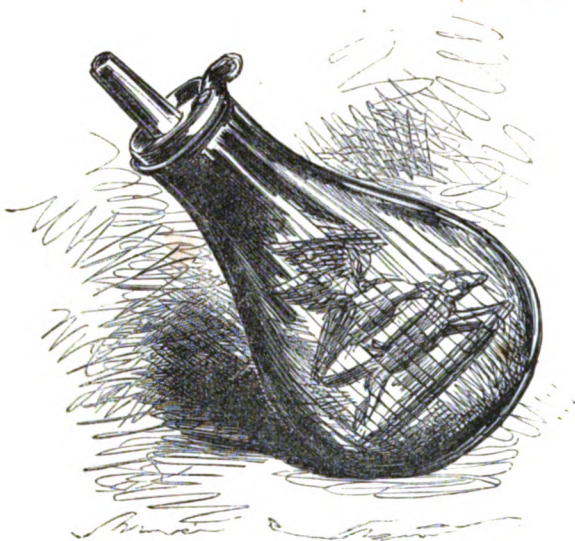
"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"
"What lady?"
"Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the satisfactory response.
"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged clerical.

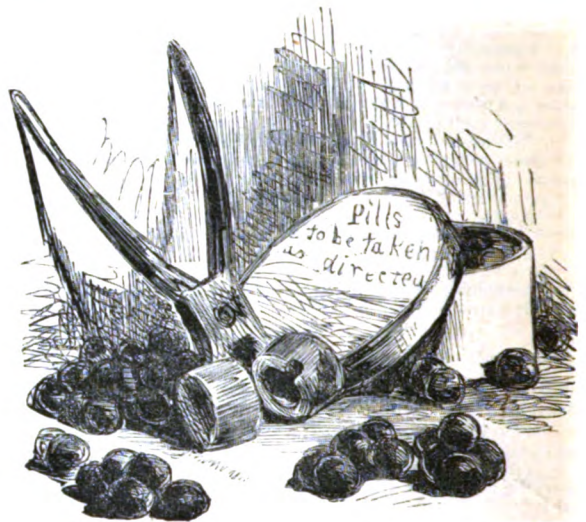
"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish! I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good-day."

A RECEIPT TO "RAISE THE WIND."

To a person with a stout heart and good nerves, the following will prove a successful though dangerous experiment for these hard times.



Take a flask of powder,



Some bullets—



Procure a good revolver—load it!



And a bottle of brandy—drink it!



Station yourself in some lone place that you know some rich codger always passes, take now and then a swig from the bottle—spring suddenly upon your victim, and

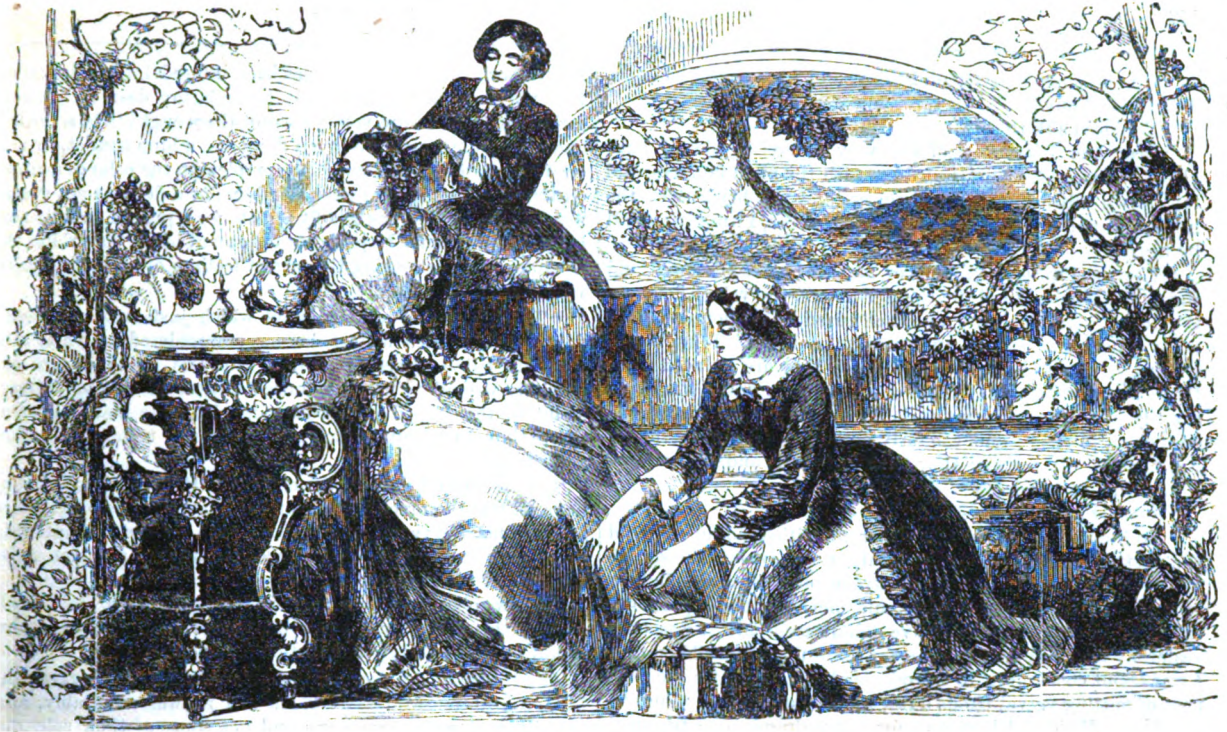


If you don't raise the wind, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you will be provided with a home for the winter.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION.

FEBRUARY, 1858.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR FEBRUARY.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have much pleasure to announce to our Subscribers that our Work Table will in future be under the immediate supervision of Mrs. PULLEN, who is well known both in London and Paris as the Editor of that department in the *Family Friend*, the *London Illustrated Magazine*, and other publications. Mrs. PULLEN is now residing in New York, and knowing her to be an authority from which there is no appeal in matters of Needlework, &c., we have not lost a moment in securing her services. We would further mention, in reference to this lady, that she will give lessons, during her stay, in the various styles of Ornamental Needlework, including Point Lace, Tatting, Crochet, Embroidery, and Orné Wool work. She will supply our subscribers, in any part of the country, with specimens of the various stitches, and enlarged instructions, on moderate terms, and will, aided by her partner, Miss HATTON, select and forward materials for any article, which will secure the receipt of the right and suitable quality.

Mrs. PULLEN will give instruction at her residence, 290 Fourth street, either by single lesson, courses, or classes.

We are sure that the supervision of our Work Table by Mrs. PULLEN will be warmly appreciated by our Subscribers.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

WE make no apology for introducing the gossiping remarks of a charming lady friend, on a recent shopping excursion, as an introduction to this month's ramble through the bazaars of the metropolis. February is not very prolific in novelties, and our merchants this season are not as enterprising as usual, seeming quite determined to sell off their old stock before commencing anew. Patience and perseverance are, however, wonderful assistants, and if there is anything in the shape of novelty we are sure to find it out, especially when in company with the fastidious lady who may now speak for herself.

"What to buy? Ah! there's the rub; how difficult to decide among so many pretty things, and putting out of the question those which we have become tired of seeing in the windows. Of course, I want a new evening and dinner dress, for the panic has ceased, and people can again afford to give parties and dinners, and go to balls; so that the gaities of the latter part of the season seem inclined to make up for the stupidity of the first.

I have even heard of one courageous individual who accomplished matrimony recently, and has not yet failed in consequence. To be sure, he has only had a week's trial, and like a sensible couple they settled down at once in their elegant new house, and next week give a splendid party to all their friends, instead of 'going South,' as it is fashionable to do now-a-days, and cheat us out of the series of grand entertainments which always follow the commission of this absurd piece of folly on the part of a young gentleman and lady. This reminds me that Madame A.'s reception, in their honor, takes place to-morrow evening, Mrs. B.'s soirée on Thursday, and the children's



tableau and charade party on Friday, and I have *nothing to wear*. What shall I buy?"

"Flounced silk robes?"

"Dear me, I am sick of the very name; besides, I have already—let me see—my dark blue with the plaid flounces, and my brown with the velvet flounces, and my black with the brocade flounces. Oh, no—not flounced robes, I know them all by heart."

"There are the striped flounces, and the blocked flounces, and the chintz flounces, and the chené flounces, the velvet flounces, the frosted velvet flounces, and the figured velvet flounces, with many other varieties too numerous to mention. I know also the prices of all these, and how much they are reduced since their first importation. The one hundred dollar ones are seventy-five; the seventy-five dollar ones fifty; the fifty dollar ones down to forty; and the forty dollar ones down to thirty. No, flounces will not do; they have lost caste, and are not now admissible for full dress."

"Robes à quille?"

"No indeed, those won't do either, notwithstanding you hold the prettiest shades up to the light, and show me the superb velvet foliage thrown into such strong relief upon the lighter ground. Delaine robes à quille, and merino robes à quille, are exhibited in every window at five dollars each, and it was only yesterday that Bridget asked me for some old velvet ribbon that I was about consigning to the odds and ends bag, for the purpose of putting velvet bands down the side of her new 'English woollen.' Besides, I have two for house-dresses, one trimmed with plaid, and the other with velvet, and when Bridget's is completed there will be sufficient in one family. Moreover, I do not like the same style in my handsome dresses that I use for common, and therefore, for all these reasons and many more, I must beg to be excused from purchasing even that delightful lavender with its delicate raised white flowers."

"Bayadere stripes are pretty."

"So they are, but I have two already, and they are only fit for a promenade or dinner at home; there is nothing particularly striking about them. That was a pretty idea in the last number of the *MAGAZINE* of a black brocade shot with silver, magnificent it would look by gaslight, and exceedingly novel and *distingué*; with my diamonds, point lace, and marabouts it would create a sensation, I imagine, even in Washington. Parisian, was it? thought so; can't get anything fit to be seen here, positive fact, my dear. I remember crying for a whole day over the first bonnet I bought on my return from the French capital. The thing *would not stay* on my head, and never has to this day."

"Here is something suitable for a dinner dress, and both elegant and novel."

"So there is I declare, exceedingly stylish it is too. Brocaded stripes which nearly cover the breadth and go entirely round the skirt. How very heavy and rich the texture of the silk, and in what magnificent relief those flowers are raised against the background. Seventy dollars the robe, eh? Well that will do."

"Here is another suitable for a young lady in which the same idea is expressed, this would answer also for a dinner as well as an evening dress. The ground is of rich white silk, and the skirts nearly covered with those wide stripes in corded rose-colored satin. The part intended for the waist has a fine rose-colored cord running through it at distances of about a quarter of an inch, and a border besides of the satin to trim the waist and sleeves. Charming dress this would make with a coiffure of white marabouts tipped with rose and bandeau of velvet leaves. Cheap too, at thirty-seven dollars and a half; wonder what made them put on the half, to be beaten down I suppose. Well, *USDELL*, *PEIRSON* & *LAKE* do have the nicest silks, but now let us look for evening dresses, thin they say are the most worn, and I want a pretty tissue of some kind."

"*Mercie!* not pink; don't you see that I am a blonde, my dear; and you know have always been admired for my complexion, and the principal reason is, because I never permit myself to wear unbecoming colors. It is one of my greatest trials whenever I go to the opera or to a party, but especially in the street, to constantly meet persons who appropriate a heterogeneous mixture of blue, red, yellow and green, in utter defiance of all artistic laws, and quite regardless of the carmine,

saffron, or mahogany which has been infused into their respective physiognomies. Now, don't laugh, my dear, it is a very serious matter I assure you. I think there ought to be some law against people wearing a green dress and a blue bonnet, or *vice-versa*. But when a person with a complexion the color of a horse-chestnut, undertakes to wear pale blue, or a delicate pea-green, my opinion is, that she is a fit inmate for a private lunatic asylum, and should not be permitted to run at large, disturbing the equanimity and shocking the correct feelings of persons of cultivated tastes."

"There is an embroidered crape which just suits my taste; double skirts, with a deep border embroidered in white silk with silver line spaces at regular intervals, in which are exquisitely wrought clusters of raised flowers in blue and silver. Think of this looped up at each side with blue marabout feathers, tipped with silver, and a head-dress of tulle, blue velvet and silver tassels."

"These embroidered illusions are pretty and fanciful, but have a little too much the air of the shop. Tulle dresses are prettiest made very full, and trimmed with puffs of the material; these may be decorated with ribbon or anything which suits the taste of the wearer."

"A few robes have been made in the mode of the eighteenth century this season, and a representation of the rococo styles would be sure to create a sensation for one evening."

"So it would, my dear, and thank you for the suggestion. I have a white satin skirt which will answer admirably, and we will go down to *STEWART'S* and get some of their splendid crimson damask window curtain material; wrought upon the flowers with gold thread, it will make a superb upper skirt, and fully take the place of the stiff brocades in which our great grandmamas did so delight. The body shall be square in front, and bordered with lace, and my diamond agrafe will serve as a stomacher."

"By the way, here is a brocade something like that of which we were speaking, with gold inwrought in the groundwork. The colors are a pale lavender and white, in fact the lavender is so pale that it looks almost like another white, not so clean as the first, and does not afford sufficient contrast to heighten the effect of the gold. In a different combination this might be superb."

"One hundred dollars the robe, is it? Well, I think we will leave it for some more ambitious purchaser, and examine these exquisite white grenadine tissues, the prettiest things of the kind I have ever seen. Here is one with deep ruby velvet flounces uncut, but bordered with two stripes of solid imperial velvet of the same magnificent shade. Nothing can be finer than the contrast between the delicacy of the fine clear silvery ground, and these solid blood-red velvet decorations; the effect is really sublime."

"Another has flounces of soft moss, the centre of which is in blocks like a chessboard, of white and rose, and is bordered on both sides by solid stripes of rose-color. This is not sublime, it is delicious."

"There are also a great variety with double skirts, bordered by blocks edged with fringe in colored silk, each in very rare shades, corn-color, blue, pink and rose, but all charming. How easy to spend money where there are attractions such as these!"

"How is it that some people always manage to buy articles for their wardrobe that are either ugly or unbecoming? and yet it is generally observed that such persons spend much more upon their toilettes than those possessing greater correctness of taste."

"A very large woman attracted great attention at a party a few evenings since, by her extraordinary efforts in the way of dress. She had probably once been of a light complexion, and perhaps good-looking, but years and high living, at the same time that it had considerably enlarged her charms, had rendered them doubtful, and though fat and forty, she could hardly be entitled to the epithet of *fair*. Nevertheless, she could not forget the time when her shoulders were round and white, and her skin smooth, and persisted in the juvenility of a low-necked dress, with short sleeves and rather antediluvian lace berthe, the dress being composed of light blue silk of the most youthful shade, and forming a singular contrast to the broad red face which seemed a perpetual reminder of a Thanksgiving dinner,

and the robust shoulders which spread out in such ample proportions above the swelling bodice. Thinking probably that something was due to her matronly character, the lady had compromised with her sense of propriety by mounting an enormous cherry-colored turban with silver tassels, which added wonderfully to the grotesqueness of her appearance, and altogether made her the centre of attraction to those persons whose sense of the ridiculous was keener than their love of the beautiful."

As a general rule few persons who have the advantage of good society, contrive to render themselves so distinctly absurd as in the exceptional case alluded to; but many from the want of a true perception of the artistic laws which should govern us in the arrangements and selection of color, tone, quality, and fabric, fail to convey any adequate idea of the real importance of dress not only in heightening the natural charms, but in giving expression to the character of the fair wearer.

If a fashionable young belle of eighteen summers, with a rather florid complexion, hears that wreaths of highly colored flowers are worn in the hair, she will hardly wait to think that her style requires a refining subdued influence, but goes off immediately and purchases the pink roses or bright cactus flowers, in utter unconsciousness that it is like putting rouge on a red brick wall when she places them in juxtaposition with her hair (brown by courtesy), and healthy-hued cheeks.

We have mentioned in a previous number the practice of wearing colored underskirts, introduced in England by Queen Victoria, who brought it with her from Balmoral, Scotland, whence they are sometimes called the "Balmoral petticoat," and sometimes the "Victoria skirt." The style has more recently been introduced into Washington, by Lady Ouseley, and is now adopted by a great number of our most distinguished leaders of the *ton*. They are made of a very fine kind of thick linsey-woolsey, about twice the thickness of ordinary flannel, in the darkest shades of crimson, purple, green and brown; and the most elegant are embroidered in black or a darker shade of the same color, in the most elaborate pattern, about a quarter of a yard in depth from the bottom.

A more ordinary style have narrow bayadere stripes in two dark colors, gradually widening towards the bottom to the width of three quarters of an inch, others are an imitation of the embroidered ones, with embossed flowers forming a border to the lower part, above which are the bayadere stripes. Three breadths of over a yard wide compose the skirts, which are three and four dollars each. They are made to reach to the ankle, and the dress looped over them on one side, so that one hand can easily protect it from the injurious effects of wind, or the debris of the streets.

For opera cloaks a new material has lately been introduced, consisting of a fine ribbed cloth, in bayadere stripes of white and deep sky blue, or white and pink or rose. The stripes are nearly an inch in width, the cloth is two yards wide, and sells at five dollars per yard.

The most distinguished opera cloaks of the season, we have seen at the establishment of MOLYNEUX BELL, No. 58 Canal street. The styles are several varieties of the half circle, with an elegant hood half turned back, the centre of which, together with a deep border all round the cloak, consist of silk or satin, sometimes white, and sometimes in colors beautifully quilted in fine diamonds. Mr. BELL has also introduced a very beautiful and *distingué* garment for the promenade, which he calls the "Caradori," an illustration of this will be found in another part of the Gazette.

Those of our lady readers who from the pressure, or any other cause, have not yet supplied themselves with one of the superb cloaks introduced this season, had better take advantage of the present time and do so without delay, as they can be bought at much lower prices than usual, and the exceeding beauty and grace of the recent modes will inevitably make them the leading styles for some time to come.

The minor details, or what are generally called the *accessories* of the toilette, have long been regarded as of scarcely less importance than the robing itself. Especially is this the fact with regard to the handkerchief and the laces, in whatever form, which serve to complete the costume.

Respecting the handkerchief, a rigid observance of rules is exacted from those who would be considered *au fait* in the deli-

cate mysteries which surround the temple of the goddess of fashion.

The handkerchief for the toilette, the handkerchief for breakfast, the handkerchief for the promenade, the handkerchief for dinner, the handkerchief which accompanies the rich and graceful evening costume, are all mysteriously adapted to their appropriate use, or rather to their appropriate display, and each drawn from its own receptacle of satin, rosewood, or *papier maché*, and each perfumed with the peculiar fragrance borne on the wings of a thousand flowers, which is supposed to be most grateful to the susceptible nerves of the sensitive dames for whose benefit they are devised.

The greatest variety of those luxuries of the toilette are to be found at JOHN CLARKE & Co.'s, corner of Bleecker street and Broadway, where we may revel in the deeply bordered toilette handkerchief, the fine tucked and hemstitched variety for breakfast, the exquisite Chancereel or French embroidery for the promenade, the richly laced cambric, with the corners beautifully embroidered with the family coat of arms, which are the accompaniments to dinner, and finally, the vapory, highly-scented lace not made for use, which is carried on the tips of the delicate fingers to the opera, ball or parties. At this establishment, also, an excellent variety of kid gloves can always be obtained at five shillings per pair, and at this season at fifty cents, which to those who use many white or light pairs during the winter is something of a consideration.

We have before remarked upon the degree of attention paid to dressing the hair this season, and cannot now refrain from directing attention to the exquisite coiffures, which we have never before seen in such charming varieties. Natural flowers, when they can be obtained, are always the most suitable as the most becoming to demoiselles; but it is only occasionally that they are available, and most young ladies, to save trouble, prefer the pretty wreath or drooping branch, which can be enclosed in its little box and brought out fresh and new for a subsequent occasion.

Mr. TUCKER's "Pavilion of Flora," is a renowned establishment for artificial garden beauties of all kinds, among which we may mention the beautiful leaves and flowers formed into wreaths and ornaments in many varieties, made of dark green, purple or crimson velvet, tipped with the lightest marabout.

At RICHMOND's, in Broadway, a superb variety of coiffures of every description may be found suitable for the matron of forty, as well as the newly come out belle of eighteen. Some of these have a fanchon or crownpiece of blonde, or embroidered silver tissue, with a ponceau velvet bandeau and leaves, mixed with light tips of marabout and silver tassels. Others are arranged in wreaths of velvet oak leaves, from which droop white golden-tipped plumes and little barbes of lace, which descend upon the knot of hair behind. Still others are mixtures of tulle and lace and velvet flowers, fastened at the side with large gold-headed pins, and may be worn with a dinner or evening toilette.

For the opera, or the ball, a new hood has been made to take the place of the netted Rigolette. This is composed of a new kind of plush frieze, very dark gray in color, and very fine and soft in texture. The pattern is all in one piece, and it is shaped behind something like a deep fanchon. The front piece is turned over and lined with plush a shade lighter in color than the other, the inside lining being white silk. A border or garniture is composed of rose-colored silk or ribbon, put on as a ruche, all round the edge, and it is completed by dark gray strings. This hood may be made in a great variety of colors, although the ones we have mentioned are, we think, the most *distingué* and attractive in their combination.

A new boot is also made to be worn over a delicate ball chausure of brown and cherry wool, knitted in crochet stitch. For this purpose the sole is knit also of wool in brown only, but to make it suitable for the promenade, a light leather sole is placed upon the woollen one and chain-stitched with strong thread around the edge. Any lady accustomed to the most ordinary netting, could make a pair of these boots in a very short space of time, by cutting a pattern over her gaiter and knitting a size larger every way.

In bonnets we have little that is new to note; no changes have taken place with the exception of greater simplicity in style as the season advances, and less profusion of trimming. Plain black velvet bonnets, with a border of ponceau or scarlet,

are frequently seen without other decorations than the bandeau of velvet inside and the lace which shades. Black velvet bonnets are also very much admired, made with a crown of crimson and green plaid velvet, a barbe of the same being placed across the front and drooping down upon the curtain.

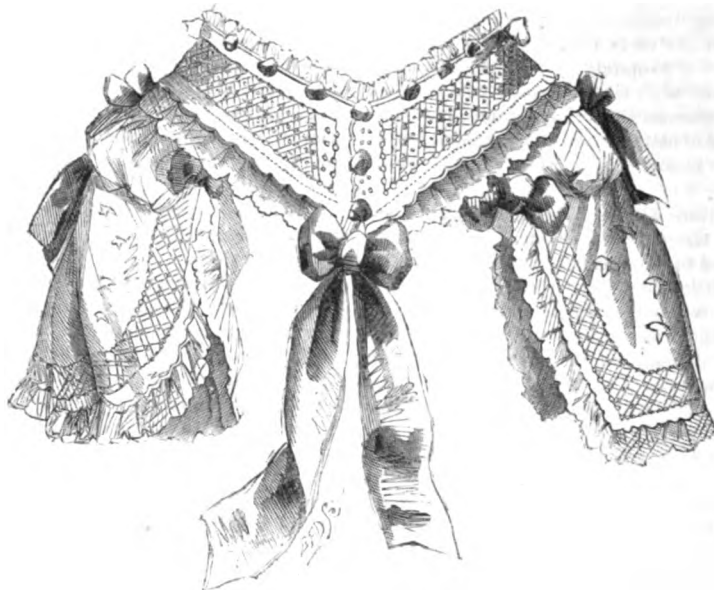
REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

THE past month has been quite a gay and busy one in the metropolis. The season opened late in consequence of the severe money pressure in the fall, but the opening of the New Year brought balls and *fêtes* of every description in its train, and if not quite so numerous, were the better attended and enjoyed on that account. Last winter amateur charity concerts and singing were the novel feature in our list of entertainments; this season, on the contrary, fashionable taste is displayed in the dramatic line, private theatricals are the order of the day, with charades and tableaux for children's parties. Anything of this kind which assists in developing a taste for art, and brings tact, judgment and a love of the beautiful into requisition, is an improvement on the formal precision and stately solemnity which characterised the parties of bygone times, besides doing much towards taking away the stigma which in the minds of some persons attaches itself to the artistic professions.

On many of these occasions the entire *coup d'œil* presents a scene of grace and beauty, attired with a degree of splendor which could not be surpassed in the Old World, and which would be perfectly bewildering to the unaccustomed spectator.



OPERA HOOD. PAGE 182.



EMBROIDERED CANEZOU. PAGE 182.

The magnificent rooms, sparkling with light and glistening with a thousand works of art, are rivalled only by the dazzling forms animated with a radiant and intellectual life, and lending a soul to the materiality of the objects which surround them.

A change for the better is also taking place in the tone of good society, and the management of fashionable assemblages, by the adoption of the European usage of giving married ladies the preference, and the lead in all matters which involve responsibility, while young persons are suffered to retire somewhat into the modest background,

which is customary in the higher circles of other nations. It has been the cause of remark and implied reproach with many intelligent foreigners, that our best society was composed of boys and girls, that matrimony was simply a grave for the most accomplished and beautiful women, while in France and England it is the key which opens to them a new, dignified and responsible position.

Notwithstanding the apparent absurdity, we think hoops have had something to do with this important, but gradual and excellent improvement in our social economy. They have made size not only respectable, but when well proportioned, distinguished, and greatly admired.

Formerly extreme delicacy and fragility were considered the greatest desideratum, to be attained at any cost. A higher artistic taste has, however, developed an appreciation for truer forms of beauty; physical perfection is no longer recognised in compressed and stunted proportions, except at least by very crude and imperfect tastes; though to such an extent has the mania for compression and interesting delicacy been carried, that scarcely a well-developed woman can be found, especially among the unmarried representatives of the gentler sex. We are therefore glad to see that hoops still retain their ascendancy, in spite of spasmodic efforts to suppress them, or pe-



BONNET. PAGE 183.



CAP. PAGE 183.

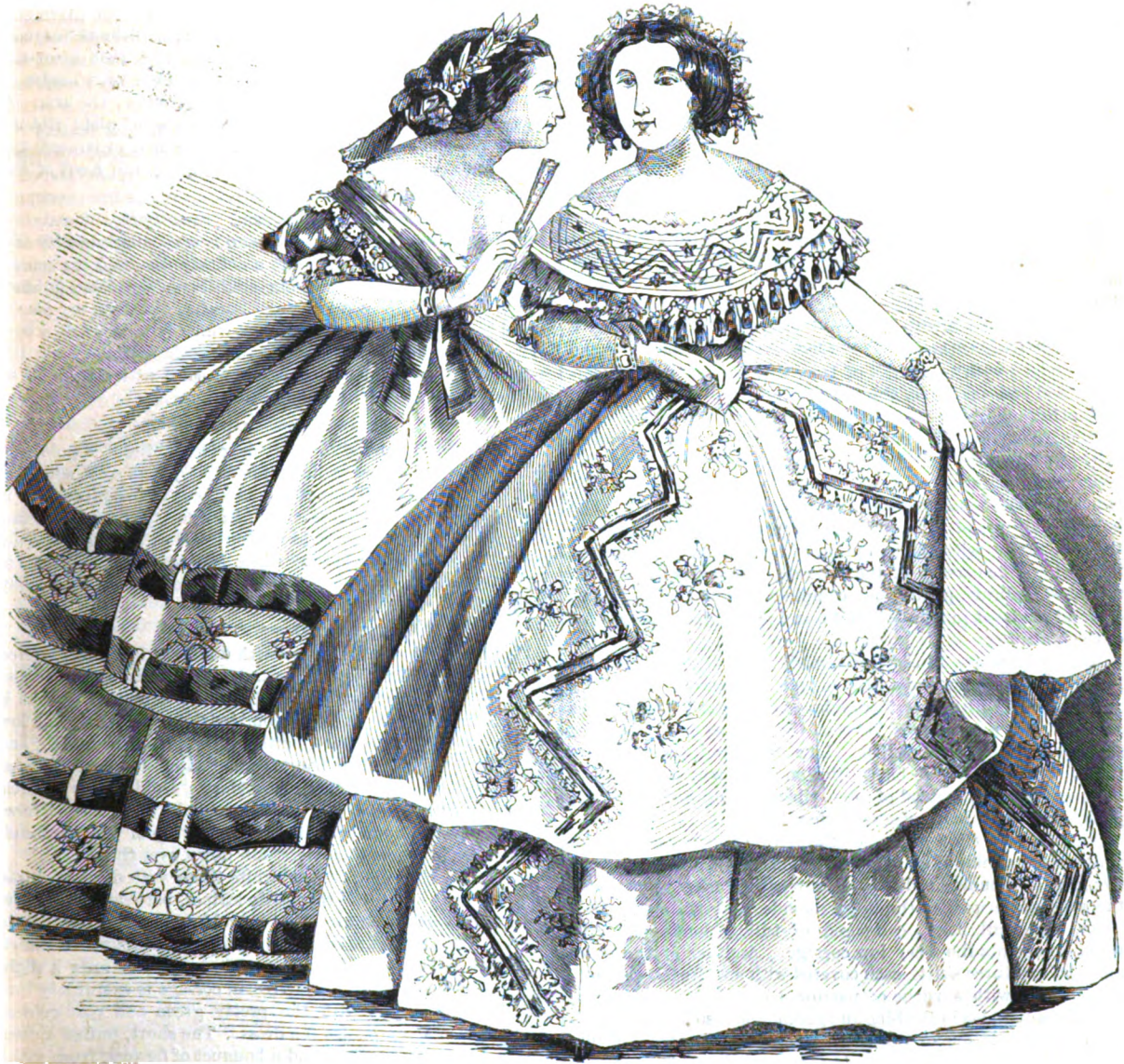
ridical intimations from the general press (who know nothing of the matter) that hoops have at last been relinquished, the empress having breakfasted without one.

Nearly all the toilettes made during the past month have been ball and party costumes, exceeding in lightness, grace and variety anything we have ever seen, the materials and styles of making imposing the absolute necessity of some artificial means of expanding the delicate fabrics, so as to present the most striking effect. Light silk and silver tissues, crape plain, and embroidered with gold or silver thread, and colored silks in a thousand fantastic forms, tulle with tunic skirts puffed and decked with bows of narrow satin ribbon, tufts of green foliage

decorated with pointed puffings finished in the same manner as the skirt, as are also the short puffed sleeves.

Exquisite coiffures in the forms of wreaths with pendant branches, light tissue barbes with ornaments in green velvet and coral, are adapted to these graceful toilettes.

The effort made earlier in the season to introduce the antique style of costume has met with very little success; occasionally it is assumed as a *caprice*, but is not sufficiently utilitarian for our fine ladies, with all their reputation for extravagance, to undergo. A few that we have seen were remarkable for beauty and elegance, one in green broché over a white satin petticoat bearing off the palm.



2

EVENING COSTUMES. PAGE 182.

1

or little bunches of wild flowers were among others still more pretentious and imposing.

Crape and silk skirts are made double, the crape embroidered or trimmed with satin ruches and lace, the silk ornamented with illusion puffings, dotted all over with bows of ribbon, chenille tufts or fine flowers. Sometimes both skirts are left plain, the upper one only looped up at the sides with broad black velvet bows.

Illusion is only worn in black and white, and is made with three skirts; the lower one is decorated with five puffs, the second with four, and the third with three. In black it is very pretty decked with loops or tufts of scarlet chenille or tiny feathers. The corsage is very low, extremely pointed, and

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY has generally been regarded as the "dullest" month in all the year; few poets have sung its praises, except in connection with the world-wide fame of St. Valentine's day, and following close upon the gaieties which inaugurate the New Year, it suffers somewhat from the re-action which invariably follows undue excitement. Beside the brilliant January it sinks into insignificance, and from its shortened life seems to have felt this fact, and retired out of the world as quickly as possible to make room for the blustering and filibustering March. But though February cannot boast the magnificence and *éclat* of its predecessor, yet it has its own peculiar charm of social re-unions,

merry sleigh rides, magical ball-room attractions, all the more prized because soon to be resigned, with the thousand little excitements of dress, which always possess a charm to drive away the fiercest and most persevering fit of ennui. The dullness of the first part of the season, in consequence of the commercial stagnation, will also assist in making this month unusually lively, business having somewhat recovered its tone, and *pater familias* more inclined to indulge in extra expenditure than at a time when heavy clouds hung over the commercial sky, and few could tell but that the next storm would involve them in its ruin.

All the toilettes now in course of preparation are intended for dinner or evening costume, and are the prettiest imaginable. Cloaks, furs and promenade attire of every description are decided upon, and have been selected for the season, but evening and party dresses are always in request, and we must describe a few of the most *recherché* for the benefit of our fair readers.

A handsome robe was composed of blue China silk, through which ran a fine velvet cord. The full double skirt was trimmed with five illusion puffs, barred with loops of blue chenille. Low pointed corsage entirely covered with pointed tulle puffs, as were also the short sleeves, with loops of chenille at intervals, like those upon the skirt.

A very rich dress was made of drab moire, with a full plain double skirt, the upper one caught up at the sides with flat bows of wide black velvet placed so as to form the letter V. The body was plain, high at the back and square in front, where it was shaded with rich point lace, and ornamented with flat velvet bows without ends. Sleeves straight nearly to the elbow, edged with a deep fall of lace, with rather large velvet bows, and ends placed on the front of the arm.

Another made something in the same style was much more striking, composed of a superb green brocade, over an under-skirt of white satin. The upper skirt opened in front in the style of an antique, and was looped up at the sides with bunches of the most exquisite green marabout feathers. The body and sleeves of this robe were made precisely like those of the drab moire, with the exception of a white satin stomacher inserted in the corsage of the brocade, trimmed with rows of the most delicate point, and completed by a row of small emerald studs set in tiny brilliants, and placed down the centre of the bodice.

A robe of white illusion was made with three skirts, the lower one being trimmed with five puffs, the second with four, and the third with three. Through each of these transparencies a blue ribbon was run, and between them knots of ribbon were sprinkled all over the skirts. Low body and short sleeves trimmed to match. A black illusion dress was made in the same way, scarlet instead of blue ribbon being used, and the puffs barred with loops of scarlet chenille.

One of the prettiest dresses of the season is composed of fine white crape, double skirt; the upper one trimmed with three or five rows of blonde, headed by narrow satin ruches; sometimes the ruches are used without the blonde, and with charming effect. A small fichu, composed of tulle, blonde and ribbons, ornaments the very low corsage. Another of the same material has three skirts, each covered with a white lace flounce, and headed with a ruche of narrow satin ribbon. We have seen the same idea in the blue and green, and also in corn-color; the lace being in one or two instances black. The body in this instance is covered with a full deep lace berthe, headed with a ribbon ruche.

An exquisite toilette consists of a white silver tissue, with three flounces trimmed with five, four, and three rouleaux of white satin. Upon the low body is a fichu which consists of three rows of narrow blonde, by three, two, and finally headed by one rouleau of white satin. The fichu is open on the shoulder, and pointed at the front and back. At the opening on the shoulders a bow of ribbon is placed edged with blonde, on the corsage a branch of small crimson velvet flowers, which droop down to the waist. The same material is sometimes seen studded with a superb raised work of flowers, wrought with silks of brilliant colors, or with a robe pattern upon the upper skirt when there are only two, worked with silk and gold thread.

A great variety of coiffures are made to wear with these toilettes, some of which are made of a new tissue finer than blonde, and worked with silver threads. A flat crown is sur-

rounded by a small bandeau, from which are pendant rich velvet tassels. Others are formed of a fanchon, or barbes of white blonde, fastened with gold headed pins, and decorated with branches of velvet flowers, or clusters of small marabout feathers. Wreaths also are worn made of fancy velvet, some in variegated colors, but the most becoming consist of leaves in solid colors, such as ruby, myrtle green, ponceau, and the like.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

HOME COSTUME. PAGE 177.

Robe of gray French merino, very fine and soft, the skirt trimmed with side stripes of plaid poplin in light green and rich dark brown. The waist is plain, high, without basques, but decorated with braces of plaid poplin like that upon the skirt. The sleeves are flowing and completed by a border of the same material, which extends up the front of the arm. A pretty "Maintenon" collar is met by rosettes of plaid ribbon, containing the same colors as the poplin which ornaments the dress, and continue at intervals entirely down the front of the robe. Head-dress of scarlet chenille.

EMBROIDERED CANEZOU. PAGE 180.

This is a new style of canezou, and is exceedingly pretty and becoming. It is embroidered in a delicate diamond pattern on the finest muslin, the edge being slightly scalloped and finished with a frill of Valenciennes, small bunches of ribbon are placed round the neck and down the front, which terminates in a bow with very long ends. The sleeves are wide and open up the front, edged with Valenciennes, and finished with a full puff at the top, decorated with bows of ribbon.

OPERA HOOD. PAGE 180.

This hood is intended to take the place of the "Rigolette," and is made of a new kind of plush, very fine and soft, and dark gray in color. The pattern is all cut in one piece, and is shaped behind like a deep fanchou; the front is turned over and lined with plush a shade lighter than that which composes the hood. The lining inside is of white silk and the garniture of quilled rose-colored ribbon. It is completed with dark gray strings.

EVENING DRESSES. PAGE 181.

Fig. 1. Robe of white crape with double skirts embroidered up the sides of the front in a vandyke pattern in violet and gold; in the hollows of the vandykes a bouquet of flowers is wrought in the same exquisite combination of colors. The low corsage is surrounded by a berthe embroidered to match, and edged by a rich tasselled fringe composed of the same colors as those which are used in the embroidery. Gold bands encircle the wrists, and a wreath of flowers in gold and violet-colored velvet is placed round the head near the top of the forehead, and recedes in graceful clusters, low down over the ears.

Fig. 2. A charming robe of white tissue with double skirts, each bordered by broad green satin stripes, between which bouquets of flowers are embroidered in gold and silk in variegated colors. The stripes are crossed at intervals all round the skirts by narrow gold-colored bands placed in twos, with only a slight interval between them. The Grecian corsage is extremely low, and the folds edged with the pretty green and rose-colored border which accompanies the dress. The short, puffed sleeves terminate in a frill of lace, and a bouquet of flowers, from which hangs a knot of green velvet ribbon, completes this elegant toilette. The head-dress is formed of a wreath of green velvet oak leaves, between which are five red velvet buds, which terminate in drooping balls at the sides.

BELL'S CLOAKS. PAGE 184.

No. 1. This superb illustration is from the establishment of MOLYNEUX BELL, No. 58 Canal street. It is composed of fine white French merino, and has a border of white silk quilted in fine diamond pattern in the most exquisitely beautiful manner. The hood is turned back to form three points, the centre composed of silk, and quilted in the same manner as the border. Attached to each point, and the centre of the hood, are very rich tassels three in a group, and the bottom of the cloak is edged with heavy white knotted fringe. Cord and tassels fasten it in front, and it is lined with quilted white satin.

No. 2. This elegant promenade cloak is from the same

establishment, and is an entirely new one introduced by Mr. BELL, and called the "Caradori." It is made of fine but heavy beaver cloth, with a broadcloth finish, and is very ample and graceful in form. A peculiarity consists in the wide pointed sleeves, put on in plaits at the shoulder, where they are decorated with rich braid and tassels, and then left to blow free over the arms, forming a most graceful drapery, the lower point of which reaches to the bottom of the cloak. The hood is trimmed with handsome fringe, between the scallops of which are long slender drop buttons, and every detail is completed with the perfect taste which belongs to this house.

BONNET. PAGE 180.

Promenade bonnet of black velvet with a half wreath of curled ostrich feathers, tipped with green on one side, and round the other a long drooping branch of green velvet leaves and buds, in the midst of which is a crimson passion flower, with a black bugle centre. Fall of black lace round the front and wide strings of green and black ribbon.

MORNING CAP. PAGE 180.

This is an illustration of a very pretty and simple cap for *negligé*, composed of lace application in the medallion pattern. The style is merely an oval coiffure, surrounded with lace with a ribbon across the crown, below which the lace is gathered into a curtain and fastened with knots of blue or cherry ribbons. Full bows and ends of ribbon are placed at the side, back of the ears, so as to be seen from the front, and take the place of strings, for which there is no use.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

FIG 1. It is too bad to be compelled to violate all rules, and give the precedence to any other than the bride on her bridal day; but our artist is inexorable, and will not yield the effects of the draped recess upon the fair form of his principal subject, thus giving to the other the prominence in the foreground and obliging us to give her the honor of a first description. We must confess to an admiration for the custom now generally adopted of a decided distinction between the dress of the bride and her bridesmaids, and are quite sure our lady readers will admire the costume here illustrated, which affords so sweet a contrast to the robe of the new debutante upon the matrimonial stage. The material is Sevres blue silk with richly brocaded flounces, which form a double skirt. The border which accompanies the robe forms a round berthe cape, and also a round cap over a short puffed sleeve. The neck is finished with a ribbon ruche. A new disposition will be observed in the wreath which encircles the back part of the head, and is placed below the double Grecian knot in which the hair is arranged. Two slender branches droop gracefully upon the neck and complete the decorations, the front hair being simply arranged in plain puffs.

Fig. 2. The dress of the bride is one of great elegance and very much admired, but for our own part we prefer the old orthodox low neck and short sleeves, with a greater degree of simplicity in the decorations. The costume would, however, be extremely suitable for a widow, or a lady who had wisely reached a mature age before throwing herself away upon ungrateful man. The material is thick and lustrous white satin, with a fluted trimming, which passes twice round the bottom of the skirt, and is crossed up the sides in large points, which form diamonds up to the waist. The corsage is round, with square tabs front and back, finished with the fluted ribbon, which is placed across the shoulders, and disposed square across the bosom, and in parallel line at the back part of the waist, giving the effect of a small high-necked cape. Diamond buttons fasten it down the front, and a white rose with its green leaves is placed coquettishly just where the hand belonging to an arm usually rests. The sleeves are plain at the top, with a small cap rounded up to the centre, and flow over others composed of white illusion, with two small puffs which fasten at the waist, and are finished with a narrow blonde below and between the puffs; of course they are trimmed to match the skirt and corsage. The veil is composed of silver tissue of a cobweb fineness, and is supported by a wreath of jessamine and mountain daisies, a branch surrounded by a white rose being also placed in front of the rolls of her hair.

DESCRIPTIONS OF NEEDLEWORK.

This Department is under the Superintendence of Mrs. PULLEN, late of London.

SHADE FOR A MODERATOR LAMP. PAGE 185.

MATERIALS.—Green or blue crochet silk, or Shetland wool (the former article, if not too expensive); with crystal, alabaster, opal, chalk-white and gray beads, No. 3.

With a suitable steel hook make a chain which, when closed into a round, will slip easily over the chimney of the lamp; do two or three rounds in sc, increasing every third stitch in every round.

Pattern. + dc on a stitch, 2 ch, dc on same stitch, 3 ch, miss 1, + repeat all round.

Next round. + dc under the ch of 2, 2 ch, dc under same, 4 ch, + repeat all round.

3d. + Dc under ch of 2, 3 ch, dc under same; 4 ch, + repeat all round.

5th. + dc under the ch of 3, 3 ch, dc under same; 5 ch, + repeat all round.

6th. + dc under ch of 3, 3 ch, dc under same, 6 ch, + repeat all round.

Measure round the widest part of the lamp globe loosely, and measure your crochet also, to see if you have increased sufficiently. If not, continue to do so in the long chain. When sufficiently wide, work without any increase until enough is done to entirely cover the globe.

Do one round of sc, a stitch on every stitch; 2 rounds of square crochet and another of sc; also a simple crochet edging, which sew on.

The fringe is made of loops of beads, shaded as follows: Clear white, opal, alabaster chalk, gray—one loop of each. Thread the beads on strong white silk, and twist each loop well with the preceding one (as shown in the engraving) before fastening it to the crochet.

FOOT MUFF.—A TRAVELLER'S LUXURY. PAGE 188.

MATERIALS.—4 thread fleecy wool, yellow, blue, scarlet, white and black; 8 thread black fleecy; wadding, glazed calico, &c. A very coarse bone crochet hook.

Scarlet wool; 39 ch, very loose, work on it 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, repeat to the end of the chain, and cut off the wool, drawing it through the last stitch, and leaving about an inch.

Observe you work always in the same direction, not backwards and forwards. In the following rows do the dc under the ch stitch, so that the chain of one always comes over the dc of the preceding row.

Do 13 more scarlet rows, increasing two stitches at each end of every row till you have 65 in all.

1 row white, 1 black, 1 white (forming a narrow stripe). Then 13 rows of blue. Follow this with another black and white stripe; then 13 rows of yellow. After this, another black and white; this forms the front.

For the back, with the scarlet wool make a chain of 49 stitches; work as before, but increase four at each end of every row until you have 97 stitches. Do the white row as before, but when you come to the end, work round the front piece already done, except the sloped part of the first stripe. By crocheting round the three sides of this piece you will join the two together. At the end form it into a round. On this do a black and then a white round, and afterwards 8 rows of blue. The outer part is then done.

A lining must be made of black wool, which being coarser will require fewer stitches: the first part may be begun on 31.

The case of the foot-muff is usually made of leather, and lined with fur. A thick wadding inclosed in black glazed calico, must be placed between the colored and the black work. The form is seen in the engraving. The opening is finished with fur.

Those who work tightly or wish a large foot-muff must allow at least ten stitches more for each foundation chain.

CROCHET GLOVE, FOR A LITTLE CHILD. PAGE 189.

MATERIALS.—White and dark brown four-thread Berlin wool and narrow white satin ribbon.

We give this glove of the full size in the engraving, and by adding a few stitches in the foundation and a proportionate number



1

BELL'S CLOAKS. PAGE 182.

2

of rows in each part, it can readily be increased to any required dimensions.

WHITE WOOL.—8 ch stitches for the foundation (at the finger tips) work on both sides of ties in sc, so that you have 16 stitches in the round. Continue to work in sc, and increase at regular intervals 4 stitches in every round until you have 32. Twenty rounds will suffice to take you to the thumb, then draw the wool through the last stitch and cut it off, leaving only a short piece.

THUMB.—5 stitches close into a round; do 2 stitches in each; then in the next round 2 in every alternate, making 15. Do 7 rounds more; join to the hand by working one stitch of the thumb and one of the hand together for 5 stitches. Continue the hand and thumb in one round for 7 rounds, missing every time the first and last of the stitches of the latter, until there remain only the 32 hand stitches. Do one round of open square crochet, in which the ribbon will afterwards be run.

Then for the arm alternate rounds of brown and white wool in sc, increasing occasionally to make it fit. End with 3 rounds of brown.

For the trimming of the upper part white wool, 5 ch, miss 2, 1 sc. Repeat all round.

2d to 5th.—Sc under chain of 3, 3 ch. Repeat all round.

6th round the same, with brown wool.

The frill round the head is worked in the same manner, beginning just below the open square crechet round. Then run in the ribbon.

CONTRACTIONS.—Sc, single crochet; dc, double crochet; ch, chain or foundation stitch; open square crochet, 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2.

BORDER FOR A LAMP-MAT. PAGE 190.

MATERIALS.—Stout wire (unless a wire frame can be purchased); crystal and black pound beads, No. 2; bronzed O. P. ditto; strong white thread, and narrow white sarsen ribbon.

If possible, a wire frame, consisting of a plain round and nine palm-leaves of the dimensions of those given in our engraving, should be purchased. If not procurable, they can readily be made of stout iron wire. All the frame must be covered with the white ribbon, which is wound around it, and forms a foundation for the crystal beads with which it is afterwards enveloped. The palm-leaves are filled with diamonds of black beads, intersected by white ones. Do the black diamonds first, threading the beads on silk of the same color, and fastening the lines very securely to the ribbon and round the wire. Where one line crosses another, the needle must go twice through the bead. When this is finished, add the white diamonds, and when they are completed, put the large bronze beads in their palms, as seen in the engraving. There are five in each palm. The wire frames are then covered by having white beads threaded on silk of the same color wound closely round them. They must lie closely and evenly.

The centre of the mat should be either a group of flowers worked on canvas, with shades of white beads, and green ditto for the leaves, grounded in ruby or blue; one round of velvet.

It is sewed on card-board ; then the border, and another round of card-board pasted at the back.

KNITTED SCARF. PAGE 192.

MATERIALS.—*White and scarlet Berlin wool and thread, in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. skeins; moss wool of various colors.*

The scarf is formed of three strips of knitting plaited together. Use coarse steel knitting needles, No. 10, for the scarlet and white stripes, and bone, No. 8, for the colored. Cast on 11 stitches for the white stripe, and knit loosely ; about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards cast off. The same for the scarlet.

For the variegated stripe, take any colors of moss wool you can, say scarlet, yellow, blue, green, pink, purple and black. Wind them all together, having two strands of black. With the coarse needles cast on 9 stitches, and knit a piece of the length of the others.

Fasten the three ends together ; plait them evenly and loosely ; fasten the other ends ; and add tassels, to combine all the colors, as seen in the engraving.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

ONE of the events of the past month was the marriage of Mr. George G. Lake, well-known as one of our most successful merchants, with the widow (still young and charming) of the late George Steers.

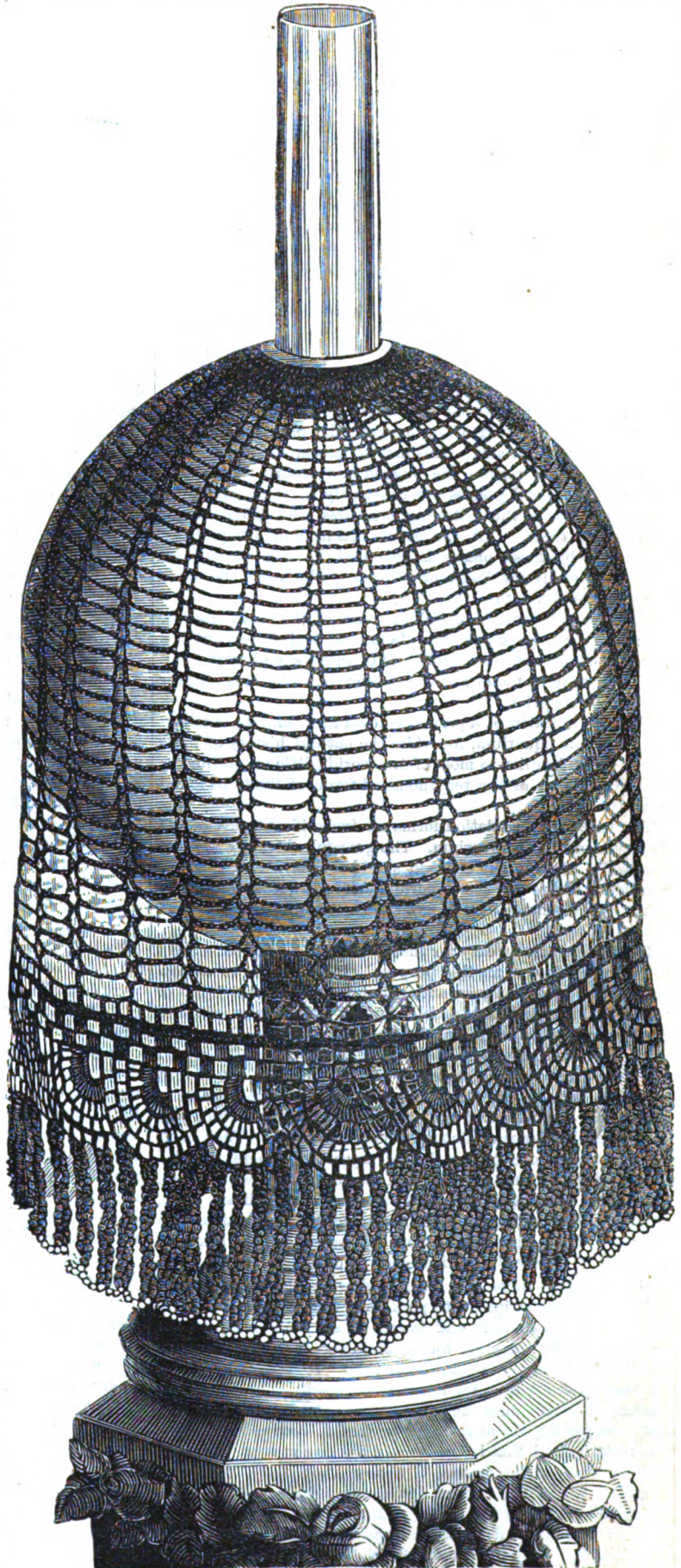
The wedding took place on the 6th of January, at the house of the bride's mother, the ceremony being performed in the morning by the Rev. Dr. Chapin, followed by a reception in the evening, which was crowded by the friends of both parties, who were enthusiastic in their good wishes. Within three hours over a thousand persons were received, one group having barely time to offer their congratulations before being compelled to give way to another.

The bride looked exceedingly well, dressed in a rich robe of white corded silk with brocaded side stripes, lace veil, and wreath of white flowers. May the flowers in their path never fade.

THE GAY SEASON.

THE gay season has opened later than usual this year, but promises to be, if not quite so brilliant, at least as lively and active in the future, as almost to make up for lost time. *Everybody* has not gone to Washington, and those who remain seem determined not to suffer from ennui, even during the dull month of February. Weddings have ceased to be an unusual occurrence, parties of all kinds take place nightly, amateur theatricals and *tableaux vivants* having succeeded to the charity concert mania which prevailed last year.

The first "Calico Ball" in the city of New York has also been given, the ladies wearing shilling calico dresses simply made, which were afterwards distributed among the poor ; and each of the gentlemen also being expected to contribute some article of clothing to the general stock. The affair proved a gratifying success.



SHADE FOR A MODERATOR LAMP. PAGE 183.

THE AQUARIUM AND ITS WONDERS.

A new marvel has appeared in the parlors and boudoirs of the United States. Canary birds, flower-stands and poodle dogs are cast entirely into the shade by a new species of pet. Our windows are filled with aquariums, and even in the most inland cities you may find a few square feet or inches of the great sea itself peopled with gliding fish and bright shells, and animated by the vivid glow of ocean flowers and clinging seaweed.

The aquarium has the advantage of being an entirely new fancy. The idea of thus transferring a portion of the watery world into every home is graceful and poetical, and we have witnessed many of these tiny establishments whose beauty could scarcely be surpassed by the most delicate painting.

The principle on which the numerous inhabitants of a well stocked aquarium are preserved in health and prosperity is novel and suggestive. Every member of the little world has its own work to perform, and all unite to form a harmonious whole. Fishes breathe the air which is dissolved in water, which is soon deprived of its oxygen, the place of which is supplied by carbonic acid. This may be decomposed by aquatic vegetables which restore the oxygen and absorb the carbon. Thus the leaves and grasses are constantly at work supplying the tiny lungs of the glittering creatures who glide around and among them. All the green mucus and slimy decay thrown off by these plants is devoured by a small aquatic animal, generally the *Palemon* or prawn, who keeps the water pure, clear and healthy.

This complete and beautiful economy of the ocean has not been discovered by one or two glances or conjectures, but has been the subject of close study and of many experiments, and the result may be found in the existence of aquariums all over Europe and America.

Much information of a perfectly novel kind may be obtained by keeping an aquarium, for while the natural history of birds and beasts is familiar to most of the world, little or nothing is positively known of the ten thousand forms of life to be found in the waters.

The vegetable population forms no insignificant part of the display made by an aquarium. The graceful water lily with its pure white blossom and emerald shield-shaped leaves makes a handsome centre to the aquarium, and seaweeds delicate as silken threads hang like fringes from every projecting rock or pebble.

It is comparatively easy for those who live at the sea-side to collect ocean flowers for this purpose. If you go down at low spring-tide with hammer and chisel to the nearest ledge of rocks, you may without trouble chip off a few pieces of stone covered with glowing seaweed; the pink coralline, the purple dulse, and the commonest of all, the delicate green *eloa* which you may see growing everywhere, in wrinkled fan-shaped sheets, as thin as the finest tissue paper. In the recesses of every rock you may find sea anemones, a dozen of which will give great brilliance of tinting to your aquarium. They hang on the under side of the ledges, apparently mere rounded lumps of jelly; one is of a dark purple dotted with green, another is of a rich chocolate, another of a delicate olive, another golden yellow, another nearly white. Place them in a receptacle filled with seaweed and salt water, and the next day they will be gloriously brilliant stars of color.

Other species there are, some of glowing blood-red, some of delicate sea-blue striped with pink, and some tinted with innumerable shades of gray and fawn. Then there is *Bellio*, the sea-daisy, which may be found wherever there are cracks or small holes in limestone and slate rock. In these rifts it fixes its base, and expands its brown-gray, starlike flowers on the surface, but it must be chipped out with much care and patience, for the moment it is touched it contracts deep into the rock, and all that is left of the daisy flower that was some two or three inches across, is a blue knot half the size of a marble. But it will expand again after a day or two of captivity, and well repay the trouble it has cost.

The colors of the fishes themselves are no less radiant. The stickleback, a busy little creature who builds curious nests of sand, twigs and weed, and is distinguished for his warlike propensities, is of a clear green tint, with a breast of glowing

orange; the star-fish is gorgeously attired in rose-pink and scarlet, and even the humble perch and pike are living pictures in bronze, gold and silver, shaded in the most delicate manner.

A few days ago we entered the dwelling of a friend who is passionately fond of observing and fostering these tiny marine pets. The windows and tables of her boudoir were full of aquariums of all sizes, paved with silvery pebbles and gold and crimson shells. Bits of rock and sea-coral were piled together in such a manner that they formed cool, dark, shadowy caverns, where those fish who prefer gloom and solitude were gamboling quietly by themselves, and brilliant sea-flowers expanding beneath the clear tides looked like glowing jewels clinging to stones and sand. It was a warm sunny morning, and all the glittering inmates of these tiny fairy palaces were in swift and joyful motion around them.

"How beautiful!" was our involuntary exclamation.

"Yes, it is a lovely sight," returned the lady, who was evidently pleased at our admiration of her favorites; "but I have encountered sore trials of patience and energy before reaching this point of success."

"How so? for surely it must be an easy task to preside over a few aquariums."

"Ah! so you may think, but I have a different report to make," she replied, smiling.

"But what obstacles have hindered your progress?" we inquired.

"Why, in the first place, I was much troubled by internal dissension in my camp. The beautiful stickleback, whose bright colors give such liveliness of hue to the aquarium, turned out to be the most quarrelsome little warrior you ever beheld. It would fight on the smallest provocation, and destroy its kind without the least remorse, and sometimes two or three dead bodies would be floating on the surface at once."

"How did you remedy this trouble?"

"By banishing the whole race from my kingdom; but I very much regretted the necessity, as they are a great ornament, and their curious manner of building nests is very amusing; to a looker-on. My next affliction was neither more nor less than sunshine."

"Sunshine! pray explain yourself."

"My birds sing loudest, and my plants expand most genially in the warm sunlight, so that I naturally concluded it would prove beneficial to my little fishes. So I left them all day long in a sunny south window, and at night, coming to visit them, all was over with my pets. Half an hour's boiling had undone the labor of weeks; the water had become tepid, and the fishes were dead."

"That was indeed a misfortune; but I suppose you learned future wisdom from all these bitter experiences?"

"In that solitary respect I did. I took the precaution to draw down the window shade whenever the sun was warm, so that my little charge could enjoy the light without the oppressive heat. But a few months afterwards, I was careless enough to leave a glass dwelling in the window after nightfall. It was entirely overlooked until the next morning, when I entered the room by chance, and was horrified to find the floor strewn with dead fishes, pebbles and bits of sea grass. The glass had cracked in the night frost, and one, at least, of my establishments, was ruined for ever."

"I must confess," observed I, "that these aquariums need more care and foresight than I had any idea of."

"I should completely weary you," said my friend, "if I were to detail all the petty annoyances, the thousand trivial vexations to which I was subjected during the first six months of my experience in aquariums. But I persevered, and am now as successful as I could hope. Everything seems to prosper, as if by some magic charm, in my ocean domains, and I derive more satisfaction than it is possible to describe, from observing the distinctive habits and manners of these brilliant, gliding little creatures."

As we passed through the small colony of inhabitants of the deep, new beauties met our eyes at every turn. The water formed a sort of magical medium, through which, as in a mirror, we beheld various sized fishes in gorgeous uniforms of gold and scarlet and sea-green, some lurking in the dark recesses of the miniature caverns, and some gasping slowly, as they floated

round and round amid sun-dew, sea anemones and vividly-tinted shells. A more picturesque and beautiful sight could scarcely be imagined.

Layers of cool sea-moss and ulvæ gave a soft emerald coloring to the pebbles below, while clusters of water-lilies hung like sea-nymphs above the surface. The curious soldier-plant, which is not unlike an aloe in appearance, was also there. The long heavy leaves expanding in every direction, like the rays of a star, drooped over into the water, forming a sort of tent, which afforded a shelter very grateful to the fishes and other animated creatures below. We paused before a singular specimen of the "Edwardsia Vestita," a newly discovered zoophyte, whose specific name of "Vestita" has been conferred upon it in consequence of its habit of forming for itself a case or shell into which it can retire like any member of the mollusca tribe. We were assured by our fair cicerone that she had frequently witnessed the tentaculae of these curious creatures, which in their general appearance resemble the petals of a flower, close upon any small animal which unluckily happened to come within their range.

"And what becomes of the unfortunate little captive?" we inquired.

"The Edwardsia does not again expand, until the imprisoned prey has been absorbed by some complicated and curious system of digestion, into the system of its zoophytic devourer."

"What is this strange specimen beside it, like a waving tassel of white silk?"

"That is the Actinia. Observe its drooping fringe of pearly white, and see how artistically its trunk of pale orange is studded with gold-colored tubercles. Its more common appellation is Serpent-haired Sea Anemone."

As we left the dwelling of our fair friend, we could not avoid a few reflections upon the infinite superiority of this new and popular amusement to the hosts that have gone before it. Not that we would exclude singing birds or graceful plants from the tender mercies of womankind; but we would expand the circle of occupation and intelligence by introducing new varieties of the animal kingdom to public notice. The aquarium, after it is once suitably stocked, requires but little care or attention and no combination of colors with which artist ever glorified canvas can compare with the constantly varying beauty of these radiant "pictures of the sea."

In England, the aquarium has become a necessary adjunct to every home that claims the slightest pretensions to taste or luxury. It is to be found in the spacious conservatories of wealthy noblemen, on the library-tables and work-stands of the more refined of the middle-classes, and even in the windows of quiet cottage-homes, where it shares its place with the caged blackbird and the favorite geranium-plant.

Those who are able to indulge in a brief sojourn at the sea-side, occupy their time in collecting sea-flowers, fishes, zoophytes and coral for their aquariums; and the English lady will talk with as much animation of a beautiful new star-fish or shell of which she has possessed herself, as the American woman does of a new bonnet or a lace collar. Even the inland towns are supplied with the fashionable novelty, as any chemist of note will under-

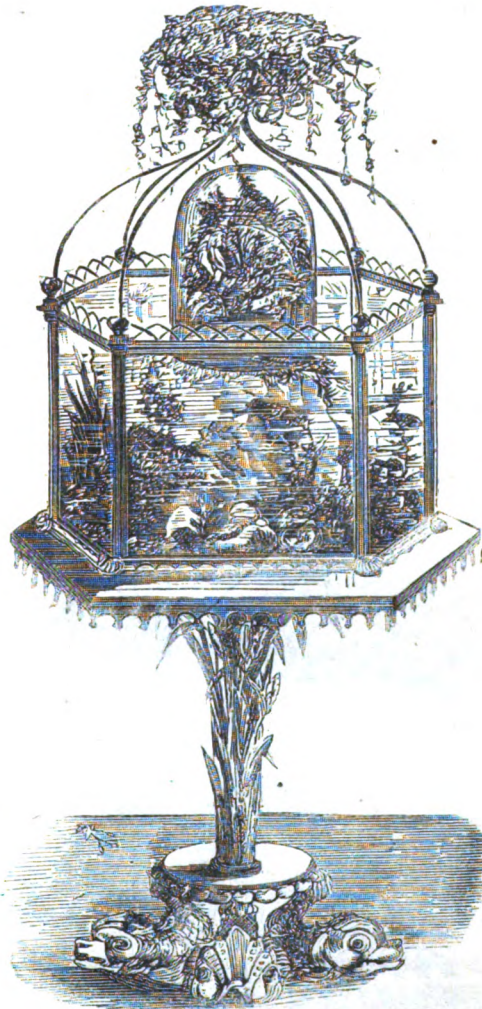
take to furnish "artificial sea-water" from a combination of salts, chlorides, &c., and there are plenty of establishments for the complete stocking of aquariums with all necessities, both animate and inanimate, at every corner.

A giant aquarium, composed of a dozen water-scenes, enclosed in the finest of plate glass, and nearly eighty feet in length, is on exhibition at the Zoological Gardens in London, where it constantly attracts crowds of eager visitors to witness, as it were, a cavern of the vast ocean, rich in gleaming sands, rosy shells, darting fish and branching coral.

In the great work of home-education, the aquarium must necessarily exert a favorable influence. The scientific principles on which the whole thing is based, the beautiful economy of proportion and absorption by which alone it can exist prosperously, and the constant exemplification which it affords of the system by which "life beneath the waves" is carried on, cannot but be more useful than all the dry and didactic information contained in a dozen text-books, particularly to the young, who learn so much through the eye and so little through the memory.

Our engraving represents one of the most graceful and convenient of the numerous styles of the aquarium. A light and picturesque table, carved to represent water-lily leaves, sea-monsters and ocean shells, supports a miniature "Crystal Palace," full of tiny inhabitants, plants and molluscs, and a beautiful little receptacle above contains mosses and drooping leaves which give an exquisite finish to the whole.

We are sincerely rejoiced to witness the progress which aquariums are making in America. Their extreme beauty, the comparative ease with which they may be established and maintained, and the constant source of amusement and interest which they afford to every inquiring mind, all serve to recommend them to the home-circle, and we foresee the time when they will be as much a part of the parlor, library and boudoir, as the work-basket, the canary-bird, and the easy chair themselves.



DESIGN FOR AN AQUARIUM.

SMART REPLY.—General Castanos had grown old in a court, and was more adapted for it than for a camp. Hot weather, the plunder and baggage with which the French

had encumbered themselves, and the self-sufficiency of their commander, gained for him the victory of Baylen. He had the good sense and modesty to ascribe his success to those circumstances. The French general, Dupont, had the bad taste to preserve his vanity even in his chagrin. When he delivered his sword to Castanos, he said, "You may well, general, be proud of this day; it is remarkable that I have never lost a pitched battle till now—I, who have been in more than twenty, and gained them all!" "It is the more remarkable," replied, drily, the sarcastic Spaniard, "because I never was in one before in my life."

A BUFFOON, at the court of Francis I., complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him, for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

SUBMARINE TUNNEL BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

M. A. THOME DE GAMOND, a well-known French engineer, has published a quarto volume treating of a project for constructing a tunnel between England and France. The idea was brought under the attention of the Emperor some time since, and a committee formed to report thereon. A number of scientific gentlemen have lately formed themselves into a club at Paris, and M. Thome de Gamond's submarine tunnel has constituted the first subject for investigation. Most of the journals of Paris have taken up the curious problem, and thus created a certain amount of interest in this dream. It is proposed to cut a tunnel from Cape Gris Nez, on the French coast, to a point which is about midway between Folkestone and Dover. A colored diagram at the end of the volume shows the character of the geological deposits of the bed of the Channel; and M. Gamond believes he has discovered a stratum which would be admirably suited for piercing. According to the information obtained, the stratum consists partly of a white soft stone and argillaceous earths of three different ages, viz.: a zone of Oxford clay, a zone of Kimmeridge clay, fifty metres thick, and a zone of Weald clay, which on the English side is uppermost. Having satisfied himself as to the nature of the deposits he would have to cut through, the engineer shows how he believes the tunnel might be successfully constructed. An island occurs at the bottom of the sea called the "Varne Star;" and exclusive of this natural advantage, thirteen islands more are to be made in the Channel along the projected line. These islands are to be made of rock, cemented with clay, the section of each presenting a trapezium, the lower base of which is about two hundred and twenty metres in length, the altitude sixty-five, and the upper base forty. Through these islands shafts are to be sunk to the level of the projected tunnel; and this done, the work of excavation may be commenced on twenty-eight points at once. The cost of the tunnel is to be £7,000,000.

The projector has evidently bestowed an immense amount of labor on his calculations before he satisfied himself of the possibility of executing a work which has formed the dream of many enthusiasts, none of whom, however, have brought to light so much geological information, and none of whom have dared to apply the advanced discoveries of science to new and gigantic difficulties. Whatever may be the result of M. Gamond's splendid visions, he has contributed a most interesting volume to the engineering literature of the day.

CHRONOLOGICAL COINCIDENCES.—The following are some remarkable chronological coincidences suggested by the tidings of the storming of Delhi, on the 14th of September, and the occupation of the city on the 20th. The landing of the allies in the Crimea took place on the 14th of September, 1854, and the battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th. On the 14th of September, 1812, Napoleon entered Moscow. On the 20th of September, 1792, was fought the battle of Valmy, the first and most important victory of the French Revolution. The battle of Marathon was fought on the 6th of Boedremion, B. C. 490, answering to the 8th of September of the Julian calendar. The day of Alma was consequently the Julian anniversary of Marathon, the 20th N. S. in this century being the 8th O. S. as still used by the Russians. The battle of Salamis took place, according to the same mode of calculation, 20th of September, B. C. 480.

SNAKE CHARMING.—In Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," it is asserted that the magicians of Egypt employed this art in converting their rods into serpents, as narrated in Exodus vii. 12: "We may infer that they used a real serpent as a rod—namely, the species now called *haje*—for their imposture; since they no doubt did what the present serpent-charmers perform with the same species, by means of the temporary *asphyxiation*, or suspension of vitality, and producing restoration to active life by liberating or throwing down."



BOBBING AROUND; OR, THE GAME
OF FAMILIES.

To perform this new and amusing game, purchase at a stationer's a pack or two of small plain cards, commonly called address cards; divide them into fours, each four representing an entire family; write on the first card, Dip the Dyer; on the second, Dip the Dyer's Wife; on the third, Dip the Dyer's Son; and on the fourth, Dip the Dyer's Daughter; and so on with each family of four cards. According to the number of players, so many families may be brought into requisition, allowing one, two, or three families to each player; that is, four, eight, or twelve cards. Shuffle the cards, and deal them out with the names downwards. The players are then to arrange them in alphabetical order, taking care to conceal what they hold between a sheet of folded paper or book. When all are ready, the dealer asks some of the players for the member of any family he chooses; for instance, should he hold two members of a family, say Flounder the Fishmonger, and the Fishmonger's Wife, he would ask for either their son or their daughter, and should he succeed in obtaining what he asks for, he will give in exchange some odd member that he wishes to part with, but which will probably make up a "united family" of another player; he then has the privilege of "bobbing around" for the other member of the family; but should he fail, the last player asked will then go "bobbing around" for some member of a family to complete any family he may hold; and the game thus proceeds until the scattered members of every family are brought home by the players—those securing the greatest number of families being the greatest winners. Each person, on commencing, must deposit one counter for every family—that is, for every four cards that are dealt to him—so the winners will take up a counter for every family they can perfect, which should be deposited under the right hand as soon as perfected. If the players are few, two or three families may be dealt out, and each player may deposit one counter only for all the families, and the winners take one counter for the corresponding number of families they obtain; thus if one counter is deposited for three families, a player must obtain three families before he can obtain a counter; but this will readily suggest itself to the players. Each player should endeavor to recollect what members of a family have been asked for, and by whom, and by whom refused; and then, should he hold those members that have been refused by others, he can go "bobbing around" for them with very great facility, and soon have a complete family, which will cause much fun, and add to the amusement of the game. In large parties, twenty or twenty-five families may be dealt out, and after this game has been played round once or twice, it will be found one of the most amusing that we could present to our readers, in which both young and old can participate.



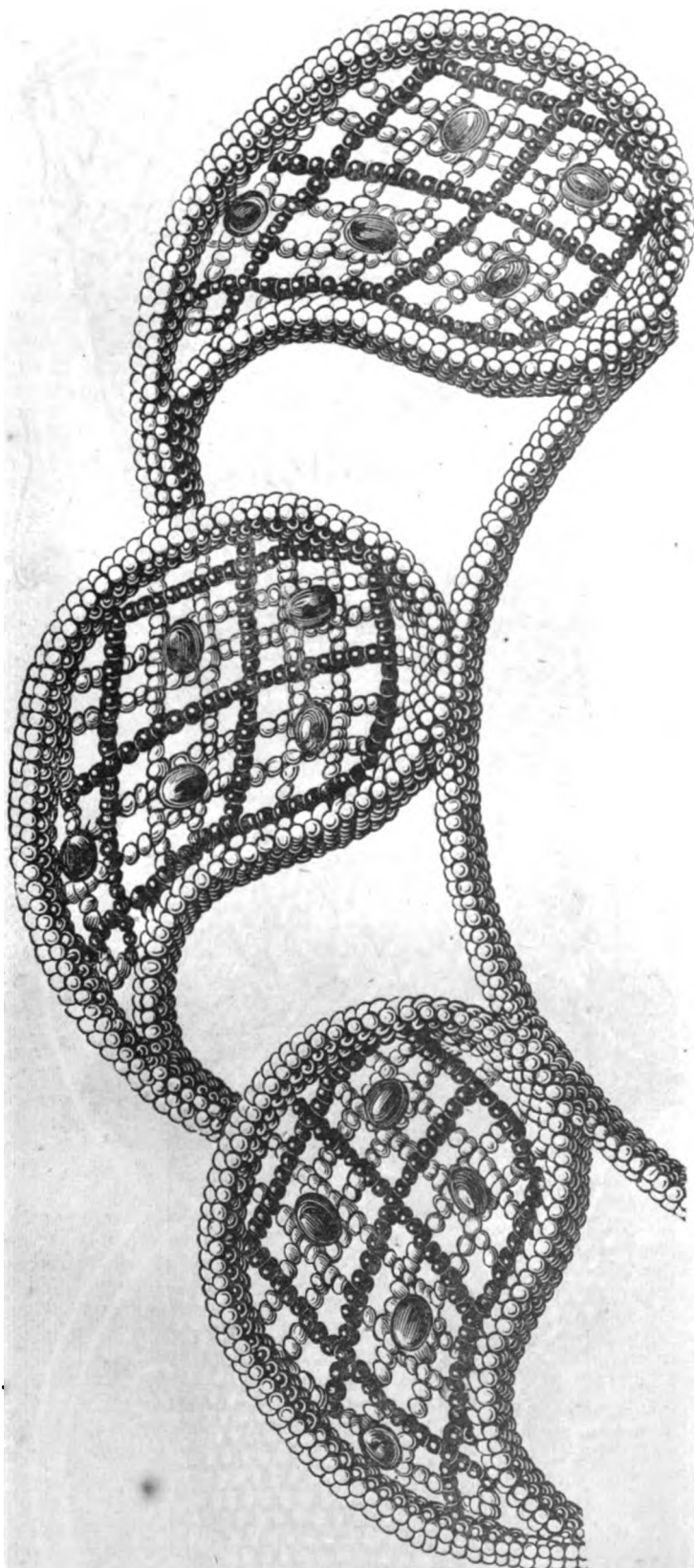
CROCHET GLOVE FOR A LITTLE CHILD, PAGE 183.

WHAT animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a "hogshead full."

A FAITHFUL MUSSULMAN.

The following is an extract of a letter from a lady in the Punjab, dated "Murree Hills, November 1 :—"

villains, who have vowed on their Koran they will not leave a house in Murree this cold weather. They ought to have been more expeditious about their matters, and not have allowed our guns to arrive. Thank goodness, we are prepared for whatever they may choose to do. Yesterday morning a horrible tragedy was enacted here—five men blown away from the guns. It was indeed sickening to see the Mhaties cleaning up the blood and shreds of human flesh left on the ground after the execution. Dr. T— picked up a heart which he declares palpitated for some time after its separation from the body. One of the culprits, when tied to the muzzle, lifted his head just as the explosion took place, and was consequently killed without being even singled! The others were blown to shreds. Last week I saw three native doctors hung. It seems very revolting and horrible that a woman should look on such spectacles, but in these days women must have hearts of oak, otherwise they could never live through such scenes as we witness out here. We have had a marvellous escape up here, as is coming out now in the evidence. One of the men above-named confessed, when on the gallows, that had it not been for the chicken-hearted villagers not a Christian would have been alive to tell the tale. You cannot imagine anything equal to the coolness and unconcern with which they die. They eat their last meal with appetite—death is nothing to a Mohammedan, as I have been an eye-witness to. A few days ago a melancholy thing happened in our own household. A favorite and faithful servant poisoned himself to save our lives. I must tell you how it happened. We were sitting at whist about ten P.M., when in rushed Kootadine with a face of horror I shall never forget. He was dreadfully excited. He said, "Sahib, sahib, you are in great danger; there is a plot to murder you this night, after you are asleep. The murderer will enter in by your bathing-room door, and will cut your throat with a carving knife which he has for the purpose." We of course made inquiry, and seized the accused party (a table servant), and had him put under a guard, where he remained all night. Poor Kootadine was crying bitterly the next morning, and on asking him the reason, he said the Mussulman servants were bullying his life out about having saved the life of a Christian dog or pig, as they politely call us. Well, this went on all day. Nothing we could do to comfort the poor man was of any avail. He took a dose of arsenic, which killed him in two hours. Almost his last words were, "Sahib, you are saved, but I must die for you;" and most assuredly he has done so, dear C—, for a better or more faithful creature did not exist. He had been with us for years, and had served us to the last. This man was the highest caste of Mussulman, a kind of priest, which makes it still more wonderful. I cannot tell you how grieved I am for his loss. We shall never get his like again. The courage with which these people lay down their lives is more than I can understand. In fact, it is *kismet* with them entirely."



BORDER FOR A LAMP MAT. PAGE 184.

"My dear C—, I am glad to be able to tell you we are all well and safe as yet, although still threatened by these cowardly

privates immediately went to throwing up fortifications and earthworks.

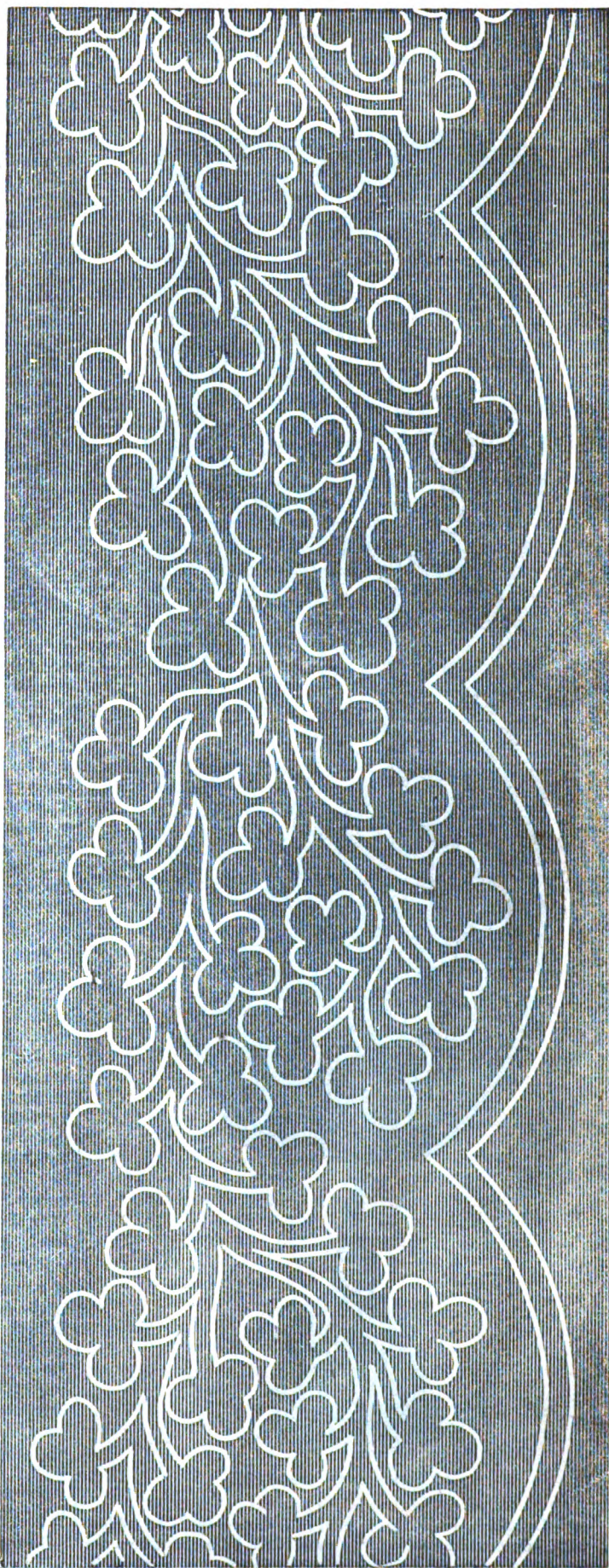
CURIOUS CASES OF PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE.

A young gentleman, articulated to an attorney in London, was tried at the Old Bailey on the 17th and 19th of July, 1824, on five indictments for different acts of theft. A person resembling the prisoner in size and general appearance had called at various shops in the metropolis for the purpose of looking at books, jewelry, and other articles, with the pretended intention of making purchases, but made off with the property placed before him while the storekeepers were engaged looking out other articles. In each of these cases the prisoner was positively identified by several persons, while in a majority of them an *alibi* was as clearly and positively established; and the young man was proved to be of orderly habits and irreproachable character, and under no temptation for want of money to resort to dishonesty. Similar depredations on other tradesmen had been committed by a person resembling the prisoner; and these persons proved that, though there was a considerable resemblance in the prisoner, he was not the person who had robbed them. The prisoner was convicted upon one indictment, but acquitted on all the others, and the judge and jurors who tried the last three cases expressed their conviction that the witnesses had been mistaken, and that the prosecutors had been robbed by another person resembling the prisoner. A pardon was immediately procured in respect of that charge on which conviction had taken place.

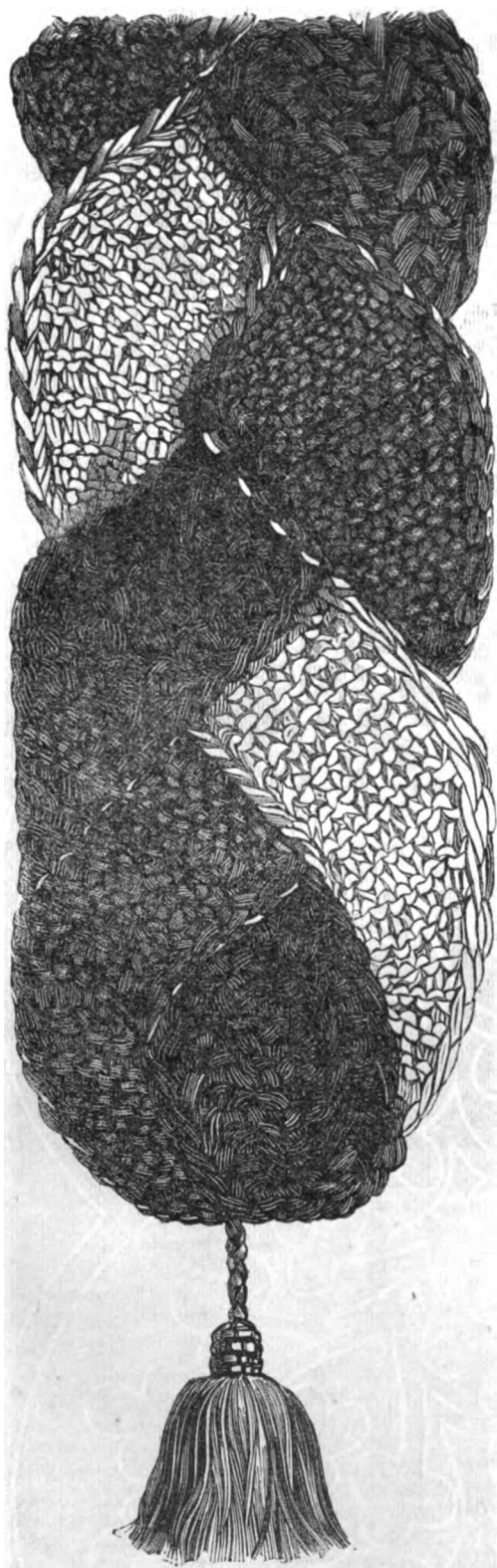
Not many months before the last-mentioned case a respectable young man was tried for a highway robbery committed at Bethnal Green, in which neighborhood both he and the prosecutor resided. The prosecutor swore positively that the prisoner was the man who robbed him of his watch. The counsel for the prisoner called a genteel young woman, to whom the prisoner paid his addresses, who gave evidence which proved a complete *alibi*. The prosecutor was then ordered out of court, and in the interval another young man, of the name of Greenwood, who awaited his trial on a capital charge of felony, was introduced and placed by the side of the prisoner. The prosecutor was again put up in the witness-box and addressed thus: "Remember, sir, the life of this young man depends upon your reply to the question I am about to put. Will you swear again that the young man at the bar is the person who assaulted and robbed you?" The witness turned his head towards the dock, when beholding two men so nearly alike, he became petrified with astonishment, dropped his hat, and was speechless for a time, but at length declined swearing to either. The young man was of course acquitted. Greenwood was tried for another offence and executed; and a few hours before his death acknowledged that he had committed the robbery with which the other was charged.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empanelled a jury, put them in a box, nailed a witness, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



ALI PASHA AND ENGINEERING DIFFICULTIES.—"Ah!" said the Pasha, laughing, "I know all that; I shall have difficulties; what can be done without difficulty? all my life I have been contending against them; I have always overcome them,



KNITTED SCARF. PAGE 185.

and, Inshallah, I will do so still! Did you see," he added, with increased animation, "a canal that joins the Nile a few miles northward of this spot?" Mr. Thorpe had noticed it, but had not thought of inquiring whither it led. "Well,

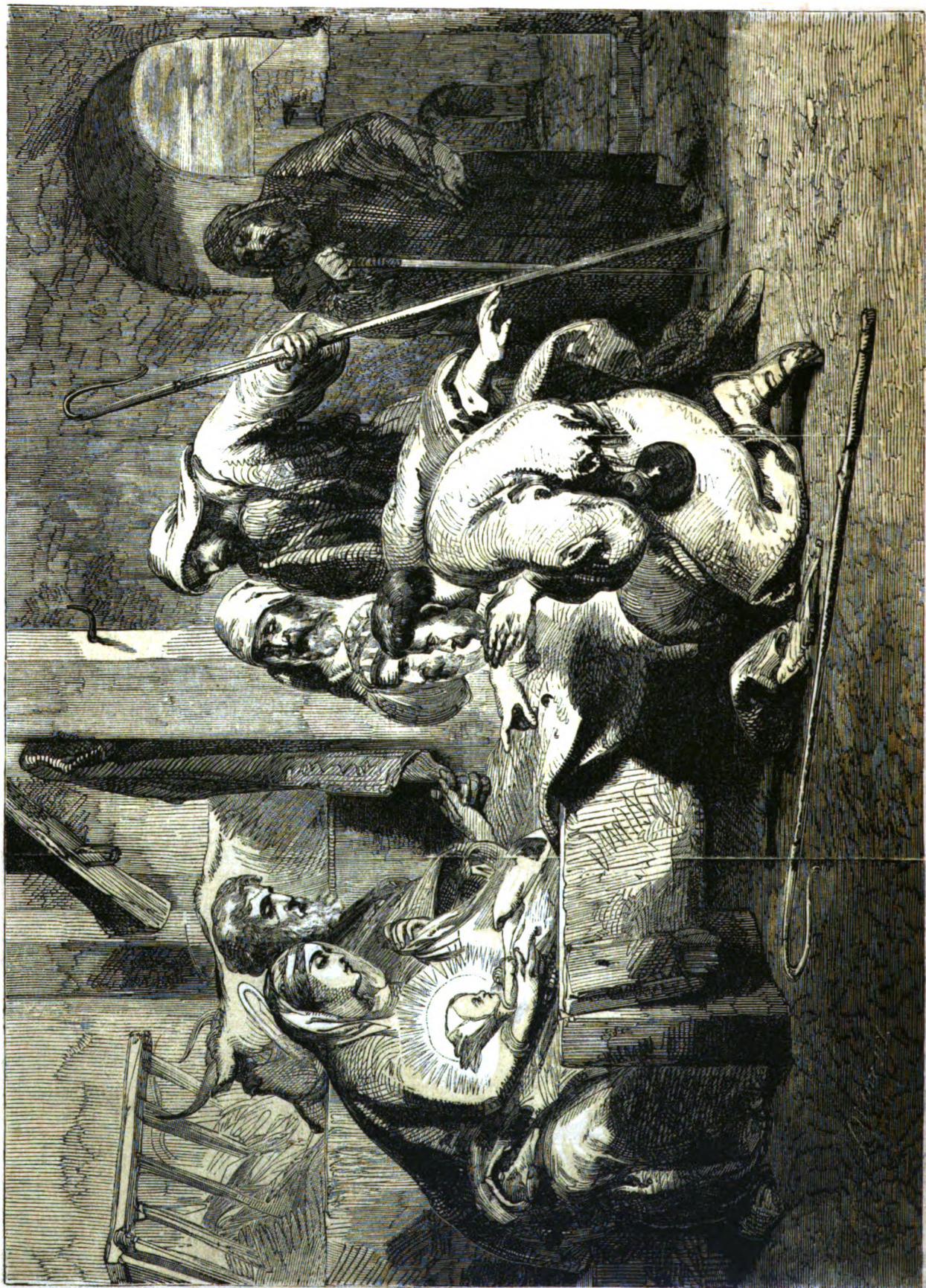
then," continued the Pasha, "that canal leads to a large village in the middle of the Delta, from which and from the neighboring provinces it brings the produce down to the Nile. How do you think I made that canal? You shall hear. Two years ago I stopped here on my way to Cairo from Alexandria, and having determined to make a canal from the Nile to that village, I sent for the chief engineer of the province, and giving him the length, breadth, and depth of the canal required, I asked him in what space of time he would undertake to make it. He took out his pen and paper, and having made his calculations, he said that if I gave him an order on the governor of the province for the labor required, he would undertake to finish it in a year. My reply was a signal to my servants to throw him down and give him two hundred blows of the stick on his feet. This ceremony being concluded, I said to him, 'Here is the order for the number of laborers you may require; I am going to Upper Egypt, and shall come back in four months; if the canal is not completed by the day of my return you shall have three hundred more.'" In relating this story the Pasha's eyes sparkled, and he almost jumped from his sitting posture with excitement, as he added, rubbing his hands, "By Allah, the canal was completed when I returned." A true story, and one that Mahomed Ali used to tell with great glee.

BURNING RATS ALIVE.—The following curious, but cruel custom is occasionally practised in the vaults of the warehouses and on board the vessels in the harbor of Kingston-upon-Hull. A rat having been caught alive in a wire trap, is dipped into strong spirit, and a lighted match having been applied, the burning animal is turned loose near one of its haunts; it is supposed that the rats have places of rendezvous, where they congregate when danger is threatened, and that the shrieking, half-roasted wretch seeks one of these places, and so terrifies its fellows by its cries and appearance, that they ever afterwards refrain from visiting the vault or vessel. Some years since, a gentleman, who had just returned from Rome, informed me that he had witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a large number of rats, after having been dipped into spirits of turpentine and set on fire, being turned loose at the top of the flight of steps which leads from the Vatican to the Plaza below. A great crowd of persons was assembled to witness the spectacle, which took place at night; and I think my informant stated, was customary on the evening of a particular day of the year; the miserable rats, which left the top step of the flight like living balls of fire—amidst the shouts of the populace—arrived at the bottom mere masses of scorched flesh.

FORTUNE AND THE DREAM.—A dream flitted past the cavern where Fortune was sleeping, and awoke her from her slumber. "Whence comest thou?" asked the goddess. "From a maiden," said her aerial visitor, "over whose pillow I have hovered all night. I wore the shape of a lover of rank and wealth, with horses and equipages, and a train of liveried servants. I kneeled and kissed her hand, and had just won her consent to be mine, when day broke and I vanished. But the good child will think of me all day long and be happy." "My fate is not so happy a one as thine," replied Fortune. "'Twas but lately I visited a merchant, and made him prosperous and rich. While I remained with him he was contented, but yesterday I turned away my face from him and he hung himself. Why should those whom thou visitest feel thy disappearance less? Am not I, too, a dream?"

BROTHERLY CHARITY.—An avaricious divine seeing a poor boy of a promising appearance in a deplorable condition called him to the door; and giving him a mouldy piece of bread, asked him if he could read, to which he answered in the negative; to the questions, whether he could say the Belief and the Lord's Prayer, the answer was the same. "Well," said the divine. "I will teach you that; say after me, 'Our Father,'" said the instructor. "Our father!" repeated the poor boy; "what, your father as well as mine?" "Yes, certainly." "Then we are brothers?" "To be sure we are," was the reply. "Why then," replied the boy, pulling the crust from under his coat, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy piece of bread!"

Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.



VOL. II.—No. 3.

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NOTES OF SEVEN YEARS' RAMBLES IN CHINA.

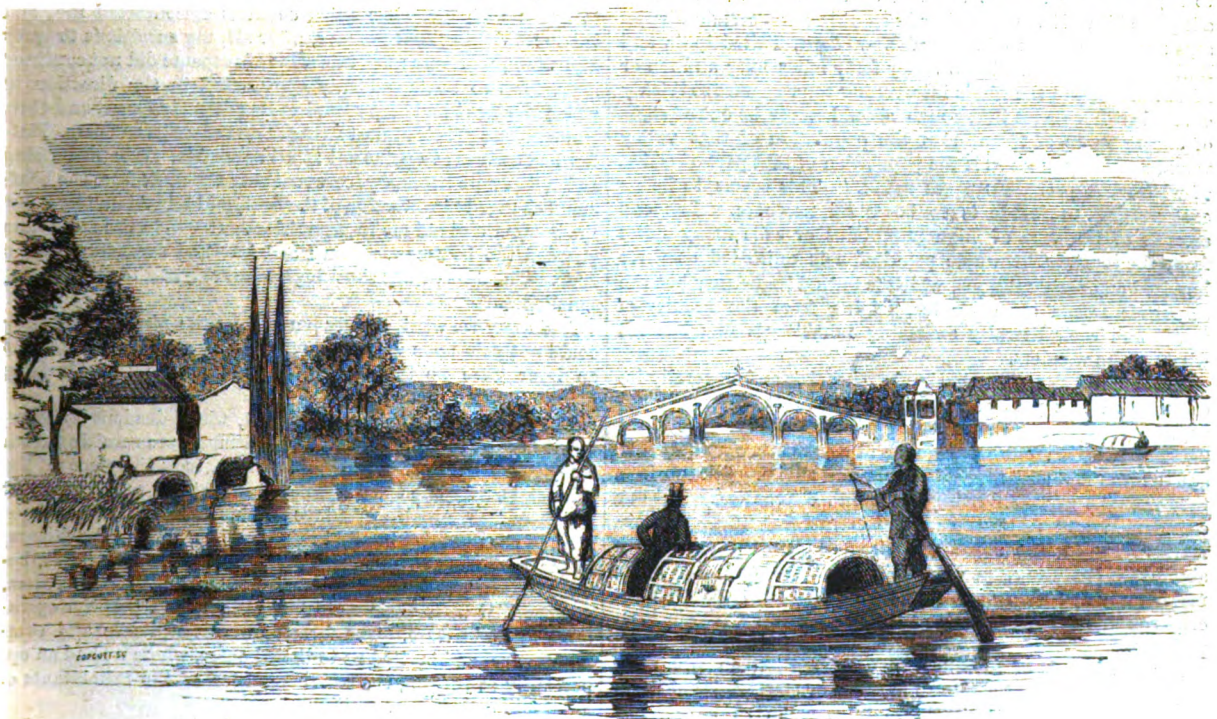
EXCURSION INTO THE PROVINCE OF TCHU-KIANG.

CONTENT with the sight of Ningpo for a season, I despatched Alum to procure a boat to conduct us a part of an intended journey. He soon returned with a satisfactory report, and we left our quarters for the boat, Alum following with my sketching materials, and coolies bringing up the rear with our baggage.

At the wharf we were joined by G—. Having embarked, stored our baggage and arranged everything for starting, the rascally boatman (thinking the "fankwais" fair game) demanded an advance of one hundred cash over the sum agreed between himself and Alum for the use of his boat, and posi-

tively refused to budge from his anchorage until we complied with his terms. The boat being a fine one, and the boatman's wife a good-looking woman, I felt inclined to accede to the unjust demand, but G— said that would never do, and I allowed him to manage the matter. He was fully acquainted with John Chinaman's character, for he commenced immediately to remove our baggage from the boat. The boatman, seeing the game could not work, gave in and got us under way.

Our boat was a river "sampan." It was divided into two compartments, one of which was for our accomodation, and the other formed the habitation of the boatman and his family. For it, and the services of a man and his wife, we paid the moderate sum of two hundred and fifty cash (twenty cents) per day. The wife propelled the boat, in which operation she was very expert—handling the heavy sculls in a manner that caused us to skim over the smooth water at a prodigiously rapid rate.



OUR BOAT.

The husband occupied himself principally in smoking opium and tobacco. There were two little children belonging to our crew, a baby and a boy about two years old. The baby remained ensconced in a cloth cradle on its mother's back, where it was perpetually rocked without the intervention of Yankee mechanism. The little boy was provided with a bamboo-buoy around his neck, as a preventive against drowning. His chief delight was hanging on the scull by his mother's side, and imitating her motions.

Our route was through the Seadu canal, as far as a village of that name. Having reached the mouth of the canal, our next step was to get our boat into it; this was effected by an arrangement purely Chinese, and which was as remote from our conception of a canal-lock as was possible to be. Imagine an inclined plane about forty-five degrees, the width of the stream, and two of the most rudely constructed windlasses conceivable, one on either side, and you will have a Chinese canal-lock.

A rope having been passed around the stern of our boat, and its ends made fast to the windlasses, a dozen dirty, lazy Chinamen, with pipes in their mouths, slowly wound us boat and all up the inclination. We remained a few seconds poised, the boat's bows elevated in the air, then with a jar and splash glided into the canal.

We were soon threading our way between a multitude of boats. The day was lovely, the air was pleasant, the harvests were ready for the reaper, all around us the trees were loaded with flowers and fruits, and over the earth broad cloud-shadows fitted and sported.

The country was rich, the landscape prettily varied by plains, dale and water, and under perfect cultivation. The canals intersected the country in every direction, and in their meanderings floated myriads of boats of various forms and sizes; the ripening harvests, variegated in delicate hues and waving in the wind, stretched across the plains, like carpets of richest texture.

Towns, villages, bridges, temples, triumphal arches, pagodas, villas, ancestral tombs, clusters of waving bamboo; these dotted the country in every direction, and every movement in our journey produced new combinations of novel beauties.

Though removed from any large town, we seemed not to be in the country, for in the fields, on the bridges, in the boats, along the paths, everywhere were busy inhabitants.

Travellers are startled by the denseness of the population of China, and all who write on that country make some allusion to it; but after all, the stranger of the West can have no adequate idea of it. One writer in speaking of a certain district says: "If the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were situated in a valley forty miles long and ten or fifteen broad, and the whole intervening country were so thickly covered with villages that a man should never be out of sight of one or more of them, still the population of that valley would not be as great as is the population of that part of China of which the preceding pages speak." This seems to be no exaggeration. Solitude is to be found nowhere, unless one ascends to the tops of high mountains or sails many miles from the coast. The whole population is estimated at three hundred and sixty millions, which is indeed immense; but the aggregate would seem greater, judging from the infinity of towns and their literally swarming inhabitants one beholds wherever he wanders.

The inhabitants, though simple, cheerful, and generally inoffensive in this part of the country, were at times very annoying. They insisted upon being permitted to examine every part of our dress; our hats, shoes and ornaments were beautiful and admirable, and much better than theirs. Our pockets they thought exceedingly ingenious and convenient. But our complexion and features caused the greatest number of remarks. They would stand and stare at us with an intensity absolutely confusing, peering into our faces, and the while making any and all remarks to themselves that our peculiar conformation of feature suggested, with cool and unabashed impudence.

For the benefit of travellers we will mention an admirable way we discovered of ridding ourselves of staring, inquisitive, impudent loons. It is simply to treat them as beggars, by offering them cash (money). This invariably acted like a charm in accomplishing the purpose. The individual so treated

bristled up immediately, looking at us and then at the crowd to assure himself of our earnestness, and when fully satisfied of that, he betook himself off, indignantly ejaculating "Ayah!"

There were, however, a class of the natives, who were not so simple and harmless, to avoid, against whom we had constantly to be on the alert. Many of these were professional robbers, lurking on shore and canal. Our boatman, of whose character we had an inkling on the start, proved to be a cunning villain. One stormy afternoon we were hurrying towards a village for security for the night, when Alum came quickly to me and related part of a conversation he had overheard between the rascal and a Fackeir man at a village we had just left, which communication, together with the fact of his having withdrawn his wife from the scull and taken the management of the helm himself, convinced us that he had contemplated some plan of evil purpose, and that to be executed shortly. Whether his intention was to rob, murder, or deliver us over to the mandarins, we did not know. However, to commence immediate steps to frustrate his suspected designs was necessary. Twilight, which by-the-by is of short duration in China, had subsided; it was very dark—no boats were passing—the symphonious croaking of the frogs were the only sounds that broke the stillness, and we were about midway between the two villages.

The village we had just left was the larger of the two. Alum was acquainted there, and we had been civilly treated, so I determined at once to return and anchor there for the night. Accordingly, I gave the boatman orders to that effect, to which he responded without changing his course, the while quickening his motion of the scull, "The village you wish to return to is not a respectable one; that we are approaching is, and we shall be secure from robbers there." I reiterated the order, still he persisted, and this time made no reply, but ordered his wife to ignite josh paper and throw into the water. This manoeuvre was evidently a signal, for I saw a light on the water some distance ahead in reply to it.

I knew well what Chinese pirates were, for I had been at their mercy, and little of that commodity was vouchsafed to me short of death. I was pilfered of everything, even my clothes torn from my person, beaten and pounded, my companion murdered, and the boat on which they attacked me disabled and fired. Naked and starving, I reached a point of land—but I am diverging.

I seized a plank of the boat and rushed towards him, and threatened to strike him if my command was not instantly obeyed. The impudent rascal instead of complying commenced to argue with me. His quick coolness disconcerted me, and led me thinking that perhaps, after all, my suspicions towards him were premature; but this state of suspense did not continue long, for two boats suddenly approached in the direction in which the light had been seen, heading directly for us, and their crews exerting their utmost strength on the sculls and oars. Matters had arrived at a point not at all agreeable. Prompt decision and action were necessary, so wrenching the scull from the boatman I changed the direction of the boat, and told Alum to get out the bow oar and aid me in propulsion. G—— in the meantime guarded the boatman, whom I had knocked sprawling on the deck. The woman was shockingly alarmed, and the little baby squalled.

And away we went, closely pursued by the pirates; but they could not gain upon us, and after vainly pursuing us for about an hour gave up the chase and returned to their lurking place.

The next day the sky was overcast, which deadened the intensity of the sun's heat, and a cool atmosphere resulting from a copious fall of rain the night previous, took the place of the calm and sultry one the day before; so that out of doors it was delightful. We took advantage of this cool spell, and passed most of the next day at and in the neighborhood of the village, in the enjoyment of novelties. We walked over the fields, became intimate with the simple, cheerful and plodding farmers, and familiar with their rude instruments and peculiar operations in agriculture. The farmers were hospitable and communicative, and invited us to their houses, where we had an opportunity of judging the social condition of the inhabitants of a Chinese farm-house.

These, at a distance, have rather an inviting appearance, but on a closer acquaintance, the dilapidated walls, earthen floor,

and absence of tidiness and thrift, exhibit a want of rural comfort not at all consonant with the high esteem in which the husbandman is held, in a country too where the "sun of heaven" annually holds the plough.

On our approach, the dogs scented us afar. Their barking brought out the women and children, but they rushed back again into the house when they beheld the "fankwais" with apparently as much alarm as though we had been so many demons. The patriarch of the family was very old, his hoary tail very short, his gait feeble, and his manner that of a child. But it was pleasing to observe the regard and deference intuitively shown him by all the household. Even the dogs, in which were more "bark than bite," obeyed him when the younger members of the family could have no control over them.

He had inherited the property where he had resided since his birth, and his progenitors for many generations before him. Of them he delighted to talk, and on no account did he omit daily worship in the ancestral hall, before the tablets of those sages long ago passed to the shades.

A brick wall of about fifteen feet high, and covering a space of sixty by forty feet, enclosed the tenements, which occupied only a portion of the ground within, leaving a large court. The ancestral or reception hall was on the basement, opening by a large door into the court, immediately opposite to the wall gate or outer door. There were no windows in this hall, all the light it received came through the door, and the windows in the upper story were glazed with a species of transparent pearl shell. Three families constituted the household, all descendants of the old man. A part of the homestead joined the house, the balance was scattered about not very far off in little patches, and separated from those of the neighbors merely by narrow paths or uncultivated strips of land, the whole of which would not equal a moderate size vegetable garden in our country, yet it sustained several families.

To reduce or facilitate the operations of agriculture, forms no part of the economy of the Chinese. His implements are of the simplest description, and are the same primitive contrivances used by his forefathers thousands of years ago. His plough is the same as that represented on the tombs of the Egyptians three thousand years ago. It has but one handle, and no cutter nor mould-board. The natural crook of the branch of a tree forms the beam, to which is attached a metal share by a withe of the bamboo. It is drawn by the huge awkward buffalo, or by men or women. Most of his agricultural operations he performs with a hoe, which he handles with great facility and effect. In addition to the plough and hoe, his other implements are summed up in two kinds of harrow, a sickle or bill-hook, a flail, a winnowing machine and an irrigating wheel. The latter, in mechanical construction, surpasses them all, for in it there is much practical efficacy—as much as the power used it would seem could be made to effect. The one driven by a buffalo, has a "horse-power" attached to it, which, to all practical effect, is identical with the accelerating power used by our farmers for threshing grain and performing similar barn operations.

The threshing is frequently performed in the fields simultaneously with reaping. In this operation all the family engage; even the ducks, chickens and geese make a harvest of it, for they follow, picking up the scattered grain. A bamboo screen is placed on the leeward side of a large tub, to collect and conduct the grain blown by the wind into the tub. Upon the edge of this tub the grain is beaten. However, in this connection, it may be said there is one branch of agriculture the Chinese are perfect in, that is, the collection, manufacture and application of manure. Hence they never have to lay their lands in fallow; besides, they are enabled to produce two and even more crops upon the same land. The whole population of the country seems to be engaged in it. In the towns and cities, on the canals and roads, coolies, boatmen and others are employed either in its collection, manufacture or sale. Everything of animal, vegetable or earth kind, that can be used for such a purpose, is collected, bought and sold. In the cities, the towns all over the country, large and small, are tanks provided for the reception and fermentation of this renovator of the soil. It is applied to the young growing grain and vegetables in a liquid form, by throwing or sprinkling it over them. Thus

applied it has a wonderful vivifying effect, resuscitating from blight and instilling fresh vigor in the young shoots.

But it is high time to resume our journey. On returning to the village where we left our boat, we found our boatman had vanished, fearing doubtless we should revenge his villainous attempt to do us some mischief. Alum, whom we had fortunately left to guard our property, had procured another boat.

Every town had its bridges, some of which were constructed of stone, and in the turning of the lofty arches a surprising degree of scientific knowledge was apparent.

The houses, as a general thing, were indifferently built, and presented but little appearance of comfort. Those that fronted the water were on piles, and accessible from the water by rude bamboo ladders. They gave a shocking idea of social comfort. At the bridges and other places were flights of stone steps, where women and water carriers congregated. The damsels came there to wash clothes, which they beat with stones in a manner that a few repetitions of it to a garment must render it useless; but fortunately the poor do not often wash their clothes. When apprised of the approach of the "fankwais," a stampede took place among the chalked faces and pencilled eyebrows, in which their inadequate means of locomotion was the occasion of laughable scenes.

The canals abound in fish, hence many of the ingenious contrivances for ensnaring the finny tribe, so peculiar to the Chinese, were in successful operation, and one entirely new to us. The internal noise, which was a part of the game, grated discordantly upon our ear afar. The fisherman who was in a boat, posted himself at a fork or branch of the stream, at a favorable stage of the tide, above where he had previously set his net. Everything being ready, he commenced the "bobbery," which he produced by striking a series of thin rings, formed of different gong metals, so arranged as to clank on each other. The racket thus produced caused a stampede among the fish in the direction of the net, which was adroitly managed by an assistant, who bagged a good many of both large and small.

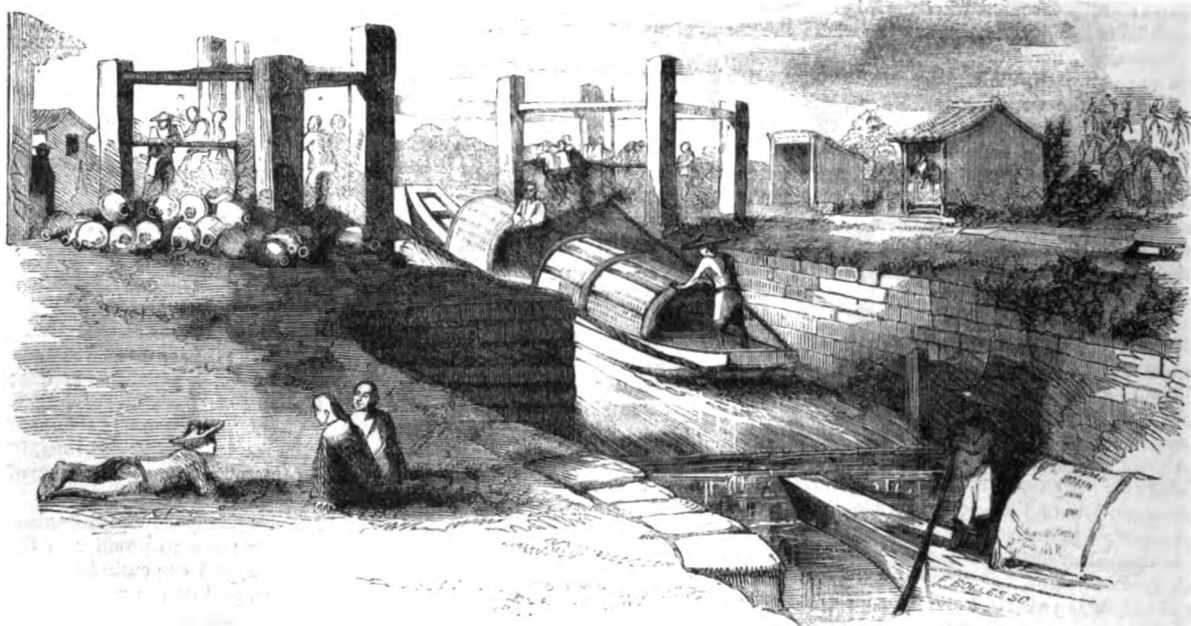
The cormorant fishermen were also about. One of these had a set of the web-footed pirates that were so sagacious and well-trained, that even the natives collected in groups to see their eminently successful manoeuvres. The reward of the bird when it brings in its prey is the gills, which if not immediately given was demanded most promptly by the flapping of wings, quacking, pecking the bare legs of the fisherman, running to and fro on the raft, evincing all the while the utmost excitement. After a while its frenzy subsided into obdurate sulkiness; retiring to the end of the raft, neither the persuasion or threats of the fisherman could induce it to resume its labor of fishing until the coveted and well-deserved morsel was given it.

Grains, vegetables and fruits were in great variety and abundance, and surprisingly cheap. Thousands of boats passed us laden with them, en route for large cities. Melons were especially numerous and of prodigious size, but deficient in flavor.

Alum, who was our cicerone, commissary, cook and my right-hand man, served us sumptuously. Chickens, eggs and fish were our substantials, which were to be had all along the route very fine. The Chinese in some special dishes are model cooks, and for the benefit of housewives I will give their method of cooking rice.

Over the pot in which meats or vegetables are being boiled they place a wire frame resting upon the sides of the pot and above the water, on this they place a bowl containing the rice, which they have previously washed very clean, and then over the whole they put a wooden tub inverted, the lower edge resting upon and fitting closely the pot, so as to retain the steam. In this manner the rice does not come in contact with the water, and is cooked entirely by steam, which swells and whitens the grains, and separates them one from the other.

On the banks of and adjacent to the canal were sheds, in which large quantities of brick and tiles were manufactured, besides mills for pounding and grinding rice, and other machines for crushing bones and beans, as well as other interesting objects. Having traversed the canal to the village of Seadu, we reached the end of our journey by water travel. Before us rose the mountains of the green tea district, in irregular ridges one above another. Those nearest us were impressed with the



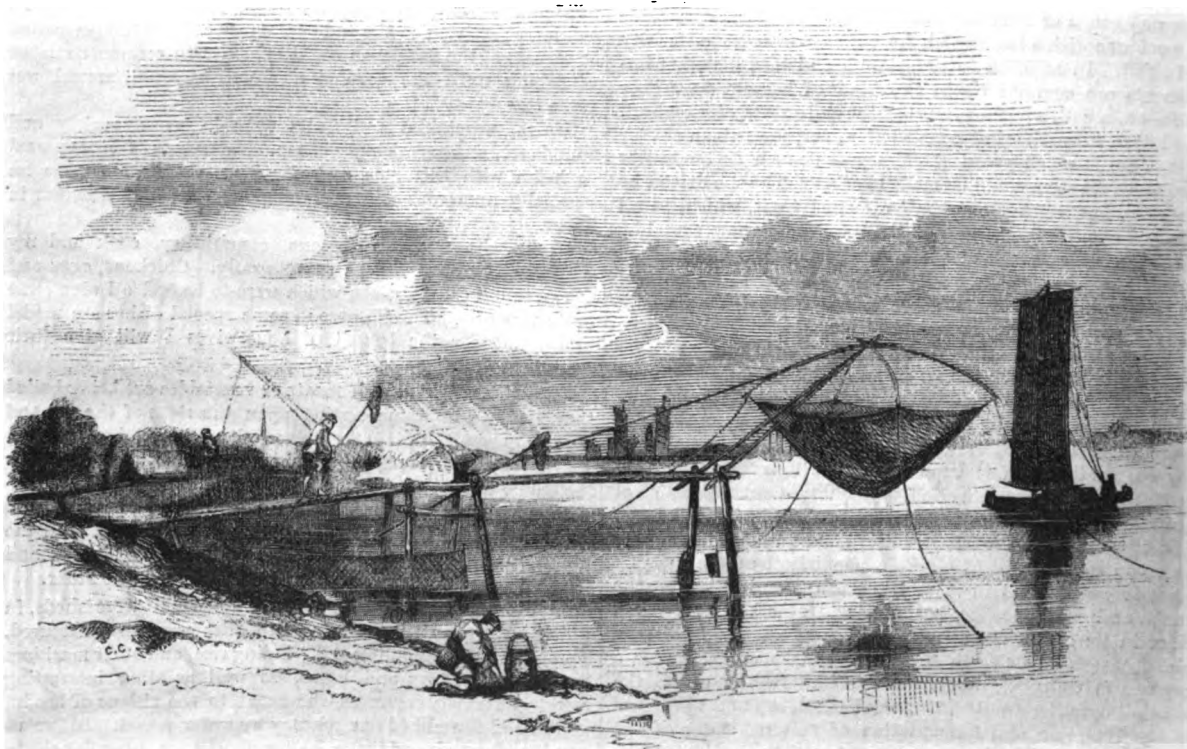
OUR BOAT ASCENDING A CHINESE CANAL LOCK.

hand of industry, but the regular lines of terraces were broken by trees, cottages and shrubbery, and the whole enlivened by the ubiquitous inhabitants. Far away in the distance wild scenery and a portion of the "Neu-wang" monastery were discernible, depicted in faint blue masses.

On a mountain near this village I tarried to make a sketch. I had not been seated long before a crowd gathered about me. The farmer dropped his hoe, the boatman his oar, and hurried to me to see what I was about; boys, old and young men assembled so rapidly that they actually seemed to rise out of the earth. Their inquisitive questions, and peering scrutiny and mischief grew into insult. One little fellow was particularly annoying, and thinking, by making an example of him, to intimidate the

others, I took him, turned him up and gave him a good spanking with a piece of wood which happened to be at hand. The father was among the crowd and witnessed it, became enraged, and all I could say or do I could not satisfy him that I had no intention to kill his child, which he seemed fully convinced was my determination. Annoyances increased, dirt, stones and other missiles were thrown at me, my portfolio and the materials I had with me abstracted, and I had finally to run for my life for the boat, closely pursued, pelted by an enraged mob.

Bringing our boat to, we landed at the village of Seadu. Sending Alum in quest of mountain sedans, we equipped ourselves at a merchant's stall with umbrellas and sundry pairs of straw-sandals, which latter, for tramping over the hills, surpass



SCENE ON THE SHADU CANAL.



CHINESE FARM-HOUSE.

in ease and comfort any known foot trappings. The umbrellas cost the startling sum of one hundred cash, not ten cents.

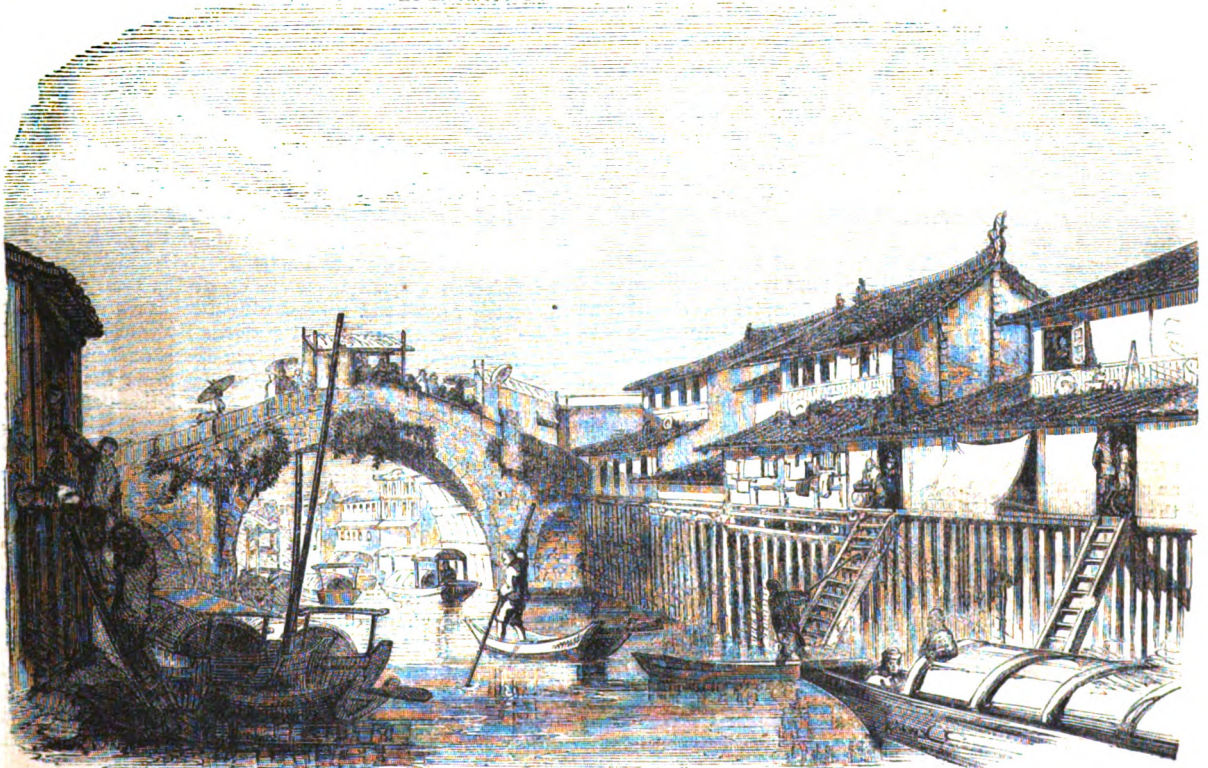
The sedans and bearers having arrived, we seated ourselves in the sedans, and the nimble coolies walked off with us for the temple of the "Heavenly Boys."

We found travelling in the mountain sedans delightful. When we left the boat the sun had not risen above the mountains, rendering umbrellas unnecessary. Suspended between two coolies, we moved along at a quick pace, and with a steady movement. Having taken a cup of coffee before leaving the

boat, we puffed our cneroot in the sweet morning air, and in view of novel and pleasing scenes, with infinite delight and satisfaction.

Two elastic bamboo poles, united at their ends by crossties, three boards and a few cords, constitute the sum total of these delightful springing mountain sedans. The boards were attached to the poles by the cords near the centre. One served as a rest for the back, one for a seat, and the other as a rest for the feet. The crossties rested on the shoulders of the coolies.

Our road was sinuous and paved with stone flags. Trees over-



STREET AND STONE BRIDGE ON THE SEADU CANAL.

it on either side; at intervals were picturesque halting stations, and to its very flags were patches of luxuriant grain waving in the wind, and glistening with dew-drops. Now it wound through a rich valley, then it passed over ridges of mountains, then it skirted mountains clothed with rich vegetation, then it joined the street of a populous town, and all along its route were presented varied and pleasing scenes.

Along the route were the ever cheerful and simple inhabitants, always ready to have a chat with us and offer us pipes. Long trains of coolies, bearing heavy timber, baskets of tea and other burdens, were ever on the march. And we saw what we do not remember seeing elsewhere, that is, old and young women toiling under heavy burdens, slung over their shoulders in the manner usual with men, hobbling along on their insecure foundations, and reeking with perspiration.

We must not forget the picturesque little roadside temples dedicated to the gods of earth and agriculture. These are general property, everybody aiding in their repair, and supplying them with incense or josh-sticks, as needed, to keep up a perpetual sacrifice or offering to these the very popular deities of the Chinese.

Having ridden about nine "li" on our nimble and unfailing coolies, we reached the precincts of the monastery. The pleasant emotions excited by the ride, and the beautiful country we had just left behind were for the time forgotten, to give place to kindred but far more exciting ones; for skirting the ridge of the lofty peak which rises several thousand feet above the monastery, we came in sight of more wild and pleasing scenery than we had yet seen.

A lovely valley laid to the right of us, through which gurgled, over sand and pebbles, a limpid stream; immediately before us was the outer entrance to the monastery, overtopped by lofty pines; beyond were the high mountains in all nature's luxuriant wildness, rising in ridges one above the other.

Entering the portal we paused. The grandeur and sublimity of nature inspired us with awe and solemnity. The stateliness and quietude within strikingly contrasted with the gorgeous splendor without. A dense forest of lofty and large pine and bamboo trees rose on either side of the narrow and serpentine path leading to the monastery. A sombre light issued through the thickly spreading branches and interstices of the densely clustered leaflets; there was perfect stillness save the stifled roar of a waterfall, and the occasional mellow tone of the monastic bell, and without the sun's splendor filled the air and gorgeously illumined the earth.

Passing through an avenue arched with intertwined branches and leaflets, we reached the monastery. The Bonzes greeted us with a welcome. We found them, as we have elsewhere, lounging about the monastery with their rosaries and fans. The Buddhist priests of China are a marked and curious type of the race. Inanimate and vacant expression of countenance and listlessness of manner characterise them generally. The shorn heads and ash-colored robes of this monastery were no exception.

In a gloomy room at the back part of the monastery we found the old abbot. He was engaged at his private devotions. Seated at a table with a book before him, he was chanting a prayer and beating time to the strain. The only words we could catch and remember were, "O-me-to-Fu, O-me-to-Fu."

He assigned us an apartment over his private quarters, for which, on leaving, we gave him a gratuity. In our room was an image of the goddess "Quang-ying," to which a priest came every morning to pay his devotions, and to supply a censor on an altar before it, with incense-sticks. Our window opened on the dense forest, and a short distance down a flight of steps from our door, pure crystal water from the mountains gushed into a stone basin. Here we took our bath in the stillness of the morning.

G— was perfectly beset by priests for religious tracts. He had reserved a large budget of them, and his eloquence especially, for the priest. We will leave him discoursing to them on religion, and say something about the monastery.

The location of it is romantically beautiful. It is built on the south declivity and near the base of the highest mountain of the range; on the east and west sides mountains slope to it, and it is surrounded by a dense forest. And to add to the charm of this secluded spot a limpid and placid lake, beautified

with the flowers of the celebrated lotus plant, spreads its waters in front.

Some suppose the Chinese incapable of appreciating the works of the great Creator; be this as it may, they are unquestionably very happy in the selections of sites for these places to celebrate the rites of idolatry. And they are not less apt in preserving around them the loveliness and grandeur of nature.

The country adjacent to the monastery for many miles on the north-east and west belong to it. The mountains are filled with caves, and covered with immense boulders. Many are the stories and the marvels the priests tell of the ferocious tigers and savage boars that have their lairs in the fastnesses of these wilds. They are extremely rugged and difficult of ascent, but the novel and gorgeous prospect from the highest peak more than compensates for the toil and danger attended in climbing.

The prospect in combined novelities and grandeur transcended our most sanguine expectations. Imagine an expanse only bound by the clear azure dome of heaven, and a plain of immense extent dotted with towns, stretching away in every direction, intersected and ramified by canals literally alive with boats, and its surface clothed with vegetation of unsurpassed richness; to the south, bold, rugged coast mountains, and the expansive sea beyond spreading away until lost in the undefined horizon. The eye wandered over the gorgeous expanse, resting upon various portions of it alternately, until the sight was dimmed and the mind bewildered. Beneath us lay the monastery, the form and arrangement of its various buildings distinctly apparent; the priests walking about its grounds were diminished in size to mere specks; the lake in front looked so limpid and placid, and the lofty forest so dense with foliage, looked like gentle undulations of a surface covered with vegetation of rich verdure.

The buildings composing the monastery are numerous, and cover several acres of ground. The whole structure is of quadrangular form, and consists of the great worshipping hall, at the back of which the priests reside, the eating hall, the buildings containing tablets, the front temple or entrance, the bell tower, and several large octagonal structures for the reception of consecrated paper. The grand worshipping hall occupies the centre. It is over one hundred feet square, and has a very lofty ceiling. A colonnade surrounds three sides of it, composed of immense wooden pillars with stone pedestals, and elaborately ornamented entablatures. The pitch of the roof is very high, and the roofs pointing in various directions are very elaborately and fantastically ornamented with tiles, stucco, gold-leaf and paint. Two rows of large wooden pillars sustain the roof from within, upon which rest truss frames very ingeniously braced. The truss frames are elaborately carved and brightly varnished. The ceiling is composed of an under layer of smooth tiles, the blue color of which contrasts pleasingly with the richly carved varnished woodwork. The three images of Budha are of colossal size, and occupy the extreme end of the hall; they are about eighteen feet high, made of wood and clay, and covered with burnished gold-leaf. The pedestals they sit upon are about the same height, and elaborately carved and covered with gilt. Fronting them are altars richly ornamented and fantastically wrought, on which minor images of deities, censers, can-sticks, and an infinity of curious devices are arranged. Depending from the ceiling are lanterns of various forms and sizes, some of them of prodigious proportions; together with these are paper and cloth hangings, on which are aphorisms and canons written in the Chinese, Tartar and Pa-li languages; and arranged on either side are canopies or shrines, containing in all thirty-six images of gods seated, many of which have strongly marked African features. In the building forming the entrance are colossal images of gods of frightful mien, and one of a bacchanalian personage, whose jolly face and obese proportions are calculated to excite very different emotions than those of awe and solemnity.

On the right of this entrance is the bell tower, which in its gigantic proportions overtops the other buildings. In this is a bell of exceedingly mellow tone, and of immense size for China. It measures nine feet in height, and five feet in diameter. Priests are detached to keep this continually tolling, which they do by striking it with a wooden clapper.

Religious services are performed in the great hall three times

a day, at morning, at noon, and in the evening, in which all the priests engage.

At early dawn a great wooden fish was struck, at which summons the priests slowly assembled. All were dressed precisely alike, except the abbot, who wore a yellow gown and a conical cap. They wore long loose ash-colored robes, hooked over the left shoulder, exposing a part of the naked breast, shoes with thick white soles, and carried rosaries, and some of them even provided with large fans to keep themselves cool while at worship. The abbot arriving, all took their places. There were nearly a hundred priests standing erect and motionless with their hands clasped and their eyes cast upon the floor. Presently they raised their voices. "The low and measured tones of the slowly moving chant they were singing might have awakened solemn emotions too, and called away the thoughts from worldly objects. Three priests kept time with the music, one beating an immenſe drum and another a large iron vessel and a third a wooden bell. After chanting they kneeled upon low stools and bowed before the colossal image of Budha, at the same time striking their heads upon the ground. Then rising and facing each other, they began slowly chanting some sentences, and gradually increasing the music and their utterance until both were at the climax of rapidity, they diminished in the same way until they had returned to the same measure."

The following is an extract of the liturgy of Fu, taken from the "Middle Kingdom": "Nan-no-O-mi-to-po-ye to-ta-kia-to-ye, to-ti-ye-to O-mi-li-to po-kivan. O-mi-li-to, luh-tan-po-kivan, O-mi-ti-to, kivan-kea-lan-ti, O-mi-li-to, kwan-kip-lan-ti; kia-ni-kea-kia-na, chih-to-kia-li-po-po-ho." Travellers have been struck with the resemblance of this service to that of the Roman Catholic church. The long robes, tonsured heads, chanting, genuflections, prostrations, rosaries and relics are startling accompaniments, and it is more than possible that the Buddhist monasticism of China, which admits deities from other Pantheons, and unblushingly pampers to popular superstition, has imitated in more than these ceremonials the Romish church. It is said that the goddess Quang-ying, or "Holy Mother," which is a popular deity of the Buddhists of China, was suggested by the Virgin Mary of the Roman Catholics.

Shortly after worship the time for breakfast arrived. The priests having all assembled in the caſing-hall, they took their seats on benches arranged on each side of a series of tables, which were smoking with rice and other vegetables contained in large wooden dishes. The abbot appearing, they all rose. He then took from each dish a small portion of their contents, repeated a short prayer, and walked to an altar near the door. Here he deposited the food, accompanying the action with mystical genuflections, then returned to the priests, chanted a few sentences in which the whole priesthood joined, after which he left the room. The eating then commenced. Each priest was provided with a bowl and a pair of chopsticks. The rapidity with which they shovelled the rice into their mouths was amusing. They crammed them so full that their cheeks were discoloured like those of a trumpet-blower, and the while jabbering unintelligibly.

On the belief of the Buddhists our remarks must be brief. The Chinese Buddhists call themselves the followers of Fuh, Fo, Fat or Fuh-tu. They derived their sentiments from India. Their liturgy is in the Pa-li language, which is perfectly unintelligible to most of the priests, and the Chinese laity are totally ignorant of it. "The tenets of Budha require a renunciation of the world, and the observances of austerities to overcome evil passions, and fits its disciples for future happiness. A vow of celibacy is taken, and the priests dwell together for mutual assistance, for obtaining perfection by worshipping Budha and calling upon his name; they profess to eat no animal food, wear no skin or woollen garments, and get their living by begging, by the alms of worshippers, and the cultivation of the grounds of the temple."

The priesthood as a general thing are lazy and ignorant, and illiterate, and some say a profligate set or order, though there are exceptions, some of the individuals belonging to it being intelligent men and persons well imbued with the lore of the country. This monastery has a large library of theological works, but as is the case at others, there is no school in which to educate the priests. Though the land is endowed by the

emperor, the priesthood has no state patronage. The priesthood is perpetuated mainly by the purchase of orphans and poor children, who are reared and brought up by the priests, serving as servants until at an age to be endowed with the order. Some enter the order at an advanced age. Some such are doubtless attracted by the state of ease, seclusion, and absence of cares of deriving a worldly subsistence held out to them by the order; and others from a more commendable motive, being desirous of making themselves better by meditation and application to religious observances.

To return to the monastery. There seemed but little discipline. The abbot rarely showed himself. The priest appeared to have no particular employment. They were continually lounging about the grounds and halls of the monastery, counting their rosaries and repeating the name of Fu, which, and joining in the matins, noon service and vespers, seemed the sum total of their concerns.

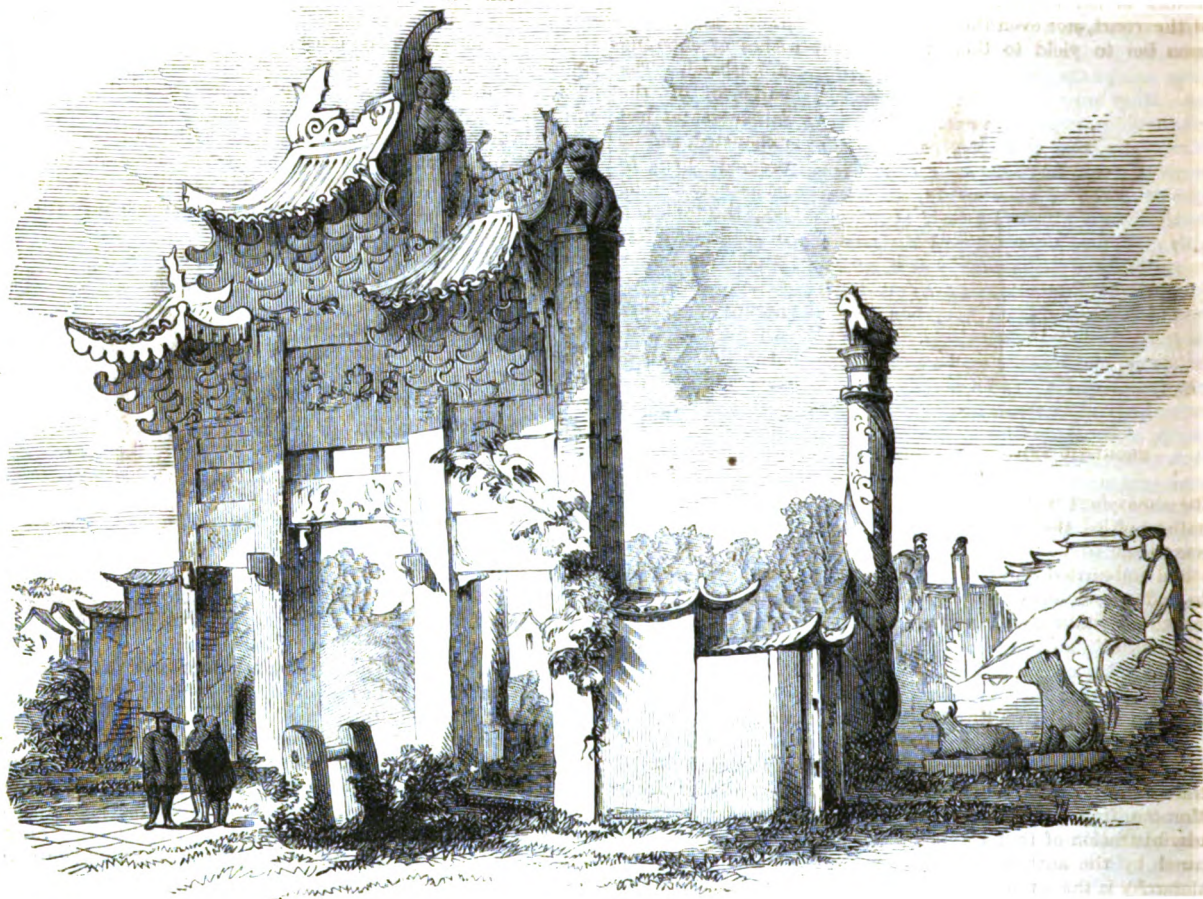
The management of the temporal affairs was also neglected. Every part of the temple was sinking into decay. No land was cultivated, except a small plot of ground where a few vegetables were grown to season the rice of the priests. The priests' garments were tattered and dirty. The means of revenue were principally from begging.

Numbers of the priests were continually away in various parts of the empire, begging. On these excursions several went together, visiting towns and cities. In begging, one of the number kneels with an open book and solicits alms, while the rest chaunt and beat their canonical symbols. A long calendar of rewards which Budha promises to donors are chronicled in this book. Most of these appeal to the senses as—First, the faculty of seeing like a gnat; second, hearing like a gnat; third, creative power; fourth, knowledge of other men's thoughts; fifth, prescience; six, knowledge of one's past existence. Another source of revenue arises from the sale of sacrificial offerings, officiating at funerals, the granting of penances and indulgences, and lodging and feasting devotees, who make annual pilgrimages to the monastery.

Nunneries of the Buddhist sect also exist, and it is said that the priests advocate the establishment of these institutions, mainly because they are a means of operating on a susceptible portion of the community, from which they by the etiquette of society are precluded. These are dedicated to the goddess "Quang-ying," which deity is variously interpreted as the "Holy Mother," "Queen of Heaven," or "the Hearer of Cries." "The succession among the sisters is kept up by purchase and by self-consecration; the feet of children bought young are not bandaged. The novice is not admitted to full orders until she is sixteen, though previous to this she adopts the garb of sisterhood, the only difference consists in the front part of the head being shaved, and the hair plaited in a queue, while nuns shave the whole. It is not easy to distinguish the nuns from the monks as they walk the streets, for both have natural feet, wear clumsy shoes, long stockings drawn over full trousers, short jackets, and have bald pates. Like her sisters in Romish countries, the Chinese nun, when her head has been shaved—the opposite of taking the veil, though the hair of both is sacrificed—is required to lead a life of devotion and mortification, eat vegetables, care nothing for the world and think only of her eternal canonization, keeping herself busy with the service of the temple. Daily exercises are to be conducted by her; the furniture of the small sanctuary that forms a part of the convent must be looked after and kept clean and orderly; those women or men who come to worship at the altars and seek guidance and comfort must be cared for and assisted. When there is leisure, the sick and poor are to be visited, and all who have placed themselves under her special doctrine and spiritual instructions have a strong claim upon her regard. That she may live a life of seclusion and self-denial, she must vow perpetual virginity. The thought of marriage should never enter her head, and the society of men must be shunned. On her death she will be swallowed up in nibility."

When on a visit to the old abbot in his sanctuary one day, he related to me the following legend. At certain parts he chaunted verses which repeat the whole in measure, prostrated and knocked his head on the floor:

"A very long time ago, during the existence of Kea-ne Budha, there was an empire called Hinlin, governed by the



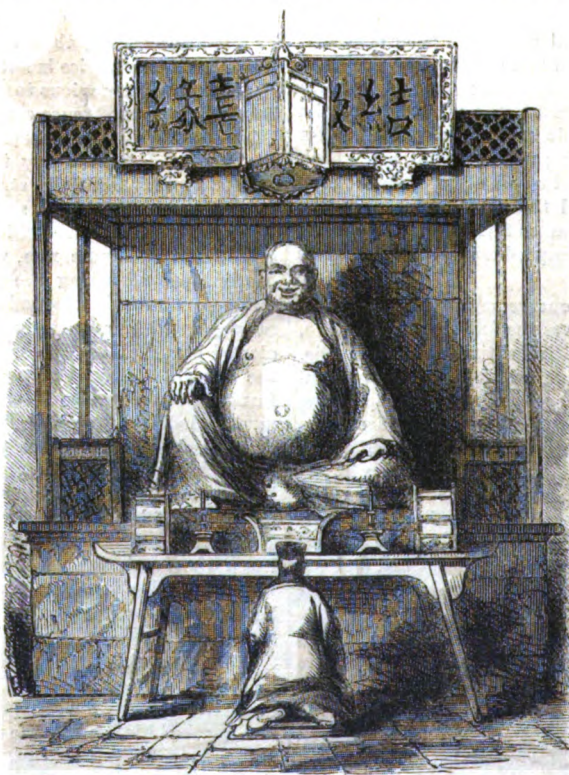
ANCIENT TOMB OF THE MING DYNASTY.

Emperor Pookea. It extended 18,000 li; the capital had twelve gates, and measured 3,000 li in circumference. The emperor's spacious palace glittered with gold and precious stones; he received homage from seventy-two states, was adored by his subjects, but had no children. The empress, all beauty and grace, bore him two daughters. Anxious to present her lord with a son, she addressed herself to azure heaven. Being transported in a dream to the blessed regions of Budha among the genii and saints there, she received the promise of giving birth to one of the genii, and accordingly she brought forth a daughter who received the name of Meau-Shen.

"The imperial family thus increased by a third daughter, the public rejoicings scarcely ceased before they were followed up by new celebrations. Yet amidst all the hilarity of festivals, the emperor could not suppress his anxiety to have a male heir, and resolved to adopt a son by marrying his daughters to high officers. The oldest gave her hand to a civilian, the second to a military officer, but Meau-Shen refused to marry at all. She passed her time in devotion, her adoration for Bud-

ha was intense, and she desired to become a nun. All the threats and punishments of her parents were ineffectual to keep

her away from a monastery. She there performed the most menial offices, and was greatly rewarded by the approbation of Budha. Neither ridicule nor violence could operate upon her to forsake the monastic life of a nun; she bore everything with patience. When she stooped so far as to become a servant in the kitchen, Budha sent birds and quadrupeds to aid her, and even the old dragon was dispatched to open the well for her to draw water. The emperor hearing of these things was indignant, and sent a detachment of soldiers to destroy the nunnery where his daughter resided. The soldiers set fire to it, the smoke rose, a tremendous noise was heard, accompanied by the low sound of weeping and wailing. Suddenly heaven rained down red water, the fire was extinguished, the smoke disappeared, and it was found that the nunnery was not injured in the least degree. The emperor being informed of this, he brought her home by force, introduced her to court, and endeavored to initiate her in pleasures. She even disfigured herself that she might be



COLOSSAL CHINESE IMAGE IN THE MONASTERY OF NEU-WANG.

allowed to live uninterrupted in retirement. Neither the entreaties of her mother, nor the insinuations of other ladies of the court, nor even the threats of her father could prevail upon her to yield to their most urgent wishes of choosing a husband.



BUDHISTIC PRIEST AT DEVOTION.

The patience of the father was at last exhausted, and he ordered her to be executed. She bore the infliction of death with fortitude, for Budha sustained her. All nature mourned when she expired, even the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea showed their grief. The sun and moon were darkened,

the atmosphere was filled with mist, the sea overflowed, and all nations pitied the cruel lot of the princess. When the corpse was about to be exposed on the scaffold, a tiger rushed in, seized and carried it into the woods. Her soul being transported to Hades, took advantage of this excellent opportunity to promulgate Buddhism, and instruct the demons in the doctrines of that creed."

THE GOVERNMENT OF MOROCCO.

THE *Revue Contemporaine* contains an interesting article by M. Narcisse Cotte on the political and social state of the empire of Morocco, from which we condense the following account of the administration of that country: "The whole system is compared by the author to a wine press, of which the political hierarchy is the screw, and the Sultan Abderrahman the motive power. What the said press is required to do is to produce torrents of gold. Obtaining treasure is the sole object of the government. The army is but a fiscal engine; there is no navy; the administration of justice is one of the chief sources

of revenue, and public works are limited to stopping up the crevices in the tottering mosques with a few handfuls of mud and mortar. All other edifices are allowed to fall to ruin. Houses fall in frequently, crushing the inmates to death, and yet elicit no other remark but that 'It was written!' As to foreign relations, they are, in principle, regarded as a pestilence, to be avoided as much as possible.

"The sultan does not desire any trade with Christian nations, the encroaching spirit of which he dreads above all things; nay, he would willingly give up all his maritime towns, were he but sure that the Christians would not encroach any further.

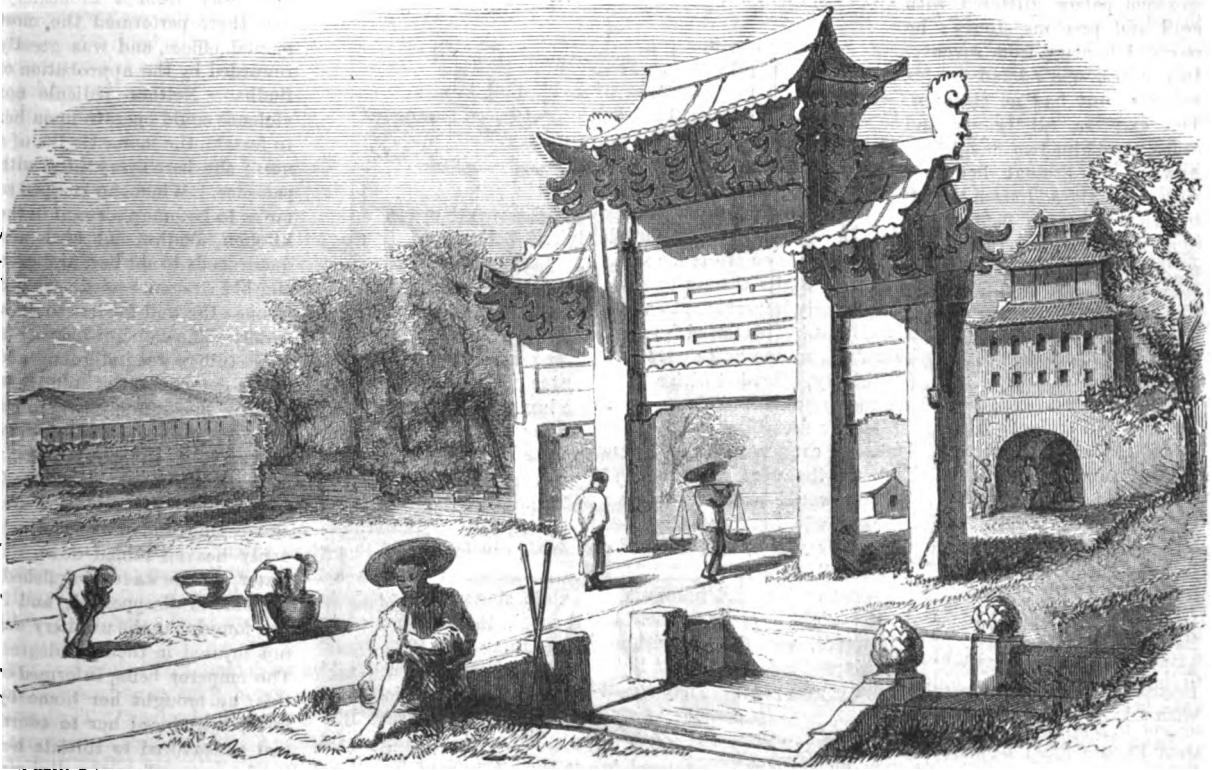
He wants to remain at peace in the midst of his wives and coffers; his greatest desire is to be kept in ignorance of what takes place on the points of his territory which are defiled by the presence of the Nazarenes. Tangier, the residence of the Christian consuls, is particularly odious to him; its very name is pronounced with contempt, and its Mussulman inhabitants are confounded in the same class with the Jewish and Nazarene 'dogs' with whom they converse. The sultan has a vizier, called Sidi - Mahomed - el - Katib.

This man, once a grocer, and now honored with the title of Excellency, desires nothing more earnestly than to be rid of his office, for he is placed between the constant complaints of the consuls-general, who are never satisfied, and the instructions of his master, which are simply these—to promise everything, but do nothing; to gain time, to raise constant obstacles to their wishes; in short, to tire them out, and, above all, never to mention a word about them to the sultan.

"The financial system recommends itself by its wonderful simplicity; there are no costly government offices; no clerks and no bookkeeping—nothing—nothing but a good stick and a



TRAVELLING COSTUME OF THE BEGGING PRIEST.



TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF CHASTE WOMEN.

few yards of rope. The sultan says to one of his pashas, 'I want one hundred thousand piastres.' The pasha calls his kads, or governors of towns, and says to them, 'Sidna (our lord) wants money; whichever of you does not bring me one hundred thousand piastres shall die in prison.' The kads each convoked the richest merchants and notables of their towns and say, 'Sidna wants money; let each of you bring me one thousand piastres; he that fails to do so shall die under the bastinado.' By this means the royal exchequer receives the sum required, being but a small portion of what has been extorted. The pashas, of course, get immensely rich; but their turn never fails to come. As soon as one of them is believed by the sultan to have rather too much property, a detachment of the black guards (we mean no offence to that respectable force, for such is its official name) is sent to surround the palace of the unlucky official; he is seized without ceremony, thrown across the back of a mule, tied down like a bundle of straw, and thus taken to the capital, exposed all along to the most brutal treatment. He is then thrown into prison and bastinadoed daily until he has revealed where he keeps his treasure.

"Four years ago the Kad of Dar-el-Beida underwent for a whole month the daily torture of being hoisted up between two erect poles, and let fall again upon a heap of branches of the Barbary fig-tree, which are armed with long thorns penetrating deep into the flesh. Still all that was got out of him only amounted to a few thousand piastres, and he expired under the barbarous torture described, without telling the place where he had buried his immense treasures. But the sultan seldom proceeds to such extremities. When he has extorted a sufficient sum he restores his victim to all his former honors, and waits till he is ripe for a fresh operation. If his majesty has resolved upon ridding himself of one of his dignitaries he sends for him, receives him with extraordinary favor, and offers him a cup of coffee. A few hours after the audience the favored person expires in violent convulsions, and the bystanders say, 'It was written!'"

A STORM IN PERSIA.—The approach of this fearful visitant would be most correctly described as awfully sublime: it advanced massively and regularly, as though one half of the earth had been bodily raised up and was hanging in mid air to overwhelm the other—the outer edge as abrupt and clearly defined as that of some stupendous projecting cliff, and not unlike such in color, being of a dusky brown hue; and near the ground, where the wind rolled it in eddies, huge chasms and caverns seemed formed, as though actually out of the solid rock. The cattle herded together and lay down, evidently terrified, as it neared them; and the birds, quitting the air, also sought refuge upon the ground. For a few seconds before the crash broke an unearthly stillness prevailed; then a few large drops of rain and a terrific gust of wind struck the steamer, and instantly afterwards the dust-storm was on her. Daylight became suddenly and most singularly eclipsed rather than darkened, for though vision was limited to a very little distance on either hand, it still was not the black obscurity which night throws around, but rather a thick, palpable veil, perfectly impervious to view, yet still admitting a dusky, subdued light. This lasted for some three or four hours, during which dust, so fine as to penetrate within the watches on board, fell thickly, attended with a sense of almost suffocation; and a fierce rushing of the wind was audible at some distance, although, after the first blast, a calm prevailed near the steamer. Had all the cannon in the universe been discharged at the same instant—the uproar, smoke, and dust from ever so mighty a battery would have made but a feeble comparison with the grand spectacle that was displayed before us. It was, in truth, terrifically grand, and imposed a feeling of awe upon us—helpless as all human means would have been, if involved in its resistless vortex, and ignorant as we were of what fearful consequences might be concealed within its impenetrable depths. All, however, passed over without accident, though considerable time elapsed before sufficient light returned to enable us to continue our course; and the day closed with a lovely, cool, starlit evening.

LORD RAGLAN AND MISS NIGHTINGALE.—"Well, sir, I was in my room, sewing, when two men on horseback, wrapped in large gutta-percha cloaks, and dripping wet, knocked at the

door. I went out, and one inquired in which hut Miss Nightingale resided. He spoke so loud, that I said, 'Hist! hist! Don't make such a horrible noise as that, my man,' at the same time making a sign with both hands for him to be quiet. He then repeated his question, but not in so loud a tone. I told him this was the hut. 'All right,' said he, jumping from his horse, and he was walking straight in, when I pushed him back, asking him what he meant, and whom he wanted? 'Miss Nightingale,' said he. 'And pray who are you?' 'Oh, only a soldier,' was his reply; 'but I must see her—I have come a long way—my name is Raglan—she knows me very well.' Miss Nightingale overheard him, called me in, saying, 'Oh, Mrs. Roberts, it is Lord Raglan. Pray tell him I have had a very bad fever, and it will be dangerous for him to come near me.' 'I have no fear of fever, or anything else,' said Lord Raglan. And before I had time to turn round, in came his lordship. He took up a stool, sat down at the foot of the bed, and kindly asked Miss Nightingale how she was, expressing his sorrow at her illness, and thanking and praising her for the good she had done for the troops. He wished her a speedy recovery, and hoped that she might be able to continue her charitable and invaluable exertions, so highly appreciated by every one, as well as by himself. He then bade Miss Nightingale good-bye and went away. As he was going out I wished to apologise. 'No, no! not at all, my dear lady,' said Lord Raglan, 'you did very right; for I perceive that Miss Nightingale has not yet received my letter, in which I announced my intention of paying her a visit to-day—having previously inquired of the doctor if she could be seen.' His lordship retired, smiling doubtless at my rough rebuff."

A RIVAL'S VENGEANCE.—Two Russian ladies of the highest rank, the Countess Z. and X., had for some years been united in the fastest friendship. The Countess Z. (Russian ladies, by the way, are neither as cold or chaste as the snows of their northern clime) had a lover, who proved faithless, and abandoned her for her friend, the Countess X. Madame Z. was not long in discovering who was the preferred one, and concealing with feminine tact her rage and jealousy, she met her rival with smiles. "Ma chere," she said, "I am really delighted that the prince loves you, and hope you may long retain his affection; but your beautiful hair is getting thin, you must take care of it. Here is an infallible pomade, which I use myself. I would not give it to any one but you; use it, and your hair will be as luxuriant as ever." The Countess X. embraced her with thanks, and hurried home to apply the revivifying compound. In two days she was completely bald. Now, who could be faithful to a mistress with a wig? The prince returned to his first love, and the poor Countess X. lives to ponder on the falsity of female friendship and her own borrowed capillary covering.

YE MAYDE SERVANT.—A damsel of a pleasaunte dysposytion ys a verie great helpe to ye goode hovse-vvyfe. Ye chearfyl mayden vvyll synge righte merrielye abovt ye hovse. She lyketh better a merrie songe than ye Psalmes of Sterneholde & Hoppkyns. She lykevise loueth not to abyde in ye hovse of ye lordye vpon a pleasaunt Sabbath; but yf soe be that she myght, vvold readylye vvake in ye fields and vvoods vvyth herr svvete-hearte, & sitt vvyth hym yn some shadye playce, vntyle ye goinge dovvyne of ye sun. Novv take ye heed, liste & harken vntoe me, all ye hvsbands: yt is not vvyse for ye goodman of ye hovse to haue mvch talke vwyth ye damsel—more especielle yf she be comeelie & faire to look vpon—leaste, peradventure, ye good-wyfe shovlde be trovbelled vvith jealousie theratt—ye vvich ys nott goode yn mayntainyng ye peace of ye hovse-holde.

RETENTION OF BREATH.—By practice, the retention of the breath can be carried to a great extent. Farinelli could sing three hundred notes in a breath, while many of the present public singers are ready to drop with exhaustion in getting through the division of twelve bars in the last song of the Messiah.

"Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests on one occasion, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other—are we to drink like men or like brutes?" The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," replied he, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

I AM ALONE.

BY MRS. HENRY C. WATSON.

KIND faces mildly beam around me,
Sweet childhood's happy laugh is heard;
No voice I hear can grieve or wound me;
There's tenderness in every word:
Yet still I feel that weight of sadness,
From which in vain I strive to fly,
And turning from each scene of gladness,
My heart heaves with the heavy sigh—
I am alone!

At morn I see the orb of day
Spring gladly from his couch of rest,
To climb along his brilliant way—
In robes of light and glory drest:
The green earth wakes in songs of praise,
At each glance of his kindling eye;
I, too, would join the rapturous lays,
But still my heart heaves with the sigh—
I am alone!

And when day's fleeting race is run,
And evening's shades are dark'ning nigh,
I sit to watch the setting sun,
Array'd in glory's crimson dye.
Great monitor! as to thy rest,
Thou calmly sink'st to other sky,
My soul looks upward to the blest;
But still my heart heaves with the sigh—
I am alone!

And now, whilst stars their radiance fling,
All glittering from the depths of heav'n,
The Dove of Peace, on hovering wing,
Broods silent on the air of even;
And as the new moon's mellow beam
Descends so softly from on high,
Of bliss in heaven I fondly dream,
But still my heart heaves with the sigh—
I am alone!

Dear friend, how vain is every art
To lure my thoughts away from thee;
I only feel when we're apart
How valueless is life to me.
All earth may smile as fair and bright,
As though bliss could not fade or die;
Yet still I feel at morn and night
My heart swell with the heavy sigh—
I am alone!

AMY WALTON.

BY JACQUES MAURICE

I.

It was my misfortune at the outset of life, to be endowed with an irresolute will and a cursed finical taste. The first has yielded me only the natural fruits of a tree so unpromising; but the latter has truly clouded my life, and discouraged the delicate blossoming of my mind. For I do not choose to conceal, that in my youth it was the belief of the neighbors, and the firm conviction of my parents, that if my life was spared I should one day fill no humble place in the world. My quickness was often remarked; and not a few of my wiser sayings had grown into apothegms, to be repeated on every occasion.

But why do I amuse myself with these reflections, betraying, as they do, a lack of modesty and a supreme forgetfulness of the purpose with which I engaged upon this history? Or how can I hope for sympathy in these dull complainings, when perhaps I ought to rejoice that the imperfections so regretted are not more numerous, or at least to reflect that they are by no means peculiar to myself, but are so general as to be a source of misery to the race! Let me hasten to place myself on the intended course.

Perhaps, indeed, I ought not to regard the time I have consumed as altogether wasted; for a tale will properly begin with a few prophetic sentences, which at least disclose a hint of what is to follow: just as a skilful musician, by a few preliminary chords, shadows forth the nature of the composition he is about to perform, and makes the ear of the listener attuned to the expected harmonies.

II.

I do not know if it be the present fashion to believe in premonitions, and those vague feelings of impending weal or woe that may hardly aspire to the title; but in relation to the latter range of impressions I have found in my own experience, and that of many who have related theirs to me, abundant argument to sustain my faith in their significance. It was this confidence which gave a tinge of uneasiness to my feelings one evening in early summer, years ago. My home was at a married sister's in B—; and on my way to a late dinner, there came upon me a sudden sense that some unusual experience awaited me; of what nature I was unable to divine, but which—such was the nicety of my forced interpretation—I assured myself boded both good and evil.

When I had reached home, my sister thus accosted me:

"Bernard, do you remember the Waltons, who were our neighbors, years ago, in L—?"

I replied in the affirmative, and she thus continued:

"You may remember, too, the family removed to this city. Mrs. Bradley told me yesterday where they live, and so I've been to call on them. Mr. Walton died a few months ago, and has left the family in straitened circumstances. They depend for support on the earnings of John, and the uncertain payments of two or three boarders. Mrs. Walton's health is very delicate; and Amy looks as though she would hardly live through the summer. You remember 'little Amy?' she has grown to be a most beautiful girl, but so fragile."

I did not need to be reminded of the amiable Mrs. Walton and her family. John, an earnest, manly fellow, had been my playmate; and I had regarded his mother with a boyish respect and fondness. Amy, I remembered as a quiet, pretty child; her spiritual eyes of a deep blue, and her light, wavy hair—yes, I remembered her well. And she had grown to be a most beautiful girl! I made my sister promise to take me with her the next time she called at the Waltons'. For I had always been a worshipper of beauty, and I felt she must be beautiful!

III.

SEVERAL weeks passed. I had forgotten the presentiment, and the memory of the Waltons was becoming dim; when one evening Mary told me she had that afternoon repeated her call. I asked if she had not promised I should accompany her on her next visit.

"I remembered the engagement," she replied; "but this afternoon I had occasion to go over to that part of the city, and I felt so much like seeing them again, I thought I'd run in and let it pass for nothing."

"I suppose it could not have passed for much?" I said, lightly, though feeling secretly vexed that my curiosity should have been revived to so little purpose.

"I partly promised to run in some evening next week," said Mary; "and then you shall go, as you seem to be anxious."

For once I feared Mary's raillery; and lest an appearance of eagerness should excite her further ridicule, I changed the subject as quickly as possible, merely remarking that it was by no means certain I should be able to go.

The next week was gone, and Mary's partial promise had not been observed. Much to my relief, she reverted to the subject of her own accord.

"Bernard," she said, "I know you are dying to see Amy Walton; and I am sorry on your account I have not been able to respect our engagement. What is there to prevent your going alone some evening next week? You are old enough, now, not to be afraid, and——"

"Sister," I replied, "your suggestion has weight in it; nevertheless——"

"You hesitate," she rejoined; "the punctilious part has not been introduced. Why, Bernard, Mrs. Walton would no sooner set eyes on the dear, foolish little Bernie she was once so fond of, than she would clasp you in her arms in transports; 'little Amy' would kiss you, and there'd be a real crying time. Positively, it brings tears to my eyes just to imagine the affecting scene!" So she went on, till completely "cut down and withered" by her banter, I was glad to make an unconditional surrender and retire discomfited.

Having chosen for my call an early evening in the following

week, I was impatient till the time arrived. At last, asking the direction from Mary, I set out for Mrs. Walton's. Upon reach-

ing the street in which she lived, I found the number had escaped me. To return for it that evening was out of the ques-

tion, as the distance was great and the hour advanced. But my impatience drove me on, and would not permit the exercise of reason, which would have urged a postponement of my project. I made incessant inquiries, and the evening was wasting at the slow result, when at last I was so happy as to ring at the very door. A lady in black admitted me, whom I at once knew was Mrs. Walton. She was thin and pale, and a touching sadness modulated her voice as she replied to my salutation. She knew me easily; and conducting me into a plainly furnished room, which I observed was itself devoid of ornament, seated me near her and commenced, not without an appearance of effort, a cheerful conversation relating to former days. When she came to speak of the terrible calamity that had stricken her family, and of the sad troubles which had since afflicted them, tears dimmed her eyes, and she proceeded with difficulty. They had all been sickly; and Amy's health had become so precarious that its ultimate restoration was declared by the physician to demand her removal from the city. She had accordingly been sent to spend the remainder of the summer with her uncle, a farmer in Vermont, and had now been gone two days. It was with difficulty I concealed my chagrin at this intelligence; and having learned that Amy's health was likely to be re-established, from its having before been restored by a similar removal, I soon after took my leave. Mrs. Walton accompanied me to the door, and as I was about to depart remarked that she would be glad to obtain one or two boarders in addition to those she already had, and asked me to direct to her any whom I should find in search of a boarding place; which, having promised and inwardly resolved to do, I took down the number of the house with a pencil, and bade Mrs. Walton good night.

"It would seem," I said to myself, "that fate had determined not to gratify my wish. These mishaps are equal to those of lovers in the old romances, whose blissful meetings were so often prevented or postponed by the malice of spirits or whim of the author."

And I began almost to fancy I was myself a lover, whose infatuation had increased with every fresh disappointment. I am not certain I would not at that moment have sacrificed a considerable sum to see the frail creature of whom I was in search, and compare with her the picture which, with its fascinating tints, had seized so powerfully on my imagination.

IV.

THERE WAS now no danger that I should forget the Waltons. Even the presence of my dearly loved sister Alice, who had come from the country to spend a few months with Mary, was not sufficient to banish their remembrance. And when, late in October, we learned that Amy had come home, my old impatience, too, returned, and I grew nervous at the prospect of a day's delay in seeing her. Alice, who had been her playmate in early days, gratified me beyond measure by the expression of



TEMPLE OF TEMPTING, OR HEAVENLY BOYS. PAGE 197.

her own desire. So Amy was barely rested from the fatigue of her long journey, when the bell summoned her to admit us. The girls knew each other at once. Their greeting was not noisy, but cordial, and they were directly on the best of terms. As for me, schooled to ease in the presence of the gentler sex, I was disconcerted to find Amy had totally forgotten me; discovering a stranger where my vanity had taught me to believe she would recognize a friend. I did not then reflect that in the dim light which streamed from the end of the hall, the hall-lamp being not yet lighted, the wonder was properly that she should have recognized my sister. A word from Alice placed me on a proper footing, except that I reaped additional chagrin in finding her hand was lifeless and did not respond to my grasp. We retired to the sitting-room, the slight but pretty figure of our entertainer tripping gracefully before.

The chit-chat which the girls had commenced at the door, and now continued, gave me an opportunity of studying Amy in the improved light. To me, black is the color in which ladies look most charming. This is truer, perhaps, of those who have been most highly gifted by nature: plainer people may need the aid of many or lighter colors, in their happiest arrangement or selection. With her clear complexion and classical features, and the air of refinement that breathed around her, Amy could not have been attired more becomingly than in her simple mourning-dress, devoid of further ornament than a small black pin. There was a repose in her manner and a tone of elegance in her conversation quite unusual with young ladies not yet eighteen. I observed, too, an absence of enthusiasm, which did not please me so well; but I did not then know that it was held in check by timidity, and not denied by a lack of feeling.

When I came myself to converse with her, I was charmed by her quickness of apprehension and graceful replies. In speaking of others' foibles she employed wit without malice, and displayed much analytical skill, tempered always with tenderness. About her whole conversation there floated an aroma of innocent freshness, not yet gone with her childhood, and which served as a delightful counterpoise to the gravity of her deportment. Her voice was clear though faint, and her laugh, though not unmusical, lacked somewhat in that hearty joyousness common at her age. But in a little while I came to the conviction that in her eyes laid her chiefest beauty: deep blue, unclouded and lustrous, in repose faintly tinged with melancholy, at other times gleaming with rare intelligence, or subdued and mellowed by a soft suffusion—they were the finest I had ever seen. I would not then confess to their power, or to the influence which already had stolen upon me—for I was twenty-five, and had come to deem myself no easy prey!—but now I know that never before had beauty so moved me, and never can again.

Mrs. Walton came in when the evening had somewhat advanced, and was soon followed by John, now grown to be a broad-shouldered manly youth of twenty. He knew me upon entering, and accosted me with rugged frankness, calling me by the diminutive of my given name, and giving my hand a gripe which I was obliged to remember. He recalled many an incident of our childhood, and amused me greatly by the blunt humor of his allusions. I was struck rather with the strength than the delicacy of his mind, and not unattracted by the homely common sense which was predominant in him.

After an hour spent in this way, and a little time in general conversation, Alice and I rose, and making an arrangement for an early visit from Amy, were on our way home.

"Well, Alice," said I, with less enthusiasm than was prompted by my own impressions, "what do you think of Amy Walton?"

"She's an angel!" cried Alice with feeling; "and you would say the same if we had found her in better circumstances. Had a servant admitted us, and shown us into a well-furnished parlor, and had Amy entered richly dressed and surrounded by the circumstance and paraphernalia of wealth, you would have been struck dumb with love at first sight!"

"Softly, child," I replied; "I am solicitous for thy health, this impetuosity will surely throw thee into a fever. I pardon



ENTRANCE TO TEEN TUNG. PAGE 198.

the severity of thy attack on condition that thou speakest more temperately in the future."

"Fiddle-de-dee with your 'thees' and your 'thous': it's the way you always talk when you've nothing to say. One would think I was walking with George Fox or Isaac Walton. I wonder if Isaac Walton wasn't an ancestor of Amy's. If that could be proved, I suppose you would fish all the time, out of compliment to her. You would carry angle-worms in your pockets as a Scotchman does snuff."

"With the hope of worming into her confidence?"

"That's what they're polite enough to call a pun, isn't it?" Gratified to find that, woman-like, Alice had gone on another tack, I encouraged this harmless conversation, with which we

amused ourselves the remainder of the way. But the reply of my noble-hearted sister had set me thinking.

V.

THE day for Amy's promised visit arrived, and when I reached home at night I found her there. I was chilled as before by the tameness of her grasp, but once more re-assured by the cordiality of her manner. It is my custom to suspend judgment upon new acquaintances until after I have seen them at table. The manners of my little friend were now subjected to this my severest test; and at the conclusion of the meal I could not but own to myself they had sustained an unconscious triumph. My exacting taste was thus far satisfied.

In the course of the evening Alice induced Amy to sing. She protested that she was but now taking her third course of lessons, and seemed disinclined to make the effort, but without affected delay seated herself at the piano-forte and commenced the prelude to a plaintive German air. The instrument was an unusually fine one, and though she seemed at first a little frightened, it did not escape me that her touch and method evinced unusual feeling. Music had ever been my passion; indeed, several years before, my friends were used fondly to say I was "made of music." Alive to every impression from the Beautiful, music had always the power to meet me with its divinest and soul-entrancing beauty. In this, as in everything beside, my taste had fulfilled its destiny and become critical. So that when Amy began to sing I was prepared to follow her, measuring every note, marking her expression, and testing with infinite nicety the accuracy of her intonation. But rarely has an intention been less happy in its fulfilment. Her voice was faint, and, more from constitutional weakness of lungs than defective cultivation, her breathing was short and sometimes hurried; but the exquisite feeling with which she sang the touching song she had selected, soon left me no choice but the necessity of following her development of its sentiment to the end. It was a simple German song; but there are many who find in German songs the very soul of that which animates all true music—feeling. The words told the story of a heart sick of wandering, with no place for rest; but the music told it better, and Amy's plaintive, passionate voice told it best. When she had finished I knew her own story was ended. She complained a little of fatigue, and we did not urge her to sing again. But she was not suffered to think she had been unappreciated; the enthusiastic encomiums of Alice and my own earnest praise were sufficient to prevent a conviction so painful to her. I knew, by the look which followed one of my chance remarks, that she felt she was understood.

While Amy and Alice suffered themselves to wander in the mazes of that inexhaustible chit-chat peculiar to girls of their age, I amused myself with pondering on the eminent qualities of our guest. It is rare, even at a much more advanced period, to find one in whom are united so many excellencies, such justness of thought, and a sensibility so exquisite; at her age it might be considered extraordinary. I could not attribute the sedateness of her manner entirely to the being so recently deprived of a father; it seemed rather an innate gravity, born of dignity, and with which it were not inappropriate to associate something of cheerfulness and even liveliness. Her education had been carefully attended to by her father; who, himself a teacher and a man of liberal acquirements, was well calculated to appreciate its importance; but the gift of thought was her own, and innate, with all that was most valuable in her. It seemed a strange, as it was doubtless a heavy crown, for one so young to wear. By it had been crushed many of the blossoms of youth; and this it was which already sent her, year by year, to the more healthful country.

I began to fancy myself in love. The thought was at first blush absurd, considering the disparity of our years, and our recent acquaintance; but I considered the steps already accomplished, and presently the idea seemed more reasonable. First she had my pity, then she won my regard, and now my sympathy was secured to her, which we are taught may bear hard upon love itself, if it be not love, unwarmed by passion. The thought was startling, both from its suddenness and the possible future which it suggested. Since my twentieth year I had been "fancy-free," and began to look on myself as practically "impregnable;" and to be overcome as it were in a breath, and by a "mere girl," was a thought at least unpalatable, if not

insupportable. Then, too, I had arrived at "years of discretion," and was sufficiently matter-of-fact to know that love led to marriage, and marriage ought to imply the ability to support a family—an appalling prospective for one in the gall of disoccupation and bonds of poverty. Clearly, the time had come for caution. This was purely a selfish feeling, for I had not thus far flattered myself that Amy's fancy had been awakened by one so greatly her senior.

Amy's brother came for her, late in the evening, and, soon after, she went home—inviting Alice and me to come and "spend the evening" as soon as convenient.

This visit we paid, and others followed in due alternation. It was with a troubled pleasure that I observed in Amy a growing fondness for my society. Only with me did she evince enthusiasm, or seem to converse as though the exercise afforded her pleasure. She was happiest when our topic was the soul, or on future life; then the stream of her language flowed rapidly and gracefully along, bearing on its bosom a rich freight of delicate and unhackneyed thought. In every word I was assured of a heart entirely pure, and a mind noble as it was exquisite. When I re-echoed a sentiment, or assented to an opinion advanced by her, it was beautiful to see the glad and half-grateful pleasure revealed in her eyes. She had found that for which she had always sighed—sympathy; and was quite too young to have learned a wise concealment of feelings, whose exhibition, she had not yet found, may often be impolitic if never criminal. She came to look on me as a friend; and committed to my keeping many a treasure of guileless thought or emotion long cherished in the sanctity of her bosom. Her views of life were not profound. Faith and Hope were busy with her, and she looked on the faults of humanity with lenient eyes. It was inevitable that she should exalt her friends, and endow her favorites with perfection. When her opinions clashed with mine she would express herself with diffidence, as though deferring to my riper judgment and wishing she could think with me. She seemed to remember everything I had ever said in her presence, and in a playful humor would sometimes compare my then opinion with one I had long forgotten to have expressed, charging me with woful and unheard-of inconsistency. At these moments she looked loveliest; for in the display of these her brighter gifts, her face would be illumined into a rare and triumphal beauty.

But there was ever clinging about her the shadow of a nameless sadness; and when she appeared most cheerful it would not entirely vanish. It seemed as though she must always have the heart of a child, and a child's ignorance of the duties and trials of worldly life; but I would sometimes fancy around her the unseen meshes of a relentless Fate, that should yet entangle her feet ere she was far advanced upon life's broadened walks.

VI.

SUMMER was now come; and as Mary's health had become delicate, it was decided she should close the house and spend the summer in the country. I debated long, in my wretched and hesitating way, whether to take board at Mrs. Walton's, or go among strangers. The advantages of the former course were manifest, and were strongly seconded by my inclination. Then, too, it would be an obvious benefit to Mrs. Walton; and I was pleased at the prospect of doing her some good. But the objections, if few, were weighty. Already I was quite as fond of Amy as was consistent with the happiness of one forced to be single. I could not be certain I should ever love her, but the depth and tenderness of my regard forbade much doubt as to the ultimate result. The most powerful consideration affected Amy alone. Had she possessed opportunities of judging me by comparison with other men, I should have accused myself of vanity in thinking she would one day give me her heart; but I had found her, as it were, in the depth of seclusion, and could not now be blind to the fact that I was very much to her, and that my idea seemed to fill a blank in her thoughts that had long been there. It now remained to decide whether I should place myself in the way of securing the affections of this golden-hearted girl, and thus doom her to a life of unhappiness, or else leave her, while the separation could scarcely be a source of pain.

The time had nearly arrived for my sister's departure, and my decision was not yet made. At this juncture, Mary one

day asked me if I had made my arrangements for the future in regard to a boarding-place. On my reply in the negative, she said she should think it would be more agreeable to make up my mind while I had leisure, than to be driven at last to do it from necessity; but that it would seem as though I was destined through life to do everything in the same procrastinating spirit. In both tone and language she had conveyed something of a reproach; and while feeling I deserved it, I resolved at once I would do something toward checking this slothward tendency, and finally eradicating from my character a defect so serious. The initial lesson was not difficult. I had only to ratify a conviction already harbored; and so I was soon determined not to go to Mrs. Walton's. As I had ever been generous to myself, I could not now avoid a little self-laudation at finding I could be magnanimous.

A day or two before the breaking-up of our household, I went with Alice, who was now to see Amy for the last time in many months.

"I know she is ill," said Alice, when we were on our way, "or she would have been to see me." This remark, in connection with the fact that we had been at Mrs. Walton's but three days before, served to indicate the strength of the attachment existing between the girls. And indeed, it was not strange they should warmly love one another; for they were much alike in their wealth of all those generous impulses which endear a friend, and make his very presence a blessing.

Mrs. Walton admitted us; and to Alice's anxious inquiry, replied that Amy was somewhat ill from nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness, but would doubtless be as well as usual in a day or two. While Alice went and sat with the invalid, I remained and chatted with Mrs. Walton. I could perceive that some unusual trouble weighed upon her, but naturally connected it with Amy's illness, and forebore to allude to it. When Alice returned, there was a shade of sadness on her face, and, as I thought, traces of recent tears. As we were about to go, she remembered a book she had lent Amy, and which she desired to carry with her; and while Mrs. Walton was gone, at Alice's request, to get it, she told me they had lost a lodger, and that Amy's illness arose from her fears of the distress it might occasion her mother. This news determined me to change my plans at once.

"I will endeavor to comfort Mrs. Walton," I replied; and upon her entering with the book, I thus accosted her:

"Mrs. Walton, I meant to have spoken of something before this, but now will perhaps answer just as well; I shall be obliged in a day or two to seek lodgings; can you accommodate me with a small room?" Tears of joy were trembling on her eyelids, as she replied:

"I am very glad you have applied at this time, Bernard; one of my lodgers has just left me, and I think the room he has quitted may suit you very well."

The room was examined, and found to be "just the thing;" and I engaged to occupy it by the following Monday. After the now delighted lady had kissed Alice and bidden her goodbye, she again thanked me, in a trembling voice, for having decided to come to her poor home, and we then departed.

"Oh, Bernard!" cried Alice, "did you see how glad she was to have you apply for a room? I'm so glad it happened just at this time! What a world of good it will do her!"

"She may thank you for it," I said, "for I was determined not to go there, till you told me of the loss of her lodger."

"Then the change does credit to your heart!" she said, with feeling.

"How fortunate I am!" I replied; "I was complimented on the other tack, too."

"By whom?" she asked, in evident surprise.

"By myself," I rejoined, with some uneasiness at having gone too far.

"How could that have been?" she asked, upon which I was obliged to draw on the resources of my invention.

"It seemed a meritorious thing to deny myself a pleasure."

"Something uncommon in you, isn't it?"

I never submitted to raillery with a better grace; for I flattered myself the real motive had escaped detection. Feeling, therefore, more cheerful than had been my wont for some time previous, I replied with gaiety to this sally, and kept up a cheerful conversation with Alice until we reached home.

Before sleeping, I resolved that upon my removal to Mrs. Walton's I would place a guard over my conduct and language while I should be in the presence of Amy; for I felt it due to her, if not to myself, and that to do less would be criminal. It seemed that in this way I could do all the good I meditated, the while I escaped the danger of an imputation, with which, in after-life, it might be, I should otherwise never cease to reproach myself.

VII.

MARY and Alice were now gone, and I was fully established, if not domesticated, at Mr. Walton's. I saw but little of the family, taking my meals elsewhere, and while at home remaining almost constantly in my room; which, as my occupation was purely literary, I made the scene of my daily labors. But the gentle reproaches of my kind-hearted hostess, and the mild pleading expressed in the eyes of the affectionate Amy, served to expose the unnecessary rigor of my seclusion, and won from me a resolve to be sometimes more social. The increasing chilliness of the evenings was not without its effect in lessening the attractions of my room, as the stove, which was to supply the lack of a grate, had not yet been put up; so that, rather driven than enticed from my solitude, it was not long ere I found myself often seeking the cosy sitting-room, where I would while away the evening, generally with my book, sometimes in conversation, or in listening to Amy at the piano.

My manner toward Amy, though constantly guarded, was yet sufficiently kind at length to convince her mother I loved and might one day marry her. I perceived this in the hundred penetrable and innocent arts which her idolatry of her child led her to practise, such as hinting at her accomplishments, and the invention of excuses for leaving us often alone; and in her increasing regard and affection for me, which was real, and not simulated. The simple-hearted, unworldly creature could foresee nothing but happiness for her daughter in a union with one whose talents and character were such as must certainly secure the respect and affection of the whole world.

I would sometimes take a long walk with John, whom I found to possess, in the main, a vigorous mind, and a rugged energy and firmness of purpose, somewhat rare at his age. In one of these rambles I discovered that he was arriving at the same conclusion with his mother, and was now endeavoring to confirm his suspicion by a somewhat awkward sounding of my position in regard to other loves. His noticeable effect to appear natural and unconcerned would have amused had it not pained me: for to him it was a very serious matter; and once more my fears were awakened, as it flashed upon me he might have too good reason for this anxiety to know the state of my heart. While I would not seem to encourage his hopes, I could not deceive him by the invention of a plausible fiction; but to the expression of his surprise that I should have so long remained unmarried, I frankly replied that the conviction of my inability to support a wife had thus far prevented my marriage, and even warned me against the imprudence of falling in love. While this answer was open to objection, it seemed to satisfy him, for he changed the subject, and soon conversed with something like gaiety.

But Amy was not deceived. By the same intuitive consciousness with which she read my feelings, I knew she had noticed from the first, and felt with a sinking of heart, my forced indifference and studied coolness. I could see it also in the general constraint of her own manners; in the conflict between that frankness and confidence which was natural to her, and the restraint imposed by her delicate and now exacting sense of propriety; and in her occasional embarrassments and painful confusion.

It affected me beyond expression, when with her, to note her pale timidity, the touching sadness of her tones, and the drear melancholy which had begun to cloud the brightness of her spiritual eyes. I could not endure it. When alone, I accused myself a thousand times of unmanly indecision, of deliberate heartlessness, of *crime*. "By what wretched reasoning," I would say, "did I forgive myself for coming here! With what dastardly perseverance have I sought to give over that guileless heart to wretchedness and woe! Compared with my great sin, theft were a weakness, slander a positive virtue. What, indeed, if I have killed her!" And then I would shake with horror, and fancy her lifeless form stretched out before me, and a stern face beholding me gloomily from the other side.

I did not now affect to ridicule myself for cherishing the fond fancy that I was loved, or to charge myself with vanity in having for a moment supposed that Amy was interested in me. I was now painfully conscious of it, and more. But I blindly, foolishly forgot, that in beings like her, love is not an evanescent feeling, a fancy taken up carelessly and put away at pleasure; so it seemed that were I to hasten and deprive her of my presence all would yet be well. Spurred at last into promptness, I represented to Mrs. Walton that I had now a task which would exact all the time I could devote to it for weeks to come; she regretted, but did not oppose my determination, founded, as it seemed, in necessity; the room was made comfortable, and soon I was again the most secluded of hermits: an utter stranger to the Waltons and the whole world.

VIII.

ALTHOUGH I had effectually closed my door on flesh and blood, I soon found that I had with me that invisible stranger and companion, Discontent. "She sat with me at my table; she came to me in my nightly vigils. Was all my lonely experience, then, of no avail? Had I but just discovered I was too young to be an anchorite? I now know I was not a philosopher; then I believed I was not in love. Reason would not drive away this haunting spirit. How could it, when it knew not what to attack! It could neither view her bodily nor grasp her in imagination.

Strive how I would, the barque of my thoughts had little freight but Amy. It was a sad pleasure to muse on her fateful position; her youth and delicate beauty slowly fading, wasting, becoming more ethereal; her talents and accomplishments, under the cloud of family misfortune, serving but to increase the gloom of her feelings by languishing for employment and mocking her thoughts of pleasure; her loving, affectionate heart, chilled by the coldness of indifference, trembling day by day with lessened life; timidly beating against its prison walls, as though longing for freedom, yet fearing to demolish the frail barrier by which it was confined. How mournful and thrilling were the tones of her voice, as it stole up to me in the solemn twilight. Faint and low, it seemed to speak from the air, like the voice of a spirit. Music never before came to me in such a guise, and it never can again.

One evening I sat at my window, watching the dark masses of cloud as they floated past the moon, and listening to the sighing of the wind, sighing with a far-off, melancholy wail. I felt unusually sad, for I had learned from Mrs. Walton that Amy was grown very weak and thin, and had now been confined to her bed for two or three days. I had missed her voice, and had inquired if she were ill, with something of anxiety. In my thoughts—ever far behind my feelings—I had passed through the gradations of pity, compassion and sympathy, and now I was coming to know my own heart. "She is very dear to me," I said; "I believe I love her." Fond thoughts now sprang up, unforbidden, released from the thrall of erring reason. "If I had but wealth," I sighed, "or even a permanent employment! Then should the heart rule, and not the head."

But what heavenly notes are these, of angelic sweetness mingled with human sadness, which seem to stray from yon cold cloud, as though a spirit were imprisoned there? Can it be Amy, tottered from her sick bed to the piano, and pouring out her soul in music? It was Amy. She was improvising an inexpressibly touching prelude, and soon commenced, in a voice which thrilled with unwonted feeling, a mournful song, of her own composing, which I had often asked her to sing. There was a something in its wailing, despairing cadences, that filled me with strange, weird feelings, and a nameless dread. For a time it increased in intensity, yet being always very sweet and sad, till as it neared the close it seemed to die away in a succession of broken notes, sobs and sighs. I felt my very soul melt within me, for I knew well what that song portended. "She will never sing again on earth," I cried in my spirit: and the sighing, sobbing wind seemed to say, "Never, never, never." "Yet, O God! preserve her!" I prayed; "let her live to me." The wind only answered with its prophetic "No!"

IX.

FOR the next two weeks I was prostrated by a raging, consuming fever. My kind hostess would often visit me, and as well as she could, with attending to Amy's wants, supplied the place

of a mother. One evening just after sunset, she was sitting by my bedside, as usual, talking of Amy. There was a peculiar warm, golden light in the air, and I remember it made me think of angels, and heaven. She said I was at one time delirious, and raved of Amy, crying, "Save her—save her!" She told me Amy imprudently—almost insanely, she thought—rose from her bed one night, and sat playing and singing at the piano till she actually fell down from exhaustion, and was found stretched on the floor, apparently lifeless. She added, not without being impeded by tears and sobs, that since that night she had rapidly failed, and could not, the doctor said, live a great while longer. "I must see her," I cried; "Mrs. Walton, I must see her!" Much against her wishes, I made her promise to call for me in an hour and escort me down stairs. I felt inspired with unnatural strength and an irresistible yearning to see Amy once before she died. Mrs. Walton was faithful to her promise, and soon conducted me to Amy's room; whispering, as we entered, that Amy was now asleep. I advanced unassisted to the bedside, and stood a few moments gazing at her wasted features, noting her hurried, faint breathing, and other sad indications of the approach of the Destroyer. I bent and kissed reverently her white forehead. The motion, slight as it was, awoke her. A look of pleased surprise lit up her pale features, which were momentarily suffused by a faint flush, and her voice was touchingly sweet, though almost still, as she whispered my name.

"My poor, poor Amy—my poor, dear child!" I murmured, as I sank into a chair by her side, and took her wasted hand in mine. She knew instinctively that I had changed. There came into her eyes a glad, holy light, and an expression of childlike confidence, which assured me the past was no more remembered. In my tenderness of spirit, heightened by bodily weakness, I was soon overcome by my feelings, and burying my face in the pillow I abandoned myself to tears and regretful reminiscence. Presently I grew calmer, and, once more looking up, I perceived that Amy, too, had been weeping. But hers were tears of joy, and angelic pity.

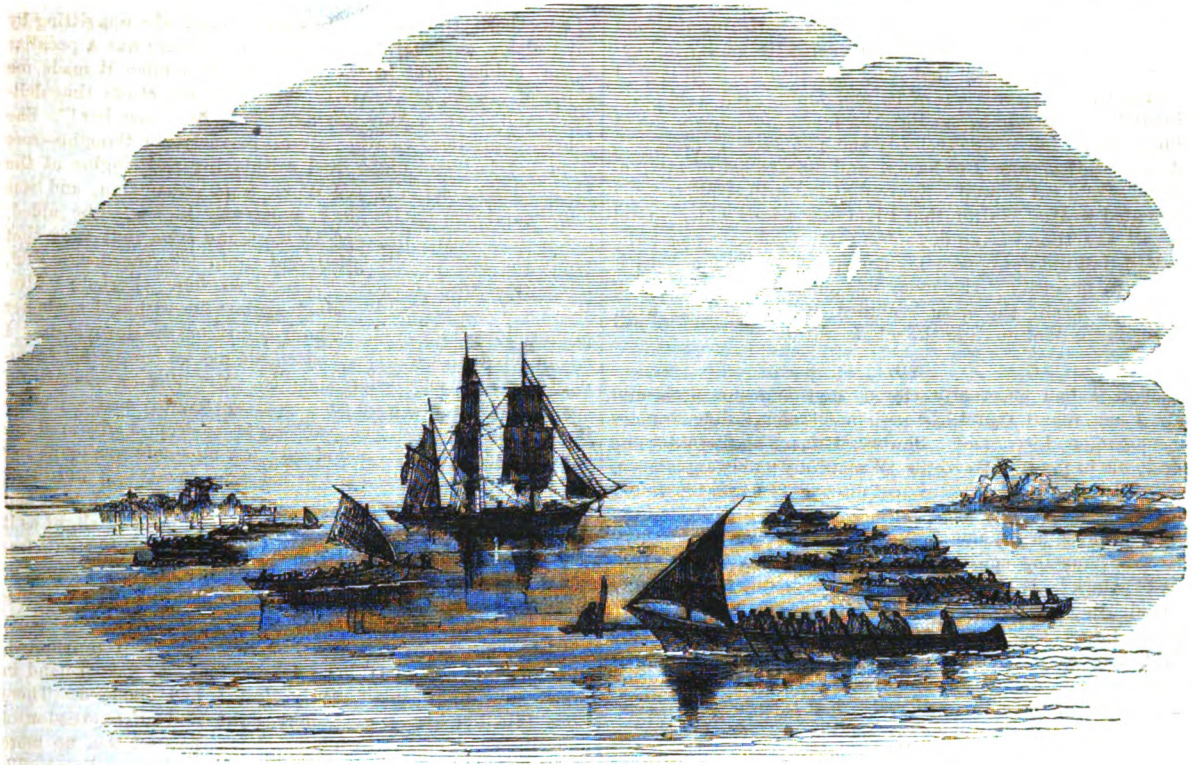
"How thin and pale you look, Bernard," she said, tenderly; "you, too, have been sick."

"Yes, Amy," I replied; "but I am getting better now: would that you were." And then I supported her dear head on my arm, and placed my cheek close to hers.

"Oh, now I shall soon be better than ever, Bernard," she whispered.

Then passed an interval of holy communion—a blissful silence: and gentle, suffering, angelic Amy Walton was in that best place where she could be "better than ever."

SITE OF THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.—A German archaeologist, Dr. Erlinger, has, after two years' labor, succeeded in ascertaining the precise position of the camps of Antony and Octavius just before the battle of Actium, which place, now called Axio, is on the Gulf of Arta, in Epirus. The camp of the latter is surrounded by a ceinture of redoubts, about five and a half miles in extent, which were constructed in stone, faced with earth and protected by a ditch. At distances of about one thousand yards, the remains of square towers, surmounted by a platform and protected by a rampart, have been found, as have also balls, or masses of metal of different forms, which served as projectiles, together with various arms and accoutrements. In the centre of the camp, on an eminence, were the headquarters of Augustus; they occupied a superficies of about one thousand yards, and were not unlike what are formed in modern times. In advance of the camp were external works, constructed on small eminences, consisting of several small forts, which served apparently more for observation than defence; they were occupied by detachments forming the advanced guard. One of them, higher and stronger than the others, served as a telegraph for communicating with the fleet. In the ruins of one of these forts was discovered a tablet in steel, on which are traced signals, which have some affinity with those of aerial telegraphs. The camp of Antony has not yet been so closely examined as the other, but it is not doubted that the remains of it will be equally interesting. The town of Actium contains ruins of temples of Neptune and Mars, and of other remarkable edifices.



THE KANAKA CANNIBALS ATTACKING THE WHALING SHIP.

A BRUSH WITH THE CANNIBALS.

BY C. B. THOMPSON.

It is almost universally the case that the crews of outward bound whaleships are no sooner off soundings, than they are suddenly impressed with the fact that whaling is not "what it is cracked up to be." This opinion is, in many cases, strengthened by practical demonstrations of the captain and officers; and before the vessel has doubled the Cape, the probabilities are, the crew, to a man, have made up their minds to run away. Such was the case with myself and others on the clipper barque Black Eagle, the crack sailer of New London. Though her accommodations and provisions were above the ordinary style, still the severity of the captain and his satellites rendered it impossible to enjoy anything approaching a tolerable existence, and as I had, in the verdancy of youth, "gone to sea for pleasure," I found that I must fulfil the remainder of the nautical truism, and "go to the devil for pastime."

We had been forced to perform thus far the voyage much against our will and expectation, for some unsuccessful attempts at giving the "barky" the slip while at the Sandwich Islands only brought down the most rigid restrictions, rendering escape an impossibility for that season.

For five weary months we had bumped about in the northern bays, enduring hardships in almost every form, and at the close, after calculating our season's work, ascertained that the amounts due the "hands" (after the certain charges against our names were cancelled) ranged from three to ten shillings of New York currency, verifying the couplet among whalers in illustration of the manner in which the owners settle with them, as follows:

Ought's an ought, and two's a two,
Twenty cents are coming to you.

After remaining in the bays until the rest of the fleet had sailed for warmer latitudes,
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Captain Blockstops, in consideration of the approaching season, the severity of which we had already begun to experience by losing the mizen-top mast and two boats on a lee-shore, concluded to vacate for more tranquil waters, and consequently the Black Eagle's gilt figure-head was pointed southward, and all the sail that she would carry crowded on.

Many were the plans concocted by various parties to escape, and each looking with distrust on his companions, schemed together in knots of two and three. I had originated, as I thought, quite a novel and feasible idea, and original too withal, which I confided cautiously to several, one at a time, until the requisite number was completed. My plan of operations consisted in preparing sundry packages of provisions, clothes and other etceteras necessary to a comfortable existence in the intended place, and when the vessel was drifting leisurely down in the Polynesian Archipelago, to stealthily lower a boat and



THE CREW ESCAPING FROM THE BLACK EAGLE.

make for the nearest island. The principal objection raised by the men as I presented my plan, was the difficulty of catching the officer of the watch asleep at the proper time; this obstacle was to be surmounted by taking advantage of the somniferous propensity of the second mate, formerly a down-east lumber man, who, not being impressed with a proper sense of the importance of keeping awake, was often caught in severe squalls, occasionally carrying away a top-gallant sail or flying jib, by way of relieving the tedium of the cruise. His usual post of sleeping during the watch was across the cabin companion-way; and as soon as the watch got fairly on deck, he would compose his long proportions for the continuation of his slumbers. When aroused by a sudden squall or bad weather, he would take a few turns on the quarter-deck by way of arousing his faculties, and also to present the appearances of carrying heavy sail. This custom he had pursued throughout the voyage without meeting with any serious accident; and it was on this fault that we relied for the successful issue of the scheme.

With a favorable north-westerly breeze, a run of fourteen days sufficed to bring us in sight of the luxuriant groups that stud the waters of the South Pacific.

The plan of escape had been properly matured, and a quantity of provisions and other stores laid by for it, till an opportunity should present itself, which promised to be before many days, as it was generally understood throughout the ship that we should by then be down among a group of islands called the "Arctic Chain." This we decided would be a most excellent opportunity, and arrangements were made to insure a better chance of success.

The bow-boat was selected as the one that should liberate us from the present bondage, as it was thoroughly screened from the quarter-deck by the mainsail and tri-works, the lowering tackles of which we secretly and carefully anointed with slush, that it might make no reproachful creakings at being appropriated in such a surreptitious manner. This being done on the night previous to the contemplated departure, we were somewhat fearful that the boat-steerer who had charge of it might discover it, and thus lead to an inquiry that would prevent the execution of the plot.

For this reason, after holding a smothered consultation on the windlass, it was deemed advisable to cautiously pump him on the subject, surmising that the boat-steerer, holding a kind of medial position between the officers and the crew, shared the general dissatisfaction of the latter, and might be induced to join in the intended flight. It required but a few words, however, to bring him over to the scheme, and with his promised assistance, what had thus far succeeded gave assurance of entire success.

The day passed slowly away, and the night, still and dark, hung over the motionless waters. The calm still held till the second watch, which was the hour appointed. Hinkley emerged from the cabin with a drowsy shuffle, and flung his night jacket down upon the companion-way, preparatory to lowering his long proportions across it for the watch; this done, he took a few turns upon the poop-deck till the other watch had gone below and his own were quiet.

We waited his movements with much interest on this occasion, and were exceedingly gratified to hear in a short time an occasional snort, evincing that his intellect was entirely oblivious to surrounding circumstances. The party were six in number, one Irishman, two gentlemen of German extraction (both of whom had failed in the larger bier business in Gotham, and took a short whaling voyage, as they said, merely to "see the country"), two Americans and myself. The general intention of the expedition was to reach some luxuriant and populated island, as it is generally known to whalers, that on all save the Cannibal Islands a white man is treated with much respect, and appointed at once to the highest post of honor, more especially if he is a musician of some kind.

Now on this point we had calculated for immense success; as the Germans were excellent violinists, while the two Americans played respectively the banjo and flute, and the Irishman being a capital dancer of jigs, hornpipes, &c., the qualifications of the company were considered sufficient to warrant a cordial reception from the most despotic of the Kanaka rulers. For myself it was concluded that I should assume the character of one

thoroughly versed in the mysteries of gunpowder and fire-arms, and weapons of warfare, that being considered a great point.

It was not long before the men followed the attractive lead of their officer, and soon all save the boat-steerer were lying around the decks and fast asleep. It was a delicate operation notwithstanding all the advantageous circumstances, and one point more must necessarily be accomplished before it would be safe to move the boat; this was to get the two wide-awake Portuguese who were pacing to and fro in the waist as far as possible from their present position, and engaged in something that would retain their attention. Accordingly, with some manoeuvring, I detained them in trafficking clothes, &c., in the fore-castle, while the rest lowered the boat. This was easily accomplished, and being obliged to leave behind the larger portion of my clothes, I could well afford to give them good bargains. Silently the rest slipped away, and by the smothered voices I knew that thus far all was right.

The Portuguese, thoroughly carried away with their good bargains, suspected nothing, when I stepped on deck apparently to see if there was any work going on. Taking off my shoes, I crept stealthily to the side where the boat was being lowered slowly, while the flutist played a soothing solo to drown any noise that might escape. A few minutes sufficed for that; the tackles were hooked together, and all was ready.

"Play something rather more doleful now, Tom, in illustration of our feelings at the manner of leaving the old hooker," whispered one. And the musician struck up as appropriate.

Still so gently o'er me stealing.

Thus it passed off without suspicion, for they were in the habit of beguiling the long watch with music. After all had silently crept down, the music ceased and the flute was handed in while the player still kept on humming the air and descending after the most approved melodramatic style.

"Gently now," I whispered; "don't move an inch, let her drop astern with the current;" and silently the ship's dark side glided slowly by. We took a parting look at the waist and larboard boat on the cranes overhead, while drifting by. Slowly the dark shadow of the sails and spars blended indistinctly with the darkness, though we could hear the slatting of the ropes and sails long after she was hidden entirely from view.

"Softly with the oars now, for these moments are all clear gain."

And they rose and fell with an even and silent stroke for some minutes.

"Gently, there, with that midship oar; you're making too much of a ripple. Put—Hark! I think they've discovered our flight."

"Yes, they are calling the watch," said the bow oarsman.

"Now give way hard and heavy," I said, and the gracefully modelled whaleboat fairly skimmed the smooth surface.

"How do we head now?" asked one.

"South-west, I believe; the boat trembles so the needle is not steady," said I, trying to discover the points in the darkness. "The island laid to the east of us, I think."

"I believe it did."

Accordingly, I altered her course and endeavored to keep the bow in that direction, but without the aid of moon, stars or compass it was likely to prove useless.

We were now some distance from the ship, but the calm stillness of the night permitted almost the faintest noise to be heard distinctly, and the hum of voices mingled with chafing of ropes, came over the waves to our ears with strange distinctness; we also could distinguish the captain's voice berating some one in a high key, while the moving and splashing of oars indicated that the boats were setting out in chase.

"Old Blacktops is giving it to Hinkley," said one in an undertone. "Listen!"

And the following refined invectives floated over the waters in the captain's melodious baritone:

"You thought—what business had you to think, you long-legged, gamble-shanked blockhead of a down-east river driver? What a d—d nice man to go second mate of a ship, and let a parcel of —"

"He's giving us a round now. Hark!"

"Yes," continued the skipper in return to the subdued observations of the devoted Hinkley, "yes, I'll cruise round the whole place from one end of the group to the other. I'll swear by the

great Jehovah——" here his voice sank from our hearing, and we were left in the dark as to what interesting vows he was about to perform.

We had rested on the oars for a few moments, but sprung to them with redoubled vigor as the sound of mingled voices and creaking rowlocks reached us.

"Now's your time; prick her up, boys!" I said in a whisper. "They are after us with a sharp stick, and it won't be wholesome for our constitutions if they catch us now. There they press; lay back, men! There she walks water."

"No more hard work," said one, as he lay back on his oar with a power that sent ahead.

"No more salt junk and water-soaked duffs."

"No more night watches or reefing tops'ls. But an elegant and lazy life in a bamboo palace, with the devil a thing to do but lie in the sun and be waited on by the king's daughters." said Pat with a grunt.

"Don't let's enumerate the——"

"Hallo! what's that?"

"By the beard of the great bamboozle," said the flute-player, who indulged occasionally in original oaths; "it's a bluelight, but it didn't go for some reason or other."

But immediately a pale blue train mounted slowly in the sky, and as it burst the whole surrounding scene was spread out to the view of both parties.

"Down, every man!" said I, but though not a head could be seen above the boat's gunwale, they had discovered us, and raised a loud shout that made the welkin ring again.

Long and heavy was the chase, but our boat being the fastest in the ship, we gained steadily on the pursuing ones, and by altering the course frequently soon threw them quite off the track. After listening for some moments at the close of thirty minutes more of hard springing, we concluded that the chase was given up, and resumed a less laborious stroke, as nothing could be seen or heard. For some time the binnacle light of the barque was visible, and by its position we directed our course; but that having been extinguished we were forced to continue almost at random. Having thoroughly distanced the boats, conversation was carried on in the usual tone, and the next important step was duly discussed as we rowed leisurely along, being in doubt what course to steer until daylight should render the magnetic needle visible.

"Suppose we take a small snack, and rest a bit?" observed Pat; "this work has made me tolerably sharkish."

This was the unanimous opinion of all, and the boat was suffered to drift idly around in the meantime. When the oars were resumed, the direct course being uncertain, I took a more minute survey of the compass, and discovered to my great astonishment that there was no needle on it, being an old one that had been taken by mistake.

"Here's a purty fix," growled Pat; but the devil a ha'p'orth do I care at all, for you see that dark-looking cloud lie, up there away; well, that must be the land to my thinkin'."

All took a survey in the point denoted and fully concurred with the bogtrotter's views, and the boat was laid in that direction, and kept pointed for the said cloud.

After something like an hour of moderate rowing we distinctly heard a low rumbling noise, which was immediately set down as surf in the distance. Nearer and clearer it seemed at every stroke, and I observed that it was now about time to carry out the preconcerted plan of making our *entrée* upon the inhabitants with music, in order to secure a grand reception at the outset. Accordingly we jogged along with two oars, as the band produced their instruments and struck up the "Old Kentucky Home," while I beat time with a boat mallet and all joined in the chorus.

Supposing that the population must by this time be awaiting us on the beach with extended arms, for though the darkness of the night prevented any object from being seen, it was evident from the increased noise that we were quite near our journey's end, and we gave way more briskly.

"Now then, I'd like to see old Blockstope——"

This sentence was interrupted by a fearful crash, and instruments, musicians and all hands were precipitated in one heap in the bow of the boat, which had brought up against something that seemed as firm as the Rocky Mountains.

"Hallo! what's to pay? Stern all, it's a rock by thunder,"

were the simultaneous and terrified exclamations, but the mystery was solved by the unmistakeable voice of the captain, who rushed to the ship's side, for such it indeed proved, and exultingly shouted out:

"So you've come back, you scaly loons; you got skeered at the dark; got frightened and homesick, but I'll tune you up, I'll haze round some; walk up, walk up, and give account of yourselves, you set of blind beach combers!" And before we had hardly recovered from the moment's astonishment we were hustled on deck by main force, half believing the affair a dream.

Here the surprising discovery was soon made that we had, after four hours of steady rowing, described a complete circle, and had for the want of a compass handed ourselves back to the old martyrdom. Since then I have often observed that the rustling of a ship's canvas might at a little distance be easily mistaken for distant surf by older seamen than ourselves. The ship's company had heard our approaching music and were waiting in readiness, correctly surmising that we had lost the course.

"Och hone," groaned the Paddy, "we'll niver see the end of this dirty thrick."

"It is certainly a bad case, but all we have left to do is to grin and bear the consequences," said the fluter. "I've broke my flute into a thousand pieces as we came alongside," he continued, "and anything 'Old Block' can do won't trouble me more than that."

The captain had by this time worked himself up in a fury of excitement, and thus eased his overcharged feelings:

"Now you gang of mahone sodgers, you make quick tracks for the mastheads, two of ye for'ard, two at the main, and two at the mizen, and if you come down till I tell ye I'll skin the whole pack of ye alive; so up you go, up you go," and he danced about in his usual manner when furious.

With fearful forebodings we mounted the ratlins, confident that old Blockstope would tax his ingenuity to the utmost to invent every species of torture that could be applied, and overstep even the wide limits allowed by the statutes.

"Bad case," I observed to Pat, who was my companion on the foremast.

"Terrible bad," he responded moodily, and not being sociably inclined nothing more was said upon the subject, and we awaited with dogged determination the issue.

With the first streaks of dawn the regular lookout took his accustomed place upon the crossrees beside us.

"What did the old man say about us?" I asked as soon as he had seated himself. "What is he going to do?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that he's going to set you ashore on the islands of the 'Ten Thousand Dogs' with a bag of bread apiece, and after that was gone he said you could live on faith, if the dogs didn't eat you up before."

"I never heard of those islands; where are they?"

"They're 'round here somewhere. The Montezuma, I think it was, left three men there," he continued, "and they was eat up alive by the wild dogs in less than twenty-four hours."

"Pleasant prospect," said I.

"Yes, the mates persuaded him from putting you chaps in irons till the whole affair was sifted and the ringleader found out, and then keep him in irons the rest of the voyage."

The man's character for indulging in long stories was well known throughout the vessel, but I was convinced that he had not exaggerated the facts, only with regard to the name, the islands being called the "Isle of Dogs," and noted for the ferocity of its canine inhabitants.

At four bells we received later news from below by the man who relieved the lookout.

"What is the order of the proceedings below, Moffat?" I said to the last comer.

"Well, the fact is, I wouldn't be in your place for all this ship's worth."

"Why not?"

"Do you know what old Blockstope's going to do with you chaps?"

"Couldn't say; haven't the remotest idea."

"It's the general opinion that the skipper's going to put in at some port on the Chinese Tartary coast and trade you all off

to work in the opium fields; he says he can get twenty hogs apiece for you."

"That's capital! how do you like that, Pat?"

"I beli ve I'd prefare stopping aboard the ship," responded the son of Erin.

"Give me the opium fields or any other place than this," I said, growing more uneasy at the prospect of being on the high sea at the mercy of an unprincipled scoundrel, for such he had proven himself to be in many instances since we left port.

Throughout the morning watch we sat looking down with calm philosophy from our sublunary perch, and passed the tedious hours with watching the schools of dolphins and albacores that sported about the vessel's bows. It was Sunday, and many of the crew were around the windlass, performing their weekly tonsorial operations with the aid of dull razors and diminutive circular looking-glasses. The fourth mate was overhauling his stock of gala suits upon the main hatch, and hovered around the packages of parti-colored shirts and swallow-tailed coats of antiquated cut, with evident satisfaction.

"Old Block" (this was the abbreviated cognomen of our gentle captain), was endeavoring to fulfil his solemn promise to his only daughter, which was, as we had learned, that she, in consideration of his advanced age (being well on the shady side of fifty), and proneness to profanity and other sins of commission unsightly in the eyes of the Lord, drew from him a promise, solemnly made in the presence of the village pastor, that he would read carefully one chapter in the Bible every Sunday morning throughout the voyage. His usual manner of keeping this promise, was to doze lazily over the dog-eared leaves of his pocket edition till twelve o'clock, when it was carelessly thrown aside for the gastronomical operations more congenial to his tastes.

For some minutes I had watched him sitting on the quarter-deck poring sullenly over its leaves. Suddenly he raised his head toward the chief mate who was pacing the lee-side of the deck, and observed in a tone loud enough to be heard distinctly throughout the vessel,

"Mr. Swingcrane, this makes the twenty-seventh chapter I've read in the Lord's book, and he hasn't showed us the first sign of a spout, and I'm d——d if I read any more till we get another whale."

"Yes, sir," returned the mate, not noticing the profanity; "and don't you think that the current is taking us pretty handy in toward that island?"

What reply the pious captain would have made is probably lost to the world, for at this juncture the lookout at my side startled me and Captain B. with the usual long drawn cry of, "There she b-l-o-w-s!"

"Where away there?" bellowed the skipper, jumping up, kicking over the chair and crushing with his foot the leaves of his dog-eared Bible.

"There she br-e-a-c-h-es!"

"Where away?" sung out the mate and captain together.

"There she goes flukes!" said the lookout, not heeding the hail in his excitement.

"You d——d gurlie-eating son of a cholera's ghost," roared Blockstops in a fury, spurning the Bible across the deck, "if you don't tell me where them whales are, I'll ride you down like the maintack off Palmer's Island;" and he seized a brass belaying-pin and pirouetted around the decks like an old maniac, as he was in fact.

The lookout being a Spaniard, and not possessing the lingual accomplishment of the English tongue, beyond the "view hol-loa!" had thus brought upon his head the wrath of Blockstops, and the discovery that the whales in question were not of the spermaceti species, but common finbacks, an abundant kind which are seldom molested, for the reason that it requires much skill, patience and difficult manoeuvring to approach them, and when once harpooned the chances are ten to one that he will make off with the line or boat, or perhaps both. For this reason they are usually passed in the manner which a Martha's Vineyard mate once wrote in his logbook, wishing probably to use a forcible expression:

"Saw whale to-day, but they bein' finbacks, and all hands bein' down with the scurvy, we passed by 'em with silent contempt."

Any other skipper but Blockstops would have done likewise,

unless actually in want of binnacle oil to steer by, but he being in a delightful frame of mind, capered around the decks, exhausting his vocabulary of Billingsgate invectives on the boats, crew, ship, owners; and even the shipwrights came in for a share of the captain's choler.

"Lower away!" he broke out again; "lower away the boats! I'll make you all earn your duff; all of you from the mate down!" and so on *ad libitum*.

It was a minute's work to drop the boats from the cranes, and that done the runaways were summoned to "come down and go in the boats—and that in special quick time."

I shall always remember the savage leer with which the worthy captain regarded me while I passed him on the gangway, as he said, "There is something in store for you chaps, that will make your hair curl like a nigger's."

As might be presumed, the oarsmen did not put forth any unusual exertion in the chase, but merely kept a slow stroke together; nor did the officers urge an increase of the speed, entertaining no idea of losing a warm dinner for the pleasure of running a fool's errand after a few finbacks. Notwithstanding this feeling in the minds of all, the boats sped silently over the glassy surface, gaining rapidly on the chase, which were rolling and spouting sluggishly beneath the scorching rays of the sun.

"I say," said Hinkley to the third mate, "the sun comes down with a perfect quiver, and if we get fast to any of them whales, they'll take's away on t'other side of sundown, or a stove boat will be the wind-up of this fool's errand. They're lying like logs, for a wonder, and I don't see how we can help getting up to 'em—as we don't want tew—and it won't do for the boat-steerer to miss his whale; not in this barkee it won't."

It was perfectly plain that our boat must "go on" (a technical term for rowing within darting distance), and the boat-steerer stood up poising the long harpoon in readiness.

"Swing to it, my lads, it's nothing, a day's hard work and no grease," said the mate. On we glided noiselessly toward the sleek monsters. The oarsmen in a whaling-boat, as they sit facing the officer with their backs to the chase, can, after a little experience, ascertain the precise proximity of the whales by the former's expression of countenance.

It was by the mixed exhibition of excitement and regret on the second mate's weather-browed phis, that I knew we must "strike." According, I wheeled round on my thwart, as the officer shouted, "Stand up, Bill, and look out for 'em! Look out for him under water!" and the burnished iron glanced into the glossy side of the largest animal.

"By the Lord, we're fast! by jingo, he'll take the line! by George, it's gone!" and while the boat-steerer had uttered these three sentences, the line went flying around with the rapidity of lightning, surging on the smoking loggerhead, and at last slipping off and getting foul in the tub, was gone.

"High-low-Jack-and-the-game. That beats the devil, unless it was him instead of a whale; and I'm somewhat in doubt about it," said the astonished officer, as our boat whirled around in the Maelstrom formed by the settling whale.

"What's the matter?" said I; "There's the blue signal to come aboard."

"Yes, something's going wrong up there, for they run the flag up and down."

On looking around toward the land we discovered the nearest island not more than ten or twelve miles distant, and supposed this was the cause of the recall.

"The current has taken us in, and we've got to turn off, that's what's to pay, I'll bet a shirt. Give way all!" answered Hinkley.

Laying back on the oars heavily, we were alongside, hooked on, and hoisted up in a very short space of time, thankful for the fortunate opportunity to abandon this tollsome chase, but wondering, to use the vernacular, "what could be to pay." The captain was blaspheming around the decks, looking often through his glass at some object shoreward, much to the mystification of the rest of the ship's company. Swingcrane ventured to inquire what might be the difficulty.

"Hell-fire," he thundered in a tone that caused an involuntary start to all hands who were waiting in the waist for the explanation.

"Don't you see that island yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the 'Arctic' Chain, and look through that in the range of them hills yonder," he continued presenting his glass.

We looked also in the same direction, but could discover nothing but the palm girt isle, glittering like a paradise in the tropical sun. The two then walked farther from the waist and conferred together in an undertone for some minutes, during which time we waited anxiously for the revelation, as the ship-keepers also were ignorant of the cause.

"I heard him ask the mate if he thought the men would fight," said one.

"Why does he squint landward so often through that long cannonade?" (meaning the spyglass), observed another.

The confab being ended, Blockstops and his mate approached the waist and delivered the following harangue:

"Now then, men, I'm goin' to speechify a bit. There is somewhere nigh about fifty canoes putting off from that yonder island, chock-full of wild, man-eating Kanakas, and we've got either to run, fight or go to the devil; and as we can't run, for there is no wind, and don't want to be barbecued, it's best to die game, and that I'll do and you all shall do, as my name's Jack Blockstops. Lastly but not leastly, if you want to ever see the States again, don't let 'em git aboard the vessel. And as for you chaps," he continued, addressing us of the night's adventure, "it's all on your account, you horse-thieving set of beach combers! I'll give you your change, though, if we get out of this! Go forward all of ye—that's all." We gathered around the windlass in consultation.

"That's a refreshing and pleasant prospect for us, in the event we beat off the natives."

"And that will never be; it's no use talking," hurriedly broke in the fourth mate, not seeming to relish the coming contest; "unless we frighten them off by some dodge or other, we're gone in, for they shoot pisoned arrows, and their spears and other arms is rubbed all over with pison. And in every boat there is probably twenty or thirty, and this ship's company wont be a taste for 'em."

While hurried preparations were being made to repel the attack, the canoes had approached near enough to be seen without the aid of a glass. The lower sails were hauled up for action, and left hanging to the buntlines. Our four six-pound caronades were unlashed and loaded carefully, while the steward and cabin-boy were employed in loading muskets. A fire was lighted in the tri-works to present the appearance of a steamer, and thus frighten them from nearer approach, as they will not come within a dozen miles of one, having been pretty severely "bitten" by some of the English propellers; this ruse, however, did not succeed, and we awaited the approaching swarm, nearly hopeless of a successful defence.

"It promises some at any rate, and reminds me of the good old times when I was in the Bloater."

"Well, this is no time to tell cock and bull stories," broke in the mate, "git along to the waist all you, and git the ship in fighting order."

By the time the guns were pointed and lashed, and all the necessary arrangements were made, the natives had approached to within a mile, and were paddling swiftly toward the expected prize. The captain with the glass counted thirty and forty in each canoe; spying the Bible laying in between the pumps, where it had been kicked several hours before, he stooped, and carried it with much reverence to the companion-way, probably in consideration of recent circumstances. Each of the men was armed with a cutlass and a pair of brass-butted horse pistols, with flint and steel locks, but carefully loaded and primed. Twenty heavily charged muskets rested on the pipe-rail, in readiness for the immediate action.

The captain had gone below to prepare, and appeared shortly afterward, notwithstanding the intense heat, in a pilot-cloth watch-coat buttoned close to his chin, with a revolver and boat hatchet in his hands. His face was overspread with a brassy paleness, and he whispered to the mate while passing him, "I'm 'fraid our time's come in this world."

Nearer drew the swarm of long canoes, each with a three-cornered mat sail swinging idly from its mast. There was one peculiarity in their construction that I had never before seen,

namely, an outrigger, in which one or more natives sat suspended, apparently to preserve the equilibrium, some two or three feet from the water, and armed with very long bows, being, as I inferred, the sharpshooters. While we were engaged in gazing at the formidable flotilla, a shower of exceedingly long and ugly-looking arrows glanced about our ears with a decidedly unpleasant humming sound; fortunately no one was hurt, though escape from death seemed hopeless, as the barque was surrounded on all quarters.

Captain B. here hailed a monster craft which seemed to contain the royal highness and his suite, but nothing but a clatter of unintelligible jargon was heard in response. A call was now made for Portuguese Joe, our interpreter, who spoke many different Kanaka dialects.

"Ask 'em what they are after, Joe," said the skipper.

The reply to his hail was a universal yell that made our blood tingle, and grasp each cutlass handle with a firmer gripe.

"Give it to 'em in Feejee, Joe, to gain time."

Here the interpreter made several noises similar to that of a cat with a quantity of fish-bones in his trachea. But no reply was elicited, save an impatient splashing of paddles.

"Try 'em in King's English."

They seemingly did not like to protract the conversation, and splashed the water about violently, while the bow men in their boxes fixed each an arrow.

"What the d—l do you want then?" roared Blockstops.

"The vessel," was the reply, in good English, from what appeared to be an Englishman or Yankee in a red Turkish fez.

"Take it then, if you can." Here a yell many times more terrific and appalling than the previous one resounded on all sides, and with a flourish of paddles and spears they closed in upon the devoted ship.

The four successive reports of the cannons, followed by the discharge of musketry, prevented the rush that would have otherwise decided the day; at this crisis a breeze, not a gentle land puff, but a strong flow, so common in the low latitudes, came to the rescue. All sail being set we forged quickly ahead, crushing several large canoes and leaving the others behind. The circle once broken and headway gained, we had one more chance for life should the breeze hold.

"Down with the fore and mainsail; lively there some of ye," was shouted from the quarter-deck.

But no one could spare time, or see the way out, for the dense volumes of smoke still veiled the scene; we, however, drove ahead and left the fleet. Probably some forty or fifty natives succeeded in gaining the deck, while many who fell overboard were run over and left behind by the pursuing canoes.

In the early part of the mêlée I received a blow on the head with a club of some description, and was in the act of cutting down a dark object before me, when a dull, heavy sound, close at my ear, caused me to turn in that direction, and I beheld the captain jerk his hatchet from the cloven skull of a native. Partially sickened at the spectacle I staggered toward the mainmast, where I received a quietus in the shape of a cutlass blow on the forehead, by a tall chief, who the next instant was kicking in the agonies of death beside me. In a few minutes I opened my eyes, though this did not much facilitate the act of seeing, for both eyes were blinded by the streaming blood. Presently, however, I discovered the last of the race of Blockstops staggering about with an arrow through his gullet, and the blood spirting out in jets at every word, exclaiming:

"My game's up; the last plank kicked out; I've got my death warrant. I'll never see the sod of old Nantucket again, but by — I'll die game."

The uproar was still at its height, and as he rushed in again a second arrow pierced through his chest, spreading him at full length on the quarter-deck. A few minutes more and the natives, being panic-stricken, made a simultaneous rush for the vessel's side and leaped overboard.

"About ship and run 'em down again," shouted the mate.

We luffed up on the other tack and bore down for the canoes, which were in a cluster, pushing and hauling each other in confusion, and thus insuring their own destruction. It was too late, we passed over them, and that day the sharks of the sea sat themselves with blood.

The captain now raised himself from the deck and staggered

to the main-hatch. A deathlike palor was on his face, which being smeared with blood-clots, rendered the sight hideous, spitting blood profusely, he said :

"I'm going to hell. Swingcrane keep the black devils off for a few minutes ; I'm going down ; my game's up ; my——" And he pitched heavily across the hatch, being the only man killed. Owing to the fortunate intervention of Providence we were saved, and I remain till this day ignorant of what fate was in store for me had the captain lived, though I was informed by the officers that it would have been no light punishment, and perhaps death.

After tacking several times, and running down many of the natives, we took advantage of the breeze, and before nightfall had put fifty marine miles between us and the late scene of strife. Many of the crew were badly wounded by the arrows, and were fearful that they were poisoned, but it proved otherwise. The next day we buried the captain's remains and made sail for the Philippine Islands. As the body of the captain was launched into the sea, an enormous ground-shark severed his head and body, and another soon made away with the last of the Blockstaps.

THE TWO EMPRESSES.

TRANSLATED BY F. G. W.

ONE bright Sunday morning, early in the month of June, in the year 1812, Redoubte, the celebrated painter of flowers, left his studio for Malmaison, the residence of the Empress Josephine, who had bestowed upon him the honorary title of "Painter of Flowers to the Empress," to present her with one of his choicest works.

The weather was superb, and not a cloud obscured the bright rays of the sun. As the clock struck eleven, he was traversing the garden of the Tuileries, toward the Place de la Concorde, from whence he intended taking a carriage for Malmaison, when his attention was arrested by a crowd of promenaders rushing toward the terrace which surrounds the water. Being somewhat curious, and fond of lounging about, as most artists generally are, he advanced with the rest. "It is the King of Rome and the Empress," said the bystanders. It was in fact the son of the Emperor Napoleon, at that time about fifteen or sixteen months old, who was taking an airing on the terrace, in a charming little caleche, drawn by four lambs, richly caparisoned. Behind this light and graceful equipage walked the Empress Maria Louisa, enveloped in an immense shawl of a peculiar shade of blue, which color she preferred to all others, and which has retained her name. When the artist arrived at the railing of the terrace, he found himself by the side of a young woman of pale, meagre appearance, whose miserable apparel told of suffering and want more plainly than words. In her arms, pressed closely to her breast, she carried a young infant.

"Alas! my child," said she, folding the infant to her, "no carriage for thee. None of the joys of childhood await thee! For him, every pleasure; for thee, naught but privation and sorrow, and in the future, poverty and want. What has he done more than thee, this son of royalty? You were both born on the same day and the same hour. I am young as his mother; thou art dear to me as he is to her. But alas! thou hast no father, and my health is failing day by day."

Redoubte, whose attention had been attracted at first by the low, sweet tones of her voice, listened to the end of the monologue. When he saw the young mother wipe the tears from her cheek, truly moved to pity by her sad situation he addressed her :

"Madame," said he, "I am sure if Maria Louisa knew your situation, your sufferings would cease with the knowledge."

"Ah, sir, you are mistaken! Great people have no feelings for the poor. Several times since I have been a widow I have sent petitions to the empress, but they have all remained unanswered."

"Probably your petitions never reached her. Give me your address and we will see if I cannot obtain a favorable answer."

He wrote down the address of the young widow and putting into her hand all the money which he had in his pocket, he left her and walked rapidly toward the Place de la Concorde. He

was looking for a conveyance, when it struck him all of a sudden that he had no money to pay for it. What was to be done? To return home would require too much time. So having concluded to walk, he redoubled his speed.

Josephine was much surprised at not seeing Redoubte in his usual place as she passed out of church after mass. She inquired of her attendants, but they could in no way account for it; and as it grew later in the day and he still did not make his appearance she became alarmed, fearing some accident might have happened to her favorite. As she was despatching a messenger to ascertain the cause of the delay, a servant announced the arrival of the artist.

"I ought to scold you," said she smiling, and receiving graciously the work which he presented to her, "for you have retarded the pleasure which these exquisite designs afford it."

"Madame," replied Redoubte inconsiderately, "I humbly crave your majesty's pardon, but until the present day, I have never had the happiness of seeing the King of Rome, and——"

Scarcely were the words pronounced, when Josephine trembled and turned pale. Redoubte perceiving his mistake, stammered out something, he scarcely knew what.

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Redoubte," said Josephine, "I am very glad you have seen the emperor's son. Tell me all about it."

Redoubte, re-assured by the kindness of the empress, related, without any omission, the circumstances which had caused his delay.

"So you gave all your money to this poor woman?" said Josephine, over whose lovely but singularly sad face flitted a bright smile.

Before Redoubte could reply, she continued :

"But it does not astonish me. I was sure that so great an artist must have a noble heart."

"Oh! madame, any one would have done the same. The poor young mother seemed to have seen much sorrow."

"Ah! if Napoleon knew it! But no; it is not necessary that he should. Your *protégés* shall be mine also. To-morrow I will go and visit them *inognito*; but it is only just that you should share half the pleasure of relieving their sufferings. So you alone shall accompany me. Do not forget to-morrow morning at half-past nine."

This time Redoubte was exact to the moment, and at nine o'clock precisely Josephine left her apartments. Taking a simple carriage, they soon reached Paris, and drove about midway down the Rue Saint-Honoré.

"Does Madame Blanger live here?" asked Redoubte of a servant at a house of miserable appearance.

"When you reach the head of the last flight of stairs, her door is in front of you," replied the woman, without raising her eyes from the net she was making.

Guided by the painter, Josephine ventured, though not without some fear, in the narrow and dark passage, at the end of which they found the stairs. After having ascended five flights, they knocked at the door indicated, which was immediately opened by the young widow herself.

"Madame," said Redoubte, addressing her, "I am confident if the emperor knew your situation, he would do everything to relieve you; but now it is useless to inform him, as madame whom I have the honor to accompany will render you every assistance, so that you can dispense with any other."

Whilst they were speaking, Josephine approached the child, who was sitting in his cradle. The little fellow began laughing and held out his arms to her.

"Oh, what a lovely child," said she, embracing him, "you never told me, Redoubte, that he was born on the same day as the King of Rome!"

"The same day and the same hour, madame," replied the young mother. "That circumstance would have availed us at that time, but then we were not in want, and besides my poor Charles was too proud to ask anything; as long as he was able to work, our every want was supplied. But it is now eight months since he died, and from the time of his death my health has been failing day after day—and it is very plain to be seen," continued she, looking around on the miserable furniture of the room, with eyes filled with tears, "that our means are very limited."

"We are going to make you forget all that, my dear madame," replied the empress. "First of all you must quit this miserable

room, which is both gloomy and unhealthy; then I shall send you my physician, and tranquillity and comfort will aid the medicine. Every pang of misery shall be repaid with kindness. I shall depend upon you, my dear painter, to attend to the details. "Besides," said she, laughingly, "you know we are to share the cares between us."

Redoubte replied that he would make every effort to second his illustrious associate, and the young mother covered the hand of the empress with kisses, while tears of joy flowed down her careworn cheeks.

The departure of Josephine had been mourned by all France. Maria Louisa was always jealous of her popularity with the people, and left nothing neglected to do away with it. Every time she appeared in public a certain number of individuals were spread among the people, to hear their opinions of the new empress. The very same day that Redoubte had met the young widow, one of these observers, who was standing near, had seen and heard all that passed between them, and had repeated it to Maria Louisa, who although she had little taste for adventure of this nature, adopted the resolution of paying a visit to the widow.

Already had Josephine risen to go, after having placed in the hands of the infant a well-filled purse, with which he was amusing himself, when the door of the room was opened and a young lady appeared. Redoubte, who was standing, seemed transfixed with astonishment, for he immediately recognized Maria Louisa, accompanied by one of the new created chamberlains. Josephine, piqued that the new comer made no sign of salutation as she entered, reseated herself and made a sign to Redoubte to remain. The poor widow in the meantime hastened to give a seat to Maria Louisa. And thus met for the first time the two empresses, Josephine and Maria Louisa, each unconscious of the personality of the other.

There are defects inherent to the nature of woman, which their innumerable amiable qualities cannot entirely dissipate. Josephine, so good, so gentle but a moment before, suddenly became haughty and imperious; and replied, when Maria Louisa had stated the object of her visit,

"Your object is very laudable, madame, but your assistance comes rather late. I have taken the mother and household under my protection, and that protection will suffice for them."

"I have reason to think, madame, that mine will be more efficacious," retorted Maria Louisa.

"The protection of madame," replied the chamberlain, speaking of his sovereign, "will enable the child in the future to attain a high position."

"And who has informed you, sir, that I may not place it higher still?"

"Madame can, no doubt, make him a king," replied Maria Louisa, with malice.

"Why not, madame? if power could make them, there have been kings in the world of my making!"

During this colloquy, Redoubte was in an agony of suspense. He alone knew that these ladies were the two empresses, and he feared that the scene might end unfortunately for both.

"Madame," said he softly to Josephine, "if this continues another moment, your majesty will certainly be discovered, and that I am sure would cause a very disagreeable scene."

Josephine was silenced. Redoubte, interpreting it favorably, said:

"Ladies, I know how sweet it is to the truly good and charitable, to relieve the wants of the needy, so that this trifling *emule* does not in the least surprise me. But why need one yield to the other her portion of happiness? As for me, I will accept whatever you may be pleased to give for my *protégée*."

The two rivals bowed as a sign of assent; then both rose and left the room. The chamberlain, approaching Redoubte, said,

"Sir, the lady whom I have the honor to accompany is the Empress Maria Louisa."

"Parbleu! I know that, sir, as well as you; but the fact of which you are ignorant is this—the other was the Empress Josephine."

"There's a fortunate little monkey, born with a silver spoon in its mouth," said the chamberlain; "what a career for him! The *protégée* of two empresses. Ah, well, fortune plays strange pranks sometimes."

In less than two years after the meeting of the two empresses

at the house of the widow Blanger, Josephine died of grief at Malmaison; and Maria Louisa quitted with indifference, or perhaps even with joy, a country which she never loved and in which she was never beloved.

"Do not weep, dear mamma," said little Charles Blanger, to his mother, "have we not our good friend Redoubte left?"

Of all the great protectors who had promised such a brilliant future to the poor child, there remained only the friendship of a great artist, who possessed no wealth but his talent. So notwithstanding all the promises, he was still the child of poverty. Redoubte frequently visited the house of the widow Blanger, and did all in his power to lighten the misery of this unfortunate woman, whose health was never re-established, and whose end was fast approaching.

One day, after an absence of two months, occasioned by a journey the artist was compelled to make, he hastened to see his *protégés*. As he entered, his heart beat violently. The muffled sound of a hammer fell upon his ear. They were just closing the widow's coffin. In a corner stood little Charles, weeping bitterly. Whilst this was going on, some distant relatives of the widow were deliberating in a loud voice about what should be done with the child. In an instant they had decided that he should go to the Hospice des Orphelins.

"No, no," screamed the child, rushing into the arms of Redoubte; "here is my dear friend—he will not let me go! Will you—say—you will not let them put me in the Hospice?"

The great artist wept also, and taking the child, who showed every sign of fear and despair, by the hand, advanced toward the relatives of the widow, and said to them:

"Have you no hearts beating in your breasts?" Then addressing the child, he said, "Be assured, my little Charles, you shall never leave me. I will be a father to you!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed the child, "and you will teach me to be a great painter like you; and when I shall be great, then I will save little children from going to the Hospice when they have no mothers!"

Redoubte was silent, but he took the orphan to his home.

It is but a few months since a funeral cortège was seen slowly winding its way towards the Cimetière de l'Ouest. It was composed of the most celebrated artists, literary and learned men. Among them may have been observed a man of about thirty years of age, whose face was deluged with tears, and bore the impress of the most profound grief.

This cortège conducted Redoubte to his last home. The man who was weeping, was the adopted son and the best pupil of the celebrated painter. The protection of two sovereigns would have left him in an hospital. The protection of a great artist has placed him in the first rank of those whose genius illuminates the world.

BATHING IN SIAM.—The Siamese spend three-fourths of their existence in the water. Their first act on awakening, is to bathe; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three; and bathe again about sunset; there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the river, just as poor children here go to play in the street. I once saw a Siamese woman sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place; while, by a girdle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers, many lives would be lost; for the tide flows so swiftly, that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another; and, of course, they are frequently upset. On one occasion, our boat (an English-built gig) ran down a small native canoe, containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized, and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C—— was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up, and the lady, with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. Thus relieved in her mind, she coolly righted her canoe—which had been floating bottom upwards—ladled out some of the water, and bundled in her two children, who had been, meanwhile, composedly swimming round her, regarding with fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap.

A PROFITABLE WALK.

BARON ROTHSCHILD sat in his office, counting his gains, and calculating the risk of sundry loans which had been offered him, when a spruce, handsome young man entered and requested the loan of two thousand pounds.

"What is the security?" said the baron, without looking up.

"My note!" was the reply.

The great money-lender turned and surveyed his applicant, scrutinising him from head to foot. There must have been something honest in the young man's face, for the baron was evidently pleased with the result of his scrutiny.

"Would two thousand be sufficient, young gentleman?" said he. "I can let you have ten as well as two."

"Two will answer my purpose now," said the would-be borrower.

"Though I do not say I will lend it," said the baron, "but I can put you in the way of getting it, and even ten times that amount, if you know how to take advantage of your opportunities."

The young man trembled at the unusual complaisance of a man who, in money matters, had the reputation of being very severe. He feared that he was about to propose some doubtful operation, and stammered, "Honorable proposition?"

"I would make no other," said the baron, with dignity. "Come, we'll take a walk up the street."

Instead of offering his arm to his new acquaintance, he took his, and thus they promenaded Lombard street. The baron learned the name and business of his companion, and the object for which he wished the money. Hundreds of people met them, and bowing to the great money-king, turned to look at, and wonder who could be his companion. Some of the richer and more influential denizens of that moneyed street stopped to chat with him and to them; the baron introduced them to his young friend, with the remark, "that any favor they could do him would be considered as a personal favor to himself." Many of these were men whose wealth and influence were so great, that their very name commanded the involuntary respect of our young friend. He saw his advantage at once. Arriving at the end of the street, the baron affectionately took leave of him, saying, "that if he did not obtain the money elsewhere, he might come in the afternoon;" and with a knowing wink he got into his carriage and drove off.

Our young friend turned to walk back on Lombard street. He met one of the men—a very Cressus—to whom he had been introduced by the baron; this person, desirous of cultivating an acquaintance which had such an auspicious introduction, held him in conversation, in the course of which our friend plumply asked for the loan of £5,000. The rich man could not refuse—the applicant had been introduced by Rothschild; he had been as good as indorsed by him—and then the sum would be doing a favor to the great man. The notes were counted out, and the young man's note taken in exchange. The lender looked at the signer. True, he had never heard the name on 'change, but never mind, Rothschild would not have walked arm in arm with him, and introduced him as he did, if he had not been perfectly good. So, with many assurances of distinguished regard, the two parted. A few steps further the young adventurer met another of his new acquaintances, and while halting with him he carelessly displayed the bank-notes he had just received; and observing that he had a large amount to make up for a certain great opportunity, and not wishing, for private reasons, to apply to his good friend the baron, he would feel obliged if he could lend him £10,000.

The latter, actuated by such motives as the other money-lender, counted out the desired amount and took a note with the unknown name in exchange. And so the young man went on borrowing from each of his new friends, until he had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds. All this he deposited with Rothschild, reserving only the £2,000 which he originally desired. The next day there was a great flutter among the rich men on 'change, and many were the conjectures they made as they "compared notes" about the baron's friend. Time flew

on—no one had seen the unknown money-borrower—and some of the lenders began to think they had been victimised. The baron was mute to all their inquiries, and they knew not what to think—when, just before the time for payment arrived, each one received a note from the strange acquaintance, to the effect that if they presented their note at the banking-house of Rothschild they would be paid. One who held a note of £25,000 went there out of curiosity, as he said, when lo! it was cashed. The news went like wild-fire. All came with notes, and all, as soon as presented, were paid; and upon this affair Mr. C— established a credit which enabled him soon afterwards to rear the great house of C— & Co., whose credit at the present day in England is almost equal to that of the great Rothschild himself, to whose affability its founder owed his fortune and success.

THE KING AND THE COURTIER.—Sir George Sinclair, of Ulster, once received an invitation from King William IV. to dine with him on a Sabbath day. To the royal message he sent the following answer: "SIR—No one can value more highly than I do the honor and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that social intercourse with which your majesty has, on many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your majesty enters into the feelings and sympathies with the wishes of those whom you honor with your friendship. I have for some time past been led to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the church and, I may add, the legislature have laid down with respect to its importance. Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to your majesty's opinion, to maintain that not merely a part, but the whole of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which Divine authority has set it apart. I may be permitted to add, from grateful experience, that this decision has its reward even here. I have found that God honors those who honor him, and though encompassed with sin and infirmity, I can testify that he is not an austere master, that he has strength for all our weaknesses, indemnity for all our sacrifices, and consolation for all our troubles. I feel bound, on principle of conscience, to deny myself what is always one of my most valued gratifications, that of paying my humble and most affectionate respects this day, and must rest satisfied with renewing in my retirement those earnest supplications for your majesty's health and happiness, which are equally dictated by regard for the public welfare and by a thankfully cherished remembrance of much distinguished and unmerited kindness. I have the honor, &c." As the letter was frank and Christian, it touched a chord in the heart of the king. On Monday morning early, a messenger came from the king, requesting the pleasure of Sir George (then Mr.) Sinclair's company that evening. It was, of course, gladly accepted. The king made no reference to the letter, but treated his guest with more than usual urbanity.

A CONFIDING CUSTOMER.—A few weeks since, a decently dressed elderly man called at the shop of Mr. Muirhead, jeweller and watchmaker, Buchanan street, Glasgow, and quietly asked if his watch was ready, or, in other words, if it had been repaired. As Mr. Muirhead had no remembrance at the moment of having done business with the man, he asked in turn when he had left the article. "Oh," said the other, "I didn't leave it in this shop, for ye were over bye in Nelson street when ye got it." Mr. Muirhead—"That must have been a long time ago then, for we left Nelson street in 1838—that is seventeen years since." "But I left it w' ye for a' that," said the other. He was then asked for the name and number of the watch, which he described to a nicety; and on opening the repository it was found safe and sound. Exactly twenty-two years have passed away since Duncan handed it in for repair, yet he called for it at the end of that period as coolly as if he had only left it the preceding week. Duncan's account is, "Ye see, I'm a sawyer to my trade, and I gaed ower to America that season to see how things were looking, for I kent the watch would be safe till I cam' back, but I stayed a wee thocht langer than I intended."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE FIRST QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

MATILDA OF FLANDERS, daughter of the "Gentle Earl Baldwin," and the royal Adelaïs of France, was one of the loveliest princesses of Europe, sought by many wealthy and high-born nobles, but most earnestly of all by William of Normandy, her cousin. But the first affections of her maiden heart had been bestowed on the fair-haired Brihtric, the Saxon ambassador, and she long remained cold to the passionate wooing of the impulsive William.

But the Saxon's love seemed by degrees to wax colder and less ardent, and one day Matilda received a letter from him containing a formal phrase or two of farewell; he was even then preparing to depart for his English home, and as she read a glittering signet-ring dropped from the folds of the epistle and rolled upon the floor. It was the jewel she had long ago given him as a token of her tenderness.

All the pride, resentment and indignation of a truly royal spirit were now roused within the breast of the slighted princess, and, arraying herself in magnificent robes of state, she hastened at once to the town hall where her father was seated in solemn council with all his nobles and gentlemen at his side. There with calm dignity she announced her intention of accepting the suit of William of Normandy.

The gentle earl, who loved his daughter with an affection far exceeding the regard which he entertained for his other children, at once acquiesced in her decision, and Matilda despatched messengers to recall her cousin, who was even then proceeding with a sorrowful heart towards his own domains of Normandy.

The crimson light of a stormy sunrise was just beginning to dispel the darkness which yet shrouded the narrow interior of a Norman vessel in which William of Normandy had spent an uneasy night, when an ancient retainer of his house roused him from a brief slumber to recount the strange occurrences at the town hall of Bruges.

At first William could scarcely believe his senses. It seemed utterly impossible that the beautiful Matilda, who had so long remained indifferent to his ardent suit, should at length have relented in his favor; that she who had seemed so cold and passionless should summon him once more to her side, not as a timid, doubting, fearing swain, but as an accepted lover.

"A priest waits without, my lord duke," added the retainer, "who is entrusted with the pleasure of the Princess Matilda. She has attached certain conditions to her marriage with you, and if you do not choose to accede to them, she has decided to enter the cloister for ever."

William turned pale at the bare possibility of such an alternative.

"Were it my very life that she demands," he exclaimed, "I would lay it cheerfully at her feet, for the mere chance of a living glance from her eyes or a kindly pressure from her hand. Admit the messenger at once."

The door was opened, and with a slow majestic step a stately ecclesiastic came for-

ward. A long robe of black serge fell in sable folds around his commanding form; a fringe of jet black hair surrounded his tansured head, and under the shadow of cavernous brows glowed the steady light of his unflinching eye. William rose with a motion of reverence, and bent his head before the son of Rome.

"My name is Lanfranc," said the ecclesiastic in a voice which, though singularly soft and low, was clear as a silver trumpet; "and I bring you the orders of Lady Matilda of Flanders."

"Speak on, holy father!" returned William, breathless with eager hopes and fears.

"The conditions on which Matilda consents to become your bride are these: First, you are to take solemn oath never to relinquish your rights to England's throne; second, you are to grant her whatever one life throughout all your broad dominions she may choose to ask."

"Strange!" murmured William. "What can have induced this singular proposition? Suppose she were to demand my own life?"

"I am not here to discuss these points," returned Lanfranc quietly, "but to hear your final decision."

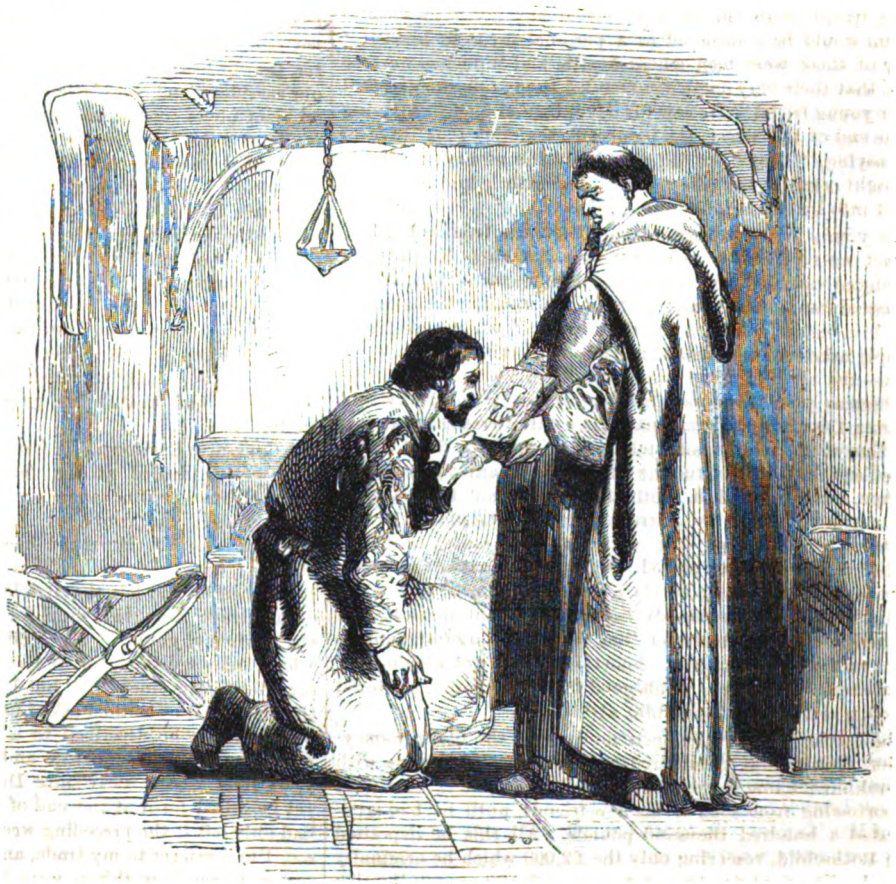
"Then by Heaven," returned William, "it is granted, for my love to the beautiful princess is stronger than the instinct of life itself!"

"The third condition," continued the priest, apparently unmoved either to pain or pleasure by the consent of William, "is that the estates and possessions of the man whose life she may desire shall be at her own disposal."

"I promise," said William.

From the sombre folds of his garment Lanfranc drew forth a rare and carefully-treasured copy of the Evangelists, richly illuminated and covered with crimson velvet, on which glittered a cross of virgin gold.

"On this holy record you must swear, Duke William of Normandy," solemnly pronounced Lanfranc.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S OATH TO LANFRANC.

William knelt, while a reverential thrill at sight of this token passed through his frame, and murmuring the words of the oath he pressed his lips to the volume with deep and unfeigned devotion.

"And now Lord William," said Lanfranc, in deep sepulchral tones, "all the fires that range in hell's deepest caverns will be too light a punishment for thy guilty soul, if ever, by word or deed, thou dar'st to violate this solemn and sacred oath!"

William turned ashy-pale, while his trembling hands instinctively sought a small silver cross which was suspended on his breast.

"For," continued the ecclesiastic, "this oath has not been lightly pronounced in the shadow of a cathedral or muttered to cowed priests—far deeper lies its sanctity—far more solemn are its obligations. Know, William of Normandy, that this promise hath been sealed above the blessed body of our Lord Christ himself!"

As he spoke, he drew from between the leaves of the volume a small case of gold, richly circled with a perfect river of light, whose radiance streamed from priceless diamonds. He opened it, and there, nestling in the lining of deep blue velvet, lay a small and scarcely perceptible holy wafer!

Almost ere William could recover from the terror into which this glance at what he esteemed to be divinity itself had thrown him, Lanfranc solemnly closed the book, and again placed it in his bosom. Then drawing a ring from its place in a small jewelled casket, he held it towards William.

"The ring, your grace, which was entrusted to my charge by the Lady Matilda of Flanders, as a pledge of her changeless love."

William accepted it with an exulting heart, and placed it on his finger.

"Nought but death itself shall ever win this precious jewel from my hand," he exclaimed joyously.

Lanfranc looked silently on, with the abstracted air of one who has long since bidden adieu to the loves and hopes and fears of this world, and coldly refused William's offers of the preferment and distinction.

"Heaven is my only heritage," was his firm reply, and he glided from the room so quietly that, but for the rustle of his black garments, William would scarcely have known that he was gone.

The same day's declining sun shone brightly on the sails of Duke William's vessel which was speeding on its way to Normandy, while England's future king walked the deck with the lightest heart that ever throbbed in human breast.

Nearly twenty years had passed away, and the dim light of the waning moon fell sadly on a gory battle-field. In the far distance gleamed torches from the tent of the victorious Duke William, who remained during the night succeeding the eventful day of Hastings on the bloody ground itself, while a single light, held by a trembling attendant, flung its lurid lustre on a solitary group among the heaps of slain.

Githa, the Saxon queen, and mother of Harold, was bending over the stark and gory corpses, while the uncertain light of the wavering torch gleamed on her jewelled throat and arms, and on the fair hair, thickly sprinkled with gray, which escaped from beneath a small diadem of gold. Large drops stood on her brow, and ashen-hued corpses themselves were not paler than her own face.

Close beside her knelt Edith, the swan-necked lady of surpassing loveliness, seeking eagerly amid the ghastly heaps for some familiar countenance. At length as a defaced and bleeding brow gleamed upward in the moonlight, she bent and pressed her white lips to its stiff wounds. It was the corpse of Harold, of England, the last of the Saxon kings.

On the Christmas Day which succeeded the bloody and all-important battle of Hastings, William was crowned at Westminster with great pomp and splendor, and in a few days Lanfranc appeared before the conqueror.

"I come, King of England," said the priest, "at the bidding of Matilda your wife, to remind you of the promise you solemnly gave twenty years ago."

William broke open her letter and cast his eyes hurriedly over its contents.

Matilda's demand was couched in the most uncompromis-

ing terms—it was the life of Brihtric the Saxon, who had scorned her first and most ardent love, though of this circumstance she spoke not, and secondly she desired that his possessions should be transferred to herself.

William turned pale and the parchment quivered in his trembling hand.

"This were an ungenerous and unknightly deed," he faltered.

"Holy father, is there no way to escape this action?"

Lanfranc stood cold and immovable as a statue.

"Remember your oath, my son," he responded in a low yet deeply impressive voice.

"True, true!" said William, "yet could I have foreseen—but this is vain and useless—it shall be as Matilda desires. Father, I would be alone."

Lanfranc retired, noiseless as a shadow, and a month had scarcely elapsed ere Brihtric the Saxon, torn from his stately hall, stripped of his princely inheritance, and degraded from his high rank, lay loaded with chains in the deepest dungeon of Winchester castle.

"Why am I thus treated?" he demanded with indignant anger. "Was it a crime that I upheld the cause of my own king? And am I not ready to swear allegiance to William the Conqueror?"

His jailor, a grim old Norman, made no reply; but a small, slenderly built man, whose face and form were nearly obscured by the heavy folds of a dark gray mantle, and who was employed in directing the incarceration, stepped forward at the words,

"Dost thou recognize this, Brihtric?" he asked, as he held up to the light of the torch a small gold chain exquisitely wrought.

Brihtric started and turned pale; it recalled to his mental vision a tapestried apartment in the halls of Bruges, where he had playfully twined it round the arms of the Princess Matilda, years ago, and talked of his love to her.

"Didst thou not scorn the affection of Matilda long ago? didst thou not fling away her heart like a broken toy? See if the hatred of England's queen will better suit thy capricious humors."

Brihtric sank fainting on the damp floor of his dungeon, as these words were hissed into his ears; and when once again he opened his clear eyes the man of the gray robes was gone.

The scene changes once more to an apartment in the sunny land of Normandy, with a red, bright sunset gilding the towers and battlements of the royal castle, where Matilda resided as regent of the province. It was a pleasant view within—the superbly beautiful queen sitting among her ladies, and the royal princesses sporting at her feet. The attendants were busily engaged in tapestry-work, but the queen rested her head on her fair hand and gazed with a dreamy happy smile through the open window to the grounds beyond, from which she could just catch the echo of merry voices—her infant sons at play.

Alas! it seemed utterly impossible that a single thought of revenge should ever stir those calm pulses—that a thrill of mortal hatred could ever distort the perfectly chiselled features of that angel face.

At that moment it was announced to her that a messenger from England waited, weary and travel-soiled, in the court below.

"Admit him," exclaimed Matilda, while a joyful smile irradiated her countenance. "Doubtless he brings tidings from my beloved liege and lord."

The doors were thrown open and a slender man entered with pale brow and weary step. He knelt low at the feet of Matilda, and she started to perceive her own agent; he who had stood in the dungeons of Winchester in gray robes.

"Lady, I would see thee alone," he murmured.

At a quick sign from Matilda the attendants withdrew, and left her alone with the stranger.

"What would'st thou say to me?" she asked in a low, agitated voice, as the door closed behind the ladies.

"Your pleasure, lady, is accomplished, and Brihtric, the fair-haired Saxon, is dead, with many a foot of earth piled above his comely English face—we buried him at midnight in the cathedral at Winchester."

A strange gleam of exultation flashed from Matilda's eyes, but in the next instant she turned ghastly pale.

"Dead—dead!" she murmured, as if to herself. "Are you sure?"

"As sure as that I now stand before you!"

"Go!" she said, waving her hand with imperial dignity.

"I wish no further audience with you."

Scarcely had the ambassador departed ere Matilda bowed her head on her hands, as if trying to recall some far distant time.

"I loved him once," she murmured. "Dead—it seems scarcely possible!"

But a fiercer mood succeeded this momentary burst of her woman's heart.

"I have bided my time!" she exclaimed, "and the period of revenge has come at last. Brihtric! when thou scorned my love, didst thou dream of the relentless hatred with which Matilda of Normandy, wife of the kingly William, would pursue thy worthless life? My hour of retribution has arrived, and I am amply revenged!"

It was but a short time after this that Winchester cathedral was crowded with eager spectators, to witness the solemn and magnificent ceremonies of the coronation of Matilda as the first queen of England. As she swept past the tomb of Brihtric a shade of palor crossed her brow, and her hand trembled, but it was but for an instant. This was the time of triumph and rejoicing; but when, after long years had elapsed, she laid her noble son Richard in his premature grave, under a slab of marble in the same cathedral, may we not suppose that she thought, with a remorseful pang, of the victim of her own pride and resentment, who lay so near in his mysterious tomb!

Thus has come down to posterity this strange and romantic episode in the life and history of the lovely woman whose brows were first circled with the diadem of an English queen; and we of the present age read it and muse over it with strange interest, even though the dust of centuries is piled upon the last resting-place of Matilda of Flanders, Duchess of Normandy and Queen of England.

ALL FOR WANT OF A HALFPENNY.

I am not fond of old proverbs. For the most part they have grown wondrously inapplicable to practical life in the present day. It might be a matter of curious research to trace the reasons why, under the circumstances of our actual civilization, so many of them have gradually become trivial truisms, worn-out saws, or utterly false scraps of futile philosophy—taking it for granted, of course, that once upon a time they really were true and fitted manners in their application. But this research is not my purpose now. There are, however, some old axioms, the profundity of which I am never tired of admiring, much as they may at first sight appear to touch nearly, like their cousins, the proverbs, upon triviality of truism. One, with which I have always been most peculiarly impressed, is that which has flowed into metre in the words, "From little causes great effects arise." It is, perhaps, my almost childish curiosity as regards the hidden mainsprings of men's actions, the exercise of which has always been, from my boyhood, one of my most favorite pastimes, that has led me to consider this axiom as one of the most profound in its practical application. From its constant study, I have arrived at the conviction that there are none of the greatest events of history which could not be traced to a primary starting point, in its nature so trivial and frivolous, that, by comparison, it would be as the grain of sand to the mountain—that the great memorable facts on record have all grown from some slight cause, as the oak from the acorn. I was early in life practically convinced of this truth by an adventure which happened to myself. Pardon me! Let it not for a moment be supposed that I have the vanity to think I have ever appeared as a prominent figure in any great historical event, or that I have seen the grain of sand which eventually led to the formation of the mountain, or the acorn which formed the seed for the widely-spreading oak. Far from it; the events which I am about to relate, if "events" such trivialities as the incidents of an adventure may be called, are the smallest of the small in the world's great sum. But all things are comparative; and to me these paltry events were great at the time, as regarded their temporary effect upon the equi-

brum of one man's state of mind and body during several hours; and, as circumstances turned out, they might have easily exercised a mighty influence on my own little destiny. The simple words "might have," even if they did not, are sufficient to prove the truth of my axiom.

To proceed. I was at that time an undergraduate of the University of Cambridge. Parental authority asserted in those days a sway seemingly unknown in latter years, or but seldom asserted in its pristine rigor, and comparatively feebly exercised. The despotic announcement from the parental throne, that I was expected to remain in college and lose no time in reading for honors during the short Easter vacation, was an ukase from which there was no escape. An infringement was sure to be met by the punishment of a long exile to a moral Siberia. But even Russian subjects sometimes revolt; and several little demons were insidiously whispering to my heart that infringement is only punishable if infringement be known. Now, these demons were the demons of pleasure, curiosity, love of change, desire for excitement, and if last, not least, the demon of contrariety—the demon that urges weak mortals to do certain deeds, simply and solely because those deeds were forbidden. These demons, like the witches in Macbeth, with one finger on their skinny lips, intimating that secrecy was sure, with the other outstretched, in a southerly direction, towards the crown of my ambition, were always whispering "London! London!"

The "parentals" were safe in the country. No one would be likely to meet me or know me in town. The metropolitan theatres—the dreams of my childhood, my boyhood, and my youth—were looming in the distance, gorgeous and tempting visions! Other pleasures rose before my eyes—day-dreams of my constant aspirations—fair mirages of a collegiate desert! The demons were powerful—the will was weak—discovery improbable—gratification certain. It were useless to detail all the rounds of the great stand-up fight between duty and inclination. Of course inclination pummelled duty, until duty's eyes were completely "bunzed up," and duty's ears were deafened by the terrible back-hitters it received. The result of the combat was inevitable. "A few days in town!" ye gods of youthful anticipations, what a glorious symphony of delight was in the sound of the words!—a few days in town were resolved upon. Finances were, however, prudently counted and found available. A last letter—another would not be expected for a week—was dispatched to the parental *penates*; and, with a heart beating with anticipated joys, and also with some of that flutter of nervous apprehension, which the little "tic-tac" of conscience will, in spite of all, be always hammering under such circumstances about that same region, I started for town! "Only a few days," I repeated.

Those were not the days of rapid locomotion, which, with a little contrivance, now enables an undergraduate to have his "spree in town," and yet be "up" again to be marked for hall dinner. Railways had not yet lent to gownsmen their demoniac aid to drive "high pressure express" through the barriers of parental authority; and, by the way, it might be another matter of curious research to trace how far the facilities of railway travelling may have proved facilities in the relaxation of morals and social ties—a research which, also, cannot be entered upon now. The old coach—the "slow and seedy," the most available for my purpose, was even then called as a thing too much behind the requirements of the age not to merit contempt—was the public conveyance, which was to prove the gilded chariot of desire and hope. Perhaps the difficulties and delays of locomotion in those days only added to the charms of a forbidden *escapade*; it is in human nature that difficulties should do so, and maybe easiness of execution now diminishes the zest with which an undergraduate of either university formerly regarded a "bolt off to the village." But this is, again, beside my purpose.

I am not going to enter now upon a description of all I did, all I saw, all I enjoyed—for I enjoyed everything in those days, and have not yet entirely lost that happy faculty—during those "few days" (of course, prolonged beyond my first intention) of charming but somewhat agitated truancy; although a fast man's doings in those days made, in so many respects, a notable contrast with a fast man's doings in the present, that a description of them might form a *tableau de mœurs*, almost sufficiently lost to moderners to give it the piquancy of a page

of Pepys. My last day had arrived—my very last. I was just able, by "slow and seedy," to reach Cambridge in time to send off an epistle, duly dated with the old hieroglyphics, "C. C. C. C.," and duly stamped with the official postmark, to prove that I was at my post, and a willing martyr to the inflictions of duty—just able, and no more! My "traps"—I forget, however, whether a man's travelling necessities were called "traps" in those days—had been duly packed at the obscure hotel where I had taken up my abode, as less likely to be discovered. A few hours were still free, before the departure of "slow and seedy." I remember that I had been indulging, *pour passer le temps*, in a flirtation with a pretty shopwoman, and an indigestible bun, at a pastrycook's in the Strand; and I stood by the shop-door and carefully looked over the contents of my purse, to assure myself, once more, that I had still more than sufficient to pay my hotel bill, and the demands of "slow and seedy." Yes! they were ample. They still consisted of a few sovereigns, a five-shilling piece, a half-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, and a halfpenny! That common, vulgar, dirty, brown halfpenny, lying along with its aristocratic gold and silver brethren, excited my most supercilious contempt. As I gazed upon the paltry coin, why was there no good genius near to me, to whisper, "Nothing so small but may aid in time of need"—another axiom, which I have since cherished and observed to the personal incumbrances of shelves, drawers, and pockets in the preservation of trifles—why did no warning spirit suggest to my mind, not yet outgrown from childhood's lore, the fable of the lion and the mouse? Alas, I had but recently cut all acquaintance with my good genius, and repudiated all right to the influence of warning voices! But I must not anticipate. That common, vulgar, dirty, brown halfpenny at that moment, was in my eyes, I say, an object of disgust. A little ragged girl was passing the shop-door; and before her feet I "chucked" away the obnoxious halfpenny. Of course it was pounced upon by eager hands. The child's eyes glistened wistfully—perhaps, also, with a glance of gratitude. But I must solemnly confess, that I was not actuated by the slightest feeling of charity. I cannot take that "flattering unction" to my soul. Had that halfpenny of destiny rolled into a drain, I should not have less considered its mission on earth accomplished—I should not have felt one feeling of remorse that it had not done its work of benevolence.

But I had no time for reflections, even had I been inclined to make them—which I in no way was—for, at that moment, such a jaunty, sprightly female figure passed me, that I was immediately all eyes for that pattern of slim elegance. If I mistook—and I was not mistaken—she had turned her head suddenly towards me, and started with visible emotion. I could not see her face. It was but for a second she had turned her head; and a veil was drawn down and held tightly before her. Now, I always had a cruelly susceptible heart, a treacherously vivid imagination, and an all-absorbing love of adventure. I darted after the lovely female immediately; for lovely I was most positively convinced she was, by my heart's instincts, although I never saw her face. Besides, there was no mistaking the grace of that exquisite *tournure*—the elegance of that ladylike apparel—the neatly turned delicacy of that foot and ankle, as with one hand she held up her dress to avoid that slight layer of mud, which seems indispensable to the well-being of the Strand, even in bright weather. What a light, springy step she had, too! She must be a Hebe! She was as young as beautiful! She walked briskly: I followed with quick steps, but unwilling to alarm her by too evident a pursuit—I followed like one fascinated by a witch-spell. She turned the corner of Wellington street, and made for Waterloo Bridge. Between that corner and the bridge I was never once able to pass her, so as directly to turn round and gaze upon her lovely face. She reached the bridge rapidly, paid her halfpenny, passed the turnstile—and there I stood on the other side! I felt for a halfpenny—my last and only coin of that value had been recklessly flung away! But was I to be detained in my pursuit of that beauteous creature for the want of such a paltry piece of money? Gallantry forbid! I pulled out my purse, hunted out my sixpence, flung it down, and, furious at the dilatory precision of the toll-keeper, as he fumbled for my fivepence halfpenny-worth of balance, dashed through the turnstile, with the hasty objurgation of—"Confound you!—keep your change!"

During this delay, the "lovely one" had considerably gained upon me in her rapid course. She had just reached the further extremity of the bridge, and was proceeding, with that peculiar fascinating jauntiness of step, along the Waterloo road, when I found myself sufficiently near to make a plunge in advance of her, and turn. This rapid act of footmanship was executed to my own entire satisfaction; and I faced round! Fatality! At the very moment, my fair unknown mounted the steps of a large house, and knocked at the door. During the interval that ensued, before the appearance of a slipshod maid in answer to that knock, the object of my pursuit was not even influenced by that powerful motive of curiosity, which is supposed to be so essentially feminine, to turn her head and look at her pursuer; and yet she must have been aware that a gentleman, and one of decent personable appearance, he flattered himself, was behind her. The door was opened—an inquiry was made—she disappeared behind that closing door. I felt myself profoundly humiliated. My *amour propre* was now, however, strongly called into play, as ally and auxiliary to my previous love of excitement. I was not going to renounce my piquant adventure upon the first slight defeat. Oh no!

I commenced, then, the duty of performing, what the Germans so significantly call, "*fenster-parade*"—window parade—before that house. But not a glimpse could I catch of any lovely form at any window of any story of the house. I did considerable damage to the soles of my boots with the continuous friction of impatience. Time—precious time—elapsed. She did not come. Did she, perhaps, reside in that house? Had I hunted my fox to earth? Might I not spend the rest of the day without unearthing her? But no. The elegance of that ladylike attire never could belong to a house in the Waterloo road! I resumed my *fenster-parade*. Suddenly my eye fell upon a grinning potboy, who stood, with the empty attributes of his peripatetic calling, evidently laughing at me and my occupation. My first feeling was that of wrath at this vulgar ridicule—my first impulse that of pommelling. But these first feelings were crushed by the bright idea that this probable denizen of the neighborhood might be able to give me some information with regard to the inmates of that house. So I accosted my satirical observer, and propounded to him boldly the necessary questions. Confound the fellow! he only scratched his head and grinned the more. Indignation, however, again gave way to another bright idea. There is a certain race of beings, whose power of speech are so feeble, that their tongues cannot be loosened, until a charm, much recommended by Gipsies, is exercised upon it—that, namely, of crossing the palm with silver. My purse was again put in requisition. Now it is perfectly evident that, for this purpose, a "little sixpence" would have amply sufficed. But that "little sixpence" had already been sent to look after that halfpenny, the contemptuous treatment of which was already bringing down upon my destined head its just retaliation—that halfpenny, the true value of which was now beginning to be felt. So a shilling was compelled to take the place of the "little sixpence." The proof of the infallibility of Gipsies was shown, however, on the spot.

The charm operated like a miracle. The potboy's powers of speech were suddenly restored; although that obnoxious grinning was not for a moment modified by the sudden revulsion. The information I received was of a most miscellaneous character: the different stories of the house were inhabited by personages of the most varied description—in the first floor lived a "curious old chap"—potboy could not tell me what he was; some said he was a conjurer—others a doctor—only he didn't doctor like other doctors—he was supposed to doctor by magic signs with his fingers. He had no family. In the second-floor dwelt a celebrated actress, with her husband. In the third was a tailor's establishment. In the garrets—but no! I would not have the *prestige* of my beauteous creature destroyed by a supposition that she could have any connexion with garrets! I waived all further information of so lofty a description. I could not believe that she had come to have her fortune told by the conjurer—I would not so cruelly malign her good sense, and I was ignorant at that time of the new profession of mesmeric pathology, just then struggling into notice. She could not be—she was not the celebrated actress. I knew all the celebrated actresses at all the theatres in London by heart,

and the celebrated actress named in particular. My fair unknown wanted very many inches of her volume of waist. She could not have come to the tailoring establishment to order a coat or a pair of—no! no!—I was bewildered. I renewed my *fuster-parade* once more. Exit potboy, still grinning over the charm which crossed the palm of his hand, with the evident conviction impressed upon every feature of his face, that the "young chap was awful green."

The beat of my *fuster-parade* was getting more and more elongated—for its exercise had evidently attracted the notice of various passengers, and among others, of a guardian of the public peace; and I was troubled by the little flattering attention I was receiving. I had almost reached the bridge, when on turning, I saw at last, to my delight, my fair unknown descending the steps of the mysterious house. Now I should meet her! But no! She turned in the other direction. I again pursued her. But, oh! and again fatality! she hailed a coach, got into it, and proceeded along the Waterloo-road. Now the old "hackney" of those days was as devoid of the fleetness of movement possessed by the public vehicles of the present time, as were all other means of locomotion. With a slight exertion I might have followed and kept in sight the heavy old "jarvey," on foot. But at the time a cab passed—a cab—then a modern conveyance. An evil genius prompted me to hail the driver—my good genius, you know, had long since left me, very deservedly, perhaps, in the lurch. I imagined that I could continue my pursuit in a far more satisfactory manner, as regarded both body and mind, by this seemingly more commodious proceeding. Giving the cabman directions to follow the vehicle immediately before us, keep it in sight, and stop a little short of the place where it might stop, I flung myself upon the seat.

Our *avant courier* turned down a street to the right—Lambeth Marsh I have since been led to believe was its muddy appellation—we followed. Suddenly we were arrested in our career by a brewer's dray, a costermonger's donkey-cart, and sundry other obnoxious vehicles. At, by Jove! the jarvey had got past before the thick of the obstruction came; the jarvey had got past! and we were blocked up as with an avalanche—a fallen Rosenberg, which no human efforts could have removed. hat availed my frantic curses on the head of the cabman, who was not in fault? or on my own, although far nearer to justice in this last fulmination? We were pitilessly locked in! Nothing was to be done but to pursue the coach on foot. I sprang from the cab, and telling the cabman to go—never mind where—tendered him hastily his fare. In those days his fare would have been eightpence. The smallest coin now left in my possession, since the reckless bestowal of that shilling on the grinning potboy—that shilling, which might have been replaced by a sixpence, if the sixpence had not been tendered to the toll-keeper, and all for want of that unlucky halfpenny! the smallest coin now left was half-a-crown. Of course the cabman had no change—a cabman never has, more especially when he sees a fare in a fluster of hurry—to say nothing of a fare who has just sent him—never mind where! If I could wait, he might, perhaps, get change at the nearest "public." Wait! wait! impossible! so the cabman grinned and pocketed the half-crown—he, too, grinned! And again behold me on my feet, in pursuit of that creaky, crazy, crawling vehicle, which contained the object of my admiration. Yes! there it was still before me! Pursuing my way through opposing throngs—never surely was London thoroughfare so encumbered before—I reached the corner of Bridge-street, just as jarvey turned the same corner. I rushed round at a sharp angle. Then came a crash—an outcry—a grasp of my collar—a struggle, and a fall!

In my sharp turn of that unlucky corner, my feet had come into conflict with a mass of crockery exposed to view, and perhaps, not unwittingly, to accident, before a paltry shop door. The master of the establishment, seeing that I paid no heed to the mischief I had done, by smashing sundry plates and other utensils of the coarsest fabric, had seized me by the collar and rudely dragged me back with an impetus, to which the hurried movement of my desperate impatience lent a resistless force. In vain were my frantic cries—in vain was my struggle! A powerful arm held me captive, until I should make ample compensation for the damage. I promised all that was desired, if my antagonist would but make a rapid estimate of the injury in-

flicted upon his dirty crockery. A sulky but keen glance was thrown over the fragments; and I was informed that half-a-crown would about pay for the unlucky smash. I am convinced—I was convinced at the moment—that tenpence would have been an ample remuneration. But I attempted no resistance to the extortion. My purse was again opened for the half-crown demanded. But my only half-crown was already gone to replace the shilling, that had replaced the sixpence, that had replaced the unlucky and self-avenging halfpenny! It was a very "house that Jack built" (could I have laughed, I could have chuckled, a very "house that Jack demolished")—of financial disaster! I tendered the five-shilling piece.

My rude brittleware enemy was fumbling in his pockets for change, when a vile twenty-stone blowsy female helpmate of the small dealer came forward, and, without even deigning to cast one of her squintin' eyes upon the destroyed ware, impudently asserted that the five shillings tendered would scarcely cover the price of the damage. Now, this began to be too much for my exasperated spirit! I angrily resisted the further claim, which, could I have paid the half-crown at once, would visibly never have been made. I was more angrily treated as a malefactor. The reeking crowd of all ages and of both sexes, which had now gathered around us, uplifted their "greasy voices," and howled "Shame! shame!" at me! me, the victim! Hideous hootings arose upon the air; and the guardian of the public peace—an apparition, whom only an evil destiny could have raised at a juncture when interference was really necessary—again suddenly stood by my side, and, by a grasp of my collar, appeared inclined to side with the clamorous populace, and drag me to "durance vile," as a positive or probable criminal. But by this time I had become frantic. I made a "grand rush of one," tore myself from the hands of the tyrannical myrmidon, dashed through the crowd with the violence of a young elephant, and rushed desperately along Bridge street, pursued by cries of "Stop thief! stop thief!"—cries admirably illustrative of the diabolical injustice of the divine *vox populi*, for had I not left my five-shilling piece in the hands of my extortioner?

I ran as a man will run before the howlings of a mass of other men, however unjust the popular execration, when he is unaided and has lost his head. I ran. The pursuit was still behind me; the howlings still rang in my ears. I felt myself a hare fleeing from a pack of mangy hounds. Suddenly, the thought crossed that I might double. I turned, and darted into an open house door, tore up the first flight of stairs, dimly discovered a brass plate upon the door, setting forth the words, "Screw, Dentist," rang frantically, and was admitted without further molestation. Ushered into the presence of Mr. Screw, dentist, I stammered and blushed, and could find no excuse for my intrusion. I was too young and foolish to do what I should have done now, could I, with any possibility, find myself in a similar dilemma—simply tell the truth, laugh over it, and beg ten minutes' hospitality. But, no. I could find no available reason for my entry, but the natural one which the occupation of my host suggested. Besides, I feared that he too might misinterpret my story. I declared that I had called, in an extremity of agony, to have a tooth extracted. Now, I solemnly assert that all my teeth were in the finest possible condition; and, I believe, I had a kind of conviction on my mind that my honest operator would immediately declare that there was, in reality, no tooth to extract. In answer to his inquiries as to where I felt the pain, I gasped, in an embarrassed manner, "Everywhere." Upon this the rascal audaciously asserted that he desisted the cause of the pain in one of my molars; and before I could expostulate, an instrument was inserted into my mouth, to prevent further explanation, and a molar was wrenched from my jaws. *Par parenthese*, I am fully convinced that all the evils that have since happened to as splendid a set of teeth as originally ever adorned a human mouth, are wholly attributable to the untimely dislocation of that one molar—another illustration of causes and effects, upon which I cannot now dwell.

However, the operation had been performed; and still maddened with pain and mortification, I hunted in my purse for payment. A circular lay upon the table of the vile Screw; and I had occasion to see that the sum of five shillings was professionally demanded for the extraction of a tooth. My five-shil-

ling piece, however, had disappeared upon the "house that Jack demolished" principle. I laid one of my sovereigns on the table. What did that audacious fellow mean by smiling with that false smile, and transferring the sovereign to his pocket? He evidently meant to insinuate that it was no more than his accustomed fee. I have said that I was young and foolish. So, instead of politely speaking my mind to the traitor, I merely blushed again awkwardly, and allowed myself to be bowed out of the room; and I found my way down again into the street, minus a fine molar, and with the horrible conviction dawning upon me that the funds necessary for the payment of my bill and the fare of "slow and seedy," necessary to allow me to escape from London, and return to those collegu rooms, whence I was bound to indite my weekly epistle, without which detection and disgrace were inevitable, were already frightfully entrenched upon. I was a lost man! My mind was far from relieved by the further conviction that, but for the reckless disregard of that poor despised halfpenny, sixpence would have saved a shilling, a shilling half-a-crown, half-a-crown five shillings, five shillings a pound, and that my sovereign would have been still safe in my purse. All my financial misfortunes had risen simply "for the want of a halfpenny!"

When I reached the street my pursuers had dispersed. Of course my beauteous unknown had long since disappeared for ever in that treacherous coach. Still I seemed the object of unpleasant attention. The truth slowly dawned upon me that my coat had been torn up my back by the late struggle in the matter of the crockery. There was nothing to be done but to purchase, at the nearest salesman's, a hideous ready-made outer garment. With these further entrenchments upon my finances, the smallest hope of meeting my liabilities would have vanished, even had not all hope vanished before. I now looked upon myself completely as an outcast, a beggar, a discovered and degraded being. I could not reach Cambridge without an appeal to friends or family for funds. I was utterly lost! "All for the want of a halfpenny!"

Repentance and regret were now, however, vain. In this state of mind I crossed Westminster bridge and found myself in the regions of Charing Cross, wandering despondingly towards my hotel. So absorbed in my dilemma was I, that I no longer looked upon any of the passers-by. What instinct, then, was it that made me stare suddenly and look around. Yes! it was again my fair unknown who had passed me with another lady. It was the same elegant attire—the same charming figure—the same ladylike *townness*. Again my reckless fit seized me!—and why should it not? Was I not utterly lost already? I followed once more. The ladies entered the National Gallery. I was quickly behind the object of my pursuit in the first room. Suddenly she turned and uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing me. But that exclamation was nothing in intensity to my own. It was my own mother!—my own mother, whose youthful elegance of figure had often been the theme of general admiration, but probably had never before attracted the attention of her son—my own mother, whom I had fancied safely domiciled in the country! My consternation, confusion, anguish, I cannot attempt to expatiate upon now.

After some minutes of awkward embarrassment, and a few preliminary stammered sentences, my mother took my hand, and spoke kindly. "My dear John," she said, "should your father ever discover that you have committed so great an act of disobedience, he would certainly remove you from the university for ever, and make you expiate your fault in some position of wretched drudgery." See! what great effects in my destiny might have arisen from one trivial cause. "But, for once, I will conceal your delinquency," she continued, like a good, dear, indulgent, liberal little mother as she was. "I saw you at a glance in the Strand, as, being, for a few days in town, I passed on my way to visit our poor old housekeeper, Mrs. Hewett, who lies sick and in poverty in the garret of a house in Waterloo-road, but thought it best to ignore your presence, and refuse to see what it pained me to see. Why did you persist in following me?" (Could I say it?) "I then took a coach to visit your cousins in Parliament street, with one of whom I have come on here. I little thought to see you again, but you seem to force yourself upon me. I ought to speak harshly to you. There is one trait of your conduct, however, my boy, which has given me pleasure in the midst of my distress about you, and

bids me be indulgent. I have seen you charitably disposed to the unfortunate." Oh! how I blushed at this unmerited praise! But, oh! lucky halfpenny! "You may want money, my child, after such a journey. Here, take this!" She thrust a five-pound note into my hand, bless her! "and remember we have not seen each other." We parted.

So I paid my hotel bill, and got back by "slow and seedy," and my father remained in ignorance of my *escapade*. And I have learned never again, by recklessness in trifles, to plunge myself into embarrassment, "all for the want of a halfpenny."

THE ROMAN WAY OF FATTENING FOWLS.—The ancient Roman author Columella's directions for fattening fowls might be useful to some of our thrifty farmer's wives: "Their pen should warm and almost dark, so confined that the birds may not have room to turn, but with two apertures, one for them to put out their heads, the other for their tails and buttocks to protrude. The floor is to be strewed with clean straw, or soft hay, and the greatest cleanliness maintained; the feathers from the head and under the wings and loins being brushed repeatedly, and every kind of filth removed. Their food must be barley meal mixed with water, given more sparingly at first, but the quantity gradually increased to the largest amount which a fowl can digest. After it has eaten to repletion, it is allowed a little liberty, not so as to roam about to any distance, but only to enable it to peck what it can find, for which it may have a *snacy*. To render the fowl more tender, the water with which the meal is mixed is sweetened, and some add a little wine. Pigeons are fattened upon the same principle, young ones having their wing feathers cut, to prevent their flying; and their legs either tied or else broken, to prevent their moving about in their coop." The latter practice seems not only cruel, but, from the pain it would occasion, likely to impede the fattening process. This, however, Columella denies, contending that two or three days after their legs have been broken they cease to suffer pain. The pigeon-houses of the Romans were often of great size. Varro mentions their holding five thousand birds each; they were vaulted or roofed in with tiles, and furnished with one small entrance, but well lighted with large barred or latticed windows. The walls carefully stuccoed, were lined with round shaped nests with a single small aperture, often formed of earthenware, one of which was intended for each pair. The other birds kept by the Romans as articles of food, were turtle-doves, peacocks, thrushes, quails, geese and ducks.

INDIAN SPARTANS.—We slept very comfortably at an hotel at Three Rivers; then up by times the next morning, and off in wagons and calashes over a road roughened with the wheels of charcoal carts, then got into a large canoe, and paddled up stream to the bottom of the Falls, where the river rushed round a large wooded island, and dashed with great noise and amidst clouds of spray, over black rocks of fantastic shape into a vast caldron of unknown depth. Years ago, an incident of a tragic nature took place at these Falls. Part of a tribe of Indians was descending the St. Maurice, in several canoes, intending to stop above the Falls and make a portage round them. As they drew near, the chief, in the leading canoe, observed the banks lined with the warriors of a hostile tribe waiting in ambush to surprise and overpower them. Standing up in his canoe he pointed with his paddle to the bush, and then down the stream to the cataract. His people understood his meaning—better to perish in the thunder of waters than by the scalping knife and tomahawk of their foes—and the whole, without hesitation, glided down the rapids, and perished amidst the thundering waters of the Great Shewenegan.

A LEAF FOR EACH ALBUM.—Two ladies in —, one of whom was an excellent singer, with a beautiful voice, whilst the other was just the very opposite, sent their albums to a well-known artist who passed through their city. The artist wrote in each of the books: "To forget you will be impossible for any one who has but once listened to your singing. Your sincere admirer!"

DANCING at the time of Charles II., King of France, must have been exceedingly stiff and dry. They danced at the court to the music of David's Psalms. The king himself preferred to dance to the words of the one hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm.

ABDALLAH ASMAR.

ABDALLAH ASMAR, native of Mount Lebanon, left his country in 1841, to gain European knowledge, and after several years' residence in England, pursuing the study of medicine at St. George's Hospital, he returned to live among his country people, the Maronites of the Lebanon, it always having been his object to practise his healing art among those poor mountaineers, who never had before the blessing of a resident doctor in their district, hundreds dying every year from the mere want of bleeding, or losing their eyesight for lack of the simplest remedies.

On Abdallah's first arrival in his native village of Zook-el-kharab (three hours' journey from Beyrout), he was an object of intense curiosity and some suspicion. There was no end to the speculations both as to the quantity of European gold in his trunk and magic lore in his head. The Maronite ladies came to petition him to write them charms, which they were sure would bring under their control the source of some true love that did not run smooth: the sick would not trouble themselves to describe their symptoms—they must be already known to the great Anglo-Syrian physician. The notion of a doctor's fee in the Lebanon did not quite accord with Abdallah's newly acquired English practice: it was the patient who expected to receive it for the favor he did his medical adviser in swallowing his medicines, and only in case of a decided cure was payment thought necessary at all: even then the poor mountaineer was often reduced to say, "I pay you my thanks."

Abdallah has returned to his native land a firm Protestant, and therefore neither patriarch, nor bishop, nor the richer inhabitants, would allow the heretic hand to touch their pulse, be they in ever so great extremity. Many a tempting offer has he had of patronage and emolument if he will but return to the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. The patriarch has even promised to build him a hospital; but he remains firm to his Protestant principles, and therefore lives on in his poverty.

Abdallah Asmar seems to have been possessed with a thirst for knowledge from the age of eight years. He relates how, as a boy, he used to be taken down to Beyrout by his father, and how he stared with wonder at the Franks bustling along the streets in their tight-fitting clothes, and would ask him how they came to be sewn on them, and if they never took them off; but, however grotesque the outward man appeared to him, he felt sure those turbanless heads contained vast knowledge, and he longed to visit their wonderful country, where alone he could find it. This desire grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and he never rested till he accomplished it.

After finishing his education at the Maronite college of Ain Warkha, in the Lebanon, he was sent, at the age of seventeen, as one of the most eligible of the students, to superintend the college of the same order at Aleppo. He lived for ten years in the house of the patriarch, in that city, at the end of which time he fell in with the American missionary, Mr. Bedell, and after some conversation with him consented to assist in the distribution of the Bible in Aleppo. To Mr. Bedell he opened his heart, and expressed the earnest desire he felt to drink at the fount of knowledge in more enlightened lands. He was not only encouraged in this idea by the earnest missionary, but assisted by funds sufficient to help him as far as Nice on his way. There he found, by letters of recommendation, other kind friends who sent him on to London.

It was on a foggy day in the month of February, the snow deep on the ground, that the Maronite of the Libanus found himself threading the streets of London, in his native costume, knowing, beside his own Arabic, only a few words of Italian, and little else in his pocket but a letter of introduction to a clergyman of one of the most populous London parishes. By a fortunate circumstance he came to be received into the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood of Kingston, where his pleasing and intelligent manners, excellent conduct, together with his country and cause, gained him many friends, and by their means he was enabled to prosecute his medical studies at St. George's Hospital, the medical gentlemen there kindly giving him free admission to all their lectures. From them he received the highest testimonials, both as to the manner in which

he had pursued his studies, and more especially the great progress he had made in anatomy.

In 1849 he returned to his native land with his diploma in his pocket, and a great deal more science in his head than he ever dreamt of before he left it. He writes constantly to his friends, and in a letter lately received, gives the following account of his labors: " Oftentimes, when I am going along the road, people issue to see me from their villages, and stop me on the road, and tell me their complaints, and I give them my advice while sitting on my horse, and patients whose houses are close by roads entreat me to shift a little their way and dismount to see them; and mothers carrying their infants in their arms, meet me on the way. I never refuse any, but whether in the scorching heat of summer or cold rains of winter, I stop to listen to them and relieve them."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—Dr. Fletcher, minister of Finsbury chapel, London, narrates the following in regard to the case of Eliza Fenning, referred to by the Dean of Faculty in his defence of Miss Madeline Smith: " A considerable number of years ago I was sent to visit, on a Sabbath day, Eliza Fenning in prison, who was sentenced to be executed on the following Monday in front of Newgate, and who was found afterwards—alas! though too late—innocent of the crime. She was executed for a deed she never committed. In company with the Ordinary of Newgate I conversed and prayed with her. She was dressed in white, an emblem of her innocence. In the same garments she suffered as a criminal on the following day. I had no opportunity of judging as to her innocence. The expression of her countenance will never be erased from my remembrance. It is literally stereotyped upon my heart. From what was communicated to me some years after the fatal and melancholy event, I can now explain the expression of her countenance. It was the demonstration of injured innocence! When the event of her execution was almost forgotten, a baker, dying in a workhouse in the vicinity of London, said to the matron of the ward, or some other individual to the following effect: ' My mind is heavily burdened. I cannot die until I make the following communication: Eliza Fenning died innocent of the crime for which she suffered. I am the murderer of her mistress. I put the poison into the morsel which effected her death.' On the trial, the jury concluded it must have been the cook who had administered the poison, as they had not the slightest clue to suspect the baker. Yesterday, in the vestry of my own chapel, one of my elders stated to me that the baker was a relative of the deceased. There is no doubt he accomplished his murderous purpose to gratify some long-cherished passion of revenge from an offence given him, real or imaginary, by the fatal victim of his malevolence. Better that a hundred murderers escape than that one innocent person should perish by ' circumstantial evidence.' "

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL.—The Arab, his country, and his camel are in wonderful harmony with each other. Without the camel, the deserts which contain so many tribes of freemen would be uninhabitable, and one can imagine the camel without the Arab as little as the Arab without the camel. Its large soft eye looks from under its long eyelashes at its master, with an expression of recognition which one can hardly doubt is affection. He talks to it and it seems to understand him; he sings and it quickens its steps, reviving from the fatigues of the way. The genuine Arab never beats his camel; he guides it with his voice, or with a light wand, touching one ear or the other to make it turn to the right or the left, or gently tapping it on the crown of the head, which it instantly lowers, and breaks into an amble; or if he wishes it to go still quicker, he presses its shoulder with his bare heel.

THE PLAINS OF TROY.—The plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in ancient days, are now barren and desolate. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stood the tombs of Hector and Achilles; that of the latter near the Hallespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. Grecian glories are now reduced to a few tumuli about thirty feet high.

THE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL LAJOLAIS.

GENERAL LAJOLAIS had been condemned to death. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of Josephine and Hortense.

Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his ministers. The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed, "Pardon, sire! pardon for my father!"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure, "I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here in disregard of my prohibition? Leave me, miss!" So saying, he turned to pass from her. But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears, and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful upturned face, exclaimed, "Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" said Napoleon, kindly. Who are you?" "I am Miss Lajolais," she replied, "and my father is doomed to die." Napoleon hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Ah, miss, but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the state. I can do nothing for you!" "Alas, sire!" the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it; but the first time papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him!"

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said, "Well, my child! yes! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aide-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the prison Conciergerie with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac! Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice, "Poor child! poor child! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and of her mother."

THE OLD TINDER-BOX.—What an eloquent lecture might be delivered upon the old-fashioned tinder-box, illustrated by the one experiment of striking a "light." In that box lie, cold and motionless, the flint and steel, rude in form and crude in substance. And yet within the breast of each there lies a spark of that grand element which influences every atom of the universe; a spark which could invoke the fierce agents of destruction to wrap their blasting flames around a stately forest, or a crowded city, and sweep it from the surface of the world, or which might kindle the genial blaze upon the homely hearth, and shed a radiant glow upon a group of smiling faces; a spark such as that which rises with the curling smoke from the village

blacksmith's forge, or that which leaps with terrific wrath from the troubled breast of a Vesuvius. And then the tinder, the cotton, the carbon. What a tale might be told of the cotton-field where it grew, of the black slave who plucked it, of the white toiler who spun it into a garment, and of the village beauty who wore it, until, faded and despised, it was among a heap of old rags, and finally found its way to the tinder-box. Then the tinder might tell of its hopes; how, though now a blackened mass, soiling everything that touched it, it would soon be wedded to one of the greatest ministers of nature, and fly away on transparent wings, until, resting upon some Alpine tree, it would make its home among the green leaves, and for a while live in freshness and beauty, looking down upon the peaceful vale. Then the steel might tell its story; how for centuries it lay in deep caverns of the earth, until man, with his unquiet spirit, dug down to the dark depths, and dragged it forth, saying, "No longer be at peace." Then would come tales of the fiery furnace—what fire had done for steel, and what steel had done for fire. And then the flint might tell of the time when the weather-bound mariners, lighting their fires upon the Syrian shore, melted silicious stones into gems of glass, and thus led the way to the discovery of the transparent pane that gives a crystal inlet to the light of our homes; of the mirror in whose face the lady contemplates her charms; of the microscope and the telescope, by which the invisible are brought to sight, and the distant drawn near; of the prism by which Newton analyzed the rays of light; and of the photographic camera, in which the sun prints with his own rays the pictures of his own adorning. And then both flint and steel might relate their adventures in the battle-field, whither they had gone together, and of fights they had seen, in which man struck down his fellow-man, and, like a fiend, had revelled in his brother's blood. Thus, even from the cold hearts of flint and steel, man might learn a lesson, which should make him blush at the "glory of war;" and the proud, who despise the teachings of small things, might learn to appreciate the truths that are linked to the story of a "tinder-box."

A PICNIC.—It would not be easy to ascertain when this species of entertainment became fashionable; but we have an account of a very distinguished picnic that took place more than two centuries ago, on occasion of the birthday of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. Manwaring, in a letter to the famous Earl of Arundel, who was another of those choice, luxurious, and prodigal spirits whose "expenses were without any measure, and always exceeded very much his immense revenue," gives a short description of this singular banquet. The letter is dated Nov. 22, 1618. "The prince his birthday has been solemnised here, by the few marquesses and lords which found themselves here, and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, and bring every man his dish of meat. It was left to their own choice what to bring: some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Goring's invention bore away the bell; and that was ~~four~~ huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag pudding."

As poverty and crime are spoken of as to their *depth*, so, on the other hand, a person may speak of the *height* of so-and-so, as the case may be; thus—

The Height of Folly.—Endeavoring to have the last word with your wife.

The Height of Impudence.—Kissing another man's sweetheart and then protesting you "couldn't help it."

The Height of Intoxication.—Sitting upon your top step, and addressing your area railings as "gentlemen of the jury."

The Height of Fashion.—Six inches of shirt collar.

The Height of Assurance.—Offering to bet a man five pounds when the bailiffs are in your house, and you have not a "feather to fly with."

The Height of Vulgarity.—Running against a lady and vociferating "now stoopid!"

The Height of Absurdity.—Advising the son of a timber-toed veteran to walk in his father's shoes.

The Height of Enjoyment.—Turning over the music when your charming Laura sits at her piano and urges you to "Come let us be happy together."

THE MORMONS AT HOME.

In a preceding number we gave the early history of Mormonism, closing the account with the arrival of "the saints," at Salt Lake City. Our purpose now is to present as clearly as possible the character of the delusion, as it develops itself in the social life of these deluded people. It is perfectly apparent that Brigham Young is not only the master spirit, but he is the head and front; the very existence of the fanaticism depends upon his will, and it may be said that the life of the institution centres in him. To know something of the man is natural to every inquiring mind; that he is superior in natural intelligence, there cannot be a doubt; that he is unscrupulous, cruel, and bent upon having his own way at all hazards, and in utter recklessness of all consequences, displays itself in his open defiance of the authorities of the United States.

Brigham Young, was born June 1st, 1801, in the town of Wittenham, State of Vermont. His father was a farmer and soldier of the Revolution. When Brigham was a year old his family moved to the State of New York. He joined the Mormons in 1832, and very soon became a prominent leader. He was with Joe Smith through most of the stirring incidents of the prophet's life, and professed to believe in his "divine mission." In the year 1836 he was appointed President of the Twelve Apostles.

In the year 1839 Brigham went to England "to open the Gospel," he landed at Liverpool on 6th April, 1840, partook of the sacrament, and commenced preaching. As he and his companions were penniless, and depended entirely on the charity of their audiences, then very poor and very small, Brigham suffered much and often. He here superintended affairs, issued an edition of the Book of Mormon, and commenced the publication of the *Millennial Star*, a weekly periodical still living. He found that gullibility formed a strong ingredient in the characters of residents of the old as well as new countries. He shipped off, to Nauvoo, Ill., seven hundred and sixty-nine of the faithful who had been converted to Mormonism; and on April 20, 1841, Brigham sailed for New York, leaving behind him many Mormon churches with organizations completed. His value was felt and appreciated. Smith, in the July following, received him cordially at Nauvoo, and all the saints applauded him very warmly. Although it is, and always has been Mormon policy, that there should be but one head, and he the all in all of the church, yet in April, 1843, Brigham was possessed of influence



BRIGHAM YOUNG ADDRESSING "THE SAINTS."

sufficient to even grapple with Smith, as to the trustworthiness of the twelve. Smith, who had trained Brigham, had to yield to the pupil he had educated.

When Joe Smith was killed in 1844, the "apostles" were scattered; in the confusion Sidney Rigdon, to whom by right according to Mormon law the Presidency belonged, assumed his authority and began to prophesy, endow, and institute mysteries, in imitation of Smith. Brigham was at the time in Boston, he hurried to Nauvoo, called the people together, and without difficulty ousted Rigdon from his seat. Four claimants to Smith's position appeared, Brigham seemed the most prominent, his energy intimidated, his unscrupulous denunciations of his rivals had their effect—he saved Mormonism and achieved his own triumph. Once in power, from pleading with the people he began to teach; from teacher he became their dictator. Possessed of a far more powerful mind, more dogged pertinacity,

clearer views, and more pointedness of means than Smith, he soon made Nauvoo show that it was in the hands of a helmsman. Knowing full well that the Mormons could not remain in Illinois, he was busy with convincing them that they must *remove*, even though it should be at the sacrifice of their all. They had reared their Temple in the munificence of their poverty; to leave it was like forsaking a child. Smith's promises and prophecies about Missouri had failed; those about Nauvoo were about to fail too; might not Brigham's predictions of the Rocky Mountains also fail? They hesitated, and they wept. Still Brigham's authority prevented further expression. The force of a strong will bent them before it; and his influence carried the measure through. The Temple was finished in 1845, and endowments were commenced. Thousands were hurried through! They were bound together to him by oaths, which, while they made them shudder to remember, yet made them love him the more. Their tenderest attachments, their deepest superstition, their fiercest passions, and most sacred reverence were artfully enlisted, to make them more united, and more unitedly obedient. Loving Brigham as their brother, venerating him as their President, obeying him as their God, they left even their beautiful Nauvoo. They crossed the Mississippi on the ice, in February, 1846. Here Brigham proved him-



"IT IS VERY COMMON FOR AN ELDER, ON HIS RETURN FROM A FOREIGN MISSION, TO BRING HOME TWO NEW WIVES."

self a general as well as a commander. He directed everything. Thousands were leaving; many destitute, all poor; their future location was undecided and unknown. Without confusion, without discord, their long trains rolled by him; meanwhile he comforted, inspirited and blessed the weeping victims to his own wretched fanaticism.

The whole church had to be moved the distance of one thousand miles, through an almost unknown country, full of dangers and difficulties. To lead a body of well supplied, equipped, and mounted men across the plains takes a commander's skill; but here were poor, confounded, feeble men, women and children, shaking with ague, pale with suffering, hollow and gaunt with recent hunger. Without strife, without discord, without almost a murmur, this heterogeneous mass moved off. Many groaned with anguish, but none with complaint. Brigham's energy inspired them all; his genius controlled them all. Marking their road with their gravestones, they arrived at Salt Lake Valley, destitute and feeble, in 1848. The desert, to which they had come, was as cheerless as their past history. From cruel foes they had fled to as unfeeling a wilderness. Renewed difficulties demanded a renewed effort from Brigham. Everything depended on him. Starvation and nakedness stared in the gloomy faces of the desponding people. Murmurs and complaints were uttered. He quelled every thing; scolded, pled, threatened, prophesied, and subdued them. With a restless but restless energy he set them to work, and worked himself as their example. He directed their labors, controlled their domestic affairs, preached at them, to them, for them. He told foolish anecdotes to make them laugh; encouraged their dancing to make them merry; got up theatrical performances to distract their minds, and made them work hard, certain thus of rendering them contented by-and-by. Feared with a stronger fear, venerated with a more rational veneration, but not loved with the same clinging tenderness that the people still felt for Joseph Smith, Brigham swayed them at his will. They learned to dread his iron hand; and were daunted by his iron heart. They got enough to eat, and their previous want made even their then present scarcity seem like paradise begun. They were by themselves, but they were away from their enemies.*

In the year 1852, comfort and prosperity dawned upon the Mormons at Salt Lake. Brigham had a moment's respite; with this came the secretary and judges appointed for Utah by President Pierce. Brigham at this was aroused, the officers resisted, were "bent, broken," and fled; others were appointed, they became supple tools in the hands of Brigham, and remained in peace!

Brigham, who was appointed to the governorship of Utah by Mr. Fillmore, often declared, after he received the commission, that "no other man should be governor of the territory." In 1854, Colonel E. J. Steptoe, U. S. A., was appointed governor. Brigham courted the colonel; got up parties for the officers; flattered, befuddled and used them all as tools. Colonel Steptoe threw up his appointment; and not content with this, got up a memorial to President Pierce for Brigham's re-appointment, induced his officers and civil friends to sign it, and forwarded the petition to Washington. The colonel left Utah, believing Brigham to be an ill-used and belied man, and acknowledging that he was not the man to cope with the "prophet and reformer."

Other judges and officers have been appointed; who either destroyed themselves, or were fiercely curbed by Brigham. One officer disgraced himself with an Indian squaw. Another was a notorious opium-eater, with which he killed himself. Another was accused of having gambling in his cellar. Another for taking a public prostitute, seating her on the bench with him, and being accessory to an attempted assassination. Another was a notorious drunkard. All fell, or all had to fall. It is a popular mistake that Brigham used physical force in any of these cases; he is too wise a man. Physical force is the sole property of brutes, and they are brutes who make it their sole property. But although he never struck, he has over and over again threatened and intimidated them. He has instigated

annoyances of a thousand different kinds; frustrated their plans, and baffled their designs; forced them to act under a mental and moral duress; but he never yet attempted personal violence. They have all felt the pressure of his heavy hand, but none bear the marks of his fangs. To his policy he will sacrifice himself; and to it he will willingly sacrifice his country, or the whole Mormon people.

Brigham has one design, and only one, and that is to make the Mormon church control the whole of the American continent. For this he really hopes, and to this end his efforts are directed. By the native force of his mind he has moulded Mormonism anew, and changed its spirit, taken from beneath it the monstrous stilts of a miserable superstition, and consolidated it into a compact source of the sternest fanaticism; increased its wealth, established its power; his success in the past inspires him with confidence in the future; strengthened in his aspirations by the contemptuous disregard and fluctuating imbecility on the part of the government, he has prepared himself to consummate his folly and crime.

In person Brigham is rather large and portly, with an imposing carriage and impressive manner. In passing him in the street, one would naturally turn round and look after him. In private conversation, he is pointed, affable, and very courteous to strangers. He talks in an off-hand style on any subject, and as he has not time to read he often blunders grossly. He is a great observer rather than a student, and thoroughly knows the people he comes in contact with. Men not books, deeds not words, houses not theories, the earth not the heavens, now not hereafter, sum up Brigham's principles of action.

Brigham in a council and Brigham in the pulpit are not the same. Under the force of his prophetic afflatus, he talks, till, on reviewing his remarks, he has to say, "Well, well, words are only wind." In council he is calm, deliberate, and very politic; neither hastily decided, nor easily moved when decided. His shrewdness is often, however, baffled by a set of sycophants that he has around him. He has unjustly browbeaten and crushed several of his warm believers through the instigations of men "whom I thought I could believe." So complete is his ascendancy that they, however, have only bowed their heads and tried to do better. The same petty jealousies, secret manœuvres, pandering flattery, and entire self-abnegation, characterize his, as any other great man's satellites. One difference exists, and that is this, however bickering among themselves, they would all die for Brigham Young. One of the severest tests of greatness is the power to completely centre in oneself a thousand interests and the deep affections of a thousand hearts. All really great men have done this. Philosophy has had its disciples, adventurers their followers, generals their soldiers, kings their subjects, impostors their fanatics. Mohammed, Smith, Brigham have all been thus. No man ever lived who had more deeply devoted friends than Brigham Young. The magnetism that attracts and infatuates, that makes men feel its weight and yet love its presence, abounds in him. Even his enemies have to acknowledge a great charm in the influence he throws around him. The clerks in his office and his very wives feel the same veneration for the Prophet, as the most respectful new-comer. It is thus also in his public orations, he soon winds a thrall around his hearers. Bad jokes, low ribaldry, meaningless nonsense, and pompous swagger that would disgust when coming from any one else, amuse and interest when coming from him.

Brigham in his public discourses does not preach but merely talks, his voice is strong and sonorous, his gestures easy, and seldom violent. He feels his sermons, the members of his audience are ignorant and impulsive, and therefore they feel; he is a good mimic and makes constant and unmistakable allusions to individuals, and is happy in imitating personal appearances, peculiarities, and in repeating individual expressions. His discourses, however, are coarse and profane when spoken, and seem repulsive indeed when printed.

Much interest is naturally felt in his family. As a husband, if he deserves that name, he is at best only kind. His numerous wives live, at least a part of them, in his house, and eat at his table, but all attention from him is accidental. Brigham has not only his own wives, some of whom he has discarded, but he has also the widows of Joe Smith, besides many spiritual wives, and also many women to whom he has been sealed as agent in

* For a more extended statement of Mormon life at home, see "Mormonism, its Leaders and Designs," by John Hyde, jr., formerly a Mormon elder, and resident of Salt Lake City; W. P. Pettridge and Co., publishers. To this work we are indebted for our important facts regarding Mormonism.

proxy for some dead or distant brethren. Counting all these he has a great number, but he has only twenty-five whom he openly acknowledges. The fact that he sleeps in his office by himself, and in a sacredly private chamber, reveals, more than volumes could exhibit, the degrading character of this Mormon polygamy. He publicly defends this habit, and that too without delicacy of thought or modesty of expression.

Brigham has some of his wives in his "Lion House," others in his mansion, and others in little houses or pens, situated in different parts of the city. His purpose is to see them all once in a week; this, however, is not always possible, and his wives, if they wish an interview, go to him. If he is sick, which is not unfrequent, he has to name his attendant wife, and the remainder, so sadly wronged, weep until the anguish and jealousy are over. He may be in pain, but they uselessly wish to comfort him; he may die, and the whole of his family could not stand around his bed. They are the companions of his passions, not of his life; panderers of his lusts, instead of being the partners of his affections; obliged to be satisfied with a passing nod, a casual smile, or an accidental confidence; crushing out every hope of happiness, every dream of girlhood, every wish and every necessity of their deep woman hearts; searing themselves into a premature age, and age bringing with it inevitable neglect, and yet, most of them appearing content to be thus degraded, for the sake of their religion; preserving themselves pure for their impure husbands, till the observer is almost compelled to think that they must have ceased to be women altogether, in heart, in soul and in mind.

Brigham, as a matter of course, has a favorite wife; she is a good-looking person, about thirty years of age; tall, eyes soft, blue and large; her complexion fair, her general expression intelligent and prepossessing. She is his third wife, in the order he has appropriated them, and married her at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She is fond of fixing Brigham's hair in curls, and for a while he indulged her in this "vanity." She is an enthusiast in her religion, and devoted to her undivided moiety of a husband.

If any of his wives become distasteful, they are entirely discarded. These women, thus neglected, usually become "mothers in Israel," and pretend to great piety, and endeavor to win the smile of approval as devotees, which is denied to them as wives. But Mormon piety is very peculiar in its nature; it is not the spiritual purity and holiness that might be imagined, but assumes quite a practical and Mormon cast: to convert young girls who dislike polygamy into advocates of the practice; to convince young wives who stand alone in their husband's affections, that it is their duty to persuade their husbands to take other wives; to visit the sick, and by anointing, and praying, and "laying on of hands," to endeavor to heal them miraculously; to teach newly-married wives their duties, which many of them do most indecently and even obscenely; to be present at childbirths, and give motherly advice upon the most sacredly private affairs; to attend their weekly "council of health," and tell their own and friends' experiences. Incited by feelings which are neither dead nor dormant, witnessing around them unblushing signs of sensuality, remembering the reasons that have induced the neglect they cannot but feel, hearing but little conversation not connected with marriage, or birth, or their kindred concomitants, the vast majority of them are vilely degraded, nor is it strange that they should become so.

Brigham has some seventeen or eighteen wives in his "Lion House," so designated from having at the gateway an effigy of the king of beasts, which Brigham represents. Each wife has a separate sleeping apartment, except in the case of those who are discarded, and they sleep as best they can with each other. The bedrooms are neat and clean and plainly furnished, they also answer for sitting-rooms in the day time for their occupants. When well, all in the "Lion House" and the one adjoining are expected to eat at the general table. A curious spectacle is Brigham's dining-hall. Wives, children, workmen, visitors, a crowd of hungry dinner-seekers. It needs no small amount of cooking, nor any slight quantity of edibles. Brigham keeps no servants; his wives, unless sick, wait on themselves. In that case, they must wait on each other. Cooking, cleaning, dairy-work, washing, mending, tending children, has to be distributed among them according to the taste or skill of each; or

else, by the absolute and final dictum of the prophet! Before the general table system was adopted, each wife was supplied in rotation, and by weight and quantity, with meats, vegetables and fruits. Like old feudal barons, Brigham is obliged to keep a steward and purveyor for his numerous dependants.

It must not be imagined that these wives lead an idle life. Brigham is a working man. Sternly practical in his views of policy, keeping the whole of the people constantly and diligently at work, he makes his household a pattern for the saints. "There must be no idlers in Zion, no drones in the hive," is Brigham's hobby-cry, and consequently the whole of his family work. His sons among the stock, herbing, branding, driving. His wives at household affairs, looms, spinning-wheels, knitting-needles and quilting-frames. They boast very extensively of how many stockings, quilts, yards of flannel, linsey and carpet they have made. "If a woman cannot support herself, and partly provide for her family, she is only half a woman," say Mormon domestic economists. They try, therefore, to make their wives, at least as far as hard work is concerned, if in nothing else, models of perfection.

Brigham has many small children living, and one of his wives is schoolmistress of the whole. His family is necessarily expensive, but he is an extensive farmer, owns all the best lands, much stock and other property, to which must be added his heretofore received salary as U. S. Governor of Utah and superintendent of Indian affairs.

His practical genius shone admirably in the improvement of his own property. His position secures him many valuable presents. Brigham takes courteously everything given him, from a barrel of brandy down to a cotton umbrella. Many make valuable gifts and generally receive in return an exclusive grant to some fine land, or an important ferry privilege; the Mormons indignantly deny the effect of this "bribery," but human nature, in some respects at least, is the same in Utah as elsewhere.

Brigham's time is much occupied. He rises early, calls the whole of his family together. They sing a hymn, and he prays fervently, and they separate for the day's duties. He eats at the long table, and as his gustativeness is small, his fare is very simple, often consisting of only a bowl of milk covered with cream, and dry toast or bread. To make his rounds, "see the women folks," is his next duty. To these he is cordial and kind, but no more. He is not Brigham the lover or the husband, but Brigham the Prophet and President. They feel for him more reverence than love, watch his face and treasure his words, and torture every one of them into embodying the "key" to some great mystery. Then to his office, to meet his visitors and counsel with them. He is the director of everything. From the slightest matter to the most important, the saints all consult Brother Brigham. Many absurd things have occurred in consequence of this. Men of every trade seek his advice, and view it as a revelation from God for them to follow. None can divorce but him, and to him all such cases come for investigation and action. No other can give permission to a man to take any wives subsequent to the first, and therefore all such parties apply to him. An old lady once went seriously to inquire "the word of the Lord" as to whether red or yellow flannel was best to wear next the person, and Brigham gravely advised her by all means to wear yellow. C. V. Spencer married two wives on the same day, and they disputed as to priority and appealed to Brigham to settle the question. Although these things occupy much of his time, it is very admirable policy. It makes him acquainted with the secret of their thoughts, makes him appear their best friend, and necessary for their prosperity.

He often enmeshes the affairs of the people so that none but himself can disentangle them. Brigham knowing the business of all, can blend interests, and plan more successfully than anyone else; hence, also, without being seen, if any grow contumacious, he can very easily ruin them. A Mr. Howard was a Mormon merchant, but grew dissatisfied in 1845, and determined to leave Salt Lake. No sooner was his intention known at headquarters, than the line was drawn, and he found himself irrevocably entangled. His goods were seized and sold at auction, when they were bought in by the "church" at a mere nominal amount; his store was sold also and likewise bought by the church at their own price; no one daring to bid against



THE RECEPTION OF A NEW WIFE BY THE HOUSEHOLD.

this unseen but all-powerful individuality; and Mr. Howard found himself a ruined man. His wife was, however, a firm and fervent Mormon; she pleaded and implored him to remain; consented even to procure for him another wife. Several Mormons used their influence with him; the "church" threatened its anathema; it alluded to his endowment covenants, and their penalties; old infatuation was re-awakened, and Mr. Howard bent his head to "the will of the Lord;" was rebaptized, blessed, and returned to his old allegiance; helplessly sunk and hopelessly involved in the destiny of Mormonism. This case is but a sample of many similar. Mormonism has adopted Romanism as its model of government, and uses Jesuitism as its means of accomplishing its ends, and controlling its victims. Loyola might have learned something from Brigham Young. So universally is this unseen power felt, although very seldom traced, that it has become a very common saying

among the faithful Mormons at Salt Lake, "When I obey counsel, everything prospers with me; when I neglect it, I prosper in nothing." This united action under the able direction of one powerful business mind, is the main cause of the rapid prosperity of the Mormons.

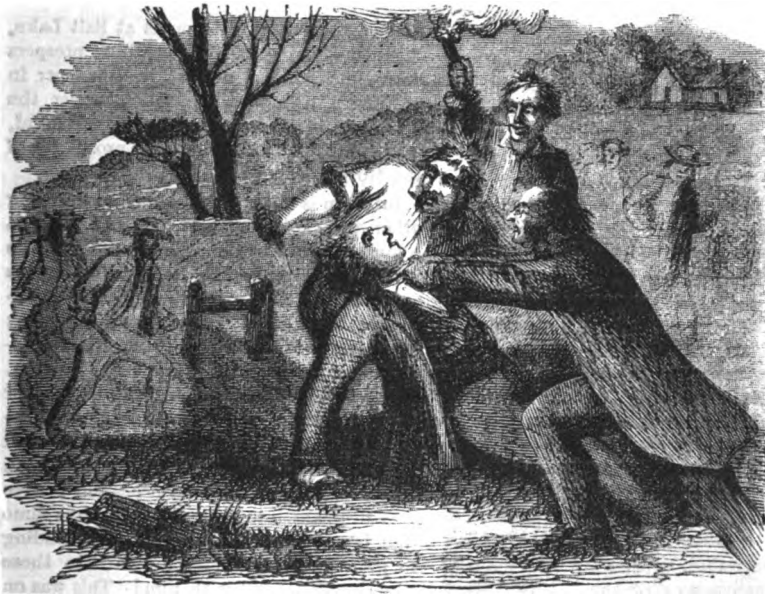
Brigham is not a temperate man. Among other things, in the year 1851, he made a solemn covenant with the church that he would use no more tobacco. Excited by his example, all the men joined in the obligation. Brigham persisted several weeks; grew languid and nervous, and finally renewed the habit, the saints following him. Not only with regard to tobacco, says Elder Hyde, "but also as to liquor, Brigham is decidedly intemperate. His two sons, Joseph A., and Brigham, jun., have long since been notorious for their indulgence; and I have seen Brigham intoxicated at the same time that he was seated in his office, pretending to give the 'word of the Lord' to those who should consult with him! This was on the evening of Monday, April 7th, 1856. Mr. Alva L. Smith was in company with me, and he also noticed it, and remarked it to me after we left the office. It had been conference day. Brigham had spoken but very little; but had been observed to have been 'full of the spirit' when he did speak."

The whole secret of Brigham's influence lies in his real sincerity. Joe Smith was an impostor: that can be clearly established.

Brigham Young embraced Mormonism in sincerity, conscientiously believed, faithfully practised, and enthusiastically taught it. For the sake of his religion, he has over and over again left his family, confronted the world, endured hunger, came back poor, made wealth, and gave it to the church. He holds himself prepared to lead the people in sacrifice and want, as fit plenty and ease. No holiday friend, nor summer prophet, he has shared their trials, as well as their prosperity. He never pretends to more than "the inward monitions of the Spirit;" and, not as Smith, to direct revelations and physical manifestations. No man prays more fervently, nor more frequently, than Brigham Young. No man can more win the hearts, or impress the minds of his hearers than Brigham, while in prayer. If he be an impostor, he has commenced by deceiving himself. Were it not for this apparent real, constant, evident sincerity, he would expose himself



A MORMON ELDER, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE, EMBRACING HIS WIVES.



AN APOSTATE MORMON MURDERED BY THE DANITE BAND.

before the entire people, and fall. He is a good specimen of a man positively earnest, and what such a man can do. Enthusiasm is the secret of the great success of Mormon proselytism; it is the universal characteristic of the people when proselyted; it is the hidden and strong cord that leads them to Utah, and the iron chain that keeps them there; and it is, too, the real reason of Brigham's triumph. This earnest, obstinate, egotistical enthusiasm has been nursed by wily men, deceived but most ambitious; it has been fed by false miracles, justified by false logic, fanned by persecution, and cemented by blood.

Our Saviour says that in Heaven they neither marry or are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God; but the Mormons say that the marriage relationship is eternal, and if not married on the earth, they cannot afterwards be married, they marry for time and are sealed for eternity. 'This piece of sophistry is not only one of the most ingenious, but it is one of the most perfect that was ever devised to corrupt and degrade the holy ordinance of matrimony. It is impossible to comprehend all the licentiousness which has taken place under the name of religion that these sealing ordinances have occasioned. Practically it operates as follows: a woman is married, and either does not love her husband, or has had her affections estranged. She is, therefore, without leaving her husband, sealed to this person of her choice for eternity. It is not difficult to comprehend the effect of this new relation upon the wife's mind—sufficient to say, that she is ruined for ever. Joe Smith lost his life by expressing a wish to make a Mrs. Foster his spiritual wife, she informed her husband of the proposal, and the subsequent events that occurred from this outrage resulted in the prophet being assassinated.

The Mormons do not now seek to deny the fact that women married to one may be sealed to another husband; only asserting that such marriages go no further. But as they contend that no marriage is valid till consummated, and insist that these spiritual marriages are valid, either they destroy their own system, or else there is necessarily licentiousness and corruption. There would be only one choice in the mind of any believing Mormon. When a woman sinks low enough to prefer another man for her *pseudo* eternal husband, she is certainly sunk low enough to sin in deed as well as thought. When the promptings of affection are sanctioned by religion and legalized by precedent, there is no stopping-place short of crime.



MR. BATTIN'S HARBOR.

According to the Mormon code, a man's glory in heaven depends upon the multitudinous character of his earthly family; a Mormon, therefore, who goes abroad as a missionary, or for any other business of the church, leaving two or twenty wives at home, has those disconsolate individuals temporarily placed in charge of proxy husbands. Thus all sacredness of marriage is entirely swept away, it appearing to be the study of "the elders" to demoralize and degrade those in their power, and by every act sacrifice them to their lusts. With a consciousness that we have trenched upon propriety in even alluding to this subject, we must bear it, for there is no language fit to be read that can give a full detail of the sensual practices of Mormonism. That the practices alluded to, when we consider the wickedness of human nature, unchecked by moral restraint, should be indulged in, is not surprising, but that they should be veiled under the garb of sanctity, and excused on the grounds of religion, is infamous; it is a bitter and a burning satire on human purity and progress.

The social influence of this sensual system is illustrated by the following incidents related by Elder Hyde. A Mr. Eldridge had a daughter, handsome, intelligent and amiable. She loved a young man of a suitable age, and her affection was reciprocated. Brigham's nephew, who is a fast young man in Salt Lake City, saw the girl, and although he knew he was distasteful to her, persuaded his uncle to speak to the father. This Brigham did, and ordered that the girl should marry his nephew, remarking to Eldridge, that he must compel her to do it, "because every man should be master of his own household." This young girl, with a wrung heart, a crushed love, with blasted hopes and a stifled aversion, yielded to the monstrous moral power of Brigham Young, and married the nephew. Bishop Hoagland had a handsome daughter named Emily. A Mr. Little, a married man, but not desirous of becoming a polygamist, was commanded, for the purpose of setting a proper example, "to take the girl." Little reluctantly obeyed; the girl was thus cruelly outraged by this forced marriage, and was broken-hearted; yet she nor Little dared to openly complain!



MR. G. P. DYKES' HARBOR.

Z. Snow, who had been one of the most distinguished judges of Utah, became a Mormon, and unfortunately offended Brigham, who cursed him most fearfully, reproached, rebuked, charged, threatened him, and finally commanded him to go, for at least three years, on a mission to Australia. Z. Snow was a man of education, a lawyer, had fought his way to the bench, was possessed of money and a large business, had struggled with the world and had conquered; and yet, like a child, he bowed his head to Brigham's withering rebukes, fearful criminations, merciless anathemas; left his family, gave up his business, said nothing, accepted the appointment, and is now in Australia, preaching Mormonism! The name of a score of such evidences of the cruellest tyranny and the most superstitious obedience could be given. Mormonism, at Salt Lake, is a whirlpool; once get into the stream, and you must either be drawn into its vortex, or else be cast out bruised and broken.

While men will themselves thus suffer unrepining, and never think of resistance, it is not at all astonishing that they should inflict suffering on others, and never dream of anything but doing their duty. What is still more singular, men who have been employed in the commission of positive crimes, never think of taking any extra freedom on that account, but show and

actually feel all the same veneration for their prophet, as if they had not, at his command, stained their hands with blood. Second Zeids giving up women to a second Mohammed, could not evince more superstition and more obedience. When the Mormons talk so much of death as a penalty, it is not the idle threat of imaginary killing, but the strong word of merciless men. They never threaten what they will not perform, and fear of risking the penalty withholds many from apostasy.

The Mormon polygamist has no home. Some have their wives lotted off by pairs in small disconnected houses, like a row of out-houses. Some have long low houses, and on taking a new wife build a new room on to them, so that their rooms look like rows of stalls in a cow-barn! Some have but one house and crowd them all together, outraging all decency, and not leaving even an affectation of convenience. Many often remain thus, until some petty strife about division of labor, children's quarrels, difference of taste, or jealousy of attention, kindles a flame only to be smothered by separation. When they live in different houses they generally have different tables, and the husband has to give each house its turn to cook for him, and honor their tables with his presence in rotation. The evenings at his disposal, his constant distribution of himself among them, has to be by rule. Jealousies the most bitter, reproaches the most galling and disgusting, scenes without number, and acrimony without end, are the inevitable consequences of the slightest partiality. It is impossible for any man to equally love several different women; it is quite possible, however, for him to be equally indifferent about any number. The nature most in unison with his own, will most attract him. The most affectionate will be certainly preferred to the least affectionate. To feel partiality and not to exhibit it, is unnatural. To exhibit it, and for it to pass unnoticed by a jealous woman, is impossible, and if noticed it will be followed by bitter reproaches.

Among the Mormons, every look on the part of the male tyrant, every word, every action has to be carefully considered, else there is vituperation, bitterness and calousy; for this reason the idea of domestic happiness among the polygamists is ridiculed. Warmth of feelings, tenderness of attachment, devotedness or tenderness towards woman are termed "Gentilish," the most degrading epithet that can be used by a Mormon.

That there may be no restraint to the selfish gratification of these materialists, the utmost latitude is permitted to the "faithful" in the choice of their wives. It is very common for one man to appropriate two sisters; one individual named Sharp married three! A George B. Wallace left his wife at Salt Lake and went to England as a missionary. While in that country he became acquainted with a worthy man named Davis, who had three fine-looking daughters. The family, Wallace helped to Salt Lake; poor, and under obligations to him, they yielded, with the sanction of Brigham Young, to Wallace's desire of appropriation, and were taken home. This may appear disgusting enough, and prove more degradation than should be mentioned; but a man by the name of Watt, with the sanction of the church, married his half sister. It would seem that such practices naturally led to profounder steps of moral and physical degradation.

Most of the Mormon leaders being men in the prime of life when they adopted the delusion, had wives whom they married in their youth, and under the sanction of the holy ordinances of the Christian religion. The effects of polygamy upon these women present some of the saddest incidents it has ever been the lot of the pen to record. Elder Hyde gives many examples, and for the purpose of identification alludes to parties by their names. Among those he mentions is Mrs. W. Richards, an interesting and intelligent lady, who accompanied, among the earlier emigrants, her husband from the United States to Utah. In 1852 he was appointed a Mormon missionary and went abroad, remaining away several years. During his absence, in love of her husband, Mrs. Richards by her own labor supported herself and children. When he returned he proved his appreciation of her fidelity and affection by marrying three wives, one a little girl, his own cousin, and a woman who had run away from an aged father in Liverpool. Mrs. Richards felt all the piquant grief which would naturally be called forth by her treatment; every one who knew her marked the wasting

and sallow cheek, the effects of hopeless grief and a broken heart, sinking into the grave unpitied and unloved.

Mr. G. P. Dykes accompanied the Mormon battalion to Mexico, leaving his family at Council Bluffs, Iowa. On returning through Salt Lake, he was sent to England as a missionary. Mrs. Dykes, with her children, toiled her way to Salt Lake, so as not to be burdensome to him on his return. She sustained her family by her own labor, and accumulated something for the future, hoping and expecting to welcome her husband on his return. He did finally reach Salt Lake, but in company with a woman he had seduced from her husband while he was in England. He was married to this woman in Council Bluffs, and the greeting between himself and first wife, consisted of an introduction to Mrs. Dykes of the corrupted and perjured being who had supplanted her in her husband's affections.

A Mr. Batie was married to an amiable woman, and had an interesting family; he finally decided to take another wife, but Mrs. Batie would not give her consent, imploringly telling her husband that by such an act he would break her heart. This opposition of the wife and the yielding to her prayer became known, and Batie was ridiculed by the elders as being "Gentilish," he therefore, to regain his lost standing, married without his wife's consent and without her knowledge; is there a woman living who cannot appreciate the wronged one's feelings?

A Mr. Eldridge had a very handsome lady for a wife, who had long shared her husband's sufferings and privations; together they had toiled happily and affectionately. They had amassed some property, and were comfortable, too comfortable for such a Sodom as Salt Lake City. Their dream of felicity, for both were content, was suddenly broken by Brigham Young's command that "Brother Horace must take another wife." Disobedience would be contumacy, and this they had been taught to believe would be perdition. Nothing was left for him but to obey. He married a woman vulgar and unrefined, but this creature soon managed to supplant the first wife, who was soon afterwards turned out of the family apartment and left to provide for herself.

As an almost universal rule, a man does not marry a second wife until he finds some one he prefers to the first, the very licence he has of choice corrupting his imagination and leading him astray. The consent of the first wife is professedly asked for these subsequent unions, but if it is not given, it can readily be imagined what must be her situation until she is compelled to acquiesce. The common effect is to destroy these victims to a sensual tyranny; many soon sink into a premature grave; but what will crush one woman, will sometimes sink another into depravity; arouse another to desperation; incite another to retaliation, and fill others, but not many, it is to be regretted in their particular cases, with stoical indifference.

Examples could be given where women, naturally of refined impulses, have, under the degrading influence of polygamy, sunk into the most complete and disgusting brutishness, really inferior to animals, only that they cooked their food, but beneath them in this, that they could add disgusting language to disgusting deeds. Many women who cannot by their better organization become degraded, in the hopelessness of their case, try to become insensible, and drown all thought that they may be rid of all feeling.

A Mormon ceremony called the "endowment" is one of the most important, so far as regards its machinery of initiation, and the fearful effect it produces on the mind, that known among the Mormons. John Hyde, succeeding Mormon elder, gives the whole ceremony, which has a character of profanity; but the result is, that the recipient takes terrible oaths which, if kept, have two effects, make a traitor to the United States, and a slave to Brigham Young. It is justly remarked, that there are very few minds, the calibre usually converted to Mormonism, which can readily, or ever, shake off the benumbing effect of the terror going through the "endowment" ceremony. Free-masonry, Odd-fellowship, and other kindred institutions, sway mightily the minds subject to their influence, and initiated into their secrets. The mysteries of sacred orders paralyzed strong energies, inflamed cold hearts, and inflated the hard minds of the ancients. It is not astonishing, therefore, that these dark acts of the Mormons should stimulate the terror and excite the superstitions of their ini-

tiated. It is not surprising that thus bound; thinking that the whole is a revelation; hurried along with the excited crowd; seeing Brigham Young apparently just as infatuated as the humblest disciple, firmly convinced that this is the kingdom; this, the age; this, the means; and themselves the people, that they should be precipitated into any act, however mad.

The result of all this is, as we have already seen, the strictest obedience to the will of one person, and that person the head of the church. Here we find the secret of the rebellion against the government of the United States, and the foundation for that faith that makes these deluded people ready to sacrifice themselves both in this world and in a hereafter.

A person entering the Mormon church is required to pay the tenth part of his or her property for the purpose of "building up temples, or otherwise building up Zion as may be directed from on High." Having tithed their property, they must tithe their yearly increase for the same purpose. This tenth part is really a fifth part, for each man is required to work every tenth day on the temple, or hire a substitute; it is even worse than this in many cases, amounting nearly to fifty per cent., as the women pay the tenth part of the fowls, the tenth part of the eggs, and the tenth part of the chickens that may be hatched. This law of tithing, however, is only the "milk of the Gospel," and was the preparation to a more rigid system of property holding. A law was passed through the legislature making it necessary for the people to consecrate by legal transfer all right and title to personal property; a majority of the people, the greater part of which did not fully comprehend the meaning of the act, on the announcement of its passage made out quit claim deeds for their land and their apparel to Brigham Young, or his successors, as trustees for the church, and some in the exuberance of their enthusiasm threw in their wives and children. The effect of this action is, that the property of each Mormon is retained only at the option of Brigham Young. He can eject any person who has thus "consecrated," for he is a trespasser by toleration on church property. Thus it is that the faithful pay the tithe willingly, and profess to be ready to give up all on any emergency. Thus Brigham Young is really the richest man in the world, being the positive owner of all the property in the territory, holding it at his unconditional will.

Brigham Young frankly stated the object of his policy at the conference; it was to prevent the Gentiles from purchasing property without ecclesiastical sanction; to hinder departing apostates from taking anything of value from the territory, to make it the interest of every man to be submissive, and thus more completely under subjection.

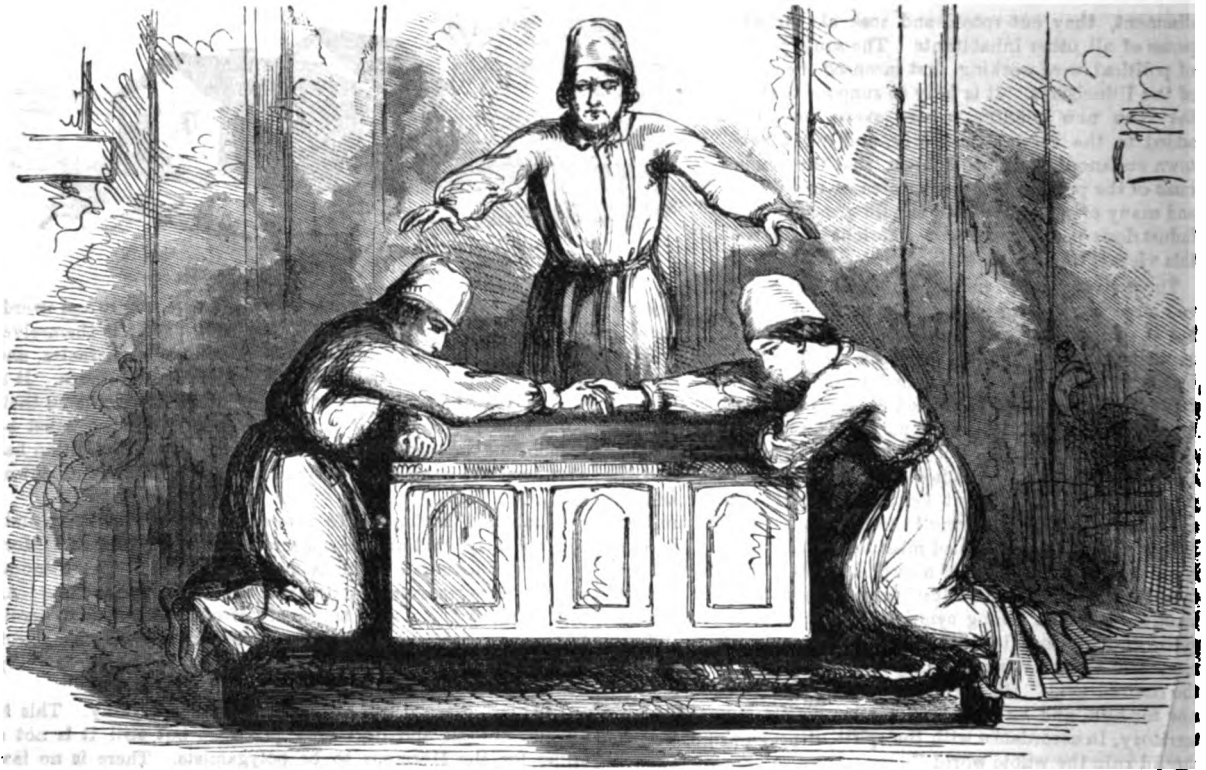
The most distressing cases of injustice have already occurred from the operations of this law, and the ignorant Mormons, particularly those not understanding the English language, are almost daily stripped of their property to enrich Young's favorites, and no redress can be had; and so severe is the ecclesiastical discipline, that the wrongs are borne with patience.

The Danites originated while the Mormons were concentrated in the State of Missouri. When in 1838 the citizens of that State determined upon the expulsion of the saints, a "death society" was organized with the sanction of Joe Smith, under the direction of Sidney Rigdon. Its object was the punishment of the obnoxious. Some time elapsed before a proper name was found. One was desired that combined spiritual authority with a striking sound. Micah iv. 13 furnished the first name, and embodied the idea and uses of the association. "Arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion; for I will make thy horn iron and thy hoofs brass; and thou shalt beat in pieces many people, and I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and the substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." Hence came the "daughters of Zion;" ridicule was cast by the thoughtless on those branded and bloody daughters, and the name of "destroying angels" was chosen. Genesis xlix. 17 furnished the name finally assumed; the verse is quite significant. "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth his horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Among themselves the Danites boast of these bloody deeds, and their murders often afford subjects for ribald jests.

That the Mormon church has instituted many murders there cannot be a doubt; not only do the elders not deny the fact, but they go farther and publicly preach its propriety as a means

of salvation. "Apostates" from Mormonism have been pointed out as poisonous and only fit to die; the "Danites" have been prompt to carry the suggestion into execution. A miserable wretch named A. W. Hickman, whose name has become familiar to the country by his heading parties engaged in destroying cattle belonging to the U. S. trains, and against whom many criminal indictments are now existing in Iowa, is publicly known as an "avenger of blood;" this man is one of Brigham Young's particular associates and friends. It is no secret at Salt Lake, that several men who were obnoxious to the "leaders" have disappeared, after being the last time seen in his company. This man was one who, with three others, left Salt Lake without any ostensible reasons for the journey, and when they returned they brought the news of the murder of two "covenant-breaking apostates," who, disgusted with the religion, were on their way to England. That these "apostates," being intelligent men, would have destroyed Mormonism in England by their disclosures, is very probable, and "they were therefore destroyed from the face of the earth."

The ceremony of the "endowment" is described by Elder Hyde, who was initiated. Pursuant to a notice he had received, he repaired to the Council House, Salt Lake City, with his wife, about seven o'clock in the evening. The names, with full particulars of birth and marriage, were placed on record, with those of other candidates, who had not been previously "sealed to their wives." The shoes of the candidates were removed in the outer register office; those who were officiating were in slippers. The women were sent to one portion of the room, the men to another. One by one the men were beckoned out, told to undress, and passed through, in many instances, the necessary ordeal of a bath; the high priest officiating, blessing each particular limb as the ablution proceeded. When Hyde was thoroughly "cleansed," he was given a "new name, whereby he should be known in the kingdom of heaven." The candidates were then passed back into the waiting-room, where each in turn was seated on a stool, and some strongly scented oil was ladled out of a mahogany vessel in the shape of a cow's horn, by means of a mahogany dipper, and poured on his head. This unctuous compound was rubbed into eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, sodden in the hair, and stroked down the person till one felt very greasy and smelt very odorous. This ordinance, performed by the elders, was accompanied by a formula of blessing similar to the "washing," and was "the anointing," administered preparatory to being ordained a "king and priest unto God and the Lamb," which ordination, however, can only be performed in the real Temple. Greased and blessed, they then put on "garments," a dress made of muslin or linen, and worn next to the skin, reaching from the neck to the ankles and wrists, and in shape like a little child's sleeping garment. Over this was put a shirt, then a robe made of linen, crossing and gathered up in plaits on one shoulder, and reaching the ground before and behind, and tied round the waist. Over this was fastened a small square apron, similar in size and shape to Masonic aprons, generally made of white linen or silk, with imitation fig-leaves painted or worked upon it. A cap made from a square yard of linen, and gathered into a band to fit the head, socks and white linen or cotton shoes completed the equipment. While thus dressing ourselves, a farce was being performed in the next compartment, in which the creation of the world was supposed to be represented. In the midst of this the "wives" were introduced, dressed similarly to the men. The candidates were then made to pretend a sleep; when they awoke, their wives were severally given to them, and filled with joy, two by two, they walked away to witness another act of this absurd mummery. It is useless, as well as impossible in proper language, to give the whole of the ceremony, which throughout mingles the profane with shocking vulgarity. The idea is, that Peter, James and John came down to Joe Smith and conferred upon him the priesthood which has descended intact to Brigham Young; that all the revenue that Christ should command was now to be paid to this Mormon priesthood; that the Mormon church was to subdue all other kingdoms and fill the whole earth. Curses the most fearful, penalties the most barbarous, were threatened and combined in the obligation, either in failing to abide by or in daring to reveal these covenants. The reasons Elder Hyde gives for revealing these secrets he condenses as follows:



CEREMONY OF SEALING A WIFE FOR ETERNITY.

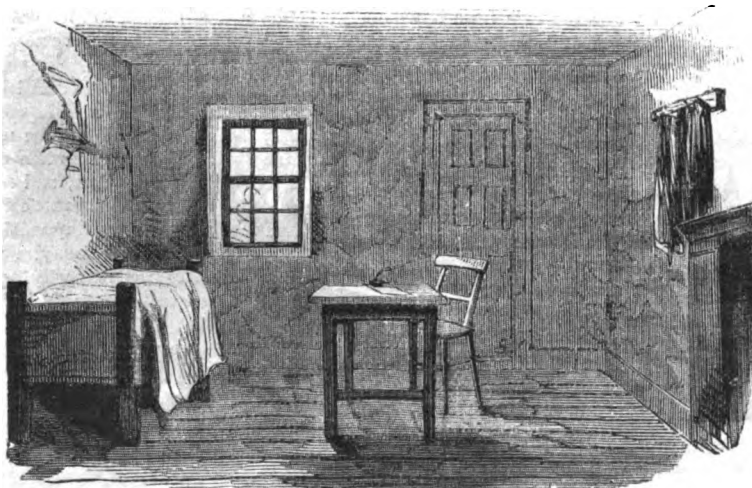
"First, As no one knew what were the oaths previous to hearing them; and as no one on hearing could refuse to make them, they are not binding in justice. Second, As the obligations also involved other acts of treason as well as secrecy; and as I do not intend to obey those other obligations, it can be no more improper to break the oath of secrecy than the oath of unlimited obedience. Third, As the obligations involve treason against the confederacy of the United States, and therefore illegal *ab initio*; and as the law makes the misprision or concealment of treason, treason itself, it becomes a duty to expose them. Fourth, As the promise of endowment is one of the great inducements held out to deluded Mormons, to persuade to emigration to Salt Lake, it is right that they should know the value of their anticipated blessing; and Fifth, It is better to violate a bad oath than keep it: as it would have been better for Herod to have forfeited his promise than to kill John the Baptist. As to the penalties I incur, I have but one duty to God and the world; and to God and the world I confide my safety."

There are about fifteen thousand inhabitants in Salt Lake City, comprising comparatively very few Americans, the large

majority being English and Scotch, with many Welsh and Danes. One-third of the whole number would embrace all the native-born Americans in the city, and they compose not one-fourth of the entire inhabitants of the Territory. These Americans are principally from the Western States. They are men of fine physical strength, and naturally of strong minds. They have all the power in their hands, civil and ecclesiastical, and among themselves divide all the emoluments. They are almost without an exception, polygamist, and are remarkable for their prejudice, intolerance, and boasted fidelity to Mormonism. In Utah there are now fifty thousand persons, all of whom, except five hundred perhaps, are of the Mormon faith. The Mormon authorities claimed over seventy-six thousand inhabitants, and in their census they named the oxen and cows, and then set them down as persons. The object of the thing was to present an imposing appearance to Congress, previous to demanding admission as a sovereign State.

What shall be done with this strangely infatuated people? This has been an important inquiry. The Mormons contend that the constitution guarantees the fullest and freest enjoyment of religious opinions; Mormonism is their religion, and to oppose it by force would be an infringement on the constitution! The proper view is to look upon the whole institution as a civil polity alone, and therefore, subjected to the federal authority. If this is not correct, then the most fearful crimes from Thuggism to polygamy can be made sacred, and the restraints of Christianity and morality will be destroyed; if this interpretation be correct, then civilization in the United States must soon come to an end.

The arm of the government should never be reached out to crush fanatics, but the sword of justice must cut down conspirators. Men have a right perhaps to be devotees of error, but not the right to be devotees of crime. It has been the constant truckling of our politicians for political ascendancy that has induced much of the evils complained of in the spread of Mormonism. They grasped power in Missouri, and by force of numbers, knowing no motive other than self-aggran-



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SACREDLY PRIVATE BED-ROOM.

disement, they out-voted, and rose at the expense of all other inhabitants. The same policy of political wire-working first incensed the mass of the Illinoisians. It is folly to suppose that in the then new country, where every emigrant added to the value of property, and every new town enhanced every other town, that the whole mass of the people, comprising men of every sect and many of no sect at all, should persecute an industrious people merely on religious grounds; this view is unnatural; it is absurd.

Those living in the immediate vicinity of Nauvoo were enraged by the thefts committed on their property; but it was the Mormon political chicanery that induced their expulsion. Smith juggled so extensively and became so inflated by his success, that he presumed to offer himself as candidate for the presidency of the United States, and cursed the country for not promising him its support. He strutted from off the stilts of a religious impostor to the balancing-pole of a political empiric, and fell. It was not for his religion or because of his prophetic pretensions, but for his political designs and his *modus operandi* in endeavoring to secure them. Having imitated Mohammed in his pretended mission and revelations, like him, having become the chief of a second Medina, he wished to extend the resemblance still further, and aspired to rule the continent. Brigham Young sympathises in his views, and is sanguine enough to think that he can accomplish them. With more tact and greater pertinacity, he more carefully approaches the desired goal. His little world in Utah has grown too narrow for him, and he aspires to extend his sway outside of his territory, in accordance with the spirit of prophecy, "that he should rule the whole world."

Having invested their religion with the Nessus shirt of political jugglery; having made their ecclesiastical influence the stepping-stone to civil power; not being content with supporting the laws, but covering, under a Jesuitically-assumed veneration for the constitution, the most treasonable designs and oaths of conspirators; determining the overthrow of their country as the rubbish on which to build their throne, and the centre from which to sway their empire; inducing thousands of poor deluded men and women to sacrifice their all in order to embrace such objects; boldly defying the power of the government, and expelling its authorized agents; educating their children, as



C. V. SPENCER'S HAREM.

Brigham has said, "to be able and ready to carry fire and sword, if needs be, to the very gates of the capitol;" it is themselves who have divested their system of its religious character, and therefore subjected themselves to political interference. It is themselves who are guilty of placing their adherents in their dangerous position; and it will be themselves who must be responsible for the consequences. Their political ambition has ever been the curse of their system, and it will prove its downfall.

What shall be done? To answer this, it is necessary, first, to see clearly what are the objects to be accomplished. Mormonism is a moral, religious and political evil. As a moral evil, it degrades women and curses the rising generation. As a religious evil, it dooms thousands of old and young to perdition. As a political evil, it is a system of treason, to subject the government, and hoping to usurp its place; an aristocracy in the centre of the republic.

The glaring moral evil of their system is polygamy. This is an anti-natural and degrading practice; but still it is not a crime for the Mormons to be polygamists. There is no law against polygamy in Utah. There is a law against it in every other State and Territory, and therefore in every other State and Territory it is a crime. For it to become a crime, either Congress must enact a law against it extending over all the Territories, or Utah must enact such a law for herself. Until such a law be enacted it is no crime. Until it be made a legal crime, it cannot be legally punished. Before the executive can inflict a penalty, the deliberative must prescribe one. Such a penalty has never been prescribed; so far, therefore, as polygamy is concerned, the people are legally innocent. The legislators of Utah are almost all polygamists;



CAMP SCOTT, THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE U. S. TROOPS, FORT BRIDGER.

Brigham is too astute a tactician to repose much confidence, or elevate to much honor, any but those whose interests are inextricably enmeshed with that of Mormonism. They will never make polygamy a crime. If it be made criminal, Congress must do it. Till it becomes a legal wrong, it is only an ethical wrong; and for ethical wrongs there can only be ethical remedies. To attempt to adopt these in Utah would be folly. No man however informed or however eloquent would be heard. To call in question its propriety in Utah, would be as senseless as disparaging Washington in a fourth of July oration. They urge it as the perfection of purity. Outside Utah moral means may be effectual; but it has obtained too strong a hold, entangled too many persons, and combined too many interests in Utah ever to be thus uprooted. Were it not for the fact of its being under the restraint of fanaticism, and all the Mormons being equally infatuated, it would fall to pieces by its own weight. It has become a cankering sore, but happily it is rigidly confined to one spot; an incision, its only remedy, is fortunately possible. If, therefore, it is ever abolished, it must be by law. It must be made a legal wrong, or it had better be left alone. Complete inaction, or a thorough and vigorous policy will alone suit Utah.

There are two methods of making Mormon polygamy criminal. The first is by enacting a law directly against it by Congress. This is the simplest method, but open to much dispute on the score of "legislating for the territories." The second plan is to repeal the act organizing the Territory of Utah, and to place the Mormon settlements under the jurisdiction of the adjoining States, whose laws punish polygamy; or by Congress legislating for squatters on public grounds. This method would be as directly effectual, and not open to the same objection as the others. Annex the northern portion of Utah to Oregon, and the southern and western to California. Let these States call on the federal government for assistance to execute their law against polygamy. If the Mormons forcibly resist the execution of law, they become traitors *de facto* as well as *de voluntis*, and the duty of government will be evident, while the responsibility will be on their own heads. These policies will be effectual, and one of these will be the only effectual policy that can be adopted.

It must be remembered that a vast majority of the Mormons are foreigners; that they have been in the country only for a few years: that they have in most instances taken no steps towards naturalization; that they know nothing really of American institutions, and have never heard anything but the utmost condemnation of our people and our laws; that they came here guided by a religious enthusiasm, and not a desire to be citizens under a free government; not to encourage liberty, but to subvert it; that while they have been here they have been the willing dupes and victims of designing fanatics, and that these wretches will force them into crime and destruction if not prevented.

There are large numbers of persons who are very desirous, but for want of means are unable, to leave Utah. They, deceived by false representations, and cajoled by false promises, have spent their little all in tolling there: many of them going into debt in order to get there at all. With large families dependent on them, they have to labor wearily to provide the barest subsistence; some of them at best just dragging out a wretched existence, and groaning in poverty and misery. Were Utah annexed to California and Oregon, the citizens of those States could not only offer inducements by land and otherwise for people to come to the western portions of their States, but also advance means to assist them. It might be done as a loan; it might be done as an act of charity; it might be paid by improvements. A dozen plans of "Emigrant Aid Societies" can suggest themselves to every one's mind. They are now a thousand miles from civilization. They need two months' food in advance, when it is more than they can do to provide a week beforehand. They need a wagon to carry that food, when many of them are sleeping in mud-hovels on stick bedsteads. They need a team to haul it, when they have now to go to the mountains and pick sage-brush and dried sunflowers for the scanty fuel to cook their shadow of a meal. They are poor and helpless, and helpless because they are poor. Could outfits be provided, and a brighter and better future shown to those poor unfortunates, hundreds of them would gladly leave. It is not

protection, but assistance, that they require. The Mormons do not use any other physical restraint than by making and keeping them poor. The chains are mental and moral duress, folly and fanaticism. Not only are there men, but hundreds of women who are now suffering and sorrowing. If a means could be adopted whereby they might be assisted in leaving and protected from danger on the road, their reputation preserved from the attack of calumny or the taint of suspicion, and a life of something brighter presented, hundreds would leave—joyfully leave Mormonism for ever. Congress should act efficiently. Mercy, justice, humanity, and the love we bear our mothers, sisters and wives, leaves no one man in the Union morally free from the responsibility which rests upon him, in aiding to rescue from farther degradation the victims of Mormonism, and for ever destroying the power of its leaders from doing farther mischief.

We have urged efficiency on the part of the federal authorities as the only safeguard; nothing has occurred so far in the preparations to bring the rebellious Mormons to their senses, to indicate that the government will thus act. The unfortunate military expedition despatched to Utah, has been one of the most disastrous projects ever set on foot; there has been an amount of suffering and exposure attending it that seems almost incredible, and but for the indomitable courage natural to the men composing our army, they would, along with their beasts of burden, have perished in the snows. The particulars of the attacks made upon the trains, and their destruction by the Mormons, have been made familiar through the columns of the press. We give a view of "Camp Scott," the head-quarters of our soldiers in Utah. From Col. Cook's report we glean the following interesting description of camp life in Salt Lake valley.

"You find us now in Camp Scott, in winter quarters, under excellent shelter, and accomplished without the blow of an axe. Our first day's march from our former encampment was over a dreary waste, made more desolate by the fall of snow two days previous, and the driving storm of snow and wind which met us in the middle of the march, miles from wood, water, grass or shelter. To return was destruction, to advance was apparently to court it. The number of animals was insufficient to move either our mule or contractor's trains. Still we struggled on, losing strength hourly by the destruction of our animals; on the evening of the 8th of November, we prepared for the contest again. On the morning of the 9th a portion struck camp and advanced to the next place of shelter; there, while waiting the arrival of the rear, to have our animals struck down by cold, hunger and thirst. The rear (5th infantry) could not make a march of five miles in a day to overtake us without leaving the supplies behind. Without sustenance for animals, almost starved before we joined the main body, almost without fuel, that regiment, and the trains it escorted, passed the day travelling against one of the most severe storms of snow and wind I have experienced for many years, and camped in a dreary spot, open to the full blast of the storm, with the thermometer at 6° below zero at 6 A. M., where we were under shelter of bluffs. The orders will show our march. It was one magnificent struggle from the beginning to this place. One more day's march and our meat ration—beef, horse and mule—would have been diminutively small for the winter. The last company of the 10th infantry, escorting the last of the supply-trains to Fort Bridger, reached this camp at 10 P. M. on the 22d; thus requiring six days to move our little army and its supplies less than six miles. In its limbs the giant's strength was expended; but the will which moved this force, and the spirits which gave this will vitality, were brighter and stronger as the constitution became weaker; and if he had said, 'On, on we would have gone, feeling that what he would direct would be right. The assurances you gave me of confidence in my commander have been more than realized, and he now has, I believe, the unbounded confidence of the army. You will see from his letters and orders how he grappled with the difficulties in his path, and I hope the spring will see him the conqueror. This little army is in fine health and in cheerful spirits. The men have borne their trials without a murmur—duty is severe upon officers and men; but not a word of complaint have I heard. We have all endured alike, and the fact that Col. Johnston has on the march 'footed it,' as did the men, suffers the same

exposure, and will not permit the officer to receive more than the soldier, has endeared him to all. We are now in camp, nicely housed; the most of us in wall tents; the men all in 'Sibley tents.' The latter save the necessity of huts, and are the only suitable tents for the men. The wall tent, with a stove, is the only one for an officer. The tents furnished (Sibley tents) are very inferior, especially those made by the quartermaster, inferior in material and make, and small and unequal in size. One tent is allowed to eighteen men now, but in a few days they will be issued at one to sixteen; even that would be insufficient were not the men on guard or other duty. Our animals are all absent, except those needed for police purposes and for immediate consumption.

"This place (Fort Bridger) is admirably located: timber abundant close by for fuel and building; grass can be cut within two hundred yards of the garrison; water at the door; and it commands every road leading into the country. The Mormons burned the buildings of this place and Fort Supply; at the latter piled up their grain and set fire to it; left their potatoes, turnips, &c., in the ground. The walls of Fort Bridger are standing; they were built for defence last fall; six feet through at base, one and a-half at top, sixteen feet high, and one hundred by one hundred and ten on one part, one hundred by seventy-five on another. They tried to fire the grass, but snow fell and extinguished it. Our snow was our salvation. When the grass was burned the flames scorched the trees sixty feet high. Had the command advanced sooner than it did the animals would have starved, and the army could not have found or reached a place of shelter. Our grass is eaten up for three miles around us; but we have animals on Smith's Fork (three miles off), and there is grass enough there for the whole band; but no shelter and insufficient wood. This valley is warm, wooded and watered, and welcomed us. Our legs are untied, or fast setting so; and when spring comes a more devastating swarm of grasshoppers will never have swept that valley of Salt Lake than will this army be, if our progress is molested. This people design our starvation, our destruction; and there is no device man can resort to which they will not practise—from assassination, murder, fire and flood. The robbers and assassins will scatter and form bands of guerrillas, and no party, no train, no band of cattle, will pass to the valley if they can murder, burn, or run off. The Mormons have great fear of mounted men; and had not Col. Johnston brought up the two companies of the second from Laramie, from the negligence of the guards and watchfulness of the Mormons, we would now be without meat, and struggling by hand to get here. Had the second dragoons been sent at the time directed—telegraphed—not an animal would have been lost by theft. The army could not, however, have entered the valley without leaving its supplies behind. The Mormons are a set of cowards, like all assassins and bullies; and I fear their leaders, and those who have no claims in the valley, will run away, requiring their deluded followers to destroy their property, lest it might benefit us. The leaders rely on such vacillating conduct as was pursued by Congress in the Kansas question. I hope our national legislature will declare the territory in rebellion, and call upon all governors and commanding officers to arrest and keep in custody all persons leaving the territory, and especially the leaders, unless accompanied by a safeguard or passport."

EBEN.—A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, mother, ye'll aye get every month's wage; you're no to gang on slaving and toiling the way ye've done since ever I mind. I'm done with schooling, and a' the charges I've put you to now; and, mother, if ye would give me comfort in ae thought at sea, let it be that you're weel and at ease at hame, and that I'm some use in this world."

"Muckle use, Eben, muckle good, my bonnie man, and far mair may ye be when your auld mother's gane to her rest," said the weeping old woman. "But what do you think I'm caring for ease and comfort, and my ain only laddie at the sea?" said the mother, fondly smoothing down with her wrinkled hand the sleeve of his blue jacket. "But I'll mind myself; auld folk win through easier than young, and there's

nabody but what's good to me, Eben. On ay, far better than I deserve."

They were standing within the single room of a very humble cottage, near to the rocky beach of one of the little seaports of the coast of Life. In the centre of the floor stood Eben's sea-chest, cumbering the small apartment. The fireplace was not so bright as its wont; the potato-kettle hung idly over the expiring fire; the window, with its thick, small, greenish panes, gave dimness and shadow even to the summer sunshine, which flashed like gold upon the sea; and the door, which generally admitted light and sounds of human fellowship to this poor little dwelling, was now closed upon the sacred leave-taking of the mother and the son. The mother, an old and failing woman, stood beside her departing adventurer, still smoothing the sleeve of his new jacket with one hand, while with the other she vainly strove to conceal her tears and quivering features behind the check apron which she held to her face. The son, with trembling lip and a chuck of hot and proud excitement, supported her on his arm, and vainly tried to command and master his feelings. Eben was only twenty, and a match for any hereditary sailor or fisherman of all those amphibious coasts. A candid manly brow, and eyes as clear as the depths of a winter sky, were not belied, but only gained a deeper interest in their honest comeliness from the more sensitive lines of the mouth; brave and honest and manful, you could guess from this face of Eben's that the sorest burden in the world to him was shame. But God who made the heart gave the lot withal, and shame was Eben's burden. His father had sinned against man's law as well as God's, and died in banishment, years ago, a disgraced criminal; and his mother, too faithful to the husband whom she would not condemn, had shared in the stigma of his guilt. His name was a disgrace and reproach to him, the cross and heaviness of his life. Repented sin and humblest penitence had not taken away, and could not take, this shadow from his life. Of saddest verity were these words of his; his name was his dishonor.

Some one knocks at the door. It is his shipmate to help him with his sea-chest. The Traveller lies in Anstruther harbor, hosts of little sunshiny waves dancing about her, like a crowd of children inspecting at all points the departing voyager; and the water glows and brightens on the Firth, and the west wind stirs the ebbing current on these low rocks, and all is fair, both wind and tide, to carry her out to sea. The sun shines on the fluttering pennon at her mast, on the white sails curling out upon the yards, on the deck where seamen, new embarked, throw parting salutations to those groups of friends and neighbors who have made the Traveller's sailing the occasion for a holiday.

But sick on poor Jean Rhymer's heart flashes the brilliant sunshine, and that sweet laughter of the waves, which is music to the rest, is but elvish mockery to her. Holding her son's arm with both hands, and submitting to his guidance blindly, for weeping is all the use her poor eyes are fit for to-day, she goes down sadly to the shore, there to commit him out of her own most tender keeping to the keeping of that great Father who is the only father Eben can ever know; and with a sorer heart than any other mother of all these assembled matrons, poor Jean prays prayers for him which are hardly to be restrained within her own soul, but drop from her moving lips in faint inarticulate words, as she draws nearer and nearer to the pier and to the sea.

"Eben!" with a stronger hold his mother clutches his arm, as he is called by an eager voice behind; but Eben himself, with startled haste, pauses and turns round. They are pursued by a woman, brave in a gown and petticoat of now calico, with lace on her cap, and a ribbon to tie it withal—all matters of rank and distinctive costume, removing Mrs. Horsburgh to a place exalted and lofty, very far above poor old Jean Rhymer's printed short gown and blue woollen petticoat. "Come west three minutes, I'll no keep ye langer; and the Traveller doesna sail for half an hour. The gudeman's away at St. Andrew's. Oh, Eben, come!"

His mother does not know how it is that he looses so soon from his arm her hands, which clasp and twine upon it as if they never could be parted. But in a moment she is standing alone, looking out upon the sunny beach and on the pier, where the Traveller sets her sails in preparation, while already there

is a stir and clustering of sailors round the capstan, as if to raise the anchor. Terror that he will be too late mingles in poor Jean's mind, with a little bitterness to find herself forsaken thus on the eve of their farewell. "I maunna find fault—it's just natural; and I'll no vex my laddie his last hour at hame," says the poor mother, as failing and trembling she stands on the roadside eagerly looking for her son's return; but by and by, as she sits down to wait for him, these are hot and heavy tears which fall upon the wayside grass.

In the meanwhile, Eben, far outstripping his guide—who has a certain dignity to keep up, not to speak of the burden of double his years, rushes on, his face all glowing with sudden joy and pleasure, to a house which, built upon a slope, is a story higher in this aspect behind than in its respectable front, which looks primly through five square windows upon the main street of Easter Anster. The door is open, the way free before him; and in a moment Eben stands beside a pale, pretty, trembling girl of eighteen, who does not know whether to be most ashamed or joyful at his hasty approach.

Poor Annie Horsburgh! It is not her fault that Eben has been moved to admiration first, and then to manly reverence and secret tenderness, for that sweet womanly face of hers, with all its ready sympathies. It is not Annie's fault that of all her bolder wooers no one has taught her to believe in the love which she dares not think herself capable of inspiring, but that Eben's eyes have given her warrant of it, not to be disputed. But Eben is only poor sad Jean Rhymer's son; and Annie Horsburgh is the sole daughter of John of the same name, the most thriving burgess of this little rotten municipality. However that may be, certain it is that Annie's long-prolonged and silent weeping has prompted this remedy to her soft-hearted mother, and that the cure is greatly efficacious, and succeeds as no other cure could have done, had the good man not been happily away from home on the Traveller's sailing-day.

What does he say? Annie cannot tell, as with sad smiles and tears, which have a little struggle together but at last coincide and mingle in a long weeping reverie, she sinks into her seat in the window, and turns her eyes again towards the Traveller, which seems to spurn the shore, already impatient of delay, and towards that flying figure hastening to the pier. But by and by the words come back again; many a day and many a night when Eben is on the high seas, far from home, she will say them in her heart.

CHAPTER II.

LIFT the latch softly, uncover your head—age and poverty and grief dwell with this solitary woman here. The little room is very bright, well swept, and in order; its morsel of fire glowing red and breathing free, as fires only do under careful hands; its single row of plates and cups upon the shelf glancing to the light, and everything else making it manifest that gloom and disarrangement do not belong of necessity to the very poor. The mistress of the house sits between the window and the fire alone; she is making a cotton gown of the scanty proportions which are "the fashion" in this time, and of such brilliant hues as may become the blooming fisher-lass for whom it is intended. When you look at the composed face of Jean Rhymer now, you see that she is not so old as your fast opinion made her. Fifty years have passed over that furrowed brow, and bleached those locks of fair hair that appear under her close cap; but her eyes are not dim, nor her force much abated, though twenty of those fifty years have been years of weeping, distress and shame. The houses were favored long ago to which Jean Rhymer went as a servant; and no one can tell what her share was in the strange and sole transgression which banished her husband, and has overclouded all the excellence of her life. But so it is; and no one less than Jean herself thinks that this shadow ever can or ever should pass away till life itself has found its consummation and renewal in the judgment and the grave.

To look at this apartment now, it looks anything but uncheerful; the sun shining in upon the bright colors of the "calyego" which lies on the deal table by the window, and on Jean's own lap as she labors at it, fashioning the narrow sleeve and shortened bodice. But if you look long, you will see how the solitary woman puts up her hand softly now and then to wipe a tear from her cheek; and how dull and full of apathy is

the look with which sometimes she turns to her dim window or casts her eye towards the open door. The air is very sweet without with human voices, the fairy tongues of childrea, full of laughter and pleasantness, and all the kindly hum of neighborhood and near familiar life. Footsteps come and go on the narrow path, passengers on the way throw a momentary shadow over the window; but no one turns aside to enter here, and you can see that not a step amongst them all brings expectation to this gray and wrinkled face. Other modes of occupation besides this one are visible in the little room, a small basket, with a half-completed stocking; a spinning-wheel, with a great heap of hemp upon it, ready for the evening times, when Jean cannot see, or the hours of undesired leisure when she has no other work in hand; but there is not a single trace of human intercourse or companionship in all this lonely house. And it is strange to Jean, after the wintry night has fallen, and she has closed her door upon the darkening chill, to hear a light knock claim admittance, and a little step pause at the threshold.

"There's little care in this step," said Jean to herself as she rose to open the door. "I dinna ken what can bring the like of this light foot to me. Annie Horsburgh, is it you?"

The visitor paused a moment at the door, where Jean herself still stood fronting her, without much appearance of hospitality.

"Am I no to come in?" said Annie, in her sweet girlish voice.

"Come in, and kindly welcome, if it's your will," said the mistress of the house; "but I'm little used to see a strange face stopping at my door. It's a dark wild night to be out your lane. Come in to the fire, and tell me your errand. See, sit down; there's nae draught here."

"But I've nae errand, Jean," said Annie, with many secret blushes. "Folk never look to be asked what errand they have when they ca' at a neighbor's door."

"I havena been neighbors with the like of you for mony a lang day," said Jean with a sigh; "but I'm very weel content ye should come for kindness, if you've nae objection yoursel; for I'll no deny I am gey dowie mony a day since my Eben gaed to the sea."

"It was summer when he sailed," said Annie. "How lang has the Traveller been at sea now?" And as Annie spoke she turned away her eyes, and laid her hand unconsciously upon the idle wheel; for Annie Horsburgh remembered with a faithful memory, not only the day, but the very hour and moment, when the Traveller sailed, and did not choose, as she asked the question, to meet with her guilty look the mother's eye.

"Seven months and twa days," said Jean. "I count every hour, whiles to mourn over them, so dark and lanesome as they are to me, and whiles to be glad that every ane that passes brings my laddie nearer hame."

"Are you aye your lane? Is there no a thing to divert you, Jean?" said the visitor sympathetically.

"Na; you're no to think I'm repining," said this humble woman, suddenly assuming an easier tone. "I'm real weel off; naeboddy ever meddles with me. At kirk or market I never get an ill word, and mony a good turn that I've nae claim to, from ae year's end to the ither; and Eben's in a grand boat, and nae fear of pressing him, and the best son that ever was. Ay, Annie, you're innocent, you dinna ken; but ane needs to have lang experience and trouble like me to ken what mercies the Lord puts in the cup till it rins ower, and a' to an unworthy creature that deserves to have her name blotted out and forgotten baith in earth and heaven."

Jean Rhymer put up her hand to her eyes; not any outburst of emotion, but the quiet habitual tears that came to her without immediate cause were those that she wiped away.

"But a body likes you, Jean," said Annie, who was crying for sympathy.

"Blessings on them a' for charity!" answered Jean; and she continued with a steady voice, "I've plenty to divert me too; there's my work, I'm aye blithe when my hands are full, and there's the bairns playing about the doors; and there's my ain folk whiles come east to see me no 7, no to speak of a' my pleasure thinking of my Eben. I've seen mony lads, but I never saw his marrow, though he is my ain. Bless you, Annie, you dinna ken how easy auld folk and lanely folk divert themselves—if it was naething but the steps gaun by the door."

"I mind when I've been blithe to hear a step upon the

stances," said Annie, blushing and turning away once more; "but that was because I kent whase step it was, and where it was bound."

"I would ken my Eben's foot as far off as ears could hear, if a' the town were tramping on the road and him but ane among the lave," said Jean. "But mony a day, when I'm sitting quiet, hearing step by step, I think the folk out of their kenning let me see their hearts. There's Sandy Anderson gaun quick by in his sea-boots, with his heavy tread; and I ken as weel as if he came in to tell me that the nets are in the boats, and them a' ready for sea; and I ken when Alick Wast gangs light upon the path that he's courting Lizzie Todd, and kens she's waiting, and wouldna have a' the world to hear; and there, Annie Horsburgh, hearken yoursel'—do you no hear what heavy steps, ilka ane like a sob?"

And so they were—a slow, heavy, listless foot; in the silence of the night you could hear it go so far upon its weary way.

"It's Christian Linton; her eye's dull in her face, and her heart in her breast. She's nae mair spirit for fighting, or striving, or a single thing in this life; and yet for a' she canna rest, but gangs about the doors with that waefu' tread, as if ilka foot was clodded and never could be free mair. I'm aye wae when I hear her pass the road; she never gets the clod off her foot, and I ken by that she's nae heart for any thing, and canna pit forth her hands for another wrestle to save hersel'. And there was just your ainsel', Annie—I kent before you stoppit at this door that it was a young heart free of trouble that came over the way."

When her visitor went away, Jean Rhymer closed her door with care, and put the shutter on her window. What treasure had Jean within that caused such precaution in this trustful place? Hush! there is a brightening on her face like an invisible smile. Is Jean Rhymer a miser, then, humble and patient though she be? for this which her eye delights to count and dwell upon is nothing better than a little hoard of money—twelve soiled one-pound notes—laid up in a careful parcel in an old pocket-book at the head of her bed. She has added other two, as she counts them once again, and lays them by. Jean Rhymer all her life has labored hard for daily bread. What means this secret treasure now?

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT makes ye see quiet this morning, Annie?—a' the town's astir with the news, but there's naething but sighing in your face. What ails ye the day?"

"Naething ails me. I'm just gaun about my ain business," said Annie somewhat ungraciously.

"I wouldna gie an auld friend such an answer if I was you," retorted Katrine Mailin, or Melville, a very young newly-married wife, something disposed to stand on her dignity; "and it doesna become a young lass to have such a gloom on her brow. I'm sure I would aye have been glad to hear such a grand story of a neebor-lad mysel', whasever jo he was; and Eben was aye finding errands to come this road, and hanging about your father's door when he was at hame."

"Eben!—he's been away this three year. Wha kens where he is, or what he is now?" said Annie, with a heightened color, resuming her knitting so rapidly that her quick-sighted companion divined at once how deep an interest she had roused by the name.

Annie, seated in her mother's garden, was knitting in the sun, and very prettily the sun shone upon her morning undress—the pretty, pink, short gown and striped petticoat—which did her slender youthful figure much more justice than the orthodox gown in which alone Annie could make her appearance, either in her mother's better room or in the street. But Annie had been up by break of day about some household business, and though the sun is strong in the heavens it still wants more than an hour of noon; and she has taken her stocking in a fit of natural caprice, and with her sleeves folded back, and the warm summer breeze playing in at her loose collar and over her round white arms, had fallen into a fit of meditation, when the voice of Katrine, over the wall of the adjoining garden, startled her out of her thoughtful repose. Katrine is a saucy beauty of a gayer and wilder order than her friend, and, brave in a muslin gown, her train looped through her pocket-hole,

and her thin white apron fluttering in the pleasant wind, Katrine, idly seated on the boundary-wall, forgets—which it is easy to do at any time—that the whole responsibility of this little house behind her, and all its domestic economies, lie upon her shoulders, and only remembers, what she always does remember, that—mistress of this same house, of John, the joint proprietor, and of herself—she, Katrine, has reached an eminence immeasurably above the level of Annie Horsburgh, her girlish friend.

"Weel, I'm sure ye might say ye were glad to hear the news—a decent lad that liked you weel, if looks are ever true—and the hail town astir; no anither thing in ony body's head from Cellardyke to the kirk-latch."

"You've never tell'd me what the news is, Katrine," said Annie, with some agitation; "it's no my blame if I dinna ken."

"Ye maybe dinna ken what a transport is; but ye mind, Annie, the Traveller's ane. It carries nae cargo but sodgers; but whether they're packed in the hold like common gear, or if they're standing stiff with their guns and their bagnets on the deck, I canna tell—but they'll be awfu' in the men's road if they are. Weel, I canna tell where it was they were lying, but it was some gate in-shore; and there was to be a grand dancing, and a' the sodger-officers and the captain and the first mate were landed to the play. The ship was weel out from the shore—maybe that she mightna be off her course, maybe because the coast wasna canny, I didna hear; but the folk werena to come aboard till the morning; and the second mate had the command his lane. Weel, wha should come nigh, in the mid-watch of the night, but a fast schooner, with raking masts and a' her canvas set, and the grandest sailer that ever was. She came right on upon the Traveller, no a better wish in her head but to run our boat down. Weel, you'll no make this lad that was second mate blind his e'en, seeing that they were very guid anes, as I can witness, and as black as slaes; so he cuts his cable, and out with his long gun, and gae her a shot into her bows. Ye may think the men were wild by this time, seeing what the thieving villain meant, and they up till her—they're a' Fife lads, down to wee Tammie Coustie, the captain's man; and when the folk ashore came fleeing to the beach, hearing the cries and the guns—Hey for Anster and Elie, and a' the bonny towns of Fife!—what did they see but the thief of a Frenchman towing at the Traveller's stern, and our flag flying at the mast, and her ain fause villains of a crew a' safe under the hatches, no a cutlass or a pistol among them. I'm no surprised the town's daft at the news; I could cry 'Hurra!' my very sel'."

And Katrine, really moved, broke off abruptly to clap her hands and laugh and cry with triumphant excitement. Meanwhile poor Annie Horsburgh, bending her head down upon her hands, and trembling so that her very chair rocked under her, was fain to weep as quietly as possible, guessing, but not daring to ask, who was the chief hero of this scene.

'You would never guess wha he was, the second mate. Just Eben, and nae ither, that was at the school wi' us a'; and the minister says his name's in the papers—Eben Rhymer; and he's cleared it, and made it a name we can a' be proud of, for an Anster man and a neebor-lad. Eh, Annie Horsburgh, there's twelve chappit, and me never thought of my man's dinner! but it's a' your blame."

So saying, Katrine fled abruptly to find her fire out, and barely time for the important processes of the principal meal, leaving Annie in a strange flutter of emotion, quite indifferent as to who might see her in her short gown at twelve o'clock in the day.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is no change in Jean Rhymer's solitary cottage; as humble as ever, sending up its little curl of smoke into the summer skies, still a little apart from its neighbors, as if with voluntary humility, and something like the lowly willing lifelong penance which its patient mistress exhibits in her life—this little house lies low under the sunshine, brightening with its one window and its open door under the cheerful light. Three years older, but unchanged, the humble owner of the house sits in her habitual seat between the fireplace and the window, with her work upon her knee. She is "neat-handed."

as they say in Anster. Sombre as her own appearance is, many a little tasteful emendation in the toilette of these rural beauties tell of Jean Rhymer's hand, and she has constant occupation among them; though still the unspun hemp upon the wheel and the uncompleted stocking in the basket show that Jean is not disposed to lose an hour of her time, even when her eyes fail, and her sewing glimmers before them in the candle-light.

But the little, desolate, well-ordered apartment is strangely filled to-day; not a solitary customer, abounding with painful and minute directions, and full of anxiety that the new gown—which is an event in her life—should look as well as possible, but a little crowd of maidens and matrons, not the least considerable in Anster, fill its narrow bounds with a buzz and stir which makes Jean something nervous. The work lies on her lap untouched. She would rise to show her respect but that her limbs feel feeble, and there is such a fluttering tremor upon all her frame; and there are not half as many chairs and stools in the house as would seat her crowd of guests. If you look at Jean more narrowly, you will see that the tears that fill her eyes are not tears of grief, and that a strange brightness has come to every line of her gray and withered face.

"I dinna doubt you're surprised," said Jean meekly; "but no me; for I kent what was in him lang ago."

"You might ken he was a good son, and a well-dispositioned lad—we a' kent that, mair or less," said the soft-hearted large Mrs. Horsburgh, who led the invading party; "but there's mony a good lad could nae mair have done the like of this than I could lift the Isle of May off the sea. Na, woman, you needna tell me; I ken you were out of your wits as weel as a' the rest."

"I wasna surprised," repeated Jean; and if it was pride, it was a pride so humble, and so full of the touching confidence of love, that not one of her auditors could doubt or belie her. "I wouldna wonder at ony thing my Eben did, except it was something ill; for I ken him from a bairn what's in his heart."

There was a little pause; for, full of curiosity and excitement as this worshipful assembly was, no one could immediately interrupt the deeper current of the mother's thoughts. At last Mrs. Horsburgh, privileged by right of her universal friendliness, broke in:

"I wish ye would tell us some mair: we're a' wild to hear about Eben—what he's thinking hissel', and how he's to be advanced, and if he's proud of his prize. I'm sure he's mair than mortal if he's no proud, when a' Anster, east and west, is proud for him. What does he say in his letter, Jean? No a creature has a word to say, but a' about Eben. Tell us, like a woman, what the laddie thinks hissel'."

"He says, there came on an awfu' gale when they gaed to sea the next day," said Jean, holding jealously in her hand a letter which she did not open, "and they couldna save baith ships; so they had muckle wark getting the prisoners aboard the Traveller, and syne the French boat gaed down."

"Gaed down!" there was a universal cry. "Eh, woman, I thought to see Eben come into Anster harbor captain of her, like wee Ritchie Allan, in St. Minan's, with the French prize," cried one gossip.

"A' the poor laddie's toil's gaen for nought," exclaimed another; "he'll get nae prize-money now."

"Never you mind, Jean," cried big Mrs. Horsburgh; "he's gotten a guid name and favor with the great; there's nae fears for the siller."

"The captain of the Frenchman wouldna leave his ship—the gunnel was in the water, but he was a brave chield, and wouldna stir—so my Eben grippit him head and shouthers, and cast him into the boat; he's a strong callant, and come the length of a man now. If they could press him, I see warrant they wouldna be lang; but he's safe in a transport-ship, and though he was offered a sma' officer's commission in a man-o'-war, my Eben says, na. He aye minds upon his auld mother at hame. The war's hot and sair the now, he canna tell when he may win back; but he says he'll ne'er be content till he's sailing quiet voyages out of Anster, and has his ain house to look to, and a' his auld friends—that's what my Eben says."

"But I would take the commission, if I was him," said Katrine Mailin, "and come hame in navy blue, with a gold band on my bannet. I wouldna like to see the lass in Anster

then that would say him nay; no a right woman in the town would ever speak to her again."

"Whisht, Katrine; Eben's far wiser," said Mrs. Horsburgh. "If he had just a good sloop now, and siller for a plenishing—"

But the words were said under her breath, and the sentence was not concluded; it caught nobody's ear but the one to which it was most important; Jean Rhymer listened with a glistering eye.

"But Annie's never come," said Jean to herself softly, when her visitors were gone. "Annie, that aye came to let me hear the news, she's no lookit near me since the word came—I canna say she's just like my Eben, but she's a good lassie, and he likes her weel—I wonder what's keeping Annie—and after a' her mother said."

Jean did not need to wonder long; for that same evening, when the feeble candlelight shone dim through the thick panes and Jean sat before her little fire—it was a balmy June night, but the fire never came amiss in these humble habitations—knitting her stockings, a light foot approaching warned her to expect her youthful visitor. But Jean was somewhat disappointed to find that Annie's face did not express the same frank and open pleasure, the same inquisitive interest which all her neighbors had already shown. Instead of this Annie's averted eyes sought everything rather than to meet Jean's astonished glance; and Annie's conversation lingered upon a hundred little trifling subjects before it came near the one which engrossed all her companion's thoughts.

"I've restless hands," said Annie, twisting about her apron in her fingers till their nervous motion attracted Jean's attention; "I'm aye used to work at something; I'll take the wheel."

And Annie took the wheel; and with her head turned aside made the little machine hum and twirl under the action of her busy foot and hand. Jean did not understand the long silence into which her young visitor's manner fascinated even herself; but at last one subject, which swallowed up all others, took full possession of her mind again, and the mother spoke:

"I havena seen ye, Annie, since the word came about Eben."

"No." Such a strange, blank, trembling answer, and Annie's head turns still farther away from Jean's eye, and from the light.

"Oh, Annie, lassie! I thought naebody would understand me, a' my joy and a' my thankfulness, like you; but you havena a kind thought for Eben, poor man, poor man! and I thought you would think o't near as muckle as mysel'."

"So I do, so I do," said a whisper by Jean's side, and Annie's tears dropped one by one upon the hemp she spun. Jean Rhymer dried her own eyes, half-compassionate, half-indignant, and shook her head.

"I canna tell what to think, nor what you mean," said Eben's mother. "Maybe you wonder, like a' the rest, that the like o' him could do such grand things. Naebody but his mother kent what was in him; I'm no surprised—no me!"

The murmuring broken words of Annie's reply were lost in the little stir of resentment with which Jean's disappointed hope expressed itself.

"What did you say, Annie?" said the mother anxiously, when she became aware that her young companion had spoken. But Annie was not able to repeat it, and Jean lost the comfort of the words; though she was not left in much doubt after all, when Annie rose from the wheel with her shy and tear-stained face, and still scarcely venturing to look at her, said, "Good-night," and hurried away.

"A sloop, and siller for a plenishing." When the window was closed and the door barred, Jean took her "posy" from the head of her bed and turned over the now considerable bundle of soiled notes once more. Increase and blessing to such misers! An angel could scarcely have dropped a purer or more generous tear than the drop of mingled sadness and joy which fell upon Jean's humble treasure as she put it carefully away.

CHAPTER V.

BUT one year followed and then another. The town of Anster grew oblivious of the great exploit of Eben; his mother's little cottage was no longer crowded with inquirers. When

Eben was mentioned, indeed, a kind word of hearty commendation followed his name; but by degrees it came about that Eben was seldom mentioned. Jean Rhymer's harmless life went on as of old. Toiling day by day, she ate her bread with thankfulness of heart; her neighbors even forgot to wonder why, with her regular share of Eben's monthly pay, two entire pounds—a glorious provision for a single woman—she should need to toil so long and painfully; but her services were in request, and it was the usage of these thrifty people to employ themselves in all available modes of industry; so Jean's labor passed with very little comment, and no one knew of the slow accumulation, gradual and bulky, in the old pocket-book—the hoard which Jean took down when her heart failed her, to comfort her eyes withal.

And many a suitor went away discomfited from the cheerful kitchen, sacred to winter-evening wooings, where Annie Horsburgh's something pale and pensive beauty gave an additional charm to her father's wealth. Good Mrs. Horsburgh, big and soft-hearted, did not quite approve this. Eben might be very well indeed, if he were here to keep up by constant care and devotion his own interest in Annie's thoughts; but Annie bade fair to be soon in a position which an Anster beauty could ill tolerate—without a "lad." There was something humiliating in the thought.

"I'm no nae caring if she wants to wait, and keep free till he comes hame," said Mrs. Horsburgh, with perplexity. "I'm no pressing for her to be marriet: though I had been in my ain house five year mysel' afore I was a sild; she's four-and-twenty, that I should say sae, and her my only bairn; but to scorn every decent lad away from her, ne'er to have aye at her hand to gie her right respect, like a' the rest—it's this that troubles me."

But it seems that Annie was undutifully indifferent to her mother's trouble. She was generally in very good spirits herself—not at all pining or discontented—and suffered with great good-humor many a sally from the loud and merry Katrine, her next-door neighbor, who now, overwhelmed and deluged with children, was a little less idle, but not a whit less provoking than of old. Things were in this position, and Eben had been full six years away, when, on a winter's night, at his own fireside, John Horsburgh, a worthy bailie of the borough, took upon himself to expound to a little company his sentiments as to the marriage of daughters in general, and in particular the settlement of his own.

The party consisted first of Mrs. Horsburgh, seated, large and full, in a great elbow chair covered with check linen. Mrs. Horsburgh's soft hands, dinted with many a dimple, were crossed, in loving large commixture of thumbs and fingers in her lap; her feet were on a wooden stool, and a little curly-headed boy, a neighbor's child, hung by her warm skirts, roasting his sunburnt head under the glow of the fire. In the opposite arm-chair the redoubtable John reposed himself after his daily labors, his irascible face twinkling with the lights of a mood of more than ordinary content. Pretty Annie Horsburgh, looking very young on her dreadful eminence of four and twenty years, sat a little apart knitting the stocking, while her well-accustomed hand went about busily with little guidance from the eye. Not far from Annie, a handsome young sailor lingered in the background, the only suitor at present on duty; while Katrine, loud and joyous, poising an unruly year-old baby on her shoulder, stands at the door, where she has stood for a long half hour, protesting breathlessly now and then, that "she only came in for half a minute, and durstna stay, or a' the bairns and John would be running wild."

No one observes that the audience has been increased by some one humbly asking admittance at the half-opened door; so the applicant stands timidly on the threshold, waiting till John Horsburgh has delivered his speech that her voice may be heard.

"Daughters are little profit in general," says the oracle of the Anster council-chamber; "for my part, I think it's naething but a disgrace to puir folk to burden the world with a wheen lassies, when stout callants might help themselves; but I wouldna discountenance them a' thegither. I'm a tolerant man, I want fair play. Ae man may have wheat bread at his table when another has but barley-scones; and I've seen where daughters were a decent plenishing to a guid house with plenty of siller. They're aye a fash. I've read books were naething

frae beginning to end but how sair decent folk had to toil to get them off their hands; and I'm sure I've been bothered mysel' with as many haverels seeking my bit lassie as if she was something out of the common. But I have my ain rule. 'Can ye buy my house at the West Brae,' says I. 'Can ye put plenishing in't that'll please the mistress? For if ye can, I've nae objection, ye can speak to Annie; but if ye canna, ye may be a decent lad, but you're no for me.' Ye may laugh, but I'm earnest; where aye came that could, he never got a civil word from that gipsy there; and my guid house at the West Brae, that I built for this ungrateful monkey, is bleaching in the rain, with never a fire kindled under its roof. You're a wise woman, Katrine; they're a' callants, thae imps of darkness. Be thankful, though they are evil spirits, that there's no ae lassie among them a'."

"If I was you, John Horsburgh, I would be civil," cried Katrine, tossing her wild plaything in the air; "but wee Patie's no heeding, and my man would gie twalpennies he had a sister like himsel' the morn."

A timid knock, repeated two or three times, was audible at last, and Jean Rhymer's pale face looked in at the door.

"I came to say there's twa of the bairns ill in Ralph Horsburgh's at the East Shore," said Jean; "and the mistress would be thankful if somebody would help her; for she's no very weel hersel'. I said I would leave the message, for I was to pass this gate. Good night."

Before any one could answer, Jean had disappeared into the darkness, and you could not perceive in this black unlighted road with what a light and steady step Jean Rhymer went upon her way. Her lips were moving, muttered words sometimes fell from her tongue; she was making a very laborious calculation, and wondering over the unknown magnitude of the house at the West Brae, and the kind of plenishing that would please the mistress.

"She's kind by nature, and has a soft heart," said Jean to herself; "she wouldna be for ower grand an outset. My Eben, my bonnie lad, if I but saw him hame!"

But what is this light in Jean Rhymer's window? It cannot come from the fire she gathered so carefully when she went away, a clear ruddy glow, it comes merrily through these thick panes, kindling the very darkness of the road into light and exultation. With a trembling heart, and a step faltering with haste and anxiety, accusing herself bitterly for her own incaution in leaving the key of the house and of all her treasure even in her trusty neighbor's hands, and already in fancy beholding a troop of strange depredators violently spoiling her store, Jean hurried forward to investigate. True there is some one within, some one looking about with careful scrutiny over the well-remembered walls, the homely furniture, the work upon the table. The fire blazes up a cordial welcome to the stranger; the little candle on the table glows like a star through the night. Take time before you scream and rouse the neighborhood; see who this housebreaker is.

He is standing before the fire, taking down one by one and replacing again on the mantelpiece some rude child's toys, which you would think he has some memory of, he handles them so tenderly; and the fire-light glows upon his bronzed and manly face, and on the bold, frank, open mien of one who fears no disrespect and knows no shame. But he does not see the blanched face at the window, the strain of anxious gazing, the lessening terror, the growing hope. Quick to the door, Jean Rhymer, quick, lest your footing fail you and your strength give way before his arm is at hand to hold his mother up. With a great cry she rushes blindly at the door; and now it is closed upon her, and no eye sees the meeting. Eben has come home.

CHAPTER VI.

"ANNIE HORSBURGH's never married yet." The words are said half carelessly; but a less acute eye than his mother's might see how Eben turns his head away, and does not choose to betray to this broad daylight the glow upon his face.

"Na, she's no married." Jean is very cautious, and with her wary eye follows every motion of the young man's face.

"And aye as bonnie as ever," said Eben hastily, but with a sigh. "The folk say I'll see changes, mother; but I've seen twa that make me think I havena been a twelvemonth away."

"What twa is't, Eben?"

"There's you for one," said her son slowly; "and—well, it's no good trying, I canna get Annie Horsburgh out of my head—she's just the same sweet face she had the day the Traveller sailed—but I'm no come home to speak of havers. Mother, what's a' this gear?"

The question is easier asked than answered; and just then a little messenger comes to the door to see if the hasp of hemp is ready for John Gilfillan, the merchant. With a slight tremor Jean rises to commit the completed work into the child's hands, and returns very like a culprit to hear the question asked again in a more imperative tone.

"What's a' this gear, mother; and what's John Gilfillan to you?"

For, alas, in her joy last night, and in her still more overpowering certainty of joy this morning, Jean has forgotten to put aside a half-finished gown, and to push her wheel out of the way; a convicted criminal she stands before her son, her humble eyes cast down, and her hand shaking a little. This has a wonderful effect on Eben. He springs to her side, thrusts her into a chair, exclaims at himself with remorseful anger:

"I've startled ye, mother; but what way did ye no say there was ower little siller? Mother, will ye no speak to me?"

"There wasna ower little siller, Eben, my man."

Her voice was trembling and uncertain; but a sort of joyous embarrassment mingled with its deprecation which grievously perplexed Eben.

"You did it just for pleasure, then," said her son, unable to restrain a kick of indignation which sent poor Jean's work-basket skipping over the floor.

Jean rose hastily, but not to pick up this same basket, as Eben—partly angry at himself, partly at her—supposed. He thought his mother was crazy as she mounted on a chair to reach the head of her wooden bed. With breathless hurried eagerness she returned, holding in her hand a bulky parcel; the young man looked on in wonder, while forth upon the table before him a perfect cloud of one-pound notes descended through the darkened air; like autumn leaves in handfuls they fluttered down upon the deal table. He looked on stupefied.

"Mother, what does it mean?"

"It's a' your ain, Eben! I've looked at it mostly every night since there was only twa of them, and it's a' your ain, my darling bairn! Ye're evens with Annie Horsburgh; ye can buy the house at the West Brae whenever ye will; and Eben, Eben, my man, it's a' your ain!"

And down they poured upon the homely board, unused to bear a more valuable burden than Jean Rhymer's simple meal; every shade of complexion, every gradation of purity, from the rare new bit of spotless paper to this one black as night, whereon you can trace but faintly the mystic repetitions that make money of the worthless shred. In a strange flush of excitement, Jean showered them down one by one. Her son could not speak; he gazed at them for a time with blank amazement and incredulity, and at last, burying his face in his hands, bent down upon the table among its precious encumbrances, and wept aloud.

"Ye maunna greet, Eben; you're no to say a word. Eh, man, but I was glad laying up treasure for my bairn, me that helped to bring shame upon him from his earliest breath. I've been real weel a' the time, I've never wanted night nor day; kindness and blessing the Lord poured out on me, till my heart was grit and my cup run ower, and now my son's back, and it's permitted to the like of me to help him to a bein house of his ain. O, Eben, I'm unworthy of the grace! You're not to greet, but to rejoice; for I ken the Lord's accepted of a broken spirit now. Your no ill-pleased at me? I'm your mother, Eben, my man!"

"My mother, my mother!" The strong young man threw himself at her feet, hid his face in her homely gown, and sobbed as though his great expanding heart would burst. The poor woman was unprepared for this. Startled and full of many doubts and fears, she sobbed too as she passed her hand fondly over his hair and drew it out to curls; holding her head away, lest the tears should fall—an evil omen—upon those beloved locks. She had expected to surprise him, but Jean, who saw

nothing noble in her own long-loving sacrifice, had not anticipated this.

There were nearly two hundred of these precious bits of paper; for Eben's wages had increased of late, and he too had some little savings of his own; so, with a bold heart, the young sailor took his way that very night to John Horsburgh's hospitable fireside. That Annie shrank into her corner Eben did not wonder, nor was he discouraged when he saw with what sudden variations of color she listened to his conversation with the others; for Mrs. Horsburgh and Katrina, again in for "half a minute," fell upon him with enthusiasm ere he had well entered the room.

"Eh, man, if ye had but been here when the word came about that villain of a French ship!" cried Katrina; "no a lad or lass about the town but was daft for Eben. But if I had been you, would I no have taken the commission, and come hame with a cutlass at my side and a grand uniform, like the captain at the Elie? I would ne'er have been done fighting after I ance took a ship, if it had been me."

"I've nae great heart to killing decent men," said Eben; "I wasna to ken which were ne'er-do-wells and which had wives and bairns at hame. Shedding blood is ill pastime; I would rather face the wildest sea that ever ran than a man that got his death at my hand."

"He aye had such a tender heart," said big Mrs. Horsburgh; "but I mind how ye lickit Johnnie Rodger, Eben, for meddling with Annie, when you were a' bairns at the schule. But now ye're hame, what will ye turn your hand to now?"

"If I were you, I would ask him if he had a lock of siller," cried the bold Katrina. "Man, Eben, just tell me!"

"I'm no to complain of," said Eben, with a glow of pleasure at his heart which all the gold in the world could not have bought. "I have nae an empty hand, Katrina, to begin with ance mair; and if I can, I'll set up a house in Anster afore I sail again. I've word of a bonnie wee sloopie—no so little, either—that they'll make me skipper of, the morn; and if I prosper a' way else—"

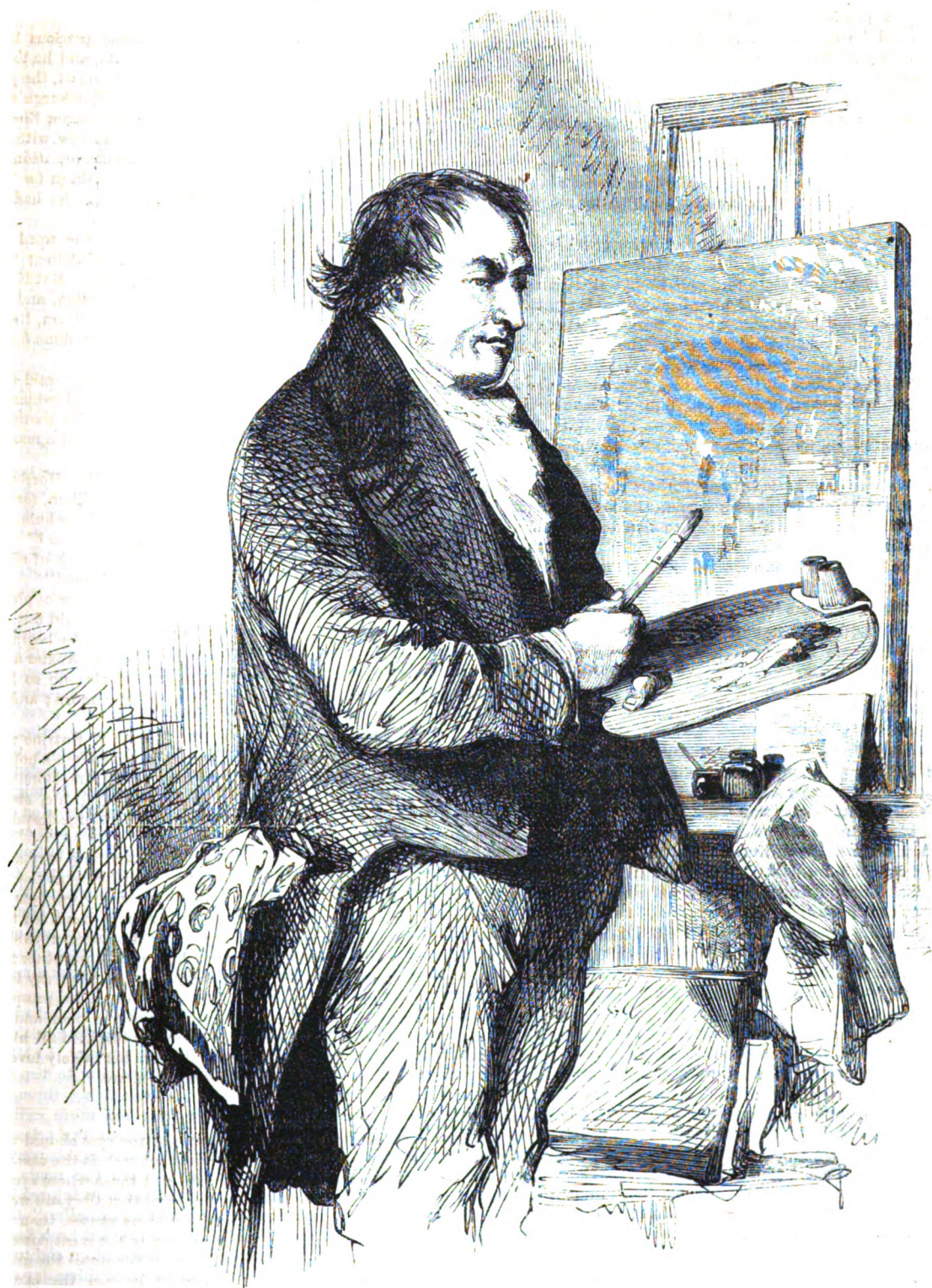
Bursting from them with a shrill "Hurrah!" Katrina ran to call her husband to join her in exultation over Eben's hopes.

"Them that have siller may buy land," said Mrs. Horsburgh, in vague necessity of saying something; and Annie, startled out of her corner, withdrew altogether, trembling, disquieted, and afraid she knew not why.

But Eben Rhymer and John Horsburgh met in a very amicable conference not very long thereafter; the house at the West Brae found its tardy master and its sweet shy mistress on a bright summer-day at last; and Jean Rhymer has lived to see such a flock of gallant sons, and such a fleet of prosperous sloops as never before graced the piers and harbor of Anstruther; and weeps most blessed tears to hear her honored Eben say in the presence of his children, that all his joy and all his prosperity dates back to the lonely unknown labors of the poor and solitary widow, who once thought her boy was blighted all his life long by the shadow of that sin which, in her wifely love and tender conscience, she believed herself to share.

COLOR OF THE EYES.—That the color of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange; yet that such is the case need not at this time of day to be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark-colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer-continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

A PRECEDENT NOT LIKELY TO BE FOLLOWED.—In 1689 Sir W. Temple's son, late made Secretary at War, leaped into the Thames from a boat as it shot through London Bridge. He had filled his pockets with stones, and was drowned, leaving in the boat this note: "My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the king's service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end. I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant." When Sir William heard of this, he remarked that "a wise man might dispose of himself, and make his life as short as he pleased."



J. M. W. TURNER, THE EMINENT ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, THE GREAT PAINTER.

The name of no English artist is more popular in America than that of the late J. M. W. Turner, the landscape painter. This at first glance would appear extraordinary, as a painting of his has never been exhibited in this country; but it can be accounted for by the fact, that while we are not as a people fond of art, yet we are the reading people of the world, and whatever Ruskin has written of Turner has been eagerly read and remembered throughout the land. Ruskin, who certainly

is one of the most intellectual writers and one of the most original thinkers living, has brought great genius and enthusiastic admiration to bear upon Turner's pictures, and while he could have elevated any respectable artist into a high position by the mere force of his pen, fortunately, however, he had an original mind to deal with, and he made much of his subject. It is notorious among the few persons who knew Turner intimately that he spoke of Ruskin as one who *saw more in his pictures than he, Turner, ever dreamed of*; no doubt they served as texts for most excellent art sermons, which would have been preached whether Turner had ever painted or no.

By many whose opinions are bound to be considered, Turner is ranked as the greatest landscape painter England ever produced; he is the only artist of any country whose works appear as rivals of Claude Lorraine, and in one instance at least this has been the case. His style is difficult to understand, but once familiarized to the eye, his manner inspires the greatest enthusiasm among its admirers. There are those again who will not admit Turner's claims to the highest position, but the fact that his pictures, in their wildest modes of color and drawing, are among the most effective when engraved of any artist dead or living, places his claims to eminence upon a basis that cannot be questioned.

Turner in his personal habits was exceedingly eccentric, and among other things he was an absolute miser in money matters, and, what is most remarkable, died what we term "a millionaire." That he was a man of true feeling and sympathy, however, is shown in the fact that he left his whole estate for the benefit of indigent artists, and proposed the erection of a building for their support, which if his wishes had been carried out would have been one of the noblest charities in Great Britain; unfortunately, his every day parsimony would not permit him to employ a lawyer to write out his will, and his great project was defeated by the "absurdity of the British laws."

Of the earliest performances of young Turner, and the precise age at which he first exhibited his wonderful talent, little is known. He is said to have been taught to read by his father, who was a man in humble circumstances, but in every other rudiment of knowledge he was entirely self-taught; a brilliant example of the almost universal rule that most men who have made a figure in the world, and won admiration for the displays of their abilities, have been indebted to their own exertions for their advancement. The general impression is that Turner took the pencil in hand and even acquired facility with the use of it before he could guide a pen, which, by the by, to the latest hour of his life he never did with much ease; certain it is that drawings having evidence of a correct eye and steady hand were produced by him at a very early age.

The late Mr. Downing, of London, more than twenty-five years ago, showed us a very early drawing of Turner's, which was either a copy or an imitation of Paul Landby. This picture was regarded as Turner's, and was presented to Mr. Downing by a friend who had purchased it from a hairdresser's window. It is also stated on the same authority that the cellar under the shop was inhabited by Turner's father, and that drawings of a similar character were hung up at its entrance, ticketed at prices varying from one to three shillings.

Many years ago, Mr. Tomkison, the eminent pianoforte manufacturer, related the following anecdote. With the view, in all probability, of drawing the attention of his customers to young Turner's dexterity with his pencil, the father, who was in daily attendance on the elder Mr. Tomkison, a zealous encourager of the fine arts, availed himself on one occasion of the opportunity to bring the young painter along with him, leaving him to his own devices whilst the operations of shaving, powdering and curling were going on. During this interval the boy was not idle, but attracted by the vivid colors of an emblazoned coat-of-arms which was hanging in the room, took out his pencil and a sheet of paper, and in a very short time completed an exact copy of it, including a lion rampant and sundry emblematical decorations. The dexterity of the boy and the correctness of the outline attracted at once the attention of Mr. Tomkison, and interested him warmly in the youth's behalf. From this date both Mr. Tomkison and his son (the latter is still living hale and active in his eighty-ninth year), aided the views of the young artist by every means in their power. That this sport of a few leisure moments was not Turner's first attempt in the art of design must be conceded at once; for Mr. Tomkison remembers having seen, a very short time afterwards, several drawings from the pencil of the young artist exposed for sale in his father's shop-window.

From this time young Turner applied himself with the utmost assiduity to the practice of his art, and having by the sale of his sketches, and the assistance of his father, been provided with sufficient means, he forthwith repaired to the greatest of all teachers, and sketched in the fields and by the waysides from Nature herself. His early drawings had been confined to the

pencil or at most Indian ink, but he now began to make rapid progress in the use of colors, and soon became so skilful in this branch of art, that whilst yet a mere boy he managed to procure employment from Mr. Raphael Smith, a mezzotint engraver and portrait painter of considerable reputation in the immediate neighborhood.

From the list of young Turner's exhibited pictures in 1795 it would appear that he had visited during the preceding year Oxford, Peterborough, Lincoln, Shrewsbury and Wrexham; from that of 1796, that he had been to Ely, Llandaff, and the Isle of Wight, had made the tour of Yorkshire, sketching several of its monastic remains, and penetrating into Westmoreland, Cumberland and Northumberland. Of Fountains, Kirkstall and Rivaulx Abbeys, and Temple Newsam he had made from time to time many drawings, some of which, in the possession of Walter Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, are among his best works. He loved to represent the hoary ruins of a dilapidated castle or abbey, with the sun streaming through its gothic windows; and so extensive had been his rambles throughout England, Scotland and Wales, that in the after period of his life there was scarcely a scene of grandeur or interest of which he had not some pictorial recollection.

It was his sea-shores, even at this early period, that afforded the clearest promise of his subsequent achievements, the more especially if they happened to represent a somewhat tempestuous condition of sea or sky. Nothing could be more highly poetical or beautiful than most of his scenes of this description. The amenity of Claude has a very soothing and delightful effect upon the mind, but the grandeur of Turner in the wilder creations of his genius leaves an impression which excites deep and lasting reflection.

In 1802, at the age of twenty-seven, he was elected to the full honors of the Royal Academy, his competitors among the associates being so inferior to him as to render it impossible he should be overlooked. It was then the practice of candidates for academical honors to exercise whatever private and personal influence they could command, for the purpose of securing a preference over their competitors. Turner, although the inheritor of no aristocratical pride, had too much independence of spirit to follow this course; and however desirous he might be of a position which confers such important privileges on an artist, he resolutely declined to "tout" for a diploma, and even refused, after it had been conferred, to comply with the ordinary custom of calling upon his supporters to thank them. On being assured by the timid and kind-hearted Stothard that such a concession would be looked for at his hands, he bluffly replied that he would do nothing of the kind. If they had not been satisfied with his pictures they would not have elected him. Why then should he thank them? "Why thank a man for performing a simple duty?"

The *Athenæum* relates an interesting anecdote connected with his picture of the "Country Blacksmith," disputing with a butcher about the price charged for shoeing a pony. In 1807 Turner exhibited two pictures, evidently with a view to display his singular command over effects. The sun rising through vapor, fishermen cleaning and selling fish; and more extraordinary still a country blacksmith disputing on the price of iron and the price charged to the butcher for shoeing his pony; two pictures which killed every other within the range of their effects. Oddly enough, a modest picture thus injured by being hung between two fires was "The Blind Fiddler," the second exhibited picture by Wilkie, then a raw lad from Scotland, contriving to exist without getting into debt on eighteen shillings a week. Turner, it is said, on the varnishing day set apart for the privileged body to which he belonged, reddened his sun and blew the bellows of his art on his blacksmith's forge, to put the Scotchman's nose out of joint, who had gained so much reputation by the "Village Politicians." Wilkie remembered this circumstance with some acerbity, though he never resented it openly. When the "Forge" was sold at Lord Tankerville's sale Wilkie was in Italy, and Collins the painter in describing the sale to him in a manuscript letter now before us, adds: "And there was your old enemy the Forge."

Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his interesting memoir prefixed to Mr. Bennet's Essay on the Works of Turner, relates an anecdote of his intolerance of all violent color save that in his own pic-

tures. In 1827, when he exhibited his "Rembrandt's Daughter" in a red robe, the portrait of a member of one of the universities was hung beside it with a college-gown still redder. Upon finding this out, on varnishing day, Turner was observed to be busily occupied in increasing the glare of the lady's gown. "What are you doing there, Turner?" asked one of the managers; "Why, you've checkmated me," was the reply, pointing to the university-gown, "and I must now checkmate you."

It demanded, however, no *malice prepense* on the part of Mr. Turner to overpower the effect of the pictures which might happen to be placed in juxtaposition with his own, for his extravagant application of "orange chrome" was calculated to "kill," as painters have it, everything around. It was one of the oft-repeated jokes of the late Mr. Chantrey to affect to be warming his hands before the hottest of Mr. Turner's pictures, and on one occasion he carried his *badinage* so far as to ask him, in the presence of several members of their body, whether it was true that he had a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office.

In selecting fancy subjects for his early pictures, Thomson appears to have been Turner's favorite poet, although at that period, as well as at a later date, he selected many of his subjects from Milton. Only a few years ago indeed, he illustrated a new edition of the great English epic, but his groups from Paradise and Pandemonium do not seem to have been much approved. For many of his finest pictures, however, he selected mottoes for the Academy Catalogue from an unpublished poem of his own, entitled "The Fallacies of Hope," and never was a fallacy more conspicuous than his notion, that he was likely to pass for a poet. It has been the weakness of many great geniuses to be careless of the fame they have legitimately earned, and to grasp at laurels to which they have not the shadow of a claim. More crazy-crambo than the samples he has given us from year to year of his *opus magnum* it is difficult to conceive. "The Fallacies of Hope" would seem to have furnished the staple of his inspiration for nearly forty years. Whatever the subject of the picture, "Hannibal Passing the Alps," "The Val d'Aouste," "Caligula's Palace," "The Vision of Medea," "The Golden Bough," "A Slave Ship," "A Funeral at Sea," "An Exile and Rock Limpet," "The Opening of the Walhalla," "Venice," "The Deluge," "Æneas and Dido," its title was usually followed by a quotation from "The Fallacies of Hope." Nay, he even painted a very beautiful picture, "The Fountain of Fallacy," for the purpose of giving his fallacies a local habitation and a name, yet we now learn that no such poem ever existed.

There is a curious anecdote related of Turner in connection with his magnificent series of views in "England and Wales." The plates of this fine work were to have consisted of thirty parts or more, but stopped short at the twenty-fourth for want of sufficient encouragement. Having been undertaken on joint account between the engraver, Mr. Charles Heath, and his publishers, it became desirable, on the abrupt termination of the work in 1833, to sell off the stock and copperplates, and balance the accounts. The whole property was offered to the publisher of *Liber Fluviorum* (Mr. Bohn), for three thousand pounds, and he offered two thousand pounds of the amount, which being declined, it was placed in the hands of Messrs. Southgate and Co., for sale by auction. After extensive advertising, the day and hour of sale had arrived, when just at the moment the auctioneer was about to mount his rostrum, Mr. Turner stepped in and bought it privately at the reserved price of three thousand pounds, much to the vexation of many who had come prepared to buy portions of it. Immediately after the purchase the great painter walked up to Mr. Bohn, with whom he was very well acquainted, and said to him, "So, sir, you were going to buy my England and Wales, to sell cheap I suppose—make umbrella prints of them, eh? but I have taken care of that, no more of my plates shall be worn to shadows."

Upon Mr. Bohn's replying that his object was the printed stock (which was very large), rather than the copper-plates, he said, "Oh, very well, I don't want the stock, I only want to keep the coppers out of your clutches. So if you like to buy the stock come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and we will see if we can deal." At nine the next morning Mr. Bohn presented himself according to appointment, and after a few minutes Mr. Turner made his appearance, and forgetting all about the breakfast, said, "Well, sir, what have you to say?"

"I come to treat with you for the stock of your England and Wales," was the reply. "Well, what will you give?" Mr. Bohn explained that in the course of the negotiation the coppers and copyright had been estimated by the proprietors at five hundred pounds, and therefore he would deduct that sum, and the balance, two thousand five hundred pounds, should be handed to him immediately.

"Pooh, pooh! I must have three thousand pounds and keep my coppers, else good morning to you." As this was not very likely, after having refused both stock and coppers at three thousand pounds, "Good morning" was the reply, and so they parted. The stock, or the greater portion of it, is still lying in Queen Anne street, of course not improved by keeping, and having in the course of the fourteen years which have since elapsed swallowed up another immense sum, reckoning compound interest at five per cent. per annum.

Of Mr. Turner's repugnance to part with money, many amusing anecdotes are on record. After volunteering to erect a monument over the remains of his early companion Girtin, who lies in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, he retracted on finding that it would cost rather more than ten pounds. But had he been asked to contribute a picture for this object worth ten times the sum, he would no doubt have given it freely. Another time, the father of the late hall-porter of Mr. Walter Fawkes of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, who kept the village ale-house, received from him a drawing of great value, in liquidation of a trilling score of some four or five pounds. The manner in which this transaction was discovered is curious enough. On retiring from Mr. Fawkes's service, to replace his father as host of the village house of entertainment, the man was desirous of purchasing the old hall chair in which he had been accustomed to sit for so many years, and having been allowed to appraise it himself at four pounds, offered, instead of hard cash, a capital drawing by Turner, which had been given to his father in acquaintance of his bill. One of his best sea-pieces is said to have been transferred to a Margate boatman under nearly similar circumstances. Let it never be forgotten though, that whilst he was displaying a parsimony utterly inconsistent with his acknowledged means and position in society, he was laying up store to enable him to carry out that noble scheme of benevolence which reflects so much honor on his memory. He purchased a plot of land at Twickenham many years before his death for the institution he proposed to found for the benefit of decayed painters, and the property destined to provide for this grand scheme of benevolence was, thanks to his self-denying habits, increased so largely, that he is believed to have left behind him upwards of one hundred thousand pounds devoted to this object.

The only land, however, which now stands in the name of Mr. Turner at Twickenham is about three-quarters of an acre on the fourth roadside of the common, which he bought at the time the Richmond and Twickenham railroad was forming. He had previously held about half an acre of it, bought in 1818, at the foot of the railway bridge which crosses from Richmond, and was called upon to sell it to the company. When the usual notice was served upon him he was much puzzled what to do, and addressed himself to Mr. John Williams, the Duke of Northumberland's land steward. This gentleman exerted himself so effectually that he obtained, to the astonishment of Mr. Turner, who had not the remotest idea of the railway value of land, five hundred and fifty pounds for it. "But," said Mr. Turner, after recovering from his surprise, "the expenses will, I suppose, swallow up a considerable part of it." "Not a shilling," said Mr. Williams, "beyond a small fee to the surveyor; the company pays all the rest." He expressed himself highly satisfied, muttered a few thanks, and parted without any further recognition of the service.

Mr. Turner's town residence was in Queen Anne street, where he lived until the day of his death. It is situated on the south side of the street, and has for many years past borne all the exterior signs of a house in Chancery. It seems doubtful if its windows have been cleaned, or its doors painted for more than twenty years. Such was the monomania of the painter, that he permitted much of the valuable property it contained to be irreparably injured, and some to be altogether destroyed, rather than incur the expense of an occasional fire. An old porter

and an older female domestic, who had been in the service of his father, and whose habits were almost as economical as those of their master, were the sole occupants of the house during the long absences of the painter.

His reluctance to part with his pictures is notorious. It was next to impossible for publishers to purchase from him, direct, any of his more important works. In 1825 the writer accompanied the late Mr. J. O. Robinson, of the firm of Hurst, Robinson and Co., to his house, by appointment, to look at a picture which had been recommended by Mr. John Pye, for engraving as a companion to the "Temple of Jupiter," purchased by that firm for five hundred guineas, and splendidly engraved by Mr. Pye. But although seven hundred and fifty guineas was the sum Mr. Turner had himself named for this picture (his "Carthage") only a few days before, he had in the interim increased his demand to one thousand guineas. Mr. Robinson objected that he could not consent to so large an increase of price without obtaining the sanction of his partners, but before they had time to make up their minds Mr. Turner sent them a verbal message, declining to dispose of it at all, as he considered it, he said, his *chef d'œuvre*. For this picture the painter afterwards refused five thousand guineas, offered for it by a party of gentlemen who were anxious to purchase it for the purpose of presenting it to the National Gallery.

Turner never allowed a picture from his pencil to be sold by public auction without sending some person to bid for it, and his wishes on this subject were so generally known, that auctioneers made a point of calling his attention to the catalogue, whenever they had any of his pictures for sale. If time pressed and he was unable to attend in person, he would sometimes, but rarely, intrust his commission to the auctioneers. His ordinary practice was to send some agent, with written instructions to bid in his behalf, and he was not always very fastidious in his selection.

At the sale of the pictures of Mr. Green, the well-known amateur of Blackheath, two pictures by Mr. Turner were among the most attractive lots, though neither very important in size nor of his best time. In those days their mercantile value might have been about eighty guineas each. They would, however, have been knocked down for considerably less, but for the impetus given to the biddings by one of Mr. Turner's agents, whose personal appearance did not warrant the belief that he was in search of pictures of a very high order. He was, in fact, a clean, ruddy-cheeked butcher's boy, in the usual costume of his vocation, and had made several advances in five guinea strides before anything belonging to him, except his voice, had attracted Mr. Christy's attention. No sooner, however, did the veteran auctioneer discover what kind of customer he had to deal with, than he beckoned him forward, with a view, no doubt, of reproving him for his impertinence. The boy, however, nothing daunted, put a small piece of greasy paper into his hand; a credential, in fact, from the great painter himself. The auctioneer smiled, and the bidding proceeded. Both pictures brought high prices, and the object of the artist was as successfully achieved as if Count D'Orsay had been his representative. With his prolific pencil, and the prejudice which had been created against him by ignorant or jealous assailants, his pictures might not, but for this precaution, have commanded on such occasions their legitimate value.

During some three years, Turner was associated in the production of the "Rivers of France," with Mr. Leitch Ritchie. They travelled, however, very little in company, their tastes in everything but art being exceedingly dissimilar. "I was curious," says Mr. Ritchie, "in observing what he made of the objects he selected for his sketches, and was frequently surprised to find what startling effects and forcible ideas of places he conveyed with scarcely a single correct detail. His exaggerations, when it suited his purpose to exaggerate, were wonderful, lifting up, for instance, by two or three stories the steeple or rather stunted cone of a village church; and when I returned to London, I never failed to roast him on this habit. He took my remarks in good part, sometimes indeed with great glee, never attempting to defend himself otherwise than by rolling back the war into the enemy's camp. In my account of the famous Gilles de Retz, I had attempted to identify that prototype of "Blue Beard," with the hero of the nursery story, by absurdly insisting that his beard was so intensely black that it

seemed to have a shade of blue. This tickled the painter hugely, and his only reply to my bantering was—his little sharp eyes glistening the while—"Blue Beard! Blue Beard! Black Beard!"

Cooke, the engraver, relates an anecdote illustrative of Turner's skill in bargain-making, which is characteristic enough. In an interview with Messrs. Hurst, Robinson & Co., the booksellers, it was arranged, after some haggling, that he should make them a series of drawings for a topographical work at the rate of twenty-five pounds a piece, and he went away expressing his entire satisfaction at the arrangement. He came back, however, a few minutes afterwards, and thrusting his head in at the door of the room he had just left, ejaculated "Guineas." "Guineas let it be," responded the publishers, and he once more retired. He soon returned, however, and added, "My expenses." "Certainly," was the answer. This facility of disposition he seemed inclined to test to the utmost, for he came back a third time to remind them that he must have in addition twenty-five proofs. This story was communicated to the writer soon after the occurrence of the fact by Mr. Robinson himself. It is due to the astute bargain-maker to add that his bills for expenses on such excursions were exceedingly moderate, and confined to absolute necessities. We remember an item in one of those bills, however, that puzzled us a good deal at the time: "Boxing Harry, two shillings and sixpence." Our ignorance was, however, soon enlightened when we found, to our infinite amusement, that it was a slang phrase on "the road," for making one meal answer the purpose two, that one being tea with meat "fixings."

Turner was always on the alert for any remarkable effects. In 1792, when he was eighteen years of age, the Pantheon in Oxford street was burnt down. It happened to be a hard frost at the time, and huge icicles were seen the next morning depending from different parts of the ruins. The young artist quickly repaired to the spot, and his picture "The Pantheon on the Morning after the Fire," exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following May, witnessed the force with which the scene was impressed upon him. In like manner the burning of the Houses of Parliament, forty years afterwards, was an event that could not escape the pictorial appetite of Turner. He repaired to the spot to make sketches of the fire at different points, and produced two pictures, one for the Academy and another for the British Institution. Here was a glowing subject for his palette. Lord Hill, on looking close to the latter picture exclaimed, "What's this? Call this painting? Nothing but dabs!" But upon retiring and catching its magical effects he added, "Painting! God bless me, so it is!" The picture of "Hail, Rain, and Speed," with its wonderful interpretation of a night railway train, produced at a still later period of Turner's life, was another instance in which the great artist's attention had been caught by the hissing and puffing and glowing fire of the locomotive.

No artist ever applied himself more closely to his profession than Turner. He rose with the sun and entered little into society. He never allowed any one to go into his studio, not even his oldest friends and patrons, and when his pictures appeared upon the walls of the Academy, no one knew, on account of his extreme reserve, when they were painted. Few were intimate with him and few even knew him. Once, upon being told that an eminent publisher had boasted of having obtained admission to his studio, "How could you be such a fool as to believe it?" replied Turner in his usual abrupt way. And his reserve in this respect was responded to by a most faithful servant, who had lived forty-two years with him to the day of his death. Turner was, perhaps, most intimate with Chantrey, from the circumstance of their having a kindred taste in sport as well as in art. They were both fond of fishing, and would angle together for hours.

On the occasion of a professional visit to Petworth, it was remarked to Lord Egremont, "Turner is going to leave without having done anything, instead of painting he does nothing but fish!" To the surprise of his patrons, he produced, as he was on the point of leaving, two or three wonderful pictures, painted with the utmost reserve, during early morning, before the family were up.

One element in Turner's success was his indifference to praise.

Though proud of his works, he was not a vain man. It was not easy to draw his attention to the admiration of his own pictures. A well-known collector with whom the artist had long been intimate, once invited him to be present at the opening of a new gallery, which was hung round with his most beautiful drawings. To the disappointment of the connoisseur, Turner scarcely noticed them, but kept his eye fixed upon the ceiling. It was panelled and neatly grained in oak. "What are you looking at so intently?" said the host. "At those boards," was the reply; "the fellow that did that must have known how to paint." And nothing would induce him to turn to the magnificent pictures that sparkled on the walls. He never talked about his own pictures, but would occasionally give hints to other artists, and when these were adopted they were always certain improvements.

On the death of Sir Martin Archer Shee, Turner became the father of the Royal Academy, that is to say, had survived the thirty-five members who were his colleagues at the time of his election. He seems to have expected to have been chosen President, and if genius were the sole qualification for such an office, he had a paramount claim to the honor. "What," he used to growl, "have the Academy done for me? No one has knighted me, Callcott has been knighted, and Allan has been knighted, but no one has knighted me!" He was better entitled to a knighthood than some of his predecessors.

With great but not exaggerated notions of his own pretensions as a painter, he was painfully alive to the defects of a clumsy and ungraceful personal appearance, and the want of early education; and if he was acquainted with the conventional courtesies of modern civilized society, he seldom condescended to practise them. He was an intolerant criticiser of the works of his brother artists, more especially of landscape painters, and liked to "checkmate" them (as he called it) whenever they presumed to attempt effects which he considered patent to himself.

The great secret of Turner's fame was his constant recourse to nature, and his wonderful activity and power of memory, coupled with great natural genius and indifference to praise. His religious study of nature was such that he would walk through portions of England, twenty to twenty-five miles a day, with his little modicum of baggage at the end of a stick, sketching rapidly on his way all striking pieces of composition, and marking effects with a power that daguerreotypied them on his mind. There were few moving phenomena in clouds or shadows which he did not fix indelibly on his memory, though he might not call them in requisition for years afterwards.

Turner would never consent to have his likeness taken except on one occasion, when in 1800 he sat, as a young man, for a series of small-sized portraits of members of the Royal Academy. He was a short, stout man, somewhat sailorlike, with a great deal of color in his face, and seemed to think that a knowledge of his burly form and uncouth farmerlike appearance would disturb the poetical impression produced by his works. "No one," said he, "would believe upon seeing my likeness that I painted those pictures." Several portraits, however, have been taken of him clandestinely. Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, obtained a sketch of him. A very fair full length sketch of Turner was published May 10, 1845, in the *Illustrated London News*, and a very characteristic one was made of him by Count D'Orsay, at an evening party at Mr. Beeknells, of Herne Hill. The best and only finished portrait of him is, however, one of half-size in oil, by John Linnel; it was the result of a plot which may now be revealed without offence to the honored victim. The Rev. Mr. Daniell, a gentleman who was extremely intimate with Turner, prevailed upon his eccentric friend occasionally to dine with him. Linnel, without exciting any suspicion of his object was always one of the party, and by sketching on his thumbnail and unobserved on scraps of paper, he at length succeeded in transferring the portly bust and sparkling eye of the great artist to his canvas. The picture was finished, and passed in due time, at the price of two hundred guineas, into the possession of Mr. Birch, a gentleman residing near Birmingham. Turner never knew it. It is a beautiful work of art, and very like him at the time it was taken.

Mr. Turner was very fond of Margate, and in the summer often went there on Saturday morning by the Magnet steamer. Most of the time he hung over the stern watching the effects of

the sun and the boiling of the foam. About two o'clock he would open his wallet of cold meat in the cabin, and nearing himself to one with whom he was in the habit of chatting would beg a clean plate and a hot potato, and did not refuse one glass of wine, but would never accept two. It need hardly be said that he was no favorite with the waiters.

At Margate, Turner took the eccentric freak into his head of assuming the name of Booth. The *Athenæum* gives the following version of the story: Turner loved retirement and entertained a peculiar dislike to having his lodgings known—sharing with all his immense wealth the feeling of the poorest bankrupt. Wishing to find apartments which he could make his head-quarters during his sketching excursions along the coast of Kent and Sussex, he was directed to a Mrs. Booth, who kept a lodging-house at Margate. He liked the lodgings, asked the price, found them cheap, and that was quite as much to his liking, but the landlady wanted a reference. "I will buy your house outright, my good woman," was the reply, somewhat angrily. Then an agreement was wanted; met by an exhibition of bank notes and sovereigns, and an offer to pay in advance; an offer which proved of course perfectly satisfactory. The artist's difficulties were not, however, yet over. The landlady wanted her lodger's name, in case any gentleman should call. This was a worse dilemma. "Name, name," he muttered to himself in his usual gruff manner; "what is your name?" "My name is Booth." "Oh," was the reply; "then I am Mr. Booth," and as a "Mr. Booth," Turner died at Chelsea in a small house which he leased in the name of Caroline Booth, who resided with him in the capacity of a housekeeper until his death; both her and his other housekeeper, Mrs. Danby, who resided at his house in Queen Anne street, were well provided for in his will.

Turner died at Chelsea, on the 19th of December, 1851, at the age of seventy-six, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, Tuesday, December 23d, near the grave of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The spot of his interment was selected by himself, permission having been granted by the dean and chapter, on the official request of the Royal Academy. His funeral was attended by nearly all his brother academicians, as well as by numerous friends and admirers. Archdeacon Hale and his friend Dean Milman, the poet, assisted at his obsequies.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.—Among the many curious yet well-authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity or reasoning powers of the canine race, the following deserves a place. A large Newfoundland dog belonged to a captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals of such different natures were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well-conditioned, in and upon the good ship Nancy, of Greenock; and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.

THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business," says Solomon, "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds, "This is true; I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honor of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been "diligent in business" from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth, and for us all!

THE DEADLY SIN.

BY RUTH BUCK.

"I am a thing, long years ago,
A fancied good to win—
Nay, ask not what, I will not tell
That 'twas a deadly sin,
And that its deadly memory is gnawing me within.

"The night was still, the night was clear,
The moon shone palely fair;
I would have given aught to know
She was not shining there.
Gazing upon my deadly work with a strange ghostly stare.

"I paused before I wrought this thing;
I saw a cloud was nigh;
I wanted it to hide her face
As it went floating by;
But that with many another passed, and all too low or high.

"At length, at length a dark gray cloud
Hid her bright watchful face;
So covering my lady Moon,
It left no hairbreadth space
To gaze through, in her fleecy veil, my deadly sin to trace.

"A moment saw me at my work,
It was right quickly done;
For I was racing with the cloud:
Alas for me, it won!
With all my scheming, could I not that God-placed watcher shun.

"This woeful deed was long since wrought;
No mortal e'er has guessed
The gnawing secret that I clutch
A prisoner in my breast;
But O that cold-eyed watchful moon will never let me rest!

"Is it a marvel that I hate
Her ghastly silver light?
Though fools will say that I am mad,
When, shuddering at the sight,
I hide my face in dewy grass through all the livelong night.

"Now day by day my anguished thought
Loathes this polluted hand;
My clenched hands in turn revile
The brain for what it planned;
And for both thought and deed must I at God's tribunal stand.

"White-ringed Moon, I feel, I know
That thou too wilt be there,
Revealing all my deadly sin,
Driving me to despair.
Would God that I could quench the light men call so bright and fair!"

Thus raved a white-haired aged man.
A pitying passer-by
Said, "Fear him not, though he is mad,
He would not harm a fly;
He only hates the moon, though none can tell the reason why.

"No mortal—only God above—
That frenzied brain may read;
The ravings of a madman's tongue
Deserve but little heed."
Thus spake she; but *small doubt have I* he wrought that deadly deed.

SEVEN MONTHS IN SHAMIL'S SERAGLIO.

As a prophet has no honor in his own country, he frequently gets a great deal too much abroad; and it is astonishing what profound respect certain combinations of the prophet, the warrior and the savage have enjoyed in every part of the world, but that with which they have happened to be engaged in deadly warfare. The North American chiefs, never very popular in North America, have been much admired in other quarters of the globe. During Louis Philippe's reign, Abd-el-Kader, whose qualities the French were quite unable to appreciate, was highly esteemed by the rest of Europe. Shamil, who in Russia is known only as an unscrupulous leader of marauding expeditions, is venerated as a hero in England and France, where, we may add, he is not known at all.

But it is not in Russia Proper so much as in Georgia that Shamil is feared and detested. Russia contributes the army whose duty it is to repel the mountain-chief's incursions; but the land that is devastated, the houses that are burnt, and the families that are carried into captivity, belong to Georgia. Accordingly, when the last king, on his deathbed, left his

crown to the Emperor Paul, he deprived the little Georgian princes of a certain amount of prestige; but he secured comparative peace for his Christian subjects, who from time immemorial had suffered from the attacks of their infidel neighbors the Turks, the Persians, and, above all, the mountaineers of the Caucasus.

Since the union of the Church and State of Georgia with those of Russia—that is to say, since the year 1800—the territory beyond the Caucasus has been constantly protected by a Russian army, assisted by the native militia. Kakhetia, a province in the east of Georgia, and adjoining the mountains, is defended by a line of detached forts a hundred miles in length; but a cordon of such an extent is of course proportionately weak, and parties of Lesghians and Chechnians occasionally succeed in passing the outposts.

In one of these incursions, executed during the late war under the immediate superintendence of Shamil himself, two Georgian princesses, with all their children and servants, were carried off; and on their return to Russia, eight months after their capture, they communicated their adventures to the editor of the *Kavkas or Caucasus* (a journal published at Tiflis), who soon afterwards presented them to the public in a very interesting series of articles.

From these articles it appears that at the time of the successful descent being effected, Prince Chavchavadzey, at the head of the Georgian militia, was engaged in repelling the attack of the main body of Shamil's army. The prince's estate of Tsenondahl is separated from the mountains by the river Alazan, beyond which the marauders from the Caucasus had not ventured since the year 1800. The balcony of the chateau commands a beautiful view of the valley of the Alazan, with its rich gardens, and beyond it the snow-capped peaks of the Caucasian range, rising one above the other in a series of steps towards heaven. The Princess Chavchavadzey only arrived at her estate about a fortnight before the Lesghians made their incursion. She had invited her sister, the Princess Orbeliani, whose husband had lately fallen in an encounter with the mountaineers, to pass the summer with her at Tsenondahl, who brought her only child with her, a little boy six months old, and her niece, the Princess Nina Baratoff, a beautiful girl of eighteen. The other inmates of the chateau were the Princess Chavchavadzey's children, the eldest of whom was only six years old, and about a dozen servants.

Tsenondahl is situated on the right bank of the Alazan; and the inhabitants had so long been accustomed to look upon it as the natural and impassable limit of all marauding expeditions, that, although the houses on the left bank had long been in flames, the princesses did not consider their position in the chateau a dangerous one. At length, however, the neighbors began to take flight, and the Princess Chavchavadzey was herself prevailed upon to communicate with her husband. It afterwards appeared that the prince had sent several letters to his family, and that he had urged them to leave Tsenondahl without delay. All the messengers, however, had been captured and killed by the mountaineers.

In the evening, having received no reply, the sisters sent to Telaff, the district-town, for post-horses, and were informed that they could not have them before the morning. The prospect of this delay did not disturb them in the least, as they had the greatest confidence in the proximity of a wood, where it appeared easy enough to obtain refuge at the very shortest notice.

Soon after dusk a man, whose clothes were wet through, appeared at the chateau and asked for hospitality. He stated that he was a merchant, and that he had been obliged to swim across the Alazan to escape the Lesghians. The princess admitted him, and told the servants to supply him with supper, but at the same time, observing that he had arms concealed beneath his caftan, cautioned them not to lose sight of him for a moment.

Night had now arrived, and as no news had been received from the prince, it was thought necessary to take certain precautions. The Princess Chavchavadzey summoned the men who had been intrusted with the surveillance of the suspicious merchant. One of them was ordered to keep watch from the hay-loft near the gates. A second was told to disarm the man, and even then not to lose sight of him. A third was sent to the belvedere, where the sound of horses' hoofs could be heard from the other side of the Alazan.

The princess retired to rest after all the others, but disturbed by dismal presentiments, was a long time falling asleep. She had previously visited her three watchmen, and had found each at his appointed post; so that, knowing the mountaineers usually made their attacks during the night, she felt at her ease when morning approached. But at daybreak the report of a pistol rang through the courtyard. This was the signal of the pretended merchant, who, in spite of the princess's directions, had not been disarmed, and probably announced to the mountaineers that Tsenondahl was unprotected, and that they could attack it with impunity. The report of the pistol awakened the entire household, with the exception of the princess. Fatigued by her vigil and her excitement, she was still sleeping; and the servants, in their confusion, seem for some time to have lost sight of the necessity of waking her, although it was now tolerably certain that the marauders were approaching. Both the pretended merchant and the men who had been set to watch had disappeared.

Soon after seven o'clock, Dr. Gorlitchenko (surgeon of the district, and the princess's private physician) arrived from Teflaff with the promised post-horses, which were instantly harnessed to the travelling carriage, and the servants proceeded to pack the bags with jewelry, money, plate, and other valuables. It was now eight o'clock, when suddenly an old retired captain, who lived at Tsenondahl, was heard to exclaim, *Modian!* ("They come!"), an announcement which threw the party into consternation. The men who had arrived with the horses took to their heels. Dr. Gorlitchenko met the marauders at the door of the house, checked them for a moment by firing his pistols among them, and then profited by the confusion to escape.

The princesses, in the meanwhile, with the whole of the family, proceeded up stairs to the belvedere. As soon as they had reached the top of the house, a peasant made his appearance with a saw, and proposed to saw down the staircase, declaring that he would protect the princesses until the last; but the Princess Chavchavadzey, fearing that the mountaineers, if they found the staircase destroyed, would set the house on fire, desired him to desist from his intention, which he had already begun to execute. Remembering, moreover, that one man could do nothing against the numbers who were about to invade the house, she desired him to seek safety without delay. The women and children were now alone on the belvedere, to which, after a while, the mountaineers ascended, and the door was burst open. The whole party was instantly seized upon, and the mountaineers rushed, each with his captive, towards the staircase, which, weakened by the peasant's saw, gave way beneath them as they crowded down it with their prisoners; and mountaineers, women and children, were mingled in a heap on the floor beneath.

As soon as they had recovered from the fall, the marauders made them descend the next staircase in a different manner. This time they neither pulled nor carried, but rolled them down. Having reached the next floor comparatively without injury, the princesses heard the word *Kancha*^a uttered several times by the mountaineers. Immediately afterwards their long *chashkas* were flashing above the head of the Princess Chavchavadzey, whom they recognised as the head of the house; and after being made the object of a severe contest between the different members of the band, the unfortunate lady fell into the power of the man who had seized her in the belvedere.

The captives were now divided into several parties, each of which met with a separate series of adventures on the road to Shamil's camp.

The Princess Chavchavadzey, stripped of everything but her chemise, had to walk a considerable distance barefooted with her child in her arms. Her feet were terribly cut by the sharp stones; but she was nevertheless forced to keep up with the horsemen who had charge of her. In passing a narrow river, she was on the point of being carried away by the current, when one of the mountaineers raised her on to his saddle, and placed the infant before him.

Soon afterwards the party were surprised by a Russian ambuscade, and had to make their escape at full gallop. The princess's child was thrown from the horse, and, in spite of the mother's entreaties, the mountaineer could not be prevailed

upon to stop. The lifeless body was picked up on the following morning by one of the Georgian militiamen; but it was not until long afterwards that the mother ascertained the fate of her little Lydia.

The difficulty and danger of this ambush warfare were illustrated at the same time by the tragic end of one of the princess's attendants. The unfortunate woman was on horseback, surrounded by a party of Lesghians, who finding themselves hotly pressed by the Russians, murdered their prisoner rather than abandon her. This is the invariable custom with Shamil's followers, who accordingly, when they have captives in their possession, are never pursued in the open plain. The only chance the Russians and Georgians have of rescuing their compatriots, is by surprising the mountaineers so effectually that they have not a moment to bestow on anything beyond their own safety.

The journey through the mountains was of the most painful nature, and the prisoners were conducted by such a circuitous route, that nearly a month elapsed before they reached the head-quarters of the Caucasian chief.

At length, weak and exhausted, they arrived at Dargi-Vedenno—Shamil's celebrated *aoul*. Close to the gates the prisoners met a number of horsemen bearing lances adorned with small flags, in front of whom rode a boy of fourteen; this was Shamil's youngest son by a wife who had died some months previously. His name was Machmat-Shabi; and, in spite of the rain which fell in torrents, the princess could not refrain from admiring his wonderful beauty. They then rode straight into the *aoul*, and were put into a barn where they were joined by the rest of the Tsenondahl party, and were soon afterwards invited to proceed to Shamil's house. In the outer courtyard a large crowd had assembled, and in one of the balconies stood a solitary figure of lofty stature, dressed entirely in white. This was Shamil himself.

The princesses then entered the inner court, or seraglio,^b where they were assisted by some of the women to dismount, and were then conducted to the dismal apartment in which they were destined to remain confined during the next seven months. They were instantly surrounded by all the inmates of the seraglio, among whom the captives could not help noticing a girl of thirteen, of fair complexion, with a face of much expression, and eyes half closed. This was Napicette, Shamil's daughter; and if the princesses had seen Shamil distinctly, they would have had no trouble in recognising her at once, if only by those hazel half-closed eyes, which form the distinguishing feature in the physiognomy of the mountain chief. After some time, two of Shamil's wives entered the room, dressed in long white chemises over white trousers. One of them—a short, thin, pock-marked woman, with a crooked aquiline nose, hazel eyes, and a sly malicious smile upon her thin lips—was named Zaidette, and appeared to be not more than twenty-four years of age. She was certainly not handsome; but she was full of expression, and at the same time so graceful in all her movements, that it was easy to recognise in her the native of the Caucasus. She was, in fact, of Tartar origin; her father being Shamil's tutor, Djemmal Eddin, a man who exercised enormous influence over the Caucasian chief and all his people. The other, named Shooanette, was an Armenian, born in Mosdok, and already favorably known to the captives by the stories of her kindness which they had heard on the road. She was rather more than thirty years of age, tall, stout, decidedly pretty, with a very fair fresh complexion, and a simple but exceedingly kind expression of countenance. From the first moment the princesses felt disposed to place confidence in her.

Among the number of persons who were examining them with so much curiosity, the princesses noticed one young woman of elegant appearance, and apparently about seventeen. She was dressed in a figured cotton tunic, a dark blue chemise, and wide red trousers; while in place of a veil she wore a large black silk handkerchief. Her face was brilliantly fair, and her nose small, thin, and somewhat *retroussé*. Her mouth was rather large, but her teeth were dazzlingly white, and her gums of the brightest rose-color. All this formed a very attractive *ensemble*,

* It must be remembered, that the seraglio is a very different thing from the harem. The seraglio, or inner court, is merely that part of the Mus-sulman's house in which the family reside.

^a Wife of the khan, or chief.

which was, moreover, lighted up by a pair of fine, large, gray eyes, expressive of gaiety, amiability and warm-heartedness. This was Aminette, a native of Kistee, Shamil's third wife.

The different impressions produced upon the princess by the characteristic physiognomies of Shamil's three wives were confirmed by all the incidents which occurred during their seven months' residence in the seraglio. Upon the good and bad points in their dispositions, the entire happiness of the captives during this period may be said to have depended. For all their pleasures, and in an equal degree for all their annoyances, they were indebted to one or the other of those ladies.

In a little while, the two eldest of the wives went out, and returned with various refreshments, such as tea, honey, cheese, white bread, and, to the great astonishment of the captives, delicious sweetmeats, which can only be procured at one place in the Caucasus, namely, the shop of Tollet, the French confectioner at Tiflis.

The captives now began to prepare for their night's rest; but before lying down they made an examination of the room. Measuring it with one of their shoes, they found that it was twenty-six (shoes) long and twelve broad. A large portion of the apartment was occupied by a fireplace; and the outer air was only admitted through a door and one solitary window, somewhat less than a quarter of a yard square. There was no furniture, but the floor was covered with white felt and pieces of carpet of native manufacture.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, breakfast was brought in. It consisted of cheese made from sheep's milk, butter, onions, boiled mutton, and white bread, the upper crust of which was covered with a thick layer of grease. This, it appeared, was the custom in the Caucasus; but it was a custom to which the prisoners were unable to habituate themselves, and throughout their captivity they had to cut off the upper crust, soak the remainder of the loaf in water, and then dry it, and hang it up until the greasy smell had to some extent evaporated.

In the evening, Hajio, the steward, announced to the princesses that Shamil was about to pay them a visit, in order to have some important conversation with them. Soon afterwards the illustrious mountaineer appeared, but did not cross the threshold of their room, remaining throughout his visit in the balcony, close to the open door, where he was provided with a wooden stool to sit upon. By his side, and also outside the door, stood the steward and Indris, the Russian interpreter.

The captives remained in the room, and the conversation took place through the door by means of the interpreter.

Shamil began by inquiring after their health.

"We are tired from our journey, but otherwise quite well, thank Heaven," replied the captives.

"I am astonished myself at your having all arrived in safety; and I can see in this promise that God will now grant me the wish I have so long cherished—that of redeeming my son, who is with the Russians. I have come to assure you that you need feel no alarm about remaining here, no one will harm or annoy you, and you will be treated like members of my own family; but only on one condition,—that you attend strictly to my injunctions not to write or receive letters without my knowledge. If you attempt to carry on any secret correspondence with your relations, or if they offend in a similar manner on their side, then I will spare neither yourselves nor your children. I will kill you all as I killed ten Russian officers who were prisoners here, and received a letter baked in a loaf. Their ingenuity was discovered, and I ordered them to have their heads cut off."

During the negotiations for the princesses' liberation, the mountaineers, in spite of the simplicity of their mode of life, showed that avarice was a vice to which they were far from being strangers. They demanded a ransom of five million roubles, Shamil at the same time stipulating that his son, of whom he had spoken to the princesses, and who had been living in Russia for nearly sixteen years, should be restored to him. This son, Djemmal-Eddin by name, had been given to the Russians as a hostage when he was only seven years old. The Emperor Nicholas had placed him in one of the military academies of St. Petersburg, and had afterwards presented him with a commission in the Imperial Guard. At the period of the princesses' captivity, Djemmal-Eddin was with his regiment at Warsaw.

He had forgotten the Tartar language, spoke Russian with the facility of a native, and was conversant with French and German. He had passed all his examinations with great success, and was about to enter the special academy for young officers anxious to serve on the staff.

Prince Chavchavadzey, as soon as he found that there was no possibility of rescuing his family, had written to offer Shamil a ransom of forty thousand roubles (nearly seven thousand pounds), which sum, after a good deal of bargaining and manoeuvring, was ultimately accepted. Of course the prince could have no authority over Shamil's son. He, however, communicated Shamil's demand to the Emperor Nicholas, who desired Djemmal-Eddin to choose for himself, to remain with his regiment, or to return to the mountains. The young man, on being informed of his father's wish, determined to comply with it, although during his sixteen years' absence he had become a stranger to all his family, as well as to all the customs of his country; while, on the other hand, he had acquired the respect and regard of every one who knew him in Russia. "He is an agreeable, unaffected, young man," writes one of his brother-officers, "rather good-looking, and possessing both wit and intelligence. As to the future which awaits him, he does not attempt to deceive himself by any romantic fancies; but knows his duty, and having enough strength to perform it, goes boldly forward to meet his fate, without knowing what it may have in store for him."

The princesses were liberated eight months after the invasion of the chateau of Tsenondahl. The exchange took place on the banks of a river which divided the mountaineers, who were present in large numbers, from the Russian regiments under Prince Chavchavadzey. The meeting between the prince and his family was inexpressibly sad; and it was with a heavy heart that Djemmal-Eddin took leave for ever of the friends of his youth. Before crossing the Russian frontier, he voluntarily took the oath of allegiance to the Emperor Alexander, who had just ascended the throne; and on accepting a sword from one of the officers who accompanied him to his father's camp, he exclaimed that he would never use it either against the Russians or against his own people.

From recent information, it appears that Djemmal-Eddin has already made a tour of observation through the whole of his father's territory. The Russian author of the interesting series of articles on which the present paper is founded states, that the young man has taken upon himself (with the assistance and guidance of the chiefs) the superintendence of all administrative and judicial proceedings. In military affairs he takes no part; and although he is allowed to write to his friends in Russia, he only does so upon the understanding that no mention is made of the affairs of his father's government.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE MONKEY.—When the trade to the West Indies was first opened up, it is said that the magistrates of Aberdeen were tempted to try their fortune in what promised to be such a lucrative business, and sent a vessel out there on speculation. The many anxious gazers from the Castle Hill for the arrival of the "shippie" were at length rewarded, and when safely moored in the "harborie," the civic dignitaries paid it a visit. After having exhausted the occidental wonders which had been brought home, the provost and baillies retired to the cabin to partake of the skipper's good cheer. While thus engaged, a monkey, which was part of the importations, amused with the tie of the provost's wig, honored it with an occasional pull, much to the good old man's annoyance. "Odd, laddie," he would say, aside, "ye'd better be quiet." "What's the matter with you, provost?" said the captain, overhearing one of the chief magistrate's remonstrances. "It's that laddie o' yours," was the reply. "What laddie, provost?" "That ane there, wi' the rough fowl face an' the sair e'en." "That's nae a laddie, provost; it's a monkey." "Is't, is't?" said the worthy dignitary, "fat better kent I? I thoct it was some o' your sugarmakers' sons come o'er to our university to get's education."

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, anyway!" was the quick reply.



STRUGGLE BETWEEN DE BRIMONT AND THE WOLF.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION AND HUSBAND'S COURAGE.

It was during the progress of the war of 1759 that the accident I am about to relate occurred.

The Count de Brimont, a young nobleman scarcely five and twenty years of age, had, with his wife, the bride of a week, been taken prisoner and held in close custody in a town of Burgundy.

De Brimont belonged to one of the oldest families in France, was accomplished, enthusiastic, and exceeding handsome, and his wife was all that the wife of such a man should be; in fact, her hand had been solicited by no less than five princes, but undazzled by the brilliant future she might have secured, she chose to ally her fortunes to her heart's first choice.

Though prisoners, the young couple were treated with every courtesy, and surrounded by every luxury, debarred only of their liberty. About a month after they had been taken captive, and when in fact a treaty depended upon their safe keeping until its conclusion, news reached De Brimont that his beloved mother was lying at the point of death, eager to see him once more before she departed. He represented the state of things to the commander of the city, and besought him by the affection he entertained for his own mother, to send him, accompanied by a suitable guard, to his parent's death-bed. In vain, however, were his pleadings, too much depended upon retaining him at present in captivity, and the commander

courteously but firmly refused his prayer. De Brimont was in despair, he felt as though willing to give the best years of his life to prison walls, so he could now spend an hour with his so dearly loved mother ere she went hence and was no more.

Nearly heart-broken, he once more renewed his entreaties, and once more received a denial, when suddenly his young wife appeared, and threw herself before the feet of the commander. "Let him go to his mother," she said, "and keep me here; fix upon a day for his return, and if he is not here at the very hour, let me die."

"Upon these terms I permit you to depart unattended," the commander said.

At first De Brimont absolutely refused to accept the offer, but upon the eager persuasions of his wife, and the absolute certainty of being able to return long before the day fixed, he at last consented, and with many embraces bade adieu to his devoted wife.

He was obliged to travel many leagues, but the horse he rode was a good one, and by nightfall of the day he set out, he reached his ancestral home. He found the countess, his mother, very low indeed, but the sight of her idolized son appeared to revive her somewhat, and she lingered on until evening of the day immediately preceding the one appointed for his return.

De Brimont had only time to kiss her cold lips and give hasty orders concerning the funeral, and then leaving her to

be followed to the grave by every relative save the nearest and dearest, he set forth on his return, having ample time to accomplish the distance, even allowing for serious delays.

He had proceeded about half way on his journey, his mind absorbed in grief on the one side at the loss of his parent, and joy on the other at once more beholding his bride, when suddenly he was set upon by a furious wolf of an extraordinary size, which darted out from a wood that skirted one side of the highway. The ferocious beast first seized the horse, and tore and mangled the poor animal so terribly that De Brimont was forced to dismount.

No sooner had he touched the ground, and before he had time even for thought, the wolf left his first prey and sprung upon him, and would certainly have torn him limb from limb had he not with great presence of mind seized the animal's tongue with one hand, and with the other laid hold of his paws. After struggling a while with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from his hold, and his right hand was fearfully mangled by the beast; but, notwithstanding the pain he was in, he leapt upon the wolf's back, and pressing his knees hard into its sides, called aloud for succor. It was not for his own life he fought, but for his poor wife's. Who can realize the terrible thoughts that rushed through his mind during those fearful moments; to his own fate he gave not a thought, save so far as it affected that of his wife; he would perish miserably on the road; the world would say he had purposely fled to some other land, leaving a lovely and loving wife to die for his cowardice and treachery. At length, however, to his great joy, his cries were answered, and some peasants appeared, but none of them dared advance.

"Well, then," De Brimont cried, seeing that entreaties were useless, and perceiving that they carried guns, "fire, if you kill me I forgive you, only swear to me that one of you will hasten to B— and tell the commander how I died."

They all, with one voice, made the required promise, and then one of them fired, but so terrified was he, that he only succeeded in sending three bullets through the brave young nobleman's coat, without injuring either him or the beast.

Another then, bolder than his comrades, seeing the intrepidity of the cavalier, and how firm a hold he kept upon the wolf, approached somewhat nearer, and taking deliberate and careful aim, fired. The wolf was mortally wounded by the shot, and almost instantly expired. Never pausing to dress his wounds, which were very severe, De Brimont distributed a sum of money among the peasants, and offered a large amount to the one who first brought him a horse, for his own was entirely disabled. In an incredibly short space of time a horse was brought, and mounting it, the count hastened on his way.

But the story is told; of course he arrived at the appointed time, and threw himself, covered with blood and dust, in his wife's arms.

The account of what he had undergone soon spread far and wide, and when, within a week thereafter, the treaty was concluded, he was escorted to the city gates by the population of the entire city, and departed with his lovely bride amid a torrent of cheers and blessings, to say nothing of presents so rich and weighty that it required several mules, well packed, to carry them away.

COLONEL BERKELEY'S PET.

STRAY gleams of light were twinkling through the closed shutters and drawn curtains of Lamberhurst, telling of warmth and comfort within that fine old mansion. What so cheery in the long winter evenings as well-lighted, well-warmed rooms, when the ruddy blaze and brilliant waxlight stream upon polished mirror and picture-frame, and illuminate so becomingly snowy necks and glossy hair? There were no attractions of the latter kind at Lamberhurst, the residence of Colonel Berkeley. The drawing-room was tenanted by two gentlemen only, Colonel Berkeley and his brother George. The former looked about fifty, but in reality was some years older; his cheerful nature kept him young, and there was a merry twinkle in his dark gray eyes, which told of a time when he had been the life of the mess-room, the first in every boyish frolic of those lighthearted soldier days. But he was not a colonel then, and there were

young officers in the regiment he had lately commanded who still spoke of Berkeley "as a devil of a martinet." This may have been true, for he had a quick passionate temper; but many an act of kindness or generosity among his tenants at Lamberhurst, proved beyond all doubt that his warm heart was in the right place.

Very unlike him was his brother George, whose grave kind smile had more power over the impetuous colonel than whole volumes of entreaty from any other source. Mr. Berkeley looked much older than his brother; strangers called him stern—they judged by the dark thoughtful eyes, thin nostrils, and inflexible-looking mouth; but those who knew him better could tell that it was an early disappointment which made him look old before his time, and kept him still unmarried in his brother's ancestral home of Lamberhurst. And with what fervor he loved that home, that brother, and that brother's only son! and even those upon whom his strong affections were centred scarcely knew half its depth.

On this December evening the park gates were swung back to admit a travelling-carriage, which was proceeding at a smart gallop up the approach, when one of the windows was let down with a sudden dash, and an impatient voice called out, "Slower, drive slowly, I say;" then drawing up the window again, Charles Berkeley threw himself back on the seat, tossed a travelling-cap from his head and sighed heavily. What had the young heir been doing that his first words on approaching his home after a year's absence were a command to drive slower, and his first act a heavy sigh? Nothing more atrocious than contemplating a marriage, with or without his father's consent, and, as a necessary consequence, selling out of the Scots Greys; in which gallant corps he was senior captain, had lived through the first fearful winter in the Crimea, and had fought gloriously and won unfading laurels on the heights of Balaklava.

On the return of his regiment from the seat of war, it had been sent to Canterbury—most agreeable quarters for young Berkeley, whose widowed aunt, Mrs. Neville, lived no great distance from the ancient city.

Mrs. Neville was a handsome, sensible and most good-natured woman, of no very certain age, who liked nothing in the world better than to have plenty of young people enjoying themselves around her. Her two daughters were pretty amiable girls, with none of that affectation and nonsense about them which sometimes, alas! characterize unmarried ladies. And at Ivy Gate, day after day, when his not very arduous duties were concluded, would the young captain, generally accompanied by some of his brother officers, be found whiling away his leisure hours.

But Captain Berkeley did not fall in love with one of his cousins. There was a young lady—a constant visitor, everything but an inmate—at Ivy Gate, whose soft feminine beauty, light, joyous manner and cultivated mind, had more power to subdue the stout-hearted British soldier than the long columns and whirling balls of the dark-coated Russians. Mrs. Neville watched with pleasure the growing attachment between her nephew and the beautiful Eleanor Rotheras, whose uncongenial existence with a tiresome old maiden relative (Eleanor had been an orphan since childhood) had often grieved the affectionate heart of this unselfish mother; and with more than a mother's warmth she congratulated him, when one morning, in all the high-flown rhapsodies of an ardent lover, he announced to her that Eleanor was his affianced wife.

"But my father, dear aunt—will he ever consent?"

"Your father! On my word, Charlie, I never thought of him; it is more than probable he will not. My brother has always had a wild notion of choosing a wife for you himself; but, of course," she added, looking with an arch smile into her nephew's handsome and rather perplexed face; "of course, if he says no, you will think no more of Eleanor."

"Very like me, to give up anything I set my heart upon," replied Captain Berkeley. "Ah no, she is mine now, let what will come of it; and if by marrying her I lose Lamberhurst, I shall not regret what will be to the advantage of my fair cousins. My mother's fortune of four hundred a year has been mine since I was one-and-twenty; and living, as we should, in the country, it would be more than sufficient; besides——"

"I know all you would say, my dear Charles," interrupted Mrs. Neville gravely; "but you have put this subject in a new

light before me. If you persist in marrying Miss Rothesay without your father's consent, will not the world say that I brought about the match from interested motives?"

"Who that has ever known you will listen to such insinuations?" returned Captain Berkeley warmly. "But I promise that no effort of mine shall be wanting to gain my father's consent to this marriage, and to win his affection for my bride; and he must love her—could he see her and avoid it? Dear aunt, look there!" He pointed through the open window, which led by a flight of steps from the pretty drawing-room into the garden beneath, to Eleanor Rothesay, who, with his cousins, was approaching the house.

At that distance, those fair Saxon girls might be mistaken for sisters; but Miss Rothesay, although younger than her companions, had the advantage in height; her eyes and hair were darker, too, and she was more dignified and womanly in appearance: altogether her beauty was of a more refined and intellectual cast than that of the pretty, amiable, but somewhat romantic Miss Nevilles, whose young girlish voices and merry ringing laugh came pleasantly to the ear on the soft autumn breeze.

As they reached the foot of the steps leading to the house, Eleanor said,

"Good-by; I must go now."

"Go! where?" cried Annie, the eldest. "Indeed you shall not. Look, there is Charlie in the drawing-room with mamma. Ah! you look bright now," as Eleanor, with a slight blush, raised her eyes to the window. "Come, Nellie, dear Nell, come. You won't? then we'll send him to you;" and the girls sprang up the steps. As they reached the top, they turned to look at Eleanor. She had taken off the slouched hat of brown straw, which had completely shaded her beautiful face, and she appeared irresolute whether to ascend to the drawing-room or to go away. With a simultaneous movement the sisters gathered handfuls of the fast-withering roses which grew against the side of the house, and scattered them down on the bright head below. Eleanor held up her hat to receive the perfumed shower; but the next instant it was restored to its proper place, while hands far more accustomed to the arranging of a sword-knot than the tying of a lady's headgear fastened the strings under the wearer's pretty chin; after which daring feat Captain Berkeley drew Eleanor's arm within his own, and accompanied her—by what I fear was a most circuitous road—to that home which he hoped she would soon leave for ever as his wife.

In this way matters went on until autumn rambles were at an end, and the sociable winter evenings fairly set in. And most delightful were those evenings at Ivy Gate, when Mrs. Neville, her daughters, Eleanor, and of course Captain Berkeley, would gather round the cheerful fire; the ladies occupied with some trifling work, and the young officer reading aloud, or else narrating some of his Crimean experiences, which would make Eleanor's dark eyes kindle, and cause her to whisper, as she laid her head upon her lover's shoulder, "Thank God, dear Charlie, it is over!"

Towards the end of November, his regiment being ordered to Ireland, Captain Berkeley obtained leave for the remainder of the year, for the purpose of proceeding to Lamberhurst, to inform his father and uncle of his engagement. Alas, for the good intentions of an enamored soldier! The first of the ensuing month found him still an inmate of Ivy Gate; and it was not until after repeated warnings from Mrs. Neville that each hour he loitered there would but serve to irritate Colonel Berkeley more and more, that he was at length prevailed upon to tear himself away.

Mrs. Neville was right; this unreasonable delay did most surely militate against him; for it gave opportunities to officious people to inform the colonel that his son was going to be married—some averring that the deed was actually done; and it was in no very benign humor that the touchy old gentleman, on this frosty December evening, when the lights were twinkling through the closed shutters of Lamberhurst, awaited the arrival of his contumacious heir.

After he had desired the postilion to drive slower, and had sighed so heavily, the question suddenly presented itself to Captain Berkeley, whether he had in reality to fear his father's

disapproval of his marriage. After pondering this for a few moments, he suddenly broke into uncontrollable laughter.

"What an idiot!" he exclaimed; "actually never to have looked at the bright side, but to have taken it for granted that a refusal must be the result." And letting down the window with even a more violent dash than before, he ordered the astonished postilion to drive "faster—faster; not to linger all night upon the road."

A few minutes more saw him uncoating in the familiar hall of Lamberhurst.

"My father and Mr. Berkeley well?" he asked of the servant who assisted him. "They expect me, of course?"

"Yes, sir; and the dinner-bell will ring in less than ten minutes."

"All right; I'll dress in five." And dashing up the broad staircase four steps at a time, the gallant captain made a hasty toilet, and entered the drawing-room with a few seconds to spare.

"Ah, you scamp; so you've come at last?" was the colonel's greeting, shaking him at the same time warmly with both hands, and regarding with pardonable pride the handsome face and figure of his only son.

Tears came into uncle George's eyes as they rested, with pride too, upon his nephew; for his reflection was, "How differently should we be feeling now at Lamberhurst, had a musket-shot terminated the existence of this gallant high-spirited youth!" and there was a slight tremor in his voice as he said, "Charlie, you are welcome. How well you are looking, my boy!"

"He is looking well," exclaimed the colonel; "right well; Canterbury agreed with him. Turn to the light, sir, till I look at you. Yes, Charlie, you're a handsome fellow; but you don't come up to what I was at your age. There goes the bell; give your uncle an arm, my boy; we want ladies sadly in this house. When you marry, Charlie, I'll always take your wife in to dinner; George and I go together when we are alone."

Captain Berkeley, looking into the future, instantly saw Eleanor—Rothesay no longer—upon his father's arm; the picture pleased him, and his eyes grew bright. "Well, ladies are certainly a great want at a dinner-table," was his first remark as he unfolded his napkin.

"Ah! you have been so accustomed to them at Canterbury, you will think it dull here without them; is that what you mean?" said Colonel Berkeley, laughing.

"Have they good society there?" asked uncle George.

"I don't know about good; our fellows went out three times a week generally. I did not care for it."

"And what did you care for, may I ask?" said Colonel Berkeley.

"Oh, you know, sir, my aunt's place, Ivy Gate, is quite close to Canterbury; just a nice ride."

"Ah! I suppose you thought so; what a dutiful nephew! I hope my sister appreciated you as you deserve. Your cousins were not there, of course?"

"Oh yes, sir, they were; very pretty girls—Annie especially. But will you not tell me something of my old friends? You forget that I have not been at Lamberhurst for more than a year."

"Well, the most of them are *status quo*, I think. Stay; there is a new curate; the other went away because the three Miss Weasleys wanted to marry him. I don't blame the poor little man for trying to do better; they are an awful trio. Mrs. Ratcliffe has a new baby; and the doctor is as proud of it as if his quiver were not over-full already. And little Matty, the gamekeeper's daughter, was married the other day to young Somers, of the Hill Farm; we had a grand wedding. You remember Matty?"

"I do, sir; she had dark eyes."

"So she has still; though I don't fancy you remember much about her, by your look. Eh, George, do you think he will be lonely without the Canterbury belles?"

"Well, I don't think so," answered the quiet uncle; "but doubtless Charlie will soon give you some one to bring in to dinner."

"I am half inclined to fill the house at Christmas," said the colonel, when the dessert had been laid down, and the servants had withdrawn; "at least, not to fill, but to ask one or two of

the county families. Those Seymours are very nice girls. You might suit yourself there, Charlie."

Colonel Berkeley was a wary old soldier. He had no intention of upsetting the regularity of his house with Christmas hospitalities, and the Seymours were his particular aversion; but the reports he had heard of Charlie's love affair were not forgotten—although all anger had for the time evaporated at the sight of his handsome face—and he was now trying to draw the young gentleman into confession.

"The Seymours, sir! I remember the time you did not——"

"Speak to them, is it? So do I. But Helen Seymour is a very fine girl; and seriously, Charlie, it is time you should marry. Have you been thinking so yourself?"

"I have, sir; but not of Helen Seymour. Oh, father," and in his earnestness Captain Berkeley rose and stood before the colonel, "there is one for whom I would win your love, as she has won mine;" and without further preamble Charlie told his tale.

Colonel Berkeley listened with folded hands, and a merry twinkle in his half-closed eyes. "There, there, you have said enough, my boy," he broke in at length. "If she has even one-half the perfections you have given her, she must be a paragon indeed. Her name now, Charlie? I have heard nothing but Eleanor as yet."

"Rothesay, sir—a Scotch family."

"Rothesay—Rothesay?" repeated uncle George slowly, while a deep flush rested for a few seconds on his face. "Can you tell me her father's profession—her mother's name!" he added, rising and laying a trembling hand upon his nephew's arm.

"Her father was a captain in the royal navy," replied young Berkeley; her mother's name was—let me see—Dudley, I think. Good heavens, uncle! are you ill?" for as the name was uttered Mr. Berkeley grew very pale.

"Nothing of any consequence, Charlie. I do not feel quite well, that is all; I will go and lie down for a while, William," he added, turning to his brother, "come to me before you go to bed."

"What is the meaning of this, sir; can you tell me?" asked Captain Berkeley, when the door closed and they were alone. The colonel made no answer, but rose from his chair and strode about the room.

One glance at his face revealed the whole to his son; and a half-forgotten story he had heard when a child—of a beautiful girl who had been engaged to his quiet studious uncle George, and jilted him for the gold band, epaulets, and light careless heart of a young naval officer—stole back to his memory. The beautiful girl's name had been Dudley, the navy officer's Rothesay; his Eleanor was their child; the result would be—but he could not bear to contemplate it just then; there was little hope that Colonel Berkeley would ever receive as his son's wife the child of the heartless woman who had made his brother old before his time.

The merry twinkle had faded from Colonel Berkeley's eyes, and there was an angry ominous frown upon his forehead; but he appeared endeavoring to control himself before he spoke again.

"Charles," he said at length, "we will say no more upon this subject than is absolutely necessary; but, from circumstances which occurred long since, I never can consent to your marrying a daughter of Ellen Dudley's. I should feel more concerned in this matter, my dear boy, were I not convinced that it is only a passing fancy you entertain for Miss Rothesay. I know you don't think so," he added, as Captain Berkeley's eyes flashed, "now, at least; but you will find that I am right by and by."

Colonel Berkeley had determined that he would not get into a passion, and he was not a little proud of the quiet sensible manner in which he had expressed his sentiments to his son; but that self-willed young gentleman was far, very far indeed, from coinciding in the opinion thus mildly laid before him: and he also decided within himself that it was most unchristian-like and uncharitable to visit the sins of the mother upon the child. Of course he did, poor Charlie! when that child was Eleanor. He too answered mildly, although he twisted his dark moustache with no gentle hand.

"I will not argue the point with you, sir, further than to assure you that my attachment to Miss Rothesay is real and

sincere;" the colonel smiled; "and if you would see her, sir—if you knew her as I do," continued Charlie rapidly, "you would——"

"I will allow her to be perfection," interrupted the colonel, sarcastically, and in an elevated key; "but if you marry her, it will be without my consent."

Charles used every argument his ingenuity could devise to shake his father's decision; but without effect. Indeed, so far from being influenced to change his determination by his son's appeals, he only grew more and more irritated by his opposition. At length the angry conversation was brought to a close by Charles hastily leaving the room, and the next moment the loud bang of the hall-door announced that he had gone out to cool his passion in the keen frosty air.

"Is that you, William? Come in."

Colonel Berkeley entered; his brother was sitting in a deep arm-chair by the bright fire in his dressing-room.

"Ah, you are not ill, I see," said the colonel, advancing and drawing another equally comfortable seat to his brother's side. "All right again—eh?"

"Oh, quite well, thank you; it was nothing;" and then the brothers were silent for awhile, both gazing into the fire. "Is it not strange," Mr. Berkeley began thoughtfully, as he took up the poker and pushed together the bright glowing embers, "that Charlie should have met her daughter?"

"Was ever the equal of it known?" replied Colonel Berkeley. "Strange, you call it; I say it is provoking and unfortunate. I would not for half my income that he had fallen in love with Ellen Dudley's daughter; and the boy is so infatuated—perfectly bewitched, I give you my honor."

"If she is like her mother, I cannot wonder at or blame him," said Mr. Berkeley with a soft quiet sigh. He was leaning back in the chair now, shading his eyes from the light with one hand, while the other twisted the ribbon of his watch.

"He shall never marry her with my consent, and I have told him so," said Colonel Berkeley glancing curiously at his brother, who looked up quickly, and said, "Well?"

"You mean, how did he take it, I suppose? Oh, he is determined to marry her, even if he lose Lamberhurst."

"But he will not lose it, dear brother. We will have a holiday for the school children, a dinner to the tenantry, and an ox roasted whole the day Eleanor Rothesay enters Lamberhurst as wife of its gallant heir."

The colonel rose, leaned his back against the chimney-piece, and regarded his brother with astonishment. "That does not come from your heart, George; I won't believe it. Oh no, Charlie must find another wife, for I am convinced this affair will end in nothing; she won't marry him without his inheritance. Don't shake your head; I know better. And now good night. You must not give Charlie any hopes of my coming round."

So spoke the hasty but warm-hearted Colonel Berkeley; and he left his brother's room most fully determined that nothing should ever induce him to consent to his son's marriage with Miss Rothesay. "I hope sincerely she will be mercenary," he thought as in dressing-gown and slippers he sat down to toast himself before going to bed. "Charlie is too fine a fellow to be cut off with a shilling."

"It would be like the dream of my youth," mused uncle George, when the door had closed upon his brother—"the dream of my youth come back. Ellen's child my nephew's wife! Are they like, I wonder?" And with fingers which trembled slightly he took a miniature from the table beside him, and opening it, gazed with a sad smile upon the face within. It bore a slight resemblance to Captain Berkeley's beautiful betrothed; there were the same dark exquisite eyes, but the intelligent brow and soft lines about the mouth were wanting. "Poor Ellen!" he continued thoughtfully, rubbing the picture with his handkerchief. "Poor Ellen! I cannot blame her for preferring young light-hearted Rothesay to my stupid self; but shall I ever forget the night they were dancing together, when by her look alone I knew my hopes were over?"

The bright fire had burned low, almost to extinction, before Mr. Berkeley retired; and when he did, he was smiling to himself, and murmuring, "Yes, that will do; that will do admirably."

Two days passed, and the subject of the marriage was not renewed; on the third Captain Berkeley again addressed his father, repeating every argument he had used before, and urging every new one that had occurred to him since, to induce him to give his consent. But the colonel was inexorable, and completely lost his temper.

"If you do marry her without my consent," he said, "bear in mind that Lamberhurst shall never be yours. You have the four hundred a year of your mother's, but do not expect an additional penny from me."

"I am content," said Charles, rising and moving towards the door. "With Eleanor to share it, I have no doubt we shall find that sum amply sufficient."

"Foolish boy!" exclaimed the colonel; "you cannot tell that Miss Rothesay will fulfil her engagement when she learns that she will never be mistress of Lamberhurst."

Before this mercenary speech was concluded, Charles was out of the room; and that same evening he left Lamberhurst for Canterbury, vowing that he would never see it again, and fully determined to begin life anew in some cottage—to be perfection of its kind—with the lady of his choice and four hundred a-year.

His pictures of rural felicity lost nothing by being discussed with Eleanor; to her his father's refusal was softened, and after the first announcement, was a theme rarely touched upon between them. To Mrs. Neville this refusal was a source of real grief and anxiety; she knew well the construction the world would put upon her share in the engagement, and she bitterly repented having thrown her nephew into the fascinating society of Eleanor Rothesay. Captain Berkeley remained but a few days at Ivy Gate, and then left for London, to arrange the sale of his commission, promising to return, if possible, for Christmas.

Shortly after Charles went away, Mrs. Neville was surprised by the unexpected arrival at Ivy Gate of her brother, Mr. Berkeley; he brought a most pressing invitation from the colonel to his sister and nieces to spend Christmas at Lamberhurst. What induced "quiet stay-at-home George" to be the bearer of this invitation in person Colonel Berkeley could not imagine; but it is most certain that his doing so was the cause of its being accepted. For many years no intercourse, save by letter, had passed between these near relations; and Mrs. Neville more than suspected that her brother's object in inviting them now was to choose a successor to poor self-willed Charlie. Many were the objections she raised at first; but after an interview with her brother, for a while private, and then in full conclave with her daughters, she seemed to think that her preparations could never be too rapidly completed; and a few days before Christmas Eve, the whole party, with Mr. Berkeley, arrived at Lamberhurst.

The sale of his commission occupied more time than Captain Berkeley had anticipated, and Christmas-day found him still in London; a hurried note from his aunt having informed him that she and his cousins were to spend the festival at Lamberhurst. He felt very lonely in his solitary hotel in the dreary metropolis, the more so as his last three letters to Eleanor were unanswered; and he had an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong, when he found himself at last on the road to Canterbury.

Without the ceremony of asking leave, he established himself at Ivy Gate, and an hour after his arrival was walking at a hurried pace towards the residence of Eleanor's guardian, Miss Buxton.

The impression "that something was wrong" did not diminish when he observed the lower windows of this prim well-kept mansion shut and barred; and his father's hints, that Miss Rothesay would break off the engagement when she found that she would never be mistress of Lamberhurst, rose provokingly to his mind. He knocked at the door, which, after some delay, was opened by Miss Buxton's only servant, prim and matter-of-fact as the mistress herself.

To his first question, "Is Miss Buxton at home?" he received a response, "that she had gone to London, as was her annual custom, to spend Christmas with her brother."

"Did Miss Rothesay accompany her?"

"Oh dear no, sir!"

"Where is she, then—in the house?" and Captain Berkeley put one foot inside the door.

"Oh dear no, sir!" replied the woman again. "Miss Rothesay went away two days before my mistress. I wasn't told where she went, nor was it my place to ask; so accordingly I didn't."

"Did she go alone?"

"Oh dear no, sir! A close carriage called here for her about this time in the day, with a gentleman in it, and she went off with him."

"Was he young or old?"

"Well, indeed, sir, I can't say; but I think not very old. They were very friendly; he called Miss Eleanor 'my dear' several times, and they had great laughing among themselves, and I——"

"Thank you; that will do. Good evening," interrupted Captain Berkeley; and giving the woman half-a-crown, he turned away with bitter thoughts in his heart and an angry frown upon his brow.

"What a fool I have been!" he muttered, as he sat down beside the solitary fire in the drawing-room at the Ivy Gate—that room so full of recollections of her. "What a blind fool I have been! I'll go to India. I'll join the next Arctic expedition, if there be one. I'll—I'll write to my aunt this very night, and tell her all about it."

So drawing his chair to the table, Captain Berkeley filled four pages, and crossed them—a most unusual proceeding for him—in which he relieved himself by declaring that he would not bestow another thought upon Miss Rothesay, and by emphatically pronouncing his belief "that there was no such thing in this contemptible world of ours as disinterested affection." This epistle despatched, he set about carrying his resolution, not to bestow another thought upon Eleanor, into effect by going over again all the books they had read, or even spoken of, together; by reading over, twenty times, the three letters he had received from her during his short absence at Lamberhurst; and by torturing himself with the everlasting questions, "Where is she? where can she have gone to? and, above all, with whom?"

"And so, William, you like Eleanor the best?" said Mrs. Neville, as she sat with her two brothers in the drawing-room at Lamberhurst, one evening before the dinner-bell rang. The young ladies had not yet appeared; Mr. Berkeley was occupied with a book, and there was a look of grave satisfaction on his face not always to be found there. Mrs. Neville appeared, as usual, the picture of bright good-humor; "You like Eleanor the best?" she was saying.

"Eleanor? indeed I do; she is what I call a fine creature. Annie and Margaret are both very good girls in their way: but you must not be offended, Mary, if I say that Nell is 'the flower of the flock.' She has, as I read somewhere the other day, that rarest of all combinations, tact and talent; the latter telling her what to do, the former teaching her how to do it. Then, to see her going through a room!" continued the colonel, warming with his subject; "she never trips in a carpet, or lets fall a book, or does one single thing that a lady ought not; and to crown all, I don't know what I shall do when she goes away for a cup of good tea and warm slippers when I come in."

"What did you do before she came?" asked Mrs. Neville, with a hearty laugh, in which Mr. Berkeley looked up from his book to join.

"No; but seriously, Mary, you must not be offended with me for liking her best. The other two are dear, good, affectionate girls, and I'm very fond of them; but somehow Eleanor and I suit each other. I cannot think," the colonel rambled on half to himself, after pausing for a few minutes, "why, if Charlie must fall in love with an Eleanor, he did not choose this youngest cousin of his. However, one cannot have everything they like in this world—eh, Mary?"

"Well, I don't think you have much to complain of, William, except in that little matter of poor Charley; and I have still some hopes of your coming round. Are you thinking of doing so?" she asked, laying her hand on the colonel's arm, when a few seconds had elapsed without his reply.

"No; but I am thinking how odd of me not to remember that you had three daughters. And, do you know, I never recollect seeing Eleanor as a child."

"Nor as a woman until within the last week," replied Mrs.

Neville, smiling. "Ah, William, we have lived too much apart."

"That we have, Mary; but it shall not be so again. Here they come," as the door opened and the young ladies entered.

"How snug you look!" exclaimed Annie, the eldest. "This is such a comfortable room. There, Nell, I see your place settled beside uncle William; go and take possession."

The beautiful girl thus addressed went forward, and more than justified by her gliding graceful movements Colonel Berkeley's warm eulogium on her deportment.

"Well, my pet, you are not tired with your long walk, I hope?" said Colonel Berkeley, turning affectionately to Eleanor, as she placed herself at his side.

"Not the least, I assure you," she replied, glancing up at him with a sweet smile; "I am quite ready for just such another to-morrow, if you like."

"If I like? of course I will. But what say you, if for a change we go to-morrow in the pony-carriage to see the hounds throw off? The meet will be only three miles from here."

"And let Eleanor drive you, uncle William," said Margaret; "she is a famous whip!"

"What is there she does not do well?" replied Colonel Berkeley. "Ah, Eleanor," he added, lowering his voice, "why did you not try to fascinate your cousin Charlie?"

The color deepened almost painfully on Eleanor's beautiful face, and a bracelet she was in the act of fastening fell to the ground.

"You need not blush about him, my love," he continued, stooping to restore it to her. "He has chosen another, and now more than ever I wonder at his choice. Can't you fasten it?" as she made several ineffectual efforts to clasp the ornament on her wrist. "Let me try—there; and there goes the bell. Come, we go together as usual." And drawing Eleanor's arm within his own, Colonel Berkeley led the way to the dinner-table.

"Who is your voluminous correspondent, Mary, may I ask?" said Mr. Berkeley the following morning, when Mrs. Neville had been for more than half an hour occupied with a letter. The colonel had his newspaper; the young ladies were not present.

"My correspondent is poor Charlie," replied Mrs. Neville, with suppressed merriment in her tone. "He is in a most woe-begone state of mind; his lady-love has deserted him."

"Ah! what?" exclaimed Colonel Berkeley; "left him, has she? I knew how it would be. Where is he, Mary, and what does he say?"

"He is at Ivy Gate; and he says what lovers always do upon such lamentable occasions. Poor fellow! he is in a most uncharitable state of mind towards the world in general and Miss Rothesay in particular."

"Write to him, Mary, by the next post, and tell him to come down here directly; say, as they do in the *Times* advertisements, that 'all shall be forgotten and forgiven, if he will return to his disconsolate parent.' What is the old proverb about 'hearts and rebounds?' who can tell what might happen?"

"Do you mean he might take a fancy to Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Neville.

"I wish there was the slightest hope of his doing so," replied Colonel Berkeley, with a sigh, "Of all the girls I ever saw, she is the one I should most like to see Charlie's wife. Beauty, good sense, and innate refinement are rare qualities now-a-days, and Eleanor possesses all of them in no small degree; however, we don't guide ourselves." And taking up his newspaper again, the colonel lost himself in its columns.

"Well, I'll go," said Captain Berkeley, as he finished his aunt's kind letter, "if it was only to see them all before I leave England; for I am determined not to remain where everything recalls her to my memory. And perhaps, too, my aunt or cousins may be able to give me some clue, some information. Yes, I'll go. Let me see! this is the 30th. I can get there by to-morrow, New Year's Eve; it will be better than this miserable place; I should go melancholy mad here in another week." And ringing the bell, Captain Berkeley gave orders for the immediate packing of his portmanteau; but he so timed his arrival the following day that he did not reach Lamberhurst until almost six o'clock, his father's punctual dinner-hour.

The whole party were assembled in the drawing-room, when Charlie's well-known ring pealed through the house; and the next moment, as he was heard crossing the hall, Colonel Berkeley glanced with pride and satisfaction at Eleanor. Although aware that his son must often have seen her before, he was most anxious that she should make a favorable impression that evening. It was more than probable that he would be gratified, for never had she looked so lovely. Her dress was French cashmere, dark blue in color; and its rich dye and velvety softness contrasted most becomingly with the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms. Her brown silky hair was simply arranged, with a few bright holly-leaves and scarlet berries twisted carelessly at one side.

"He will not come in until he's dressed," said Colonel Berkeley, as Charlie passed the drawing-room and ascended the stairs. "I'll go up and see him, poor fellow! I have something to say to him."

"Many happy new years, Charlie," was his greeting, as he entered his son's dressing-room. "You are welcome back to us again, my boy; I knew you would come."

Captain Berkeley wrung his father's hand tightly. "Yes, sir, I am here again; and I am not too proud to own that you were right."

"Well, well, say no more about it; better she went now than a year hence—eh, Charlie? We had a very pleasant Christmas, my boy; I'm sorry you were not with us. Those nieces of mine are very nice girls, the youngest something more than that. Ah, Charlie, why did you go past her?"

"The youngest, sir; do you prefer her? I like Annie much better. Where the d—! are those keys?"

"Have you lost them?"

"Lost or forgotten, one or the other, sir; and no opening my portmanteau or dressing-case. What shall I do?"

"I'll go and get you a bunch; perhaps some of them might do." And Colonel Berkeley hurried back to the drawing-room. "Eleanor," he began, addressing his favorite, "that stupid fellow has lost or forgotten his keys. Bring yours here; some of them may answer."

Eleanor rose, and came across the room with a small bunch of keys in her hand. "Do not break any of them, if you can avoid it," she said.

"Oh, I'll have nothing to say to them; come yourself and try. What," as Eleanor blushed, hesitated, and drew back, "you don't like to go? Pooh! Charlie and you are no strangers. Come, I say."

"Go, my dear," said Mrs. Neville. And Eleanor obeyed.

"Here, Charlie, I have brought you my youngest niece and own peculiar pet," said the colonel, entering his son's dressing-room again, followed by Eleanor. "There, my girl, is the portmanteau; try what you can do."

Captain Berkeley, in shirt-sleeves, and with wrists turned up, was busily engaged washing his hands. His back was towards the door; and as he was on far too intimate terms with his cousins to be very ceremonious or polite, he did not look round, but merely said, "When my hands are dry, if you will excuse my *deshabillé*, I will kiss and thank you, Maggie. Have you succeeded?"

"I have," replied a voice that was not Margaret Neville's; and as the sweet well-known accents fell upon his ear, Captain Berkeley threw down his square of brown Windsor, and turned quickly round to see Eleanor Rothesay standing beside the open portmanteau with the keys in her hand.

Charlie did not wait until his hands were dry to testify his bewildering delight at seeing her again, which was only equalled by the colonel's astonishment when he discovered the truth. But Eleanor had taken too firm a hold upon his heart ever to lose her influence; and never before had so happy a party met at Lamberhurst as on that last night of the old year.

THE HUNCHBACKS.

We have recently heard an anecdote of Talma, the great tragedian—his curing a tribulation by aggravating the disease. For several weeks, each time that he played, Talma remarked a hunchback, who always sat in the same place—one of the front stalls at the right of the theatre. This little hunchback

was critical, and often evinced his disapproval of certain points made by the actor in the most marked and impatient way. This conduct annoyed Talma; each evening he determined that he would not allow himself to be disturbed by the opinion of of this gentleman, nor notice his expressions of dissatisfaction—he would give himself up entirely to his part; but this he found impossible; in spite of himself, his eyes were attracted to this villainous little hunchback, whose fatally magnetic gaze caused him to turn to that part of the stage, and at last this evil power troubled him to that degree that, of all the audience, he recognized but this one systematic and obstinate detractor.

Talma, irritated, really tried by this evil influence, at length determined to break it up if possible. He called upon the gentleman at his own house, and said to him,

"Sir, I have come to beg a favor of you. Of course I do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of attending the play, nor to insist that you shall find me admirable when I have the misfortune to displease you. But I entreat that you will take some other place in the house, that I may not have you directly under my eye, for I confess that you exert a strange power over me, and that your gesture, your *maintien*, your whole person, occupy me so entirely that I feel scarcely able to go on with my part."

"I am sorry for it," sneeringly replied the little hunchback; "but I shall retain my old place. I do not know why I should change it in order to render you a service. No, my dear sir, I really am quite unhappy in refusing you; but I wish to study you quite at my ease, and I shall retain my accustomed stall."

Talma went away absolutely enraged. "*Parbleu!*" said he, "but I will have my revenge, you old scoundrel!" He went to the theatre, engaged the five other stalls situated beside the one occupied by his vexatious enemy, and passed the day giving them away—these choice seats—with discretion.

In the evening a gentleman came and took his place in one of these stalls. "See," said the *habitué* of the orchestra, "our friend, the hunchback, will have company this evening; his neighbor is deformed!"

The door is opened—a second gentleman enters.

"Oh, another hunchback! Why, one would swear this was expressly arranged—a *rendezvous* of three hunchbacks!"

Another person enters. A burst of laughter welcomes the new-comer. He is a fourth hunchback!

At last, the fifth (all invited by Talma) makes his appearance, and is received with laughter and stamping of feet.

Upon the rising of the curtain the accustomed hunchback arrived. He received an ovation of applause. The braves thundered around him!

Our little hunchback, pale with vexation, took his place between his brethren, who themselves laughed at the oddity of the position. During the *entr'acte* he made his escape, not to appear again! Talma was avenged, and homœopathy had its precedent of the cure of an evil by pitching it over its own head with aggravation.

THE CONVENT OF POOR CLARES, BRUSSELS.—The nuns never lie down, but sleep upright. I went up a narrow, corkscrew, stone staircase, into their cells, and saw these extraordinary beds; they consist of a hard and almost cylindrical mattress, stuffed with straw, about three feet long, at right angles, to which is fixed an equally hard upright pailasse, to support the back. There is no pillow, neither are there sheets, and only one small thin blanket. A basin and ewer of water stood on the ground, and the sleeping habit hung on a peg behind the door. There was no other furniture. A small window opened on to the garden, and the honeysuckle which embowered it gave something of a cheerful aspect to the denuded little dormitory. They rise at half-past four, are only allowed five minutes to wash and dress, and go down to chapel, where they pray and meditate till half-past five, when their first mass is said; this is always at a fixed hour, and is followed by one and sometimes two more. After these they remain in chapel till half-past eleven. Their first meal, which they call dinner, is at half-past twelve, and consists entirely of herbs, vegetables,

rice, eggs, &c. Butter, cheese, milk, and what they call *lait battu* (milk beaten), they also eat, but not at *maigre* seasons. Their second and last meal is at seven, and consists of dry bread and the *bière du pays* (beer of the country). The sisters do everything for themselves—washing, mending, sweeping, scouring, &c. The rule of the lay sisters is slightly less severe in every particular, but even this is ascetic enough to startle most secular persons. The sister who showed us the mysteries of the house was a very pleasant, amiable-looking woman of about thirty-five. She had a peculiarly calm, holy expression of countenance, and expressed herself perfectly happy in the life of which she had made choice, now about fifteen years since. The discipline they observe, she said, was *bon pour l'ame et bon pour le corps aussi* (good for the soul and good for the body also). It seems they are removed from house to house to prevent too great an attachment to one locality. She and another lay sister were sent, a short time ago, on a mission to England, and this was another considerable grievance to her; but she said she kept her trouble to herself, and accepted it as one of the acts of submission to the will of her superior, to which her rule bound her. The first night they arrived in London, where they put up at an hotel, they were shown into a room where the beds were, of course, horizontal. This was a difficulty which had not occurred to them, and they made up their minds to adopt the same position as the rest of the world; but no sooner had they tried it than they found it impossible to sleep. Accordingly, they relinquished the attempt, and taking the mattress off the bedstead, placed it half upright against the wall, and had reason to be perfectly satisfied with their ingenious expedient.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?" "I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth." "Oh, sir, I'm real strong; I can do a great deal of work if I ain't so very old." "But where do you come from? You don't look like a town boy? Run away from home, hey?" "Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come." "Well, my lad, where are your letters of recommendation! Can't take any boy without them." Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or teachers, or from some proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now, what should he do? He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the working of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened at the blank page and read, "Willie Graham; presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School teacher." Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child standing humbly before him, referring to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said, "You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

CHARITABLE ROBINS.—A pair of robins built their nest in bushes hanging over "Dove Bank," Uttoxeter, growing in the gardens of Mrs. Sneyd Kynnersley. In close proximity was the habitation of a pair of thrushes. Both had broods of unfledged ones under their protection at the same time. Mischievous lads in time found them out and threw at the nest of thrushes, trying to dislodge them. The gardener, for their protection, feelingly placed them in a cage out of harm's way in an adjoining bush, but the old birds appear not to have relished this kindly meant interference, and have not been seen on the spot. The robins have, however, adopted their neighbor's offspring, and have tended them carefully, having been often seen feeding them in the cage. Their own natural charge are dead, but whether they died before the adoption of the young thrushes cannot be discovered. We must suppose they did, and that little redbreast had not forgotten the old maxim that "charity begins at home."



THE STAG AT BAY.

THE stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening, murderous cry behind;
Deception short, though fleetest than the winds
Blown o'er the keen air'd mountains by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest off, and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening, to the golden day:
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarmed,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting, breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart; he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.—THOMSON.

BENEFITS OF A GOOD HEARTY LAUGH.—A medical neighbor tells the following:—While on a picnic excursion with a party of young people, discerning a crow's nest on a rocky precipice, they started in great glee to see who would reach it first. Their haste being greater than prudence, some lost their holds, and were seen rolling and tumbling down the hill side, bonnets smashed, clothes torn, postures ridiculous, but no one hurt. Then commenced a scene of most violent and long-continued laughter, and in which, being all young people, well acquainted with each other, and in the woods, they indulged to a perfect surfeit. They roared out with merry peal on peal of spontaneous laughter; they expressed it by hooting and hallooing when ordinary laughter became insufficient to express the merriment they felt at their own ridiculous situations and those of their mates; and ever afterwards the bare mention of the crow's nest scene occasioned renewed and irrepressible laughter. Years after, one of their number fell sick, became so low that she could not speak, and was about breathing her last. Our informant called to see her, gave his name and tried to make himself recognised, but failed till he mentioned the crow's nest, at which she recognised him, and began to laugh, and continued every little while renewing it; from that time she began to mend, recovered, and still lives a memento of the laugh cure.

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche to a talkative person who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next him at dinner. "Indeed, my lord," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Place it upon your mouth," said the prince.

CAN THE ABSENT BE FORGOTTEN.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Can the absent be forgotten?
 Can their memories ever die?
 Where they loved to be remembered,
 As a shadow on the sky?
 Can the early ties that bound us,
 Like the morning dreams depart?
 Forbid it Heav'n! for then will cease
 All truthfulness of heart.

Can the absent be forgotten,
 Though their silence we regret?
 No Lethe springs from this fair earth,
 By which we could forget.
 There is something in the memory
 Of those we've lov'd and lost,
 Upholds Love's bark o'er Time's vast sea
 However tempest-tost!

Can the absent be forgotten?
 Can the lips that we have kiss'd—
 The hands that we have press'd in ours,
 Be lost, and not be miss'd?
 Can the heart that throbb'd to our heart's throb—
 The cheek that sought our breast,
 As the swallow, wearied from afar,
 Seeks its own chosen nest?

Can all these be forgotten—
 As a footprint on the sand,
 The dew upon the hawthorn leaf,
 We brush off with our hand?
 Oh! no, there is a faith in love,
 Whose impulses are pure,
 That, like th' eternal mountains, God
 Created to endure!

VERE EGERTON; OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFETIME.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—"THE FRONT."

MAN has been variously defined by philosophers as a cooking animal (the truth of this definition, unless when applied to our Gallic neighbors, I stoutly contest), as a reasoning animal (this likewise will hardly hold water), as a self-clothing animal, as an omnivorous one, as an unfeathered biped, and as an improved specimen of the order of Simiæ without the tail! None of these definitions will I accept as expressing exactly the conditions and necessities of our species. I believe man to be an animal fed on excitement—the only one in creation that without that pabulum, in some shape or another languishes, becomes torpid, and loses its noblest energies both of mind and body. Why do men drink, quarrel, gamble, and waste their substance in riotous living? Why does Satan, according to good Dr. Watts, always provide "work for idle hands to do?" Why, but because men must have excitement. If he have no safety-valve for his surplus energies in the labor which earns his daily bread, they will find vent through some other channel, either for good or evil, according to his bias one way or the other. There is no such thing as repose on the face of the earth; "push on—keep moving," such is the motto of humanity. If we are not making we must be marring, but we cannot sit still. How else do we account for the proverbial restlessness of the sailor when he has been a few weeks ashore? How else can we conceive it possible for a rational being, whilst enjoying the luxuries and liberty of a landsman's existence, to pine for the hardships, the restraint, the utter discomfort which every one must necessarily experience on board ship? How, except upon this principle, can we understand the charm of a soldier's life, the cheering influence of a campaign? It is most unnatural to like rigid discipline, short rations, constant anxiety and unremitting toil. A wet great coat on the damp earth is a bad substitute for a four-post bed, with thick blankets, and clean sheets, not innocent of the warming-pan. A tent is a miserable dwelling-place at the best of times, and is only just preferable to the canopy of heaven in very hot, or very cold, or very windy, or very wet weather. There is small amusement in spending the livelong night in sleepless watching for an enemy, and little satisfaction in being

surprised by the same about an hour before dawn. It is annoying to be starved, it is irritating to be frightened, it is uncomfortable to be shot—yet are all these casualties more or less incidental to the profession of arms; and still the recruiting sergeant flaunts his bunch of ribbons in every market town throughout merry England, and still the bumpkin takes the shilling, and sings in beery strains, "Hurra for the life of a soldier!"

And I too had tasted of the fierce excitement of strife—had drunk of the stimulating draught which, like some bitter tonic, creates a constant craving for more—had been taught by the influence of custom and companionship to loathe the quiet dreamy existence which was my normal state, and to long for the thrill of danger, the variety and unholy revelry of war.

So I returned with Ropsley to the Crimea. I had small difficulty in obtaining leave from Omar Pasha to resign, at least for a time, my appointment on his personal staff.

"They are queer fellows, my adopted countrymen," said his Highness, in his dry, humorous manner, and with his quaint smile, "and the sooner you get out of the way, friend Egerton, the better. I shall be asked all sorts of questions about you myself; and if you stay here, why, the nights are dark, and the streets are narrow. Some fine morning it might be difficult to wake you, and nobody would be a bit the wiser. Our Turk has his peculiar notions about the laws of honor, and he cannot be made to comprehend why he should risk his own life in taking yours. Besides, he is ridiculously sensitive about his women, particularly with a Christian. Had you been a good Mussulman now, Egerton, it could easily be arranged. You might have bought the lady, got drunk on champagne with old Papoosh Pasha, and set up a harem of your own. Why don't you become a convert, as I did? The process is short, the faith simple, the practice satisfactory. Think it over, my good Interpreter, think it over. Bah! in ten minutes you would be as good a Mussulman as I am, and better." And his Highness laughed, and bid me "Good-bye," for he had a good deal upon his hands just then, being on the eve of marriage with his fifth wife, a young lady twelve years of age, daughter to his imperial Majesty the Sultan, and bringing her husband a magnificent dowry of jewels, gold and horses, in addition to many broad and fertile acres in Anatolia, not to mention a beautiful kiosk near Scutari and a stately palace on the Bosphorus, without which adventitious advantages she might perhaps have hardly succeeded in winning the heart of so experienced a warrior as Omar Pasha.

Thus it was that I found myself one broiling sunny morning leaning over the side of a transport just then dropping her anchor in Balacava bay.

The scorching rocks frowned down on the scorching sea; the very planks on the deck glistened with the heat. There was no shade on land, and not a breath of air ruffling the shining bosom of the water. The harbor was full, ay, choked with craft of every rig and every tonnage; whilst long, wicked-looking steamers and huge, unwieldy troop-ships dotted the surface of the land-locked bay. The union-jack trailed idly over our stern, the men were all on deck, gazing with eager faces on that shore which combined for them the realities of history with the fascinations of romance. Young soldiers were they, mostly striplings of eighteen and twenty summers, with the smooth cheeks, fresh color, and stalwart limbs of the Anglo-Saxon race—too good to fill a trench! And yet what would be the fate of at least two-thirds of that keen, light-hearted draft? *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Many a time has it made my heart ache to see a troopship ploughing relentlessly onward with her living freight "to the front"—many a time have I recalled Æsop's fable, and the footprints that were all towards the lion's den—and many a time have I thought that every unit there in red was himself the centre of a little world at home; and of the gray heads that would tremble, and the loving faces that would pale in peaceful villages far away in England, when no news came from foreign ports of "our John," or when the unrelenting *Gazette* arrived at last, and proclaimed, as too surely it would, that he was coming back, "Never, never—no more."

Boom!—there it is again! Every eye lightens at that dull, distant sound. Every man's pulse beats quicker, and his head towers more erect, for he feels that he has arrived at the *real thing* at last. No sham fighting is going on over yonder, not

two short leagues from where he stands—no mock bivouac at Etobham, nor practice in Woolwich Marshes, nor meaningless pageant in the Park: that iron voice carries death upon its every accent. For those in the trenches it is a mere echo—the unregarded consequence that necessarily succeeds the fierce rush of a round shot, or the wicked whistle of a shell; but for us here at Balaklava, it is one of the pulsations of England's life blood—one of the ticks, so to speak, of that great clock of doom which points ominously to the downfall of the beleaguered town.

Boom! Yes, there it is again; you cannot forget why you are here. Day and night, sunshine and storm, scarce five minutes elapse in the twenty-four hours without reminding you of the work in hand. You ride out from the camp for your afternoon exercise, you go down to Balaklava to buy provisions, or you canter over to the monastery at St. George's, to visit a sick comrade—the iron voice tolls on. In the glare of noon, when everything else seems drowsy in the heat, and the men lie down exhausted in the suffocating trenches—the iron voice tolls on. In the calm of evening, when the breeze is hushed and still, and the violet sea is sleeping in the twilight—the iron voice tolls on. So when the flowers are opening in the morning, and the birds begin to sing, and reviving nature, fresh and dewy, seems to scatter health and peace and goodwill over the earth—the iron voice tolls on. Nay, when you wake at midnight in your tent from a dream of your far-away home—oh! what a different scene to this!—tired as you may be, ere you have turned to sleep once more, you hear it again. Yes, at midnight as at noon, at morning as at evening, every day and all day long, Death is gathering his harvest—and the iron voice tolls on.

"Very slack fire they seem to be keeping up in the front," yawns out Ropsley, who has just joined me on deck, and to whom the siege and all its accessories are indeed nothing new. Many a long and weary month has he been listening to that sound; and what with his own ideas on the subject, and the information a naturally acute intellect has acquired touching the proceedings of the besiegers, his is indeed a familiarity which "breeds contempt."

"Any news from the camp?" he shouts out to a middy in a man-of-war's boat passing under our stern. The middy, a thorough specimen of an English boy, with his round laughing face and short jacket, stands up to reply.

"Another sortie! No end of the fellows killed; and they say the Malakhoff is blown up."

Our young soldiers listen eagerly to the news. They have heard and read of the Malakhoff for many a day, and though their ideas of the nature and appearance of that work are probably of a somewhat confused description, they are all athirst for intelligence, and prepared to swallow everything connected with the destruction of that or any other of the defences with a faith that is, to say the least of it, a sad temptation to the laughter-loving informant.

A middy, though from some organic cause of which I am ignorant, is always restless and impatient towards the hour of noon; and our friend plumps down once more in the stern of his gig and bids his men "give way," for the sun is by this time high in the heavens; so we take our places in the ship's boat which our own captain politely provides for us, and avoiding the confusion of a disembarkation of men and stores, Ropsley, Bold and I leap ashore at Balaklava, unencumbered save by the slender allowance of luggage which a campaign teaches the most luxurious to deem sufficient.

Ashore at Balaklava! What a scene of hurry and crowding and general confusion it is! Were it not that every second individual is in uniform and bearded to the waist, it would appear more like the mart of some peaceful and commercial seaport, than the threshold of a stage on which is being fought out to the death one of the fiercest and most obstinate struggles which history has to record on her blood-stained pages. There are no women, yet the din of tongues is perfectly deafening. Hurrying to and fro, doing as little work with as much labor as possible, making immense haste with small speed, and vociferating incessantly at the top of their voices, Turks and Tartars, Armenians, Greeks and Ionians, all accented by the burly English soldier under the generic name of "Johnny," are flitting aimlessly about, and wasting her Majesty's stores in

a manner that would have driven the late Mr. Hume frantic. Here a trim sergeant of infantry, clean and orderly, despite his war-worn looks and patched garments, drives before him a couple of swarthy nondescripts, clad in frieze, and with wild elf-locks protruding over their jutting foreheads, and twinkling Tartar eyes. They stagger under huge sacks of meal, which they are carrying to yonder storehouse, with a sentry pacing his short walk at the door. The sacks have been furnished by contract, so the seams are badly sewn; and the meal, likewise furnished by contract, and of inferior quality, is rapidly escaping, to leave a white track in the mud, also a contract article, and of the deepest, stickiest and most enduring quality. The labors of the two porters will be much lightened ere they reach their destination; but this is of less moment, inasmuch as the storehouse to which they are proceeding is by no means water-tight, and the first thunderstorm that sweeps in from the Black Sea is likely much to damage its contents. It is needless to add that this edifice of thin deal planks has been constructed by contract for the use of her Majesty's Government.

A little further on, a train of mules, guided by a motley crowd of every nation under heaven, and commanded by an officer in the workmanlike uniform of the Land Transport, is winding slowly up the hill. They have emerged from a perfect sea of mud, which even at this dry season shows not the least tendency to harden its consistency, and they will probably arrive at the front in about four hours, with the loss of a third only of their cargo, consisting of sundry munitions which were indispensable last week, and might have been of service the day before yesterday, but the occasion for which has now passed away for ever.

A staff officer on a short, sturdy pony, gallops hastily by, exchanging a nod as he passes with a beardless cornet of dragoons, whose English charger presents a curious study of the anatomy of a horse. He pulls up for an instant to speak to Ropsley, and the latter turns to me and says,

"Not so bad as I feared, Vere. It was a mere sortie, after all, and we drove them back very handsomely, with small loss on our side. The only officer killed was young —, and he was dying, poor fellow, at any rate, of dysentery."

This is the news of the day here, and the trenches form just such a subject of conversation before Sebastopol as does the weather in a country-house in England—a topic never new, but never entirely worn out.

Side by side, Ropsley and myself are journeying up the hill towards the front. A sturdy bat-man has been in daily expectation of his master's return, and has brought his horses down to meet him. It is indeed a comfort to be again in an English saddle—to have the lengthy, powerful frame of an English horse under one—and to hear the homely, honest accents of a provincial English tongue. When a man has been long amongst foreigners, and especially serving with foreign troops, it is like being at home again to be once more within the lines of a British army; and to add to the pleasure of our ride, although the day is cloudless and insufferably hot in the valleys, there is a fresh breeze up here, and a pure bracing air that reaches us from the heights on which the army is encamped.

It is a wild, picturesque scene, not beautiful, yet full of interest and incident. Behind us lies Balaklava, with its thronging harbor and its busy crowds, whose hum reaches us even here, high above the din. It is like looking down on an ant-hill to watch the movements of the shifting swarm.

On our right, the plain, stretching far and wide, is dotted with the Land Transport—that necessary evil so essential to the very existence of an army; and their clustering wagons and scattered beasts carry the eye onward to a dim white line formed by the neat tents and orderly encampment of the flower of French cavalry, the gallant and dashing Chasseurs d'Afrique.

On our left, the stable call of an English regiment of Light Dragoons reaches us from the valley of Kadikoi, that Crimean Newmarket, the doings of which are actually chronicled in *Bell's Life!* Certainly an Englishman's nationality is not to be rooted out of him even in the jaws of death. But we have little time to visit the race-course or the lines—to pass our comments on the condition of the troopers, or gaze open-mouthed at the wondrous field-batteries that occupy an adjoining encampment—moved by teams of twelve horses each, perhaps the finest animals of the class to be seen in Europe, with every accessory of

carriage, harness, and appointments, so perfect as not to admit of improvement; yet, I believe, not found to answer in actual warfare. Our interest is more awakened by another scene. We are on classic ground now, for we have reached the spot whence

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Yes, stretching down from our very feet, lies that mile-and-a-half gallop which witnessed the boldest deed of chivalry performed in ancient or modern times. Well might the French general exclaim, "*O'est magnifique!*" although he added, significantly, "*mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" The latter part of his observation is a subject for discussion, but of the former there is and there can be but one opinion. *Magnifique* indeed, it must have been to see six hundred horsemen ride gallantly down to almost certain death—every heart beating equally high, every sword striking equally hard and true.

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.

Not a child in England at this day but knows, as if he had been there, the immortal valley of Balaclava. It is needless to describe its situation, to dwell upon the position they were ordered to carry, or the fire that poured in upon front, flanks, aye, and rear, of the attacking force. This is all matter of history; but as the valley stretched beneath us, fresh, green and smiling peacefully in the sun, it required but little imagination to call up the stirring scene of which it had been the stage. Here was the very ground on which the Light Brigade were drawn up; every charger quivering with excitement, every eye flashing, every lip compressed with the sense of coming danger. A staff officer rides up to the leader and communicates an order. There is an instant's pause. Question and reply pass like lightning, and the aide-de-camp points to a dark, grim, mass of artillery bristling far away down yonder in the front. Men's hearts stop beating, and many a bold cheek turns pale, for there is more excitement in uncertainty than in actual danger. The leader draws his sword, and faces flush, and hearts beat high once more. Clear and sonorous is his voice, as he gives the well-known word; gallant and chivalrous his bearing as he takes his place—that place of privilege—in front—"Noblesse oblige," and can he be otherwise than gallant and chivalrous and devoted, for is he not a gentleman? and yet, to the honor of our countrymen be it spoken, not a man of that six hundred, of any rank, but was as gallant and chivalrous and devoted as he—he has said so himself a hundred times.

So the word is given, and the squadron leaders take it up, and the Light Brigade advances at a gallop; and a deadly grasp is on the sword, and the charger feels his rider's energy as he grips him with his knees, and holding him hard by the head urges him resolutely forward—to death!

And now they cross the line of fire: shot through the heart, an aide-de-camp falls headlong from the saddle, and his loose horse gallops on, wild and masterless, and wheels in upon the flank and joins the squadron once more. It has begun now, Man upon man, horse upon horse, are shot down and rolled over; yet the survivors close in, sterner, bolder, fiercer than before, and still the death-ride sweeps on.

"Steady, men—forward!" shouts a chivalrous squadron leader, as he waves his glittering sword above his head, and points towards the foe. Clear and cheerful rings his voice above the tramp of horses and the rattle of small-arms, and the deadly roar of artillery. He is a model of beauty, youth and gallantry—the admired of the men, the darling of women, the hope of his house. Do not look again. A round shot has taken man and horse, he is lying rolled up with his charger, a confused and ghastly mass. Forward! the squadron has passed over him, and still the death-ride sweeps on.

The gaps are awful now, the men told off by threes look in vain for the familiar face at right or left; every trooper feels that he must depend on himself and the good horse under him, but there is no wavering. Officers begin to have misgivings as to the result, but there is no hesitation. All know they are galloping to destruction, yet not a heart fails, not a rein is turned. Few, very few are they by this time, and still the death-ride sweeps on. They disappear in that rolling sulphurous cloud, the portal of another world; begrimed with smoke, ghastly with wounds, comrade cannot recognise comrade, and officers look wildly round for their men; but the guns are still

before them—the object is not yet attained—the enemy awaits them steadily behind his gabions, and the fire from his batteries is mowing them down like grass. If but one man is left, that one will still press forward: and now they are on their prey. A tremendous roar of artillery shakes the air. Mingled with the clash of swords and the plunge of horses, oath, prayer and death-shriek fly to heaven. The batteries are reached and carried. The death-ride sweeps over them, and it is time to return.

In twos, and threes, and single files, the few survivors stagger back to the ground from whence, a few short minutes ago, a gallant band had advanced in so trim, so orderly, so soldierlike a line.

The object has been attained, but at what a sacrifice! Look at yon stalwart trooper sinking on his saddle-bow, sick with his death-hurt, his head drooping on his bosom, his sword hanging idly in his paralyzed right hand, his failing charger, wounded and feeble, nobly bearing his master to safety ere he falls to rise no more. The soldier's eye brightens for an instant as he hears the cheer of the Heavy Brigade completing the work he has pawned his life to begin. Soon that eye will glaze and close for ever. Men look round for those they knew and loved, and fear to ask for the comrade who is down, stiff and stark, under those dismounted guns and devastated batteries; horses come galloping in without riders; here and there a dismounted dragoon crawls feebly back to join the remnants of what was once his squadron, and by degrees the few survivors get together and form something like an ordered body once more. It is better not to count them, they are so few, so very few. Weep, England, for thy chivalry! mourn and wring thy hands for that disastrous day; but smile with pride through thy tears, thrill with exultation in thy sorrow, to think of the sons thou can'st boast, of the deed-of-arms done by them in that valley before the eyes of gathered nations—of the immortal six hundred—thy children, every man of them, that rode the glorious death-ride of Balaclava!

"That was a stupid business," observed Ropsley, as he brought his horse alongside of mine, and pointed down the valley; "quite a mistake from beginning to end. What a licking we deserved to get, and what a licking we should have got if our dragoons were not the only cavalry in the world that will ride straight."

"And yet what a glorious day!" I exclaimed, for the wild cheer of a charge seemed even now to be thrilling in my ears. "What a chance for a man to have! even if he did not survive it. What a proud sight for the army. Oh, Ropsley, what would I give to have been there!"

"Not whist, my dear fellow," replied my less enthusiastic friend; "that is not the way to play the game, and no man who makes mistakes deserves to win. I have a theory of my own about cavalry, they should never be offered too freely. I would almost go as far as to say they should not be used till a battle is won. At least they should be kept in hand till the last moment, and then let loose like lightning. What said the duke? "There are no cavalry on earth like mine, but I can only use them once;" and no man knew as well as he did the merits and failings of each particular arm. Nor should you bring the same men out again too soon after a brilliant charge; let them have a little time to get over it, they will come again all the better. Never waste anything in war, and never run a chance when you can stand on a certainty. But here we are at the camp of the First Division. Yonder you may catch a glimpse of the harbor, and a few houses of the town of Sebastopol. How quiet it looks this fine day! quite the sort of place to take the children to for sea-bathing at this time of year! I am getting tired of the outside, though, Egerton; I sometimes think we shall never get in. There they go again," he added, as a white volume of smoke rose slowly into the clear air, and a heavy report broke dully on our ears; "there they go again, but what a slack fire they seem to be keeping up; we shall never do any good till we try a *coup de main*, and take the place by assault;" so speaking, Ropsley picked his way carefully amongst tent ropes and tent pegs, and all the impediments of a camp, to reach the main street, so to speak, of that canvas town, and I followed him, gazing around me with a curiosity rather sharpened than damped by the actual warfare I had already seen on so much smaller a scale.

There must have been at least two hundred thousand men at

that time disposed around the beleaguered town, this without counting the Land Transport and followers of an army, or the crowds of non-combatants that thronged the ports of Kamiesch and Balacava. The white town of tents stretched away for miles, divided and subdivided into streets and alleys; you had only to know the number of his regiment to find a private soldier, with as great a certainty as you could find an individual in London, if you knew the number of his house and the name of the street where he resided—always pre-supposing that the soldier had not been killed the night before in the trenches—a casualty by no means to be overlooked. We rode down the main street of the Guards Division, admired the mountaineer on sentry at the adjoining camp of the Highland Brigade, and pulled up to find ourselves at home at the door of Ropsley's tent, to which humble abode my friend welcomed me with as courteous an air and as much concern for my comfort as he would have done in his own luxurious lodgings in the heart of Mayfair. A soldier's life had certainly much altered Ropsley for the better. I could see he was popular in his regiment. The men seemed to welcome back the Colonel (a captain in the Guards holds the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army), and his brother officers thronged into his tent ere we had well entered it ourselves, to tell him the latest particulars of the siege, and the ghastly news that every morning brought fresh and bloody from the trenches.

As a stranger, or rather as a guest, I was provided with the seat of honor, an old, shrivelled bullock-trunk that had escaped the general loss of baggage on the landing of the army, previous to the battle of the Alma, and which, set against the tent-pole for a "back," formed a commodious and delightful resting-place. The said tent-pole, besides being literally the main-stay and prop of the establishment, fulfilling all the functions of a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, and a dressing-table; for from certain nails artfully disposed on its slender circumference, depended the few articles of costume and necessities of the toilet which formed the whole worldly wealth of the *cavalier* London dandy.

The dandy aforesaid, sitting on his camp-bedstead in his ragged flannel shirt, and sharing that seat with two other dandies more ragged than himself, pledged his guests in a silver-gilt measure of pale ale, brought up from Balacava at a cost of about half a guinea a bottle, and drank with a gusto such as the best flavored champagne had never wooed from a palate formerly too delicate and fastidious to be pleased with the nectar of the immortals themselves, now appreciating with exquisite enjoyment the strongest liquors, the most acrid tobacco, nay, the Irish stew itself, cooked by a private soldier at a camp fire, savory and delicious, if glutinous with grease and reeking of onions.

"Heavy business the night before last," said a young guardman with a beautiful girlish face, and a pair of uncommonly dirty hands, garnished with costly rings—a lad that looked as if he ought to be still at school, but uniting the cool courage of a man with the mischievous light-hearted spirits of a boy. "Couldn't get a wink of sleep for them at any time—never knew 'em so restless. Tell you what, colonel, 'rats leave a falling house,' it's my belief there's something up now, else why were we all relieved at twelve o'clock instead of our regular twenty-four hours in the trenches? Good job for me, for I breakfasted with the general, and a precious blow-out he gave me. Turkey, my boys! and cherry brandy out of a shaving-pot! Do you call that nothing?"

"Were you in the advance trenches?" inquired Ropsley, stopping our young friend's gastronomic recollections; "and did you see poor — killed?"

The lad's face fell in an instant; it was with a saddened and altered voice that he replied,

"Poor Charlie! yes, I was close to him when he was hit. You know it was his first night in the trenches, and he was like a boy out of school. Well, the beggars made a sortie, you know, on the left of our right attack; they couldn't have chosen a worse place; and he and I were with the light company when we drove them back. The men behaved admirably, colonel; and poor Charlie was so delighted, not being used to it, you know," proceeded the urchin, with the gravity of a veteran, "that it was impossible to keep him within bounds. He had a revolver (that wouldn't go off

by the way), and he had filled a soda-water bottle with powder and bullets and odd bits of iron, like a sort of Minie shell. Well, this thing burst in his hand and deuced near blew his arm off, but it only made him keener. When the Russians retired he actually ran out in front and threw stones at them. I tried all I could to stop him." (The lad's voice was getting husky now.) "Well, colonel, it was bright moonlight, and I saw a Russian private take a regular 'pot-shot' at poor Charlie. He hit him just below the waist-belt, and we dragged him into the trenches, and there he—he died. Colonel, this 'baccy of yours is very strong, I'll—I'll just walk into the air for a moment, if you'll excuse me. I'll be back directly."

So he turned and walked out, with his face turned from us all; and though there was nothing to be ashamed of in the weakness, I think not one of us but knew he had gone away to have his "cry" out, and liked him all the better for his mock manliness and his feeling heart.

Ere he came back again the bugles were sounding for after-noon parade. Orderly corporals were running about with small slips of paper in their hands, the men were falling in, and the fresh relief, so diminished every twenty-four hours, was again being got ready for the work of death in the trenches.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—"A QUIET NIGHT."

On an elevated plateau, sloping downward to a ravine absolutely paved with iron, in the remains of shot and shell fired from the town during its protracted and vigorous defence, are formed in open column "the duties" from the different regiments destined to carry on the siege for the next four and twenty hours. Those who are only accustomed to see British soldiers marshalled neat and orderly in Hyde Park, or manœuvring like clock-work in the "Phoenix," would hardly recognize in that motley, war-worn band the staid and uniform figures which they are accustomed to contemplate with pride and satisfaction as the "money's worth" of a somewhat oppressive taxation. The Highlanders—partly from the fortune of war, partly from the nature of their dress—are less altered from their normal exterior than the rest of the army, and the Guardsman's tall figure and bearskin cap still stamp him a Guardsman, notwithstanding patched clothing, and much worn accoutrements; but some of the line regiments which have suffered considerably during the siege, present the appearance of regular troops only in their martial bearing and the scrupulous discipline observed within their ranks. To the eye of a soldier, however, there is something very pleasing and "workmanlike" in the healthy, confident air of the men, and the "matter-of-course" manner in which they seem to contemplate the duty before them. Though their coats may be out at elbows, their firelocks are bright and in good order, while the havresacks and canteens slung at their sides seem to have been carefully replenished with a view to keeping up the physical vigor and stamina for which the British soldier is so celebrated, and which, with his firm reliance on his officers, and determined bull-dog courage, render him so irresistible an enemy.

There are no troops who are so little liable to panic—whose *morale*, so to speak, it is so difficult to impair, as our own. Napoleon said they "never knew when they were beaten." And how often has this generous ignorance saved them from defeat? Long may it be ere they learn the humiliating lesson! But that they are not easily disheartened may be gathered from the following anecdote, for the truth of which many a Crimean officer will readily vouch:

Two days after the disastrous attack of the 18th of June, 1855, a private soldier on fatigue duty was cleaning the doorstep in front of Lord Raglan's quarters; but his thoughts were running on far other matters than holystone and whitewash, for on a staff-officer of high rank emerging from the sacred portals, he stopped the astonished functionary with an abrupt request to procure him an immediate interview with the commander-in-chief.

"If you please, colonel," said the man, standing at "attention," and speaking as if it was the most natural thing in the world, "if it's not too great a liberty, I wants to see the general immediate and particular!"

"Impossible! my good fellow," replied the colonel—who, like most brave men, was as good-natured as he was fearless—"if you have any complaint to make, tell it me; you may be

sure it will reach Lord Raglan, and if it is just it will be attended to."

"Well, sir, it's not exactly a complaint," replied the soldier, now utterly neglecting the door-step, "but more a request, like; and I wanted to see his lordship special, if so be as it's not contrary to orders."

The colonel could hardly help laughing at the coolness with which so flagrant a military solecism was urged, but repeated that Lord Raglan was even then engaged with General Pelissier, and that the most he could do for his importunate friend was to receive his message and deliver it to the commander-in-chief at a favorable opportunity.

The man reflected an instant, and seemed satisfied. "Well, colonel," he said, "we knows you, and we trusts you. I speaks for myself and comrades, and what I've got to say to the general is this here. We made a bad business o' Monday, and we knows the reason why. You let us alone. There's plenty of us to do it; only you give us leave, and issue an order that not an officer nor a non-commissioned officer is to interfere, and we, the private soldiers of the British army, will have that place for you, if we will pull the works down with our fingers, and crack the stones with our teeth!"

"And what?" said the colonel, utterly aghast at this unheard-of proposal, "what—"

"What time will we be under arms to do it?" interrupted the delighted delegate, never doubting but that his request was now as good as granted—"why, at three o'clock to-morrow morning; and you see, colonel, when the thing's done, if me and my company wasn't the first lads in!"

Such is the material of which these troops are made who are now waiting patiently to be marched down to the nightly butchery of the trenches.

"It reminds one of the cover-side at home," remarked Ropsley, as we cantered up to the parade and dismounted; "one meets fellows from all parts of the camp, and one hears all the news before the sport begins. There goes the French relief," he added, as our allies went slinging by, their jaunty, disordered step and somewhat straggling line of march forming as strong a contrast to the measured tramp and regular movements of our own soldiers, as did their blue frock-coats and crimson trousers to the *veritable rouge* for which they had conceived so high a veneration. Ere they have quite disappeared our own column is formed. The brigade-major on duty has galloped to and fro, and seen to everything with his own eyes. Company officers, in rags and tatters, with swords hung sheathless in worn white belts, and wicker-covered bottles slung in a cord over the hip, to balance the revolver on the other side—and brave, gentle hearts beating under those tarnished uniforms—and sad experiences of death and danger and hardship behind those frank faces and honest, kindly smiles—have inspected their men and made their reports, and "fallen in" in their proper places, and the word is given, and its head moves off—"By the left; quick, march!"—and the column winds quietly down into the valley of the shadow of death.

Ropsley is field-officer of the night, and I accompany him on his responsible duty, for I would fain see more of the town that has been in all our thoughts so long, and learn how a siege is urged on so gigantic a scale.

The sun is just setting, and gilds the men's faces and the tufts of arid grass above their heads in the deepening ravine, with a tawny, orange hue peculiar to a sunset in the East. The evening is beautifully soft and still, but the dust is suffocating, rising as it does in clouds from the measured tread of so many feet; and there is a feeling of depression, a weight in the atmosphere, such as I have often observed to accompany the close of day on the shores of the Black Sea. Even the men seem to feel its influence—the whispered jest, the ready smile which usually accompanies a march is wanting; the youngest ensign looks thoughtful, and as if he were brooding on his far-away home; and the lines deepen on many a bearded countenance as we wind lower and lower down the ravine and reach the first parallel, which to some now present must be so forcible a reminder of disappointed hopes, fruitless sacrifices, and many a true and hearty comrade who shall be friend and comrade no more.

Ropsley has a plan of the works in his hand, which he studies with eager attention. He hates soldiering—so he avows—yet

is he an intelligent and trustworthy officer. With his own ideas on many points at variance with the authorities, and which he never scruples to avow, he yet rigidly carries out every duty entrusted to him, and if the war should last, promises to ascend the ladder as rapidly as any of his comrades. It is not the path he would have chosen to distinction, nor are the privations and discomforts of a soldier's life at all in harmony with his refined perceptions and luxurious habits; but he has embarked on the career, and true to his principle, he is determined to "make the most of it." I think, too, that I can now perceive in Ropsley a spice of romance foreign to his earlier character. It is a quality without which, in some shape or other, nothing great was ever yet achieved on earth. Yet how angry would he be if he knew that I thought he had a grain of it in his strong, practical character, which he flatters himself is the very essence of philosophy and common sense.

As we wind slowly up the now well-trodden covered way of the first parallel, from the shelter of which nothing can be seen of the attack or defence, I am forcibly reminded of the passages in a theatre, which one treads with blindfold confidence in anticipation of the blaze of light and excitement on which one will presently emerge. Ropsley smiles at the conceit as I whisper it in his ear.

"What odd fancies you have," says he, looking up from the plan on which he has been bending his earnest attention. "Well, you won't have long to wait for the opera; that's the first bar of the overture already!" As he speaks he pulls me down under the embankment, while a shower of dust and gravel, and a startling explosion immediately in front, warn us that the enemy has thrown a shell into the open angle of the trench, with a precision that is the less remarkable when we reflect how many months he has been practising to attain it.

"Very neatly done," observes Ropsley, rising from his crouching attitude with the greatest coolness; "they seldom trouble one much so soon as this. Probably a compliment to you, Egerton," he adds, laughing. "Now, let us see what the damage is!"

Stiff and upright as the ramrod in his firelock, which rattles to this salute, a sergeant of the Guards marches up and makes his report: "Privates Wood and Jones wounded slightly, sir; Lance-corporal Smithers, killed."

They pass us as they are taken to the rear; the lance-corporal has been shot through the heart, and must have died instantaneously. His face is calm and peaceful, his limbs are disposed on the stretcher as if he slept. Poor fellow! 'Tis quick work, and in ten minutes he is forgotten. My first feeling is one of astonishment at my own hardness of heart in not being more shocked at his fate.

So we reach the advanced trenches without more loss. It is now getting quite dark, for the twilight in these latitudes is but of short duration. A brisk fire seems to be kept up on the works of our allies, responded to by the French gunners with ceaseless activity; but our own attack is comparatively unmolested, and Ropsley makes his arrangements and plants his sentries in a calm, leisurely way that inspires the youngest soldier with confidence, and wins golden opinions from the veterans who have spent so many bleak and weary nights before Sebastopol.

We are now in the advanced trenches. Not three hundred paces to our front are yawning the deadly batteries of the Redan. The night is dark as pitch. Between the intervals of the cannonade, kept up so vigorously far away on our right, we listen breathlessly as the night-breeze sweeps down to us from the town, until we can almost fancy we hear the Russians talking within their works. But the "pick, pick" of our own men's tools, as they enlarge the trench, and the stifled whispers and cautious tread, deaden all other sounds. Each man works with his firelock in his hand; he knows how soon it may be needed. Yet the soldier's ready jest and quaint conceit is ever on the lip, and many a burst of laughter is smothered as it rises, and enjoyed all the more keenly for the constraint.

"Not so much noise there," says Ropsley, in his quiet, authoritative tone, as the professed buffoon of a light company indulges in a more lively sally than usual: "I will punish any man that speaks above a whisper. Come, my lads," he added, good-humoredly, "keep quiet now, and perhaps it will be our

turn before the night is over!" The men return to their work with a will, and not another word is heard in the ranks.

The officers have established a sort of head-quarters at a *place d'armes*, or re-assembling spot near the centre of their own "attack." Three or four are coiled up in different attitudes, beguiling the long, dark hours with whispered jests and grave speculations as to the intentions of the enemy. Here a stalwart captain of Highlanders stretches his huge frame across the path, puffing forth volumes of smoke from the short black pipe that has accompanied him through the whole war—the much-prized "cutty" that was presented to him by his father's forester when he shot the royal stag in the "pass abune Craig-Owar;" there a slim and dandy rifleman passes a wicket-colored flask of brandy and water to a tall, sedate personage who has worked his way through half-a-dozen Indian actions to be a senior captain of a line regiment, and who, should he be fortunate enough to survive the present siege, may possibly arrive at the distinguished rank of a brevet-major. He prefers his own bottle of cold tea; as it gurgles into his lips the Highlander pulls a face of disgust.

"Take those long, indecent legs of yours out of the way, Sandy," says a merry voice, the owner of which, stumbling over these brawny limbs in the darkness, makes his way up to Ropsley, and whispers a few words in his ear which seem to afford our colonel much satisfaction.

"You couldn't have done it better," says he to the new arrival, a young officer of engineers, the "bravest of the brave," and "the gayest of the gay;" "I could have spared you a few more men, but it is better as it is. I hate harassing our fellows, if we can help it. What will you have to drink?"

"A drain at the flask, first, colonel," answers the light-hearted soldier; "I've been on duty now, one way and another, for eight and forty hours, and I'm about beat. Sandy, my boy, give us a whiff out of 'the cutty.' I'll sit by you. You remind me of an opera-dancer, in that dress. Mind, you dine with me to-morrow, if you're not killed."

The Highlander growls out a gruff affirmative. He delights in his volatile friend; but he is a man of few words, although his arm is weighty and his brain is clear.

A shell shrieks and whistles over our heads. We mark it revolving, bright and beautiful, like a firework through the darkness. It lights far away to our rear, and bounds once more from the earth ere it explodes with a loud report.

"Not much mischief done by that gentleman," observes Ropsley, taking his cigar from his mouth; "he must have landed clear of all our people. We shall soon have another from the same battery. I wish I knew what they are doing over yonder," he adds, pointing significantly in the direction of the Redan.

"I think I can find out for you, colonel," says the engineer; "I am going forward to the last 'sap,' and I shall not be very far from there. Your sharpshooters are just at the corner, Green," he adds to the rifleman, "won't you come with me?" The latter consents willingly; and as they rise from their dusty lair I ask leave to accompany them, for my curiosity is fearfully excited, and I am painfully anxious to know what the enemy is about. The last "sap" is a narrow and shallow trench, the termination of which is but a short distance from the Russian work. It is discontinued at the precipitous declivity which here forms one side of the well-known Woronzoff ravine; and from this spot, dark as it is, the sentry can be discerned moving to and fro—a dusky, indistinct figure—above the parapet of the Redan.

The engineer officer and Green of the rifles seat themselves on the very edge of the ravine; the former plucks a blade or two of grass and flings them into the air.

"They can't hear us with this wind," says he. "What say you, Green; would'nt it be a good lark to creep in under there, and make out what they're doing?"

"I'm game!" says Green, one of those dare-devil young gentlemen to be found amongst the subalterns of the British army, who would make the same reply were it a question of crossing that glacial in the full glare of day to take the work by assault, single-handed. "Put your sword off, that's all, otherwise you'll make such a row that our own fellows will think they're attacked, and fire on us like blazes. Mind you, my chaps have had lots of practice, and can hit a haystack as

well as their neighbors. Now, then, are you ready?" Come on."

The engineer laughed, and unbuckled his sabre.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Egerton, in case I shouldn't see you again," said he; and so the two crept silently away upon their somewhat hazardous expedition.

I watched their dark figures with breathless interest. The sky had lifted a little, and there was a ray or two of moonlight struggling fitfully through the clouds. I could just distinguish the two English officers as they crawled on hands and knees amongst the slabs of rock and inequalities of ground which now formed their only safety. I shuddered to think that if I could thus distinguish their forms, why not the Russian riflemen?—and what chance for them with twenty or thirty "Minies" sighted on them at point-blank distance? However, "Fortune favors the brave;" the light breeze died away, and the moon was again obscured. I could see them no longer, and I knew that by this time they must have got within a very few paces of the enemy's batteries, and that discovery was now certain death. The ground, too, immediately under the Russian work, was smoother and less favorable to concealment than under our own. The moments seemed to pass very slowly. I scarcely dared to move, and the tension of my nerves was absolutely painful, every faculty seeming absorbed in the one concentrated effort of listening.

Suddenly, a short, sharp stream of light, followed by the quick, angling report of the Minié—then another and another—they illumine the night for an instant; and during that instant I strain my eyes in vain to discover the two dark creeping forms. And now a blinding glare fills our own trenches—the figures of the men coming out like phantoms in their different attitudes of labor and repose. The enemy has thrown a fire-ball into our works, to ascertain what we are about. Like the pilot-fish before the shark, that bright messenger is soon succeeded by its deadly followers, and ere I can hurry back to the rallying point of the attack, where I have left Ropsley and his comrades, a couple of shells have already burst among our soldiers, dealing around them their quantum of wounds and death, whilst a couple more are winging their way like meteors over our heads, to carry the alarm far to the rear, where the gallant blue jackets have established a tremendous battery, and are at this moment, in all probability, chafing and fretting that they are not nearer the point of danger.

"Stand to your arms! Steady, men, steady!" is the word passed from soldier to soldier along the ranks, and the men spring like lions to the parapet, every heart beating high with courage, every firelock held firmly at the charge. They are tired of "long bowls" now, and would fain have it out with the bayonet.

The fire from the Redan lights up the intervening glacis, and as I rush hurriedly along the trench, stooping my head with instinctive precaution, I steal a glance or two over the low parapet, which shows me the figure of a man running as hard as his legs can carry him towards his own rallying point. He is a mark for fifty Russian rifles, but he speeds on nevertheless. His cheery voice rings through all the noise and confusion, as he hollas to our men not to fire at him.

"Hold on, my lads," he says, leaping breathlessly into the trench; "I've had a precious good run for it. Where's the colonel?"

His report is soon made. It is the young officer of engineers who thus returns in haste from his reconnoitring expedition. His companion, Green, has reached his own regiment by another track, for they wisely separated when they found themselves observed, and strange to say, notwithstanding the deadly fire through which they have "run the gauntlet," both are unwounded. The engineer confers with Ropsley in a low voice.

"They only want to draw off our attention, colonel," says he; "I am quite sure of it. When I was under the Redan I could hear large bodies of men moving towards the left. That is the point of attack, depend upon it. There they go on our right! I told you so. Now we shall have it, hot and heavy, or I'm mistaken."

Even while he speaks a brisk fire is heard to open on our right flank. The clouds clear off, too, and the moon, now high in the heavens, shines forth unveiled. By her soft light we

can just discern a dark, indistinct mass winding slowly along across an open space of ground between the Russian works. The rush of a round shot from one of our own batteries whizzes over our heads. The dusky column wavers, separates, comes together again, and presses on. Ropsley gets cooler and cooler, for it is coming at last.

"Captain McDougal," says he to that brawny warrior, who does not look the least like an opera dancer now, as he rears his six feet of vigor on those stalwart supporters, "I can spare all the Highlanders; form them directly, and move to your right flank. Do not halt till you reach the ground I told you of. The Rifles and our own Light Company will stand fast! Remainder, right, form four deep—march!"

There is an alarm along the whole line. Our allies are engaged in a brisk cannonade for their share, and many an ugly missile hisses past our ears from the foe, or whistles over our heads from our own supports. Is it to be a general attack?—a second Inkermann, fought out by moonlight? Who knows? The uncertainty is harassing, yet attended with its own thrilling excitement—half a pleasure, half a pain.

A few of our own people (we cannot in the failing light discover to what regiment they belong) are giving way before a dense mass of Russian infantry that outnumber them a hundred to one. They have shown a determined front for a time, but they are sorely pressed and overpowered, and by degrees they give back more and more. The truth must out—they are on the point of turning tail and running away. A little fiery Irishman stands out in front of them; a simple private is he in the regiment, and never likely to reach a more exalted rank, for, like all great men, he has a darling weakness, and the temptation to which he cannot but succumb is inebriety—the pages of the defaulters' book call it "habitual drunkenness." Nevertheless, he has the heart of a hero. Gesticulating furiously, and swearing, I regret to say, with blasphemous volubility, he tears the coat from his back, flings his c.p. on the ground, and tossing his arms wildly above his head, thus rebukes, like some Homeric hero, his more prudent comrades:

"Och, bad luck to ye, rank cowards and shufflers that ye are! and bad luck to the day I listed! and bad luck to the rig'ment that's disgracin' me! Would I wear the uniform, and parade like a soldier again, when it's been dirtied by the likes of you? 'Faith, not I, ye thunderin' villains. I'll tread and trample the coat, and the cap, and the facin's, and the rest of it; and I'll fight in my shirt, so I will, if they come on fifty to one. Hurroo!"

Off goes his musket in the very faces of the enemy; with a rush and a yell he runs at them with the bayonet. His comrades turn, and strike in vigorously with the hero. Even that little handful of men serves for an instant to check the onward progress of the Russians. By this time the supports—Guards, Highlanders, and the flower of the British infantry—are pouring from their entrenchments; a tremendous fire of musketry opens from the whole line; staff-officers are galloping down hurry-skurry from the camp. Far away above us, on those dark heights, the whole army will be under arms in ten minutes. The Russian column wavers once more—breaks like some wave against a sunken rock; dark flitting figures are seen to come out, and stagger, and fall; and then the whole body goes to the right about and returns within its defences, just as a mass of heavy clouds rising from the Black Sea sweeps across the moon, and darkness covers once more besiegers and besieged.

We may lie down in peace now till the first blush of dawn rouses the riflemen on each side, to that sharpshooting practice of which it is their custom to take at least a couple of hours before breakfast. We may choose the softest spots in those dusty covered ways, and lean our back against gabions that are getting sadly worn out, and in their half-emptied inefficiency afford but an insecure protection even from the conical ball of the wicked "Minie." We may finish our flasks of brandy and water and our bottles of cold tea, and get a few winks of sleep, and dream of home and the loved ones that, except in the hours of sleep, some of us will never see more. All these luxuries we may enjoy undisturbed. We shall not be attacked again, for this is what the soldiers term, "A quiet night in the trenches."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE GROTO.

It is not all fighting, though, before Sebastopol. Without coinciding entirely with the somewhat Sancho Panza-like philosophy, which affirms that the "latter end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray," there is many a gallant fellow who has not the slightest objection to take his share of both; and from the days of Homer's heavy-handed heroes, down to those of the doughty Major Dugald Dalgetty himself, a good commissariat has always been considered essential to the success of all warlike enterprise. Every campaigner knows what a subject of speculation and excitement is afforded by the prospect of "what we will have for dinner," and the scantiness of that meal, together with the difficulty of providing for it, seems but to add to the zest with which it is enjoyed. Many a quaint incident and laughable anecdote is related of the foregoing propensities of our allies, particularly the Zouaves, who had learned their trade in Algeria, and profited by the lessons of their Khabyle foe. The Frenchman, moreover, knows how to cook a dinner when he has filched it, which is more than can be said for our own gallant countrymen.

Had it not been for Fortnum and Mason—names which deserve to be immortalized, and which will ever be remembered with gratitude by the British army—our heroes would indeed have been badly off for luxurious living on that bracing and appetite-giving plateau. Yet, thanks to the energy of this enterprising firm, Amphitryons were enabled to indulge their taste for hospitality, and guests to admire and criticise the merits of the very commendable delicacies placed before them.

A dinner-party at Sebastopol, just out of cannon-shot, had something inexpressibly enlivening in its composition. There was no lack of news, no lack of laughter, no lack of eatables and drinkables, above all, no lack of hunger and thirst. The same faces were to be seen around the board that might have been met with at any dinner-table in London, but white neck-cloths and broadcloth had given place to tawny beards and tarnished uniforms, whilst the bronzed countenances and high spirits of the party formed an exhilarating contrast to the weary looks and vapid conversation which make London society, in its own intrinsic attractions, the stupidest in the world.

The sun's last rays are lighting up that well-known hill where "sleeps the bravest of the brave," he whose name will go down to our children's children coupled with Inkermann, as that of Leonidas with Thermopylae. He whose fall evoked a deed of chivalry such as minstrel and troubadour snatched from oblivion in the olden time, and handed down to us for a beacon along the pathway of honor. Had they ever a nobler theme than this? A chief falls, surrounded and overpowered, in his desperate attempt to retrieve the fortunes of a day that he deems all but lost. His friend and comrade, faint and mangled, turns once more into the battle, and bestrides the form of the prostrate hero. One to ten, the breathless and the wounded against the fresh and strong, but the heart of an English gentleman behind that failing sword, beat down and shattered by the thirsty bayonets. An instant the advance is checked. An instant and they might both have been saved. Oh for but one half-dozen of the towering forms that are even now mustering to the rescue! They are coming through the smoke! Too late—too late! the lion-hearted chieftain and the gentle, chivalrous warrior are down, slain, trampled, and defaced, but side by side on the bed of honor; and though the tide sweeps back, and the broken columns of the Muscovite are driven, routed and shattered, to the rear, their ears are deaf to the shout of victory, their laurel wreaths shall hang vacant and unworn, for they shall rise to claim them no more.

The setting sun is gilding their graves—the white buildings of Sebastopol smile peacefully in his declining rays—the sea is blushing violet under the rich purple of the evening sky. The Allied fleets are dotted like sleeping wild-fowl over the bosom of the deep; one solitary steamer leaves its long dusky track of smoke to form a stationary cloud, so smooth is the water that the ripple caused by the sunken ships can be plainly discerned in the harbor, and the Russian men-of-war still afloat look like children's toys in the distance of that clear, calm atmosphere. The bleak and arid foreground, denuded of vegetation, and trampled by a thousand footmarks, yet glows with the warm orange hues of sunset, and the white tents contrast

pleasingly with here and there the richer coloring of some more stationary hut or storehouse. It is an evening for peace, reflection and repose; but the dull report of a sixty-eight pounder smites heavily on the ear from the town, and a smart soldier-servant, standing respectfully at "attention," observes, "The general is ready, sir, and dinner is upon the table."

In a grotto dug by some Tartar hermit out of the cool earth are assembled a party of choice spirits, who are indeed anchorites in nothing but the delight with which they greet the refreshing atmosphere of their banqueting-hall. A flight of stone steps lead down into this well-contrived vault, in so hot a climate no contemptible exchange for the stifling interior of a tent, or even the comparative comfort of a wooden hut thoroughly baked through by the sun. A halting figure on crutches is toiling painfully down that staircase, assisted, with many a jest at their joint deficiencies, by a stalwart, handsome Guardsman, a model of manly strength and symmetry, but lacking what he is pleased to term his "liver wing." They are neither of them likely to forget the Crimea whilst they live. Ere they reach the bottom they are overtaken by a cavalry officer with jingling spurs and noisy scabbard, who, having had a taste of fighting, such as ought to have satisfied most men, at Balacava, is now perpetually hovering around the front, disgusted with his enforced idleness at Kadikoi, and with a strong impression on his mind—which he supports by many weighty arguments—that a few squadrons of dragoons would be valuable auxiliaries to a storming party, and that a good swordsman on a good horse can "go anywhere and do anything."

"I think we are all here, now," says the host; "Monsieur le General, shall we go to dinner?"

The individual addressed gives a hearty affirmative. He is a stout, good-humored looking personage, with an eagle eye, and an extremely tight uniform covered with orders and decorations. He is not yet too fat to get on horseback, though the privations of campaigning seem to increase his rotundity day by day, and he expects ere long to go to battle, like an ancient Scythian, in his war-chariot. By that time he will be a marshal of France, but meanwhile he pines a little for the opera, and enjoys his dinner extremely. He occupies the seat of honor on the right hand of his host. The latter bids his guests welcome in frank, soldierlike style; and whilst the soup is handed round, and those bearded lips are occupied with its merits, let us take a look round the table at the dozen or so of guests, some of whom are destined ere long to have their likenesses in every print-shop in merry England. First of all, the dinner-giver himself—a square, middle-sized man, with a kindling eye, and a full, determined voice, that suggests at once the habit of command—a kindly though energetic manner, and a countenance indicative of great resolution and clear-headedness; perhaps the best drill in the British army, and delighting much in a neat touch of parade tactics even before an enemy. Many a Guardsman nudged his comrade with a grin of humorous delight when, on a certain 20th of September, his old colonel coolly doubled a flank company in upon the rear of its battalion, and smiled to see the ground it would otherwise have occupied, ploughed and riddled by the round shot that was pouring from the enemy's batteries in position on the heights above the Alma. The British soldier likes coolness above all things; and where in command of foreign troops an officer should rave and gesticulate and tear his hair to elicit a corresponding enthusiasm from his men, our own phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons prefer the quiet smile and the good-humored "Now, my lads!" which means so much.

On the left, and facing the Frenchman, sits a middle-aged, decided-looking man, somewhat thoughtful and abstracted, yet giving his opinions in a clear and concise manner, and with a forcible tone and articulation that denote great energy and firmness of character. His name, too, is destined to fill the page of history—his future is bright and glowing before him, and none will grudge his honors and promotion, for he is endeared to the army by many a kindly action, and it has been exertion for their welfare and watching on their behalf, that have wasted his strong frame with fever, and turned his hair so gray in so short a time. Soldier as he is to his heart's core, he would fain be outside in the sunset with his colors and his sketch-book, arresting on its pages the glorious panorama which is even now passing away; but he is listening attentively to his

neighbor, a handsome young man in the uniform of a simple private of Zouaves, and is earnestly occupied in "getting a wrinkle" as it is termed, concerning the interior economy and discipline of that far-famed corps. The Zouave gives him all the information he can desire with that peculiarly frank and fascinating manner which is fast dying out with the *ancien régime*, for though a private of Zouaves he is a Marquis of France, the representative of one of the oldest families in the empire, and a worthy scion of his chivalrous race. Rather than not draw the sword for his country, he has resigned his commission in that body of household cavalry termed "The Guides," and entered as a trooper in the Chasseurs d'Afrique; a display of martial enthusiasm for which he has been called out from the ranks of his original corps and publicly complimented by the Empress Eugénie herself. Arrived at the Crimea, he found his new comrades placed in enforced idleness at far too great a distance from active operations to suit his taste, and he forthwith exchanged once more into the Zouaves, with whom he took his regular share of duty in the trenches, and he is now enjoying a furlough of some six hours from his quarters, to dine with an English general, and cultivate the *entente cordiale* which flourishes so vigorously on this Crimean soil. Alas for the gallant spirit, the graceful form, the warm noble heart! no bird of ill-omen flew across his path as he came to-day to dinner, no warning-note of impending death rang in his ears to give him notice of his doom. To-night he is as gay, as lively, as cheerful as usual; to-morrow he will be but a form of senseless clay, shot through the head in the trenches.

Meanwhile the champagne goes round, and is none the less appreciated that although there is an abundance of bottles, there is a sad deficiency of glasses. A light-hearted aide-de-camp, well accustomed to every emergency, great or small, darts off to his adjoining tent, from which he presently returns, bearing two tin cups and the broken remains of a coffee-pot; with these auxiliaries dinner progresses merrily, and a fat turkey—how obtained it is needless to inquire—is soon reduced to a skeleton. A little wit goes a long way when men are before an enemy; and as the aide-de-camp strongly repudiates the accusation of having purloined this hapless bird, jokes are bandied about from one to another, every one wishing to fasten on his neighbor the accusation of knowing how to "make war support war."

The English officers are a long way behind their allies in this useful accomplishment; and the French general shakes his jolly sides as he relates with much gusto sundry Algerian experiences of what we should term larceny and rapine, but which his more liberal ideas seem to consider excusable, if not positively meritorious.

"The best foragers I had in Algeria," says he, "were my best soldiers too. If I wanted fresh milk for my coffee, I trusted to the same men that formed my storming parties, and I was never disappointed in one case or the other. In effect, they were droll fellows, my Zouaves Indigènes—cunning too, as the cat that steals cream; the Khabyles could keep nothing from them. If we entered their tents, everything of value was taken away before you could look round. To be sure we could carry nothing with us, but that made no difference. I have seen the men wind shawls round their waists that were worth a hundred louis a-piece, and throw them aside on a hot day on the march. There was one Khabye chief who was very conspicuous for the magnificent scarlet cashmere which he wore as a turban. On foot or on horseback, there he was, always fighting and always in the front. Heaven knows why, but the men called him Bobouton, and wherever there was a skirmish Bobouton was sure to be in the thick of it. One day I happened to remark, "that I was tired of Bobouton and his red shawl, and I wished some one would bring me the turban and rid me of the wearer." A little swarthy Zouave, named Pépé, overheard my observation. "Mon colonel," said he, with a most ceremonious bow, "to-morrow is your *jour de fête*—will you permit me to celebrate it by presenting you with the scarlet turban of Bobouton?" I laughed, thanked him, and thought no more about it.

"The following morning, at sunrise, I rode out to make a reconnaissance. A party, of whom Pépé was one, moved forward to clear the ground. Contrary to all discipline and *ordonnance*, my droll little friend had mounted a magnificent pair of epaulettes. Worn on his Zouave uniform, the effect was

the least thing ridiculous. As I knew of no epaulettes in the camp besides my own, I confess I was rather angry, but the enemy having opened a sharp fire upon my skirmishers, I did not choose to sacrifice an aide-de-camp by bidding him ride on and visit Pépé with condign punishment; so reserving to myself that duty on his return, I watched him meanwhile through my glass with an interest proportioned to my regard for my epaulettes, an article not too easily replaced in Algeria. Nor were mine the only eyes that looked so eagerly on the flashing bullion. Bobouton soon made his appearance from behind a rock, and from the manner in which he and Pépé watched and, so to speak, 'stalked' each other, I saw that a regular duel was pending between the two. In fine, after many manœuvres on both sides, the Zouave incautiously exposed himself at a distance of eighty or ninety paces, and was instantaneously covered by his watchful enemy. As the smoke cleared away from the Khaby's rifle, poor Pépé sprang convulsively in the air, and fell headlong on his face. *'Tenez'* said I to myself, 'there is Pépé shot through the heart, and I shall never see my epaulettes again.'

"The Khaby rushed from his hiding-place to strip his fallen antagonist. Already his eyes glittered with delight at the idea of possessing those tempting ornaments—already he was within a few feet of the prostrate body, when 'crack!' once more I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and presto, like some scene at a carnival, it was Bobouton that lay slain upon the rocks, and Pépé that stood over him and stripped him of the spoils of war. In another minute he unrolled the red turban at my horse's feet. *'Mon colonel,'* said he, 'accept my congratulations for yourself and your amiable family. Accept this trifling token of remembrance taken from that incautious individual who, like the mouse in the fable, thinks the cat must be dead because she lies prostrate without moving. And accept, moreover, my thanks for the loan of these handsome ornaments, without the aid of which I could not have procured myself the pleasure of presenting my worthy colonel with the shawl of *ce malheureux Bobouton*.' The rascal had stolen them out of my tent the night before, though my aide-de-camp slept within two paces of me, and my head rested on the very box in which they were contained."

"Alas! we have no experiences like yours, general," says a tall, handsome colonel of infantry, with the Cape and Crimean ribbons on his breast; "wherever we have made war with savages, they have had nothing worth taking. A Kaffre chief goes to battle with very little on besides his skin, and that is indeed scarce worth the trouble of stripping. When we captured Sandilli, I give you my word he had no earthly article on his person but a string of blue beads, and yet he fought like a wild-cat to make his escape."

"Your health, my friend," replies the general, clinking his glass with that of his new acquaintance. "You have been in Caffraria? Ah! I should have known it by your decorations. Are they not a fierce and formidable enemy? Is it not a good school for war? Tell me, now," looking round the table for an explanation, "why do you not reserve South Africa, you others, as we do the northern shore, to make of it a drill-ground for your soldiers and a school for your officers? It would cost but little—a few hundred men a year would be the only loss. Bah! a mere trifle to the richest and most populous country in the world. I do not understand your English *sang froid*. Why do you not establish your Algeria at the Cape?"

Many voices are immediately raised in explanation; but it is difficult to make the thorough soldier—the man who has all his life been the military servant of a military government—understand how repugnant would be such a proceeding to the feelings of the British people—how contrary to the whole spirit of their constitution. At length, with another glass of champagne, a new light seems to break in upon him. "Ah!" says he, "it would not be approved of by *Le Times*; now I understand perfectly. We manage these matters better with us. *Peste!* if we go to war, there it is. We employ our *Gazettes* to celebrate our victories. Your health, *mon général*; this is indeed a wearisome business in which we are engaged—a life totally brutalizing. Without change, without manœuvring, and without pleasure; what would you? I trust the next campaign in which we shall meet may be in a civilized country—the borders of the Rhine for instance; what think you?"

where, instead of the barbarian desert, you find a village every mile, and a good house in every village, with a bottle of wine in the cellar, a smoked ham in the chimney, and a handsome Saxon blonde in the kitchen. *"A la guerre, comme à la guerre, n'est ce pas, mon général?"*

The company are getting merry and talkative; cigars are lit and coffee is handed round; the small hours are approaching, and what Falstaff calls the "sweet of the night" is coming on, when the tramp and snort of a horse are heard at the entrance of the grotto—a steel scabbard rings upon the stone steps—and although the new comer's place at one end of the table has been vacant the whole of dinner-time, he does not sit down to eat till he has whispered a few words in the ear of the English general, who receives the intelligence with as much coolness as it is imparted.

In five minutes the grotto is cleared of all save its customary occupants. The French general has galloped off to his head quarters; the English officers are hurrying to their men; each as he leaves the grotto casts a look at an ingenious arrangement at its mouth, which, by means of a diagram formed of white shells, each line pointing to a particular portion of the attack, enables the observer to ascertain at once in which direction the fight is most severe. The originator of this simple and ingenious indicator meanwhile sits down for a mouthful of food. He has brought the intelligence of the sortie already described, and which will turn out the troops of all arms in about ten minutes; but in the meantime he has five to spare, and being very hungry he makes the best use of his time. As the light from the solitary lamp brings into relief that square, powerful form—that statue-like head, with its fearless beauty and its classical features—above all, the frank, kindly smile that never fades under difficulties, and the clear, unwavering eye that never quails in danger—any physiognomist worthy of the name would declare "that man was born to be a hero!" And the physiognomist would not be mistaken.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE REDAN.

THE days dragged on in the camp. Sometimes wearily enough, sometimes enlivened by a party of pleasure to Baidar, an expedition to the monastery of St. George, a general action at the Tchernaya, a hurdle-race at Kadikoi, or some trifling excitement of the same kind. Already the great heat was beginning to be tempered by the bracing air of autumn, and the army was more than half inclined to speculate on the possibility of another long dreary winter before Sebastopol.

But the time had come at last. The blow so long withheld was to be launched in earnest, and for a day or two before the final and successful assault, men's minds seemed to tell them—they scarce knew why—that a great change was impending, and that every night might now be the last on which the dogged valor of the besieged would man those formidable defences that, under the names of the Malakhoff, the Redan, &c., had for so long occupied the attention of France, England, and indeed the whole of Europe.

I was sitting outside Ropsley's tent, sharing my breakfast of hard biscuit with Bold, at daybreak of a fine September morning. The old dog seemed on this occasion to have renewed his youth, and was so demonstrative and affectionate as to call down a strong reproof from Ropsley, with whom he was never on very friendly terms, for laying his broad paw on the well-brushed uniform of the colonel. "Tie the brute up, Vere," said he, carefully removing the dirt from his threadbare sleeve, "or he will follow us on parade. Are you ready? If so, come along. I would not be late to-day of all days, for a thousand a year."

I remained in its rear, as he completed the inspection of his company. I had never seen the men so brisk or so smartly turned out, and there was an exhilarated yet earnest look on their countenances that denoted their opinion of the coming day. Ropsley himself was more of the *bon comrade*, and less of the "fine gentleman" than usual. As we marched down to the trenches side by side, he talked freely of old times—our school days at Everdon, our later meeting at Beverley, and, by a natural transition, turned the subject of conversation to Victor de Rohan, and his sister Valérie. I had never known him allude to the latter of his own accord before. He seemed to have something on his mind which pride or mistrust, or both, would

not permit him to bring out. At last, apparently with a strong effort, he whispered hurriedly,

"Vere, I've a favor to ask you—if I should be hit to-day by chance, and badly, you know, I should like you to write and remember me to the De Rohans, and—and—particularly to Countess Valérie. If ever you should see her again, you might tell her so."

I pressed his hand in answer, and I thought his voice was hoarser as he resumed,

"Vere, it is not often I confess myself wrong, but I have wronged you fearfully. If I'm alive to-morrow I'll tell you all; if not, Vere, can you—can you forgive me?"

"From my heart," was all I had time to reply, for at that instant up rode the leader of the assault, and Ropsley's voice was calm and measured, his manner cold and cynical as ever, while he answered the short and military catechism usual on such occasions.

"Then it's all right," was the remark of the mounted officer, in as good-humored and jovial a tone as if the affair in hand were a mere question of one of his own Norfolk *battues*; "and what a fine morning we've got for the business," he added, dismounting, and patting his good horse as it was led away, ere he turned round to put himself at the head of the storming party.

I watched him as one watches a man whose experiences of danger have given him a fascination perfectly irresistible to inferior minds. It was the same officer whom I have already mentioned as the last arrival to disturb the dinner-party in the grotto, but to-day he looked, if possible, more cheerful, and in better spirits than his wont. I thought of his antecedents, as they had often been related to me by one of his oldest friends—of his unflinching good-humor and kindness of disposition—of his popularity in his regiment—of his skill and prowess at all sports and pastimes, with the gloves, the foils, the sharp rowelled spurs of the hunting-field, or the velvet cap that fails to protect the steeple-chaser from a broken neck—of his wanderings in the desert amongst the Bedouin Arabs, and his cold bivouacs on the prairie with the red Indians—of his lonely ride after the Alma, when, steering by the stars through a country with which he was totally unacquainted, he arrived at the fleet with the news of the famous flank march to Balaclava—of his daring *sang-froid* when "the thickest of war's tempest lowered" at Inkermann, and of the daily dangers and privations of the weary siege, always borne and faced out with the same merry lighthearted smile; and now he was to lead the assault.

None but a soldier knows all that is comprised in those three simple words—the coolness, the daring, the lightning glance, the ready resource, the wary tactics, and the headlong gallantry which must all be combined successfully to fill that post of honor; and then to think that the odds are ten to one he never comes back alive!

As I looked at his athletic frame and handsome, manly face, as I returned his cordial off-hand greeting, as courteous to the nameless Interpreter as it would have been to General Pellissier himself, my heart tightened to think of what might—nay, what must, surely happen on that fire-swept glacis, unless he bore indeed a life charmed with immunity from shot and steel.

Man by man he inspected the Forlorn Hope—their arms, their ammunition pouches, their scaling-ladders, all the tackle and paraphernalia of death. For each he had a word of encouragement, a jest, or a smile. Ropsley and his company were to remain in support in the advanced trenches; all was at length reported "ready," and then came the awful hush that ever ushers in the most desperate deeds—the minutes of pale and breathless suspense, that fly so quickly and yet seem to pass like lead—when the boldest cheek is blanched, and the stoutest heart beats painfully, and the change to action and real peril is felt to be an unspeakable relief to all.

A cold wet nose was poked into my hand. Bold had tracked me from the camp, and had followed me even here; nothing would induce him now to quit my side, for even the dog seemed to think something awful was impending, and watched with red, angry eyes and lowered tail and bristling neck, as if he too had been "told off" for the attack.

A roar of artillery shakes the air; our allies have opened their fire on the Malakhoff, and their columns are swarming

like bees to the assault. Battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment, come surging through the ditch, to break like waves on the sea-shore, as the depressed guns of the enemy hew awful gaps in their ranks—to break, indeed, but to reform, and as fresh supports keep pressing them on from the rear, to dash upwards against the earthwork, and to overflow and fling themselves from the parapet in the face of the Russian gunners below.

The Muscovite fights doggedly, and without dream of surrender or retreat. Hand to hand the conflict must be decided with the bayonet, and the little Zouaves shout, and yell, and stab, and press onward, and revel, so to speak, in the wild orgy of battle.

But the northman is a grim, uncompromising foe, and more than once the "red pantaloons" waver and give back, and rally, and press on again to death. Instances of gallantry and self-devotion are rife amongst the officers. Here a young captain of infantry flings himself alone upon the bayonets of the enemy, and falls pierced with a hundred wounds; there, an old white-headed colonel, *decoré* up to the chin, draws an ominous revolver, and threatens to shoot any one of his own men through the head that shows the slightest disinclination to rush on. "*Ma foi*," says he, "*c'est pour encourager les autres*!" The Southern blood boils up under the influence of example, and if French troops are once a little flushed with success, their *elan*, as they call that quality for which we have no corresponding expression, is irresistible. The Russians cannot face the impetuosity of their charge; already many of the guns are spiked, and the gunners bayoneted; the gray-coated columns are yielding ground foot by foot; fresh troops pour in over the parapet, for the living are now able to pass unscathed over the dead, with whom the ditch is filled. The fire of the Russians is slackening, and their yell dies away fainter on the breeze. A French cheer, wild, joyous and unearthly, fills the air—it thrills in the ears of Pellissier, sitting immovable on his horse at no great distance from the conflict; his telescope is pressed to his eye, and he is watching eagerly for the well-known signal. And now he sees it! A gleam of fierce joy lights up his features, and as the tricolor of France is run up to the crest of the Malakhoff, he shuts his glass with a snap, dismounts from his horse, and rolling himself round in his cloak, lies down for a few minutes' repose, and observes, with a zest of which none but a Frenchman is capable, "*Tenez! voilà mon bâton de Maréchal*!"

His are not the only eyes eagerly watching the progress of the attack, many a veteran of both armies is busied recalling all his own experiences and all his knowledge of warfare, to calculate the probabilities of their success whose task it is to cross that wide and deadly glacis which is swept by the batteries of the Redan.

The men are formed for the assault, and the word is given to advance.

"Now, my lads," says the leader, "keep cool—keep steady—and keep together—we'll do it handsomely when we're about it. Forward!"

It is related of him whom Napoleon called "the bravest of the brave," the famous Ney, that he was the only officer of that day who could preserve his *sang-froid* totally unmoved when standing with his back to a heavy fire. Many a gallant fellow facing the enemy would pay no more regard to the missiles whistling about their ears, than to the nailstones of an April shower; but it was quite a different sensation to front his own advancing troops, and never look round at the grim archer whose every shaft might be the last. What the French Marshal, however, piqued himself upon as the acme of personal courage and conduct, our English leader seems to consider a mere matter-of-course in the performance of an every-day duty. Step by step, calm, collected and good-humored, he regulates the movements of the attacking force. Fronting their ranks as if he were on parade, he brings them out of their sheltering defences into the iron storm, now pouring forth its deadly wrath upon that rocky plateau which must be crossed in defiance of everything.

"Steady, men," he observes once more, as he forms them for the desperate effort; "we'll have them out of that in ten minutes. Now, my lads! Forward, and follow me!"

The cocked hat is waving amongst the smoke—the daring

colonel is forward under the very guns with a British cheer—the **Orn** Hope dash eagerly on, comrade encouraging comrade, side by side, shoulder to shoulder—hearts throbbing wild and high, and a grip of iron on good "brown Bess." Men live a lifetime in a few such moments. There are two brothers in that doomed band who have not met for years—they quarrelled in their hot youth over their father's grave, about the quiet orchard and the peaceful homestead that each has since longed so painfully to see once more; and now they have served, with half the globe between them, and each believes the other to have forgotten him, and the orchard and the homestead have passed away from their name for ever. They would weep and be friends if they could meet again. There are but four men between them at this moment, and two are down, stark and dead, and two are dragging their mangled bodies slowly to the rear, and the brothers are face to face under the fatal batteries of the Redan.

"Is't thou, my lad?" is all the greeting that passes in that wild moment; but the blackened hands meet with a convulsive clasp, and they are brothers once more, as, when long ago, they hid their sturdy little faces in their mother's gown. Thank God for that! In another minute it would have been too late, for Bill is down, shot through the lungs, his white belts limp and crimson with blood; and John, with a tear in his eye, and something betwixt an oath and a prayer upon his lips, is rushing madly on, for the cocked hat is still waving forward amongst the smoke, and the colonel is still cheering them after him into the jaws of death.

But soldiers, even British soldiers, are but men, and the fire grows so deadly that the attacking force cannot but be checked in its headlong charge. The line breaks—wavers—gives way—the awful glacia is strewn with dead and dying—groans and curses, and shrieks for "water! water!" mingle painfully with the wild cheers, and the trampling feet, and the thunder of the guns; but volumes of smoke, curling low and white over the ground, veil half the horrors of that ghastly scene; yet through the smoke can be discerned some three or four figures under the very parapet of the Redan, and the cocked hat and square frame of the colonel are conspicuous amongst the group.

It must have been a strange sight for the few actors that reached it alive. A handful of men, an officer or two, a retiring enemy, a place half taken, and an eager longing for reinforcements to complete the victory.

An aide-de-camp is despatched to the rear, he starts upon his mission to traverse that long three hundred yards, swept by a deadly cross-fire, that blackens and scorches the very turf beneath his feet. Down he goes headlong, shot through the body ere he has "run the gauntlet" for a third of the way. Another and another share the same fate! What is to be done? The case is urgent, yet doubtful; it demands promptitude, yet requires consideration. Our colonel is a man who never hesitates or wavers for an instant. He calls up a young officer of the line, one of the few survivors on the spot; even as he addresses him the rifleman on his right lurches heavily against him, shot through the loins, and a red-coated comrade on his left falls dead at his feet, and the colonel is, if possible, cooler and more colloquial than ever.

"What's your name, my young friend?" says he, shaking the ashes from a short black pipe, with which he has been refreshing himself at intervals with much apparent zest. The officer replies, somewhat astonished, yet cool and composed as his commander. The colonel repeats it twice over, to make sure he has got it right, glances once more at the enemy, then looking his new acquaintance steadily in the face, observes:

"Do I seem to be in a funk, young man?"

"No," replies the young officer, determined not to be outdone, "not the least bit of one, any more than myself."

The colonel laughs heartily. "Very well," says he; "now, if I'm shot, I trust you to do me justice. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I must communicate with my supports. Every aide-de-camp I send gets knocked over. I'm no use here alone—I can't take the Redan single-handed—so I'm going back myself. It's only three hundred yards, but I can't run quite so fast as I used, so if I'm killed, I expect you to bear witness that I didn't go voluntarily into that cross-fire because I was afraid."

The young officer promised, and the colonel started on his

perilous errand. On the success of his mission, or the tactics of that attack, it is not my province to enlarge. Amongst all the conflicting opinions of the public, there is but one as to the daring gallantry and cool promptitude displayed on that memorable day by the leader of the assault.

Every man, however, moves in his own little world, even at the taking of Sebastopol. It was not for a nameless stranger, holding no rank in the service, to run into needless danger, and I was merely in the trenches as a looker-on, therefore did I keep sedulously under cover and out of fire. It is only the novice who exposes himself unnecessarily, and I had served too long with Omar Pasha not to appreciate the difference between the cool, calculating daring that willingly accepts a certain risk to attain a certain object, and the vain-glorious foolhardiness that runs its head blindly against a wall for the mere display of its own intrinsic absurdity.

That great general himself was never known to expose his life unnecessarily. He would direct the manoeuvres of his regiments, and display the tactics for which he was so superior, at a safe distance from the fire of an enemy, as long as he believed himself sufficiently near to watch every movement, and to anticipate every stratagem of the adversary; but if it was advisable to encourage his own troops with his presence, to head a charge, or rally a repulse, who so daring and so reckless as the fortunate Croatian adventurer?

And yet with all my care and all my self-denial—for indeed, on occasions such as these, curiosity is a powerful motive, and there is a strange instinct in man's wilful heart that urges him into a fray—I had a narrow escape of my own life, and lost my oldest friend and comrade during the progress of the attack.

I was gazing eagerly through my double glass—the very same that had often done me good service in such different scenes—to watch the forms of those devoted heroes who were staggering and falling in the smoke, when a stray shell, bursting in the trench behind me, blew my forage-cap from my head and sent it spinning over the parapet on to the glacis beyond. Involuntarily I stretched my hand to catch at it as it flew away, and Bold, who had been crouching quietly at my heel, seeing the motion, started off in pursuit. Ere I could check him, the old dog was over the embankment, and in less than a minute returned to my side with the cap in his mouth. The men laughed, and cheered him as he laid it at my feet.

Poor Bold! poor Bold! he waved his handsome tail, and reared his great square head as proudly as ever; but there was a wistful expression in his eye as he looked up in my face, and when I patted him the old dog winced and moaned as if in pain. He lay down, though quite gently, at my feet, and let me turn him over and examine him. I thought so—there it was, the small round mark in his glossy coat, and the dark stain down his thick fore-leg—my poor old friend and comrade, must I lose you too? Is everything to be taken from me by degrees? My eyes were blinded with tears—the rough soldiers felt for me, and spared my favorite some water from their canteens; but he growled when any one offered to touch him but myself, and he died licking my hand.

Even in the turmoil and confusion of that wild scene I could mourn for Bold. He was the one link with my peaceful boyhood, the one creature that she and I had both loved and fondled—and now she was lost to me for ever, and Bold lay dead at my feet. Besides, I was fond of him for his own sake—so faithful, so true, so attached, so brave and devoted—in truth, I was very, very sorry for poor Bold.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD RETORT.—"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more, and kick him less," said the urchin.

REPAIRS.—"I am so lame from the railroad crash of last week, I can hardly stand," said a limping, bobbing chap. "Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend. "Damages! no, no: I have had damages enough by them. If I sue for anything, it will be for repairs."

MR. SOPHTOP VISITS AMERICA ON A TOUR OF OBSERVATION.



Augustus Sophtop, Esq., Gent of London, on a tour of observation, lands on Collins' dock. His evident simplicity attracts the attention of a party of German emigrant runners, who surround him.

Mr. Sophtop is embarrassed; he supposes that they are agents for first-class hotels, but before he can decide he is uncere- moniously thrust into a carriage and conveyed to a German Emigrant Boarding House.

Amazed and bewildered, he is shown to the best room, and is astonished at the extreme simplicity of the furniture and the extraordinary language of the people of America. Mr. Sophtop having come out with the intention of writing "His Impres-



sions," begins to fear that as he cannot understand the language, his impressions will be rather faint.

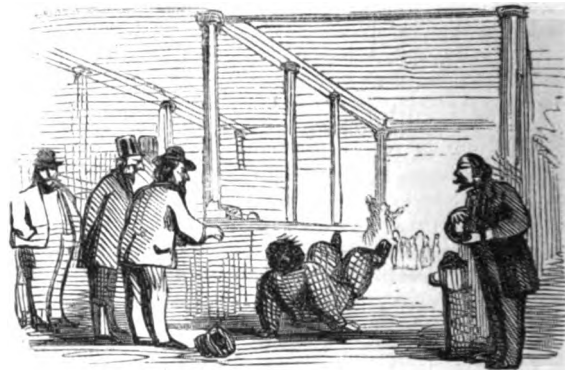
Mr. Sophtop, feeling the cravings of hunger, signifies his desire to eat. He asks his fat Dutch Hebe, as well as he is able, for some soup. She disappears and returns with—sour-kROUT. This loud smelling vegetable astonishes the olfactory of Sophtop. He refuseth to partake of the delicacy and calleth loudly for roast beef. The Dutch Hebe brings him German sausage. He asks for wine and she brings him—lager bier! He sits in mute despair until the landlord, who speaks a peculiar sort of English, comes to his rescue and enables him to make a satisfactory meal.

"Like a giant refreshed," Sophtop after his dinner proposes to go out and take a glimpse of New York. Grunzenhog, the



landlord, takes him first to a German Bowling Alley. After studying the game sometime, Sophtop essays his skill and makes a ten strike without hitting the pins.

Sophtop rather likes the sport—he's "fond of manly hexercise," and a fall more or less "ain't of no consequence." He wants to go to an American "theayter," and the officious Grunzenhog takes him to the Stadts, in the Bowery. He listens eagerly, and finds to his astonishment that he cannot understand a word of the dialogue, and wonders how that "brick" Charles Dickens managed to understand the dialect, and finally concluded that he humbugged the public, and wrote his book without leaving London. Sophtop is rather astonished to see men carrying glasses of beer on huge trays, and curious-looking cakes to the ladies in the boxes, and remarks that the manners of the American *bon ton* are not as refined as he expected.



As he shows evident signs of weariness, the indefatigable Grunzenhog bears him away to the Volks Garten, where he sees German life in its freest development. Women, music and beer; children, cigars and beer; men, women, children, beer, cigars, pipes, music and cheese, and a babel of guttural sounds, made up an atmosphere as wonderful as it was confounding. Sophtop had drank many strange beverages during the evening, and he was in short, to use his own words, a "leettie 'i;" rather "top 'evy." The consequence was that he stumbled over several German feet; jostling a German domestic in a hurry and upsetting a tray full of glasses of foaming lager, he slipped in the midst of the sloppy ruin, was bonnetted by the enraged



Dutchmen, and only escaped by the interference of his friend Grunzenhog.

Augustus Sophtop, in a dilapidated condition, is taken home by Grunzenhog and put to bed. In his heavy oblivious state, Sophtop dreams a terrible dream. Now he fancies that he is a huge cheese, stuffed with bad smelling cabbages; then that he was being chopped up into small shreds to fill out sausage skins; at last he thought himself a dumpy, sleek-looking lager beer keg, with a hundred fat-paunched much-haired men drawing his very vitals. In the midst of his agony he awoke, and in the dim light of the expiring candle he thought he saw a man vanish through the wall of the room. But the fumes of the beer and liquors of the past night were too strong for him, and he sank back into a heavy slumber. The morning was far



advanced before he again awoke. Wretched and seely he proceeded to attire himself, when to his horror he finds that he has been robbed of his watch, purse, rings, and indeed everything but the belt round his body. He rushes down into the bar and declares he has been robbed. The landlord vociferates, the waiters vociferate, the guests vociferate, and amid a forest of upraised fists and a tornado of guttural expletives, poor Soph-top dashed from the house, and by dint of frequent and imploring questions, he reached Collins' dock, and seeking refuge on the noble ship, induced the steward to let him remain there until she sailed.

Arrived in his comfortable chambers in London, he commences to write his "Impressions of America; its Language, Customs and Ruins."



A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

THE winter has proved so merciful that every one can afford to laugh and be amused, without feeling a sigh spring up on the heels of the laughter. We are naturally a humorous people, and there is enough fun printed among us in a year to amuse the Old World for a lustrum.

Strict obedience to the letter of the law results sometimes inconveniently. Discipline makes good machines, but such machines when they undertake to act for themselves are sometimes very erratic in their notions:

THE SAILOR IN CHURCH.—A celebrated commodore in the Ame-



rican navy, having a few hours to spend in a port where he was unacquainted, concluded on attending a religious meeting, and for this purpose taking with him his favorite servant, he started off for the church.

"Now, mind," said he to Jack, as they were going, "in the meeting you say not a word; no one speaks there but the minister."

Jack, who had been accustomed to obey, as well as to see his master obeyed, right or wrong, promised obedience, and they went into church.

A seat was provided for the commodore, near the preacher's desk, and Jack left alone, after looking round the church for some time, was invited to take a seat by the deacon.

The minister having commenced the service, proceeded to give out a hymn, and it fell to the deacon's lot to repeat the hymns for singers, "as was previously the fashion." No sooner had he risen, than Jack, twisting his coat, whispered in his ear:

"You'd better be still; I had my orders afore I came here, so you'd better be still."

The deacon proceeded to read, and Jack repeated his admonition, but all to no purpose; he had got out the first two lines and all the members of the meeting were engaged in singing, when the poor tar, driven to desperation at seeing the commodore's orders disobeyed, right in his own face, turning to the deacon and rolling up his sleeves, he exclaimed,

"You was the beginning of this ere row, and shiver my timbers if you don't pay for't!"

And he hammered away, first on one side and then on the other, till the whole scene became a powerful illustration of "the church militant."

THERE is a world of truth in the last words of a man who knew how much is yet to be learned in the curative science:

The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, on his deathbed, when surrounded by the most distinguished citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain in his death, said,

"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered, "Water, Exercise and Diet."

SPEAKERS who have the slightest habit of talking Buncombe, should beware how they offer any challenge that might possibly be taken up. In such a case there is but little doubt that he would get the worst of it, as did the principal actor in the following sketch:

The Synod of Kentucky was in session. The subject of raising the salaries of certain professors was under discussion. The Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, D. D. (of whom his nephew, the Vice-President, said, "If uncle Robert had been appointed to a command in Mexico, they would have been fighting to this time"), was on the floor making a speech in opposition to the measure. It had been said that ministers of high standing and large means, clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, did not sympathize with those whose salaries were small. To this Dr. Breckenridge was replying. He scouted the idea that ministers live for money, or desire the luxuries of the world.

As for himself, he challenged any man to say that he lived more frugally than himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, and standing six feet at least, he displayed his proportions and exclaimed, "As to the fine linen, if there is a man on this floor who dresses more plainly than I do, I offer to exchange clothing with him this moment."

Directly in front of the Moderator, and in sight of most of the members, sat the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the planting clergy—a short thick set and rotund brother, whose circumference exceeded his altitude—and in this respect, no man in the house presented so strong and striking a contrast with the tall and courtly Kentuckian. But the proposition to swap clothes had hardly escaped the lips of the speaker before he wriggled himself out of his seat, and on his feet, and cried out,

"Mr. Moderator, I'm his man!"

The effect was instantaneous and tremendous. The image of Breckenridge, with his long arms and legs protruding from Hopkins' toggery, was up before the eyes of the Synod. They could see nothing else, think of nothing else—and for a while they gave way to uncontrollable laughter, in which no one joined so heartily as the discomfited speaker.

ANGER sometimes begets a confusion of ideas resulting in the frustration of an intended revenge. Nothing is well done that is done in anger. We give an illustration:

"Pappv, old Mr. Smith's gray colt has broken into our cabbage patch again."

"He has, has he? Well, just load my rifle, my son, and we'll see if an ounce of lead will not lead Mr. Smith's colt to reform his habits."

This colloquy passed between Mr. and Master Stubbs just after tea. As soon as dark came, Stubbs takes his rifle, marches over towards old Smith's farm, and when within about thirty rods of old Smith's barn he raised the "deadly tube," took aim, pulled the trigger and dropped one of the best looking gray colts in the country.

Stubbs, having fulfilled his mission, returned home, went to bed, and slept with a lighter conscience than he had enjoyed for the last eight months. The next morning, while seated at breakfast, who

should be seen striding towards the domicile of Mr. Stubbs but old Mr. Smith. Smith entered the house—Smith was excited, and for a moment lacked words to express himself.

"Mr. Stubbs, I've come over to tell you that a horse was shot near my barn last night."

"Sorry to hear it, Mr. Smith, although not much surprised, for that gray colt of yours was not calculated to make friends."

"But it wasn't my colt that got shot."

"Wasn't your gray colt? Well, which horse was it?"

"That gray colt you purchased last week of widow Dubois. He broke into my pasture last evening; I intended to send him home this morning, but it's no use now—his brains lay scattered around the barn-yard."

Mr. Stubbs was thunderstruck. The idea that he had killed the wrong horse drove him to desperation, and caused him to seek relief in a direction that rather astonished his household. The last seen of Stubbs he was chasing his eldest son Jim down the turnpike with an eight foot sapling.

A *double entendre* is a masked battery, which hits both friend and foe; we may feel its sting, but cannot notice what is merely suggested and not actually revealed:

A married lady who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a very witty acquaintance, "What do you think! my husband has gone and laid out fifty dollars for a large monkey on purpose to please me."

"The dear little man," cried the other, "well, it is just like him!"

WHERE shall we look for collective wisdom, if not in our boards of city officers? No one city or town excels the other in this class of public servants; they all seem to be specially elected for their special "desartlessness."

The following resolutions were lately passed by the Board of Councilmen in Canton, Miss:

1. Resolved, by this Council, that we build a new jail.
2. Resolved, That the new jail be built out of the material of the old one.
3. Resolved, That the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

AMONG the countless deeds of devoted heroism exhibited by the British soldiers in India, the following is well worthy of recording:

Among the Europeans who were endeavoring to escape from Delhi, when it was ravaged by the cruel East Indians, was an English officer with his wife. As he bore her along amid the dead and dying, he was attacked by a body of mutineers. His good sword was drawn, and seven ruffians fell. Slowly retreating, while keeping them at bay, the fiends made a rush at his wife, but a shot from her husband's arm saved her honor, though it cost her life. Another shot, by his own hand, too, and the husband rested beside the body of his wife.

THE currency question is a knotty one in every part of the Union. Bad notes in one State become good by travelling—supposing that their reputation does not travel with them. A case wherein the reputation did travel with the bills is pleasantly recorded below:

Captain Shallcross, of the Mississippi steamer *Peytona*, is one of the crack captains of the river. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody, and therefore we must tell a little story about him. One day the *Peytona* was steaming down past the cotton woods, towards New Orleans, when she was hailed by another boat coming up.

"Hallo! Captain Shall!"

"Hallo!" was the answer.

"Got any Atchafalaya money?"

"Yes, plenty."

"Well, pay it out; the bank's busted, or a gwine to."

"Ay, ay," said Captain Shallcross. "Clerk, have you got much of that money?"

"About a thousand dollars, I reckon, sir," said the clerk of the *Peytona*.

"Well, stop at the first wood boat." And the *Peytona* puffed on until a wood boat was seen moored to the shore, with piles of cord-wood around, and a small man, with his trousers rolled up, and his hands in his pockets, shivering on the bank beside his boat, in the chill December weather.

"Wood-boat ahoy!" sang out Captain Shall.

Small man in the distance. "Hallo!"

"Want to sell that wood?"

Small man in the distance, "Yas."

"Take Atchafalaya money?"

Small man in the distance, "Yas."

"Round to, pilot," said Captain Shall. The boats bound down stream always have to come around, with their bows pointed up stream, to resist the current of the Mississippi; sometimes they encounter a big eddy, and have to take a sweep of some miles before they reach the landing-place. So it was in this instance. "So you'll take Atchafalaya money for wood, will you?" said the captain, as the boat approached shore.

"Yas," said the small man.

"How will you take it?" said Captain Shall, (meaning at what rate).

"Take it even," said the small man.

"What do you mean by even?"

"Cord for cord, captain."

"Put her round again, pilot," said Captain Shall, "and wood up at the next wharf boat. I reckon this fellow has been posted by somebody on Atchafalaya."

SOME men display a spirit of bravado and believe it heroism. We have heard of many cases of reckless hardihood and calmness, but we think that the following instance can hardly be exceeded:

A murderer named Stone was executed many years since in Exeter, N. H. Just before the rope was placed around his neck, he requested the sheriff to give him a mug of ale. The request being promptly acceded to, he took the mug and commenced blowing the froth from the ale.

"What are you doing that for?" nervously asked the sheriff.

"Because," returned the perfect wretch, "I don't think froth is healthy."

NERVOUS speakers frequently fall into grave material errors, which increase in intensity with every effort to arrest them. An Australian paper relates a story of a speaker who got into a labyrinth of pronouns from which he strove in vain to escape:

AN amusing episode took place in the course of the speech of the hon. gentleman who moved the reply to his Excellency's address in the House of Assembly on Tuesday. This gentleman, touching upon the subject of education, came to this burst of oratory,

"Sir, we must educate our children." But it instantly flashed across his mind that he was unblest with "babies," and he recalled himself with,

"Sir, you must educate your children." But at this proposition the chairman, who was addressed, began to shake his head and grin.

"Sir," continued the perplexed orator, amidst the roar of the house—"Sir, you—they—we—they must educate their children."

AN important question relative to the ejection of our first parents from Paradise has been settled in a manner that hardly admits of a dispute. We quote the close and philosophical reasoning:

"Julius, can you tell me how Adam got out ob Eden?"

"Well, I 'apose he climed de fence."

"No, dat ain't it."

"Well, den, he borrowed a wheel-barrow and walked out."

"No."

"I gubs it up, den."

"He got snaked out. Yah!"

THE following story of gratified inquisitiveness is told of a learned professor. It is said that since the occurrence he has never thrust his hands into any pockets but his own:

SOME students in one of our colleges being frequently annoyed by the nocturnal and inquisitorial visits of a professor, who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush, otherwise called hasty pudding, and by the time it was thoroughly boiled, had seated themselves round a table in the attitude of card playing, waiting patiently for the well-known step of the professor. It was no sooner heard than a large outside pocket of one of them was forthwith filled with hot hasty pudding, and all were seated as before. As soon as the professor opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and with another motion apparently put them into the pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed, as they were intended to be, by the professor, who considering them as a pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with,

"Well, young gentlemen, I've caught you at last, have I?"

"Why, yes, sir, we are all here."

"So I see you are, and you have been playing cards too."

"No, sir, it is not so."

"It isn't, ha! what have you got in your pocket, young man?"

"Hot hasty pudding, sir."

"Hot hasty pudding, ha! hasty pudding have you? I'll hasty pudding you," said the professor, at the same time thrusting his hand half way to the elbow into the hot hasty pudding! The dolorous looks, the shaking of fingers, the groaning and capers of the professor, are better imagined than described.

THERE is something pleasant in the word invitation; it makes one think of dancing, pleasant suppers, champagne, &c. Disappointments sometimes occur, as in the following instance:

A fellow not a thousand miles from our office, raised a quantity of corn last season, and thought in due time he would have a "husking party." Invitations were sent "according" to his town's-people and others at a distance, all of whom assembled agreeable to request. The evening passed pleasantly, jokes were cracked, corn was all husked and general hilarity prevailed; appetites sharpened, till the company could stand it no longer, and no lunch appearing, those having horses ordered them, but to cap all they were modestly informed that their horse-keeping was assessed at fifteen cents.

POPULARITY is sometimes an expensive luxury, as our fair Italian found out when the cost of an ovation came to be reckoned :

They have an opera in Athens, where a prima donna (fame has not blown her name so far as here) is very popular ; one night she so bewitched the audience, the men took the splendid pair of English blooded horses from her carriage, and dragged her home. She was delighted until the next morning, when she ordered the coachman to drive her out. The coachman said that some of the gentlemen of the preceding evening had been carried away so far by their enthusiasm as not yet to have had time to return with the horses. The day passed away, and nothing was heard of the horses. The second day she had the walls of Athens covered with bills offering \$500 reward for the recovery of her horses, but as they are worth at least \$2,000 they have not yet, and probably never will be, heard of.

It is necessary to be very precise in our directions to the servants, mis-called help, which come over from Ireland for our special torment. Ordinary directions will not do ; they are sure to be misunderstood. We have suffered often and do not find the case below recorded at all exaggerated :

"Biddy," said a lady, one evening, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening ; I expect company."

"Yes, ma'am."

Tea time arrived, and with it the company ; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"An sure they're in the tapot, ma'am ! Didn't you tell me we must have them for ta !"

It is very provoking when one's interest is excited by some recital or some question at the solution of which we guess in vain, to find suddenly that we are sold. Some men excel in this kind of joking, and our Yankee friend must have been one of those who excel :

A travelling Yankee lately put up at a country inn where a number of loungers were assembled telling stories. After sitting some time, and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started, and curiosity was on tiptoe to know ; one guessed five dollars, another ten dollars, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered.

"Not a darn'd cent," he replied.

When a man makes a bet he should carefully look at both sides of the disputed point. He should not rush heedlessly into a hazardous speculation. He should be sure that if he wins the bet he does not lose by the operation :

At a certain eating-house a day or two since, a very lean, cadaverous looking mortal was so allured by the inviting appearance of a ten pound turkey, all done up in "fixings," that he unconsciously uttered the ejaculation that he could eat it up in ten minutes.

"What'll you bet you can?" asked a snob, standing at the door.

The "lean and hungry Cassius" immediately responded,

"Will you pay for it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll bet a drink."

"It's a bet," said snob.

The lean man immediately set to. The choicest parts of the fat and savory monster were consumed with a most enviable relish, but upon the expiration of the ten minutes he found himself stuffed up to the brim, and the turkey not a third demolished. Rising very coolly he acknowledged that he could not go it, and quite as coolly forked over twelve and a half cents for two whiskey toddies—lost. Snob looked blank upon being suddenly struck with the idea that he had been done up in a decidedly cheap package, paid down two and a half dollars for the turkey, and left his friend enjoying digestion and a prime smoke by the stove, considerably the better for a first-rate dinner for a shilling.

Old gentlemen unused to travel find many simple and everyday things that astonish and alarm them. The old gentleman in the following evidently looked upon the locomotive as a horse that had to be tied when left alone :

The train stopped at Meriden to wood up, and a fidgety gentleman who was probably the first time in his life in a railroad car, and who held on his seat with both hands, from the time the cars left Hartford, looking as though he expected every moment to be shook out of the window, suddenly stepped out on the platform, and took a rapid look at the locomotive.

"Anything the matter?" inquired a wag, who had greatly enjoyed the countryman's perturbation.

"I should think there was something the matter, if you ever noticed it ! Why, they've stopped right in the middle of the road, and hain't hitched the darned thing. 'Spose it should start, hey ? I guess it 'ud be in kingdom come afore night."

A WEDDING RACE.

Among the Huzarchs—a people of Asia—the following is the way weddings are managed :

The suitors of the maiden, nine in number, appear in the field, all unarmed, but mounted on the best horses they can procure ; while the bride herself, on a beautiful Turkoman horse, surrounded by her relations, anxiously surveys the group of lovers. The conditions of the bridal race are these.

The maiden has a certain start given, which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in his pursuit the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father, all the horsemen gallop after the fair one, and whichever first succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife.

After the usual delays incident upon such interesting occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and, putting her steed into a hand gallop, darts into the open plain. When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youths, and stretches out her arms towards them, as if to woo their approach. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the young men, dashing his pointed heels into his courser's sides, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of the fugitive dove. The savannah is generally extensive, say ten miles long and three in width, and as the horsemen speed across the plain, the favored lover becomes soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her.

On a certain occasion, after two hours' racing, the number of pursuers was reduced to four, who were altogether, and gradually gaining on the pursued ; with them is the favorite, but, alas ! his horse suddenly fails in his speed, and, as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice—"I come, my Peri ! I'm your lover !" But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the chummon (plain) where her lover was vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career, but, in the hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over on the plain.

The maiden laughed, for she well knew she could easily elude the single horseman, and flew to the point where her lover was. But her only pursuer was rarely mounted, and not so easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and, stretching out his arm, almost won the unwilling prize ; but she, bending her head to her horse's neck, eluded his grasp and wheeled off again. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and amidst the shouts of the spectators they turned towards the fort.

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo, it was proposed to make some change in the uniform of the Life Guards ; and George IV. ordered one of the soldiers to be sent for, who was said to have slain six or seven French officers in single combat. He was asked a variety of questions, to each of which he assented ; until the king, perceiving that the soldier's opinion was biased by the presence of royalty and his own officers, said to him : "Well, if you were going to have such another day's work as at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed ?" "Please your majesty," he replied, "in that case I had rather be in my shirt sleeves."

SIN AND SHAVING THE BEARD.—Luther was one day being shaved and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas. He said to the latter, "Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin ; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing while we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us ; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly."



MOVING.—FATHER OF THE FAMILY.—"Oh! it's all stuff and nonsense, Mrs. G., it might have been managed over and over again by this time."
MOTHER-IN-LAW.—"There, there, Jemima. Don't answer him; he's quite ridiculous."

THE GERMAN SAUSAGE.—Touching St. Nicholas, there is a ludicrous tradition current among the Russian peasantry to the effect that he once had a theological dispute with Martin Luther, and that they agreed to settle it by a walking match. It was to be so many hundred versts up a mountain, and neither party was to have any assistance beyond a stout walking-staff. For once the Protestant champion was victorious, for St. Nicholas was thoroughly blown before he had accomplished half the journey. The detested heretic came back triumphant, but with empty



THE INFLUENZA.—"This is really very kind of you to call. Can I offer you anything—a Basin of Gruel, or a Glass of Cough Mixture? Don't say No."



HORSE DEALER.—"There, now! You want a Hunter. There he is. He's quiet, well bred, and low! with your weight, he's up to any bounds, and an uncommon clever fencer!"
SPORTING GENT.—"Oh! come now! that won't do. I've heard of a 'Orse dancing; but I'm not so jolly green as to believe a 'Orse can fence, you know!"

hands. "Where's your walking stick, dog's son?" cried the good St. Nicholas. "An't please you, I ate it," answered his opponent. The wary Doctor Martin Luther had had a walking stick constructed of good black puddings twisted together, and had eaten as he walked—the creature comforts giving him such bodily strength that he had easily overcome his antagonist.

PEOPLE are prone to condemn in others what they practise in themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf, that, in peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regalling themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed:

"What a clamor they would have raised if they had caught me at such a banquet!"

LIFE without any fixed aim, is compared by an old poet to "throwing buckets into empty wells and growing old in drawing nothing up."

"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman, who was at work in a coal yard. "Black as iver," said Pat.

A SAILOR, looking serious in a chapel, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change? whereupon the tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied, that "he hadn't got a cent."

AN ill-tempered man never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION.

MARCH, 1858.

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FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR MARCH.



WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

If fashion could be reduced to a fixed law, it would soon become a science; of that there is very little doubt. But unfortunately it is subject to no fixed laws, no certain rules, nor even, like the moon, pre-ordained changes; its caprices are fanciful as the movements of a troop of fairies at one of their moonlight revels, and all the more bewildering and fascinating on that account. Who would like to be compelled to wear always a suit of home-

spun russet gray from the time of his birth until the time of his death, without change or modification? Not even the utilitarian philosophers who recommend them. Especially would they not like to see the feminine portion of humanity robed ever in one staid, sober fashion, without ornament, without fancy, without taste.

All gentlemen like to associate the idea of beauty, taste and elegance with their wives, mothers and sisters; they form part of the adornment, as well as comfort of a home, with their pretty floating dresses, bright shining hair, and gay ribbons and trinkets.

Not a little of the extravagance which sometimes justly, but more frequently with great injustice, is imputed to woman, proceeds from complying with the expressed wishes of their husbands or lovers. The truth is, that masculine ideas are generally totally regardless of expense respecting a single item, but exceedingly careful of even the smallest details in making up the aggregate.

"My dear," says a husband who has been flirting all the evening at a party with an extravagantly dressed young lady; "my dear, don't wear that horrid-looking thing again. I assure you it looks quite shabby; besides, there is no style



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to it. Why can't you get a dress like Miss Blank's, for instance?"

The probability is that the poor wife listens to a lecture on panics and economy every morning at the breakfast table, and she reminds her lord that Miss Blank's dress costs five times as much as her own. If the husband is of the average sort, he will politely mutter something about some people's want of taste in "getting themselves up," but if he is particularly goodnatured he will think that, after all, his wife has as good a right to a handsome dress as another woman, and she shall have it.

So, some day, when business has been particularly good, he brings his wife home, and expects her to be eternally grateful for a new and elegant pattern dress. Perhaps it cost fifty or a hundred dollars; no excuse now for not being as extensive as Mrs. A., Miss B. or Mrs. C.

Meanwhile she, poor woman, is plunged into a score of difficulties; such a robe requires expensive trimmings, rich laces, costly jewelry and elegancies of every description to be in keeping and give that undefinable air of "style" which her husband so much admires. She dare not ask for more money at present, because "Mr. Jones" really feels that he has surpassed himself, acted in a most princely manner; remembers the time when his sisters clothed themselves on seventy-five dollars a year, and congratulates himself on being so generous, and on the fact that his wife will not need anything more for six months, at least. Is it any wonder that when money accumulates with Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones takes excellent care to provide herself with expensive toilette requirements, and never permits herself to be outdone by her neighbors.

During the recent panic, the favorite text upon which so many changes were rung, was the extravagance of women, which had brought all these disasters upon us. We do not intend to enter here upon a disquisition as to the cause or causes of commercial disasters in general, but simply assert that extravagance in woman is always primarily occasioned by man, and that therefore they are to be blamed for it. The interest which they attach to ladies' toilettes is something remarkable. The hoop question has furnished a subject for more jokes, lampoons, paragraphs, and the like, than any other single topic of discussion during the space of time in which they have been in vogue.

The scarlet petticoat seems likely to rival hoops in the degree of attention it excites. In the city cars and stages, in stores and counting-rooms it is now the all-absorbing subject of discussion, and exceedingly proud are the masculinities of the extent of their knowledge of stripes, and the precise length of the magical garment. And here we desire to impress upon those ladies whose husbands or brothers object to so decided an innovation, the fact that two or three years ago the same husbands and brothers professed just as great an opposition to hoops, and that now not one would go into the street with a lady (a second time) unless she was expanded to the exact circumference required by fashion. The use of the short petticoat is obvious, but not more real than that of the hoop, and the exceeding comfort experienced from the use of the last, accounts for the strange pertinacity with which, in the face of the coarsest opposition, the ladies cling to it.

Both obviate in some measure the difficulty which the fair sex have encountered in providing a suitable walking dress adapted to the sudden and violent transitions of our changeable climate. The hoop removing the necessity for the mass of skirts formerly worn, and of moderate in dimensions, as it should be, for this purpose, being perfectly suitable for all times and seasons, while the short bright petticoat over it is neat, comfortable and modest, and with the dress looped on one side affords the most perfect facilities for frequent physical exercise. The scarlet petticoat is therefore recommended as being precisely what we require for a spring walking dress, and will not expose the ankles half so much as the vulgar and ungraceful method of hoisting the skirts. But it is not the ankles ladies are so much afraid of as their feet, forgetting that a glimpse of clean white hose and a neatly fitting boot are always attractive.

The greatest variety of the peasant petticoats are to be found at MERCHANT'S, in Broadway; but of all the different styles the scarlet and black stripes, about an inch broad, find the most favor, and are obtained for four dollars each. The bordered ones are said to be too much like a table cover, and the embroi-

dered ones, too expensive, but the scarlet and black stripes suit all tastes. Another and very striking kind are formed in still broader stripes of scarlet and white. A dress of gray silk or drab moire antique, looped over this, has an exceedingly pretty effect. They also come in stripes of white and blue, and pink and white, but though fanciful and pretty, we prefer the dark colors, and the original idea of adopting them simply to promenade dress.

In making selections for spring wear, ladies should be careful to find the newest styles that have been imported, especially in robe dresses, which seem as yet to transcend all others in point of popularity. At USSERL, PIERSON & LANE'S, one is almost sure to find whatever is elegant and novel in silk goods. Recent importations combine the double skirt with the quille or side stripe, at little or no advance on the cost of either of the others. These are found in all colors, but more particularly in pink, blue and corn color, the border of the double skirt and of the side stripe consisting of raised white flowers. There is also a double skirt upon which are broad velvet stripes of a chintz pattern, placed lengthwise all round the upper skirt; and another, in which the stripes are an imitation of lace or lace barbes, thrown upon the robe with exquisite effect. The most distinguished robes, which are neither double nor flounced, have a very wide brocaded stripe down the centre of each breadth composing the entire skirt; these are found in all colors and a great variety of different designs.

Merchants will be glad to know that moire antique is recovering somewhat of its lost ground; the idea that it was being superseded by satin reduced its value one-third, and during the past three months, owing to this fact, and also to the panic, a dress of this description could be obtained readily at manufacturer's prices. The fact, however, of the Princess Royal selecting this material for her bridal robe has already enhanced its value; and many new designs are in progress for the spring season, of which we hope to be able to present a faithful account in our next issue.

For really superb ball and party costumes, there is, after all, nothing so becoming or that can be made so *recherché* as satin, over which lace is worn. Of course it depends much upon the quality and appointments, particularly the character of the lace which may either give to the whole toilette an air of tawdy pretension, or attach to it an exquisite delicacy and an almost fabulous value. Queen Victoria gave evidence of an instinctive perception of the beautiful, when she introduced Honiton lace to the fashionable world by selecting it as the material for her wedding-dress, and that she still retains her admiration for it, is shown by the fact of it being selected to be worn by her daughter. Nothing indeed can be more beautiful than this fabric, not even the delicate points, a few yards of which royalty itself has sometimes striven in vain to obtain.

The manufacture of lace is a marvel with which nothing can compete, the strong yet exquisite fibre, fine as a cobweb, yet capable of such powerful resistance. Its susceptibility to graceful effects, added to the faculty of imparting a charming air of beauty and softness to the figure, presents a combination of rare qualities for which no other material offers perfect substitutes. Ladies always judge each other by the quality of their lace and embroidery, and to it gentlemen attach a mysterious signification, because it belongs to that part of the toilette of which they cannot judge so accurately as of silks and ribbons.

Some persons attach a great deal of credit to themselves because they will not wear imitation lace, and if they can afford the real, there is, of course, no necessity for it, and no particular merit in preferring that which is the most beautiful and highly valued. But we see no reason for looking with contempt on that which, after all, simply expresses an aspiration, a desire for something better, which would gladly be substituted if the required means could be obtained. Artistic skill has been applied so universally to manufactures of all kinds, and has brought them to so high a point of perfection, that it would require a princely fortune to supply wants which could only be satisfied with the most costly.

Those immense fortunes which are the rule in the fashionable society of the Old World are the exception here, where every one tries to be fashionable, from the wife of the millionaire to the eldest daughter of the clerk at seven hundred dollars a year. And why should she not? her tastes may be as instinc-

tively pure and refined; the only trouble is, that in seeking vainly to gratify them, she becomes unhappy and discontented. It is, however, almost as difficult for the wife of the merchant, with larger ideas and greater means, to attempt to satisfy them. Fifty to a hundred dollars for a handkerchief, toilette slippers from ten to fifteen dollars a pair, twenty-five dollars for a morning robe, fifty for a silk dress, a hundred for a cloak, twenty for a gem of a collar, fifty for a veil, twenty for a bonnet, five hundred for a lace flounce, and these, which are medium prices, capable of being extended *ad infinitum*. Is it a wonder that all persons cannot afford "real lace." All can, however, select the colors, and to a certain extent, the styles which are the most becoming to them, and if their dress is not costly, it will, at least, be pretty and adapted to their position.

We advise our lady readers not to be deluded into buying large bonnets by the information occasionally conveyed by one of the daily newspapers, that they are "decidedly coming farther upon the head;" unfortunately they are doing no such thing; the latest models we have seen are smaller than ever, perfectly plain, and though perfectly exquisite as miniature specimens of the class to which they belong, yet it is difficult to see how they can be made of the slightest use. Brightly tinted they are with only one or two colors, brilliant and sparkling as a fresh rosebud. No feathers, no flowers of any consequence, but velvet with border of narrow bugles, and silk with its decoration of soft mossy fringe; more costly ones are covered with coiffures of rich lace or delicate tiny barbes, which float over crown and curtain, and form an admirable contrast to the darkly bright shade of the velvet beneath.

A very coquettish hat in one of the boxes at the Academy of Music, attracted the attention of many opera glasses on the first night of "Don Giovanni." The form was a modification of the Gipsy, composed of white crape, with a border of scarlet velvet around the edge; round the crown a wreath of scarlet feathers was passed, a long plume from which drooped upon the shoulder. The owner of this attractive caprice wore with it an opera cloak of fine white silk plush, and robe of rich drab moire antique.

A few round "Clarence" hats have also been imported to wear with the scarlet petticoat, as they are seen in London and Paris, but as yet no one distinguished in the fashionable world has adopted them in New York, although it is thought that a strenuous effort will be made to inaugurate them as spring advances.

The chaussure, always considered an important part of the toilette, will be much more so this season. The "Balmoral" boot, with its high heel and perfect outline, will be the most in vogue, and can be obtained at Mr. Baobooks' establishment in Broadway; encased in one of these handsome receptacles, a lady obliged to wear No. four's might fall in love with her own foot.

Hose of the finest and best quality would alone answer the purpose required by the promenade toilette, especially if it is composed of the short striped skirts and Balmoral gaiter, and these can be found at UNION ADAMS, in Broadway, of better qualities than at any other house, and also at lower rates. Particular care should be taken to select them white, fine and strong, but not embroidered, because that looks vulgar and pretentious, and attracts particles of dust; nor openworked, as these are too frail, and suitable only for in-door costume.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

The popular impression that March is the first month of spring would, we should think, have been exploded by this time, in spite of poets and almanacs; for all practical purposes it might just as well be the severest month of winter. Very rarely are its keen blustering winds and sharp biting frosts tempered with even a promise of milder days and more genial skies to come, and its chilling influence is even felt by the once charming, capricious April, turning her smiles to frowns and her tears into icicles. Notwithstanding the delusion which all like to cherish, few venture to support it by reducing in any degree the warmth of their attire, so that March, maugre his time-honored assertions, commences the spring only in name, and without any idea of fulfilling the duties of a more gentle season. As yet nothing is attempted in the way of change to lighter or less cumber-

some garments. Velvet, cloaks, furs, and warm woollens of every description are even more needed than in the middle of January.

Hoops are decidedly worn somewhat smaller, imparting a moderate degree of fulness, especially in promenade costume; for evening dress greater latitude is permitted; but here again a partizanship has sprung up, one side being in favor of preserving the boundaries of the area of freedom, while another inclines towards a return to the old straight skirt of our grandmothers. The latter is so exceedingly unbecoming, as well as inconvenient, that it can hardly ever become general; and with the lighter robes for a warmer season, the styles of which are all full, flowing, and worn with double skirts, and flounces in new and varied forms, the fine undulating crinoline will be found as necessary as ever to give effect to the beautiful and delicate fabrics.

The scarlet petticoat is becoming somewhat of a success, owing to the fact of the public press having patronised it, but it will never be adopted as an institution, like the basque for example.

The pretty open sleeve has become a general favorite, and is now worn altogether for full dress, with robes that are made high or half-high in the neck. Elegant puffed under-sleeves, tight to the wrist, with two narrow puffings, through which ribbon is run, complete them; but in many instances the arm is left bare, save where it is encircled by a broad band of gold, the latter mode being generally adopted by demoiselles. For street and matinée toilettes, the sleeves tight at the wrist are still worn, with small cuffs or bands of velvet. They are much warmer and more convenient than the open sleeve, and are not spoiled by rough contact with furs and other winter wrappings.

We have seen a new and very beautiful kind of silk goods, but so costly that it can hardly be used for dresses. As yet it has only been imported for cloaks, and would only be appreciated by a connoisseur. It is exceedingly heavy, and has the effect of being richly quilted in small exquisite patterns. The cost of a dress of it would be nearly equal to that of a handsome black velvet. It comes only in black.

In cloaks the latest production is a large shawl mantle, of exceeding grace and beauty. It is in two parts, the lower one possessing an immense sweep over the skirts, and forming a sleeve over the arm.

All the styles for the coming season will probably be of the large and ample order, open sleeves, flowing skirts, large lace mantles, with a revival of the pointed chemisettes for bodices. To this list an exception must be made at present in the bonnets, which Parisian correspondents advise us are growing still smaller than before. A very strong party is, however, forming in favor of the round Gipsy for summer wear, and these will doubtless be adopted to a considerable extent. We do not mean by these the flat straws always worn more or less at watering-places, but a modification of the Gipsy, which can be made in silk, crape and lace, as well as fancy straws, and will be edged with a fall of lace completely shading the face.

The adoption of moire antique for the bridal costumes of the Queen and the Princess Royal, at the latter's marriage with the Prince of Prussia, has restored this fabric to a degree of consideration. A new and beautiful variety is said to be in course of preparation for spring wear, and indeed already in the hands of wholesale dealers, made by the loyal English manufacturers, and called the "Princess Royal."

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

MARCH is a sort of mongrel, a black sheep in the calendar of months, to which it is hard to affix any sort of character or name. It is an Ishmael, whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him; a sort of space used by the retiring winter in which to fight every step of his way with the approaching spring; during which time we poor mortals get all the benefits of his fierce blows and bluster. Rage too, at what he knows will be the issue of the conflict, gives an increased venom to his icy breath, and woe to the fair face who receives his rough salute. Unfortunately we have but little to hope for in the way of protection, from the small frail fabrics which are used as coverings for the head, and the latest



DINNER DRESS. PAGE 278.

Parisian models represent these as growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

A very beautiful design was found in a bonnet of rich brown Lyons velvet, with a wreath of small cock's feathers in shaded crimson, which passed around the front and over the curtain. The edge was finished with a row of bugle lace, a single superb velvet passion flower in brown and crimson being placed on the inside.

Another was of amber satin, drawn perfectly plain over the foundation, and ornamented only with a narrow border of fine black guipure lace, with drop bugle attachments. A bandeau of groseille velvet alone relieved the simplicity of the interior.

A third was of bright blue imperial silk, with tiny soft mossy dots, which looked like bead pearls upon a small piece of clear blue sky. This was also drawn plain over the

foundation, edged with a rich moss fringe, and elegantly decorated with a scarf bordered with fringe, whose long ends swept the shoulders.

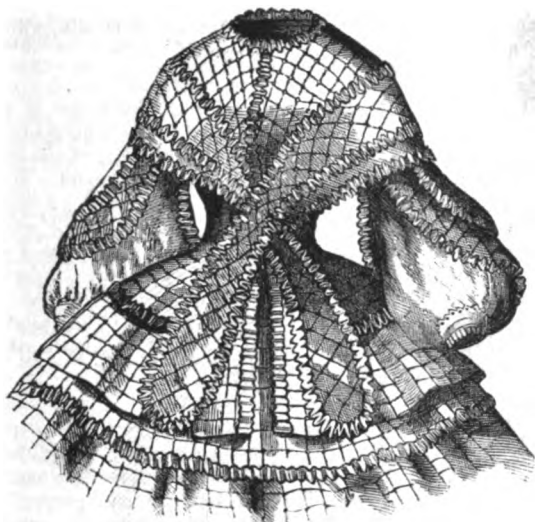
These were all exceedingly small but exquisite in shape, charming enough to belong to Titania, and just about the size for the queen of the fairies.

A great effort will be made during the approaching season to introduce a modification of the Gipsy form of hat into several uses. The styles are already imported to be worn with the short petticoats, to which they offer a very piquante addition, but we imagine that few of our conservative ladies will adopt them.

The peasant petticoat has already been worn sufficiently to be no longer remarkable, but will be much more generally adopted this month, it being exactly adapted to the stormy, fitful weather which always accompanies it. The simple black



ROBE. PAGE 278.



EVENING DRESS. PAGE 278.

and scarlet bayadere stripes about an inch broad seem to be the favorites, embroidery being too expensive, and the embossed borders looking too much like a table cover. Of course with this costume the chaussure becomes of infinite importance, the whitest and nicest of hose, and a perfectly fitting high-heeled gaiter boot being indispensable. The size of the foot is not so important as many ladies imagine, a few degrees more or less making very little difference if they are neatly and elegantly dressed. The "Balmoral" gaiter is the best for the purpose.

French patterns of cloaks and mantles for this month are neither so handsome or graceful as those which were furnished early in the winter. A loose sack with flowing sleeves, made of the new "Regina" or quilted silk, is bordered with black velvet, studded thickly with small fancy buttons, and handsomely lined and quilted; though very costly, it offers nothing new except the material, and is less becoming than the graceful circle and shawl cloaks.

The "Leopard" cloak, of which an illustration was presented in a previous number of the MAGAZINE, and which will be remembered as a large striped shawl with a pointed hood, made of fine white hair plush, with broad black border on one side only, is deservedly considered extremely elegant and recherché; not more than a dozen were imported, and they were immediately bought up without being subjected to public inspection.



HOME DRESS. PAGE 278.

tion. This would afford a hint to manufacturers for the next cold season. It must be remembered, however, that these styles are only suitable for tall and graceful persons, on a short figure they serve only as an extinguisher, and the pretensions of a lady possessing the required height to grace of manner may be determined by the way in which she wears her shawl.

The gaieties of the latter part of the season have brought out a number of very beautiful and costly robes, some in entirely new styles. These combine the quille with the double skirt or the flounces, and present a very rich effect.

A very rich dress of white satin was made with a double skirt, upon the upper one of which was placed broad stripes of dark nar-

row velvet lengthwise. The body was high at the back, but open from the throat to the long point at the waist, and a lace chemisette inserted, cut square across the bosom, and consisting of rows of narrow pointed guipure. The corsage is quite plain, with the exception of a border of velvet round the neck and down the front. The sleeves are perfectly straight, full, and open to the shoulder, and bordered with velvet. No undersleeves are worn with this robe, but a band of gold round the upper part of the arm is attached, by a slight and delicate yet strong chain, to a circlet at the waist.

We have seen a very beautiful robe of pearl-colored moire antique, made precisely in the very same way, the only difference being that the velvet was of the same shade as the centre of the robe, and the sleeves lined with white satin.

A charming robe of blue satin was very full, with an upper



THE SCARLET PETTICOAT. PAGE 278.

kirt of rich Honiton lace, which extended within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the under skirt. The pattern was exceedingly rare and beautiful, representing the spray of fountains falling upon flowers.

The lace was looped upon one side with a large branch of scarlet blossoms, and a bouquet of the same covered the entire front of the perfectly plain corsage, which was worn extremely low.

The corsage à Grecque has lately been revived, and is very becoming to a full form. The folds are crossed in front rather lower than formerly, and a chemisette inserted, which relieves the rather heavy appearance of the waist.

Another mode is a small cape of the same material as the dress; this is crossed in front, trimmed with two rows of fringe, and worn with a low necked dress, gives it the appearance of being high; the cape being taken off, the same robe can be worn for an evening costume with perfect propriety.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

COIFFURES. PAGE 273.

No. 1. "Princess Royal." This coiffure is very becoming to a fair, rather full face, and is the mode in which the Princess Royal of England, now Princess of Prussia, arranges her profusion of brown hair. It will be observed that it is combed up from the forehead in order to give length to the profile, but not back, as in the Eugenie style, which is only suitable to a delicate face, with small, finely cut features. At the sides the hair is slightly raised, and laid in massive rolls over and behind the ears, the ends passing under the braided loops behind. A long slender branch of delicate blossoms is placed so as to be seen from the front, and a few sprays twisted into the loops behind.

No. 2. "Princess Alice." This style is not unlike the preceding one in effect, except that the hair is combed back from the front, over the forehead, and then laid in a roll which curves to the side, where it is joined by the back hair, which is brought forward and laid in rolls in front of the ear. Clusters of flowers are then placed in the hollows behind the ears, the drooping branches passing under the hair and descending upon the neck. A slight leafy spray is also arranged with careless grace, so that it will touch the fair cheek.

DINNER DRESS. PAGE 276.

Bayadere robe of lavender and white with a double skirt, the upper part of which is trimmed up the sides with a broad stripe of plain lavender silk, a shade darker than the Bayadere stripe of the dress. On either side of this decoration are four narrow white satin ribbon ruches, the two centre ones of which are placed together, the others having an interval the width of the ruche between. The corsage is low and round with the "Eugenie" sleeve, consisting of a puff edged by a deep frill of lace. Over the corsage is worn the "Princess Mathilde" fichu, composed of puffs of illusion edged with rich lace. A letter V with the point reversed is formed of flat black velvet bows and placed in front of the corsage, and bow and ends of black velvet is also placed on the front of each sleeve.

ROBE. PAGE 276.

A dinner dress of pale lavender silk, with flounces decorated with flowers in relief, and headed by a border of the same, and fluted ruche of lavender ribbon. The corsage is plain, pointed, and finished round the neck with fluted ribbons studded with buttons. Sleeves demi-long, full, and flowing, lined with white satin, looped up with a bow (down the centre of which are three buttons) in front of the arm, and completed by a small cap at the top, and narrow ribbon ruche round the bottom.

EVENING DRESS. PAGE 277.

Dress of white tarlatane, with narrow fluted flounces which grow wider towards the bottom, and are headed by a white moss trimming. Two rows of the same ornament the corsage, and one forms the short sleeve.

HOME DRESS. PAGE 277.

Home dress of crimson and black plaid silk. Basque waist, with braces, and long tabs crossed in front and decorated with narrow ribbon ruches. Flowing sleeves open up the front, and

rounded off over a sleeve of fine embroidered muslin, with a band at the waist, edged with needlework.

THE SCARLET PETTICOAT. PAGE 277.

We are happy in presenting a faithful illustration of the "scarlet" petticoat, as it appeared one rainy day to great advantage in Broadway. The only difference being that the dress is looped up at the side instead of being held by the hand.

The ground is scarlet, the stripes and border black. Nothing can be prettier than the coquettish "Balmoral" boot, which steps so daintily beneath it. The dress on this occasion was dark gray merino, with a silk vest and "cut-away" jacket of black velvet. The cloak worn over it was removed to give our lady connoisseurs a chance to see the *ensemble*. The eye-glass looks very much like a strong-minded woman, but that must be understood as a sly joke of the artist.

BELL'S CLOAKS. PAGE 280.

Fig 1. We have great pleasure in presenting our lady patrons with more of Mr. BELL's recently imported and magnificent styles in promenade garments. The first one for this month, is a large shawl mantle, imperial in style and proportion, which he calls the "Zenobia." It is made of brown beaver and hair plush, the latter forming a very deep border, which is cut in such a manner as to give a wide sweep round the skirts and form a sleeve over the arm. The front is double-breasted, with two rows of metal buttons, with velvet centres, which cross over and extend down to the side of the waist.

Fig. 2. presents a very fine illustration of a French cloak imported expressly for the present month. It is called the "Regina" from the material of which it is composed. This is an entirely new and very costly kind of silk, very heavy in texture, and with an appearance of being quilted in small patterns, the one illustrated being in the diamond form. The border is of black velvet studded very thickly with small fancy buttons, the sleeves are plain and flowing, and the garment completed by a hood, which is round upon the shoulders but comes to a point at the centre. We may also mention the lining, which is of black silk very handsomely quilted. It will have been remarked by our observant readers that the large number of cloaks supplied by Mr. BELL's establishment during the season have been entirely different and unique in style, and combine altogether the most graceful and elegant modes introduced, and adding to this distinction the artistic finish for which this eminent house is so celebrated.

EVENING DRESS. ROCOCO. PAGE 281.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with an illustration of a Parisian revival of the mode of the eighteenth century, furnished by our French correspondent. The overdress consists of a superb crimson and gold brocade, open to the waist and rounding off in front over a rich white satin skirt. The body is high at the back, and a small lace chemisette placed square across the front, and is met by a bow and ends of rich brocade ribbon. The sleeves are quite plain to the elbow, where they terminate in a deep lace flounce, a bow of ribbon with ends being placed over the front of each arm. The white kid gloves have small gauntlet cuffs embroidered round the edge in a delicate pattern with gold. They are also wrought on the back of the hand. The hair is combed back in the Eugenie style, and ornamented with a coiffure composed of crimson velvet tulle and marabout feathers tipped with gold.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

GUSTAVUS III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant-girl of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her and asked her for a drink. Without delay she lifted up her pitcher and, with artless simplicity, put it to his lips. Having satisfied his thirst and thanked his benefactress, he said, "My girl, if you would come with me to Stockholm I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation." "Ah," she replied, the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal; I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me, but even if I were, I could not for an instant hesi-

tate." "And why?" rejoined the king, somewhat surprised. "Because," answered the girl, coloring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions, and no earthly wishes could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties affection requires from me." "Where is your mother?" inquired the king; "In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her. The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of this girl, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you so destitute and in so afflicted a condition." "Alas! sir," answered the poor sufferer, "I should indeed be pitied had I not that kind and attentive girl who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away a tear. Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature, almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the young girl's hand, he could only say, "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually; good-bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king." On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter after the parent's death.

THE HANDEL ORGAN.

THE great organ now placed in the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, was built especially for the festival by Messrs. Gray and Davison, the eminent manufacturers, and is of colossal proportions and unprecedented power. Some idea may be entertained of its magnitude when it is stated that it stands on more ground than is allotted to most ordinary houses, its width being forty feet; its depth thirty. The organ, therefore, covers a superficies of one thousand two hundred feet. It contains four thousand five hundred and ten sounding pipes, varying in size from thirty-two feet in length, with a diameter sufficient to admit easily the passage of a man's body, to less than one inch in length, with the bore of an ordinary quill. In order to place these four thousand five hundred and ten pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least six thousand eight hundred other separate working parts are necessary, many of these being complete machines in themselves, and the entire mass weighs fifty tons. The famous organ at Haarlem—one of the largest and most powerful ever erected—contains only four thousand and eighty-eight pipes, being four hundred and twenty less than the Crystal Palace organ; while those who have heard both instruments do not hesitate to say that the latter is far more powerful. There are four complete rows of keys in the festival organ, each row having a compass of fifty-eight notes, and commanding a distinct department. The necessary quantity of wind is supplied and distributed by twenty-two pairs of bellows, four pairs, however, only being employed to furnish the supply of air, the remainder acting merely as reservoirs in determining and regulating the pressure at which it is delivered to the various wind-chests. At present the bellows are worked by ten blowers, but when the organ is completed, hydraulic engines will be used with pressure obtained from the water-towers. The aim of the builders has been to produce an instrument, the varied qualities of which should combine all derivable musical beauty with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it was destined to bear in the great Handel Commemoration. In this they have succeeded to admiration. They have produced an instrument, as far as we know, unparalleled for power and volume of sound, and certainly unapproached by any organ with which we are acquainted for beauty, equability and variety of tone. In a word, the great festival organ reflects the highest possible credit on the ingenuity, perseverance, intrepidity and talent of the constructors; and will long remain as one of the proudest monuments of the mechanical spirit and skill of England as applied to the fine arts.

THE GREAT CALICO BALL.

THIS imposing spectacle was exhibited on Thursday evening, at the Academy of Music, which was literally jammed, so that from ten to one o'clock hardly a foot of standing room was left unoccupied. The scene was an exceedingly novel and brilliant one, the back part of the stage being fitted up as a tent, in the centre of which the word CHARITY hung in gaslights. The tiers were festooned with calico received from the merchants of the city, and at intervals around the upper one were the names of persons distinguished for their benevolence; in the centre was a card containing the names of the charities to which the donations were to be appropriated.

Most of the ladies were dressed in pretty calico robes, worn over rich silk, satin or embroidered dresses, and, with the bright and graceful ornaments in their hair, looked charming enough to make calico fashionable—that is the young and handsome ones did; but unfortunately at the Academy of Music, more than anywhere else, there are always a great number of frightful-looking old dowagers who have relinquished their appetite for admiration to their appetite for the table, and the effect is not favorable either upon the figure or the complexion.

Of course all efforts to dance proved abortive, and only resulted in a rueful display of torn lace and dilapidated embroidery. The ladies retiring-room was crowded with gentlemen, and was as uncomfortable as usual, but by confining one's efforts to sitting still and quizzing the crowd, one could manage to get along very satisfactorily. The music was superb, the seventy-first in their most elegant uniforms, and wearing the happiest expression; and by three o'clock in the morning those who remained had an opportunity to dance with comfort. No doubt the "Calico Ball" was a success.

ANECDOTE OF BARON DE BESEVAL.—Of this nobleman so distinguished during the latter years of the late French monarchy, the following characteristic anecdote is recorded. Ringing his bell one morning, as he awoke, Blanchard, an old confidential domestic, with whom he had differed on the day preceding, accordingly came to receive his master's orders. "My lord," said Blanchard, entering the baron's room, "I come to ask a favor, it is for permission to retire to my relations." "What," retorted the baron, warmly, "you desire to leave me. You will stay, sir, we ought to live and die together." "No, my lord, I perceive that I become hateful to you, I grow too old, and only excite by my infirmities the violence of your temper. You have loaded me with gifts and kindnesses, I will often come to see you, but if I dwell not here, and am no longer entrusted with anything, we shall both of us escape those scenes that destroy us." "Well, sir," replied Besenal, with tears in his eyes, "it is then a settled thing, we must part. You belonged to my father, your wife was my nurse, you are older than I am in the family, and it is I must go—I will return when you can tolerate my feelings." At these words he seized his cane and his hat, hastened from his chamber and was going out, when instantly the good Blanchard, touched by this unexpected stroke, threw himself at the baron's feet before the door. His master raised him up, pressed him in his arms, they mutually wept and swore never to separate.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE CRIMEA.—With the exception of some of the superior household servants, whose ideas are a little more refined, the style of living of the Russian peasant is little removed from that of the brute beasts. Men, women and children occupy one room, and eat out of one dish; they never take off their clothes from one week's time to the other, except when they go to the bath, and they sleep on the top of their stoves, on the floor, or in the open air, according to the season, or as chance may require. Their chief food consists of a soup, called *borschik*, made of sour salt cabbage and a bit of fat bacon; a thick pudding of millet, which they eat with milk; and coarse black bread, made of rye. During their fasts, which they zealously keep, and which extend over a great portion of the year, they substitute linseed oil for the bacon and milk. Butcher meat is a delicacy only very rarely enjoyed. Drunkenness is a vice very common, both among men and women; and during the holidays, all their savings are spent in wine or brandy.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

FIG. 1. Robe of blue taffetas with three flounces, in which are inserted small inverted pyramids, consisting of narrow frills of silk or ribbon, which may be either green or blue. The body is high and pointed, and completed by a small square cape trimmed to match the skirt. The sleeves are the Eugenie, the flounce having a border like the cape and skirt. Collar and under-sleeves of fine French embroidery, and a head-dress of tulle, mixed with pink flowers, finishes this pretty home toilette.

FIG. 2. Walking dress of rich tea-colored silk, with a double skirt, the upper one of which much longer than they have been ordinarily worn. The body is high, straight around the waist, and decorated with three rows of blue knots of ribbon, two extending from the shoulder and the other down the front part of the corsage. At the junction of the skirt it is fastened by a bow with long ends. The sleeves are full, plaited down at the top, each plait being fastened with a knot of ribbon. The lower part is drawn in at the waist, leaving a frill trimmed with three rows of velvet to fall over the hand; under this frill an illusion puffing is worn, which adds to it some degree of grace. The bonnet is perfectly plain and trimmed only with fringe, a border of which shades the face; a small cluster of blossoms is also placed on the inside to relieve the monotony of the ruche.

WEDDING DRESS OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

THE preference recently shown by the Queen and the Princess Royal for moire antique, will probably restore this beautiful fabric to its former degree of fashionable consideration. The Queen's costume, on the occasion of her eldest daughter's marriage, was a robe of peach blossom moire antique, ornamented with the same Honiton lace flounces which she wore at her own wedding, with a velvet train of the same color as the robe.

The Princess Royal's dress was of white moire antique, with three flounces of Honiton lace wrought in a pattern which combined the rose, thistle and shamrock. Upon these flounces and the bridal veil, fifty girls, the finest lace-makers in England, have been engaged for the past twelve months, each receiving, in addition to double the usual pay, fifty pounds each as a marriage portion. The body and short sleeves were trimmed to match the skirt.

The veil was arranged according to a fancy of the Queen's, in the Moorish fashion, and fastened with magnificent Spanish pins.

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go with you.





EVENING DRESS. ROCOCO. PAGE 278.

TO THE LADIES.

OUR readers were last month made acquainted with my acceptance of Mr. LESLIE's invitation to superintend the work-table of his MAGAZINE during my stay in America. In so doing, he has doubtless trusted that my long experience in designing for all the leading English periodicals, and giving instructions in every kind of ornamental needlework, would render that department even more popular and more practically useful than it has yet been.

Participating to the fullest extent in his anxiety to make fancy work at once attractive and practicable, I have considered the best means of carrying out his wishes. In order to do so, I propose to elucidate any difficulty that may be found in the work-table directions, by personal instructions; and to facilitate the execution of every pattern by sending to any part of the States the necessary materials, carefully selected, and when desired with the work begun.

Even in our own little island of Great Britain, I have found that it was impossible for ladies residing in the country to obtain such materials as they required for the patterns given in the magazines, or indeed for any nice fancy work; and many hundreds were glad to avail themselves of my acquaintance with such matters to obtain any article they might need, with necessary trimmings, &c. Then the directions for stitchers,

though written as clearly as possible, are frequently not easy to comprehend, without the assistance of either a *visa voce* explanation or a worked sample. This is particularly the case with point lace, tatting, and some other of the prettiest and most useful sorts of fancy work. I shall be prepared to send such samples, sufficient for the guidance of a worker, to any one who may desire it.

In all cases it will be desirable to mention the conveyance by which orders are to be sent, and to refer to some house in New York city for payment.

In New York lessons in every kind of fancy work can be given either at the residence of the pupil or our own.

I shall be assisted in carrying out all these arrangements by my esteemed friend and partner, Miss Hatton, whose acquaintance with and skill in fancy work will, I feel assured, be appreciated by those who wish to avail themselves of our aid.

MATILDA M. PULLAN.

L'ETRANGE DOCTRINE.—There scarce was ever any such thing under the sun as an inconsolable widow. Grief is no incurable disease; but time, patience and a little philosophy, with the help of human frailty and address, will do the business.

He that hath revenge in his power and does not use it is the great man.

CHAPTERS 'ON' WEDDING-DAYS.

NO. 1.—CAROLINE MANVERS, OR THE COQUETTE.

"YOUTH, beauty, wit—what glorious gifts!
Yet how uncertain is the joy
They bring, save to those who know
Each talent worthily to employ."

"How old are you, my dear?" was the very simple question addressed by me, one day, to a little girl who chanced to be spending the day at my house. A common-place question enough, you will probably say; but the answer I received from my youthful visitor was somewhat original, "Mamma does not allow me to tell my age." Caroline Manvers could not have yet attained the ripened age of ten years, when this lesson of rank worldliness had already been instilled into her mind—and by the voice of her mother, too. I could not forbear smiling at so unexpected a reply; but my young visitor seemed to view the matter in a graver light, for she drew herself up with an air of self-satisfaction, as if she were conscious of having avoided some insidious snare which had been placed in her way.

It was not until nine or ten years later that Caroline Manvers again crossed my path. She was then a pretty and accomplished girl; rather brilliant in appearance, witty in conversation and possessing that sort of good-humored disposition and inclination to please, which forms an element of so much popularity in society. Our first recognition of each other took place at a picnic, where were assembled some very agreeable persons, but the proportion of beaux was lamentably small. Among this minority was a young officer who had recently come to our neighborhood, and who had recently made himself remarkable by his sedulous attention to Mary Vicars, the only daughter of our rector. She formed one of the party on this occasion, and Mr. Maclean was, as usual, by her side, "discoursing" what seemed to be "sweet music in her ears." Caroline observed the "flirtation," as she called it, and glancing around to see if there was any one else better worthy her attention, she glided in a careless manner by Mr. Maclean and his companion, and dropped her bracelet on the path. She turned hastily round, as if to pick up the lost treasure, but was anticipated by Mr. Maclean, who courteously handed it to the fair owner. She thanked him with one of her sweetest smiles, and made some observation about the beauty of the scene, which drew a response from her new acquaintance. Caroline pursued her advantage, and mingling sentimentality with playfulness, so enchanted the young soldier that he insensibly drew to her side and listened with delight to the sparkling sayings of the youthful beauty. Having thus entangled her victim, she sported with him as lightly as would a playful boy with the fluttering butterfly which had just been captured in his net. On seating ourselves for dinner beneath the shade of some outspreading oaks, Caroline was about to place herself, as if regardless of personal comfort, upon some knotted and gnarled roots which had forced their way above the soil. Mr. Maclean hastened to procure for her one of the carriage cushions, whereon she might more easily rest herself. Another bright smile rewarded him for his trouble; and glancing up at him with a most bewitching frankness, she observed that he was taking care of every one but himself, and moving to one end of the cushion, added playfully, "I really think we can make out a corner for you here." This was irresistible. Mr. Maclean accepted the proffered seat, and devoted himself to her during the whole repast.

Alas, for poor Mary Vicars! She was learning her first lesson—and a painful one it was—not to trust too implicitly in the attentions of a lady's man. She had, however, too much maidenly pride to evince any disappointment at the desertion of her *preux chevalier*. Nay, she even talked with more vivacity than usual; but the changeful color of her cheek betrayed her inward emotion. On rising from dinner, she chanced to find herself near Caroline Manvers, who observed to her in a careless tone, that they had had a charming day. "Yes, very delightful," replied Mary, almost mechanically. Mr. Maclean looked confused, as if some painful remembrance had suddenly overshadowed his mind; and turning to Mary, he offered to assist her in the arrangement of her shawl, which she was putting on preparatory to her drive home—"No, thank you," replied she rather coldly, "I need no assistance."

"Well, I do envy independent young ladies;" observed Caroline, in a languid tone, which was quite alien to her nature, "I am always so glad to be saved trouble."

Mr. Maclean only too gladly availed himself of the implied permission to offer her his assistance, and having folded her shawl around her, handed her to the carriage which was to convey her home. He then glanced around as if in quest of some other duty that awaited him, but Mrs. Vicars' equipage had already left the ground.

A few days afterwards I called on Mrs. Manvers, and found Mr. Maclean seated near Caroline's embroidery frame; and looking very happy, while he held a skein of rose-colored floss, which she was in the act of winding upon a card. "See how obliging this gentleman is," observed Caroline, as she rose to welcome me; "I was on the point of irretrievably tangling my skein, when he offered his aid in unravelling it. Perhaps it was fortunate for me," added she, smiling, "that he had not his good sword at hand; else he might have attempted to cut the Gordian knot, instead of unravelling it." This feminine imagination was perhaps displeasing to the young soldier; for his features became suffused with color, as he replied, "That his good sword, albeit unused to such silken service, would be honored by her commands, however trifling they might be." Her rejoinder did not reach my ears, as I was at that moment engaged in conversation with her mother; but it was evidently gratifying to her young visitor, who, when his silken service was ended, still lingered by her side, in light and lively talk.

A few minutes later, the door opened, and another visitor was announced—the Honorable Mr. Montague. After a few words of greeting addressed to Mrs. Manvers, he seated himself near her daughter, and uttered some of those commonplaces so familiar in fashionable life. Caroline's eyes sparkled with pleasure. The young soldier, who some few brief moments before she would have exalted into a hero, now seemed to fade away out of her very presence. He felt himself *de trop*, and rose to take leave. Scarcely had he left the room, when Mr. Montague observed, with a smile, "Some gentle Corydon, I presume?"

"Only a young lieutenant on leave in this neighborhood," replied Caroline; "and he does his best, poor fellow! to be agreeable."

"Oh! of course, you ladies must have some one to keep your hand in," observed Mr. Montague with a sarcastic smile.

"You must not be severe upon us poor women," replied Caroline playfully; "one cannot often expect to meet in the country the best society." This was accompanied with an almost imperceptible yet graceful bend of Caroline's head. The allusion was acknowledged with a slight bow, as Mr. Montague observed, "that he was quite aware there was some sweeter wooing to a fair lady's ear than the whispering of a rill, or the warbling of feathered songsters."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Manvers was informing me in a half-whisper of the rank and wealth of the new comer—"a charming person, so clever and agreeable—very likely, too, to inherit the title, as his elder brother was thought to be in a consumption." Having duly listened to his praise, I took my leave, with the conviction that Caroline's present game was to make a serious conquest of the Hon. Mr. Montague. Her game, did I say? yes! her game; for had it not been instilled into her youthful heart, that the great object of a woman's life was to be "well established in the world;" and that with this end in view, she ought to frame her words, her looks—yes, her very thoughts and feelings so as to achieve a brilliant marriage. Alas! for the daughters whose very life-springs are thus poisoned by a mother's hand: who know not, that marriage is either a holy condition, full of duties and responsibilities, as well as of joy and happiness; or else—a base barter, a false pledge, entailing misery on herself and on the disappointed partner of her life.

Not long after this, I met Mrs. Manvers and her daughter at a large dinner party. Mr. Montague had left the neighborhood, having set out on a tour to the East, and rumor said that Caroline was disappointed at his departure. But on this evening, she looked even more beautiful and brilliant than ordinary. She was seated at dinner near a grave and thoughtful-looking man, whose noble physiognomy bespoke great intellectual vigor united with much kindness of disposition. At first he took but little notice of his fair neighbor, addressing his con-

versation to a very unpretending person who was seated at his other side. To be neglected, even by a stranger, was insufferable to Caroline Manvers; nor did she often fail to attract attention when she wished to do so. Before the end of dinner, she was engaged in a very animated conversation with Mr. Eden, and listened with most captivating sweetness to the information which he was so well able to impart on popular science and literature. On our withdrawal into another room I heard Mrs. Minvers inquiring of our hostess who he was. "Professor Eden; a very clever man, but not so well off in the world as he deserves to be—poor fellow! he has nothing to depend on but his Fellowship." Mrs. Manvers' countenance fell; she had no idea of Caroline wasting her smiles on a "poor fellow;" nor was her uneasiness allayed afterwards when the Professor took an early opportunity of renewing his conversation with Caroline, who seemed to listen to him with unfeigned satisfaction. Yes—Caroline Manvers, despite the stifling process of her education, had a heart capable of appreciating power and excellence in the other sex. It seemed to me as if this evening her glance bespoke more simplicity, more forgetfulness of self than had ever before been perceptible in her; a chord seemed to have been struck which if duly responded to, might yet result in the moral harmony of her being. Nor was I mistaken; for before long, it became evident, that not only was the grave and peniless Professor fascinated by the youthful beauty, but also that she lent a willing ear to his deep and earnest homage. The indignation of Mrs. Manvers at Mr. Eden's "audacity" was as violent as it was unmerited. She commanded him to cease his visits at her house. She upbraided her daughter with folly and disobedience. Caroline rebelled against her authority, and said she was the best judge about her own happiness. Mrs. Manvers, however, was too much a woman of the world to push matters to an extremity, and only insisted on a temporary separation, and upon a perfect freedom on both sides until circumstances became more propitious to their union. She knew her daughter's nature well; she knew how closely the world had coiled itself round her heart, and how accessible she still was to its lures and its flattery. Before long Caroline was led within the magic circle of rank, fashion and wealth, and gradually did the image of her lover fade away within her heart. By degrees the recollection became uncomfortable to her, and she was wont to turn from it with a sigh. At this critical moment, the tidings reached her of Mr. Eden's dangerous illness; in fact, no hope was entertained of his recovery. The news reached her just as she was preparing in all her pride of conscious loveliness for a fancy ball. She burst into tears; but was taunted by her mother with giving way to unmaidenly emotion. "Besides," added she with a sarcastic smile, "you will look frightful at the ball; only think of 'Aurora' appearing with red eyes amongst her worshippers!"

Thus was the master passion of vanity fanned into a flame, and Caroline entered the brilliant throng, more desirous even than was her wont, to be the Queen of Beauty. Nor was her ambition disappointed. A murmur of admiration was heard amongst the crowd, as "Aurora" entered the ball-room; and scarcely was she seated, when "the honor of an introduction" to her was requested by the Earl of Glenallan, a youthful nobleman, who, on this eventful evening, made his first appearance among the *haute volée* of Belgravia. His fair complexion, blue eyes, and light-colored hair, gave him a still more boyish aspect than might be expected from his mature age of twenty years. In his physiognomy was that mingled expression of passion and feebleness which are so dangerous to the possessor, as they are indicative of violent impulses and of unstable purpose of mind. These mental symptoms were, however, unnoticed by Caroline Manvers, to whom he devoted his whole attention throughout the evening, and who received his advances with evident satisfaction. On their way home, Mrs. Manvers congratulated her daughter on the conquest she had made, and gently patting her on the cheek, added, "If you play your cards right, I shall yet have the pleasure of seeing a countess's coronet placed on your brow."

Caroline first smiled, then sighed, and remained silent. The same suggestion had already presented itself to her mind; but it had been overshadowed by some gloomy thoughts which had intruded even into the proudest moments of that evening's pleasure.

The next day, amongst her earliest visitors was the young Earl of Glenallan. Day after day found him at her side, reveling in her smiles, listening with delight to every word that dropped from her lips; in short, he worshipped her with all the ardor of boyish enthusiasm; and before the end of a fortnight, he begged leave to lay at her feet, himself, his honors and his wealth. Caroline hushed the silent monitor within her breast. She accepted him; and scarcely had he left her home intoxicated with joy at his success, when tidings reached her of Henry Eden's death. It was a sorrow, and yet a deliverance to her. She wept, but felt as if a load had been removed from her heart. Each succeeding day, vanity was doing its hardening work more effectually upon her heart. She now regarded the event, chiefly as it affected her own prospects, not in connection with the noble being who had thus idly lavished upon her the full treasure of his devoted love. Before long, her mother had the gratification to perceive that Caroline was engrossed with all the future splendors of her lot; and that no thought seemed so dear to her as that of being the star of fashion, wealthiest among the wealthy, the lovely and admired countess of Glenallan.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC.

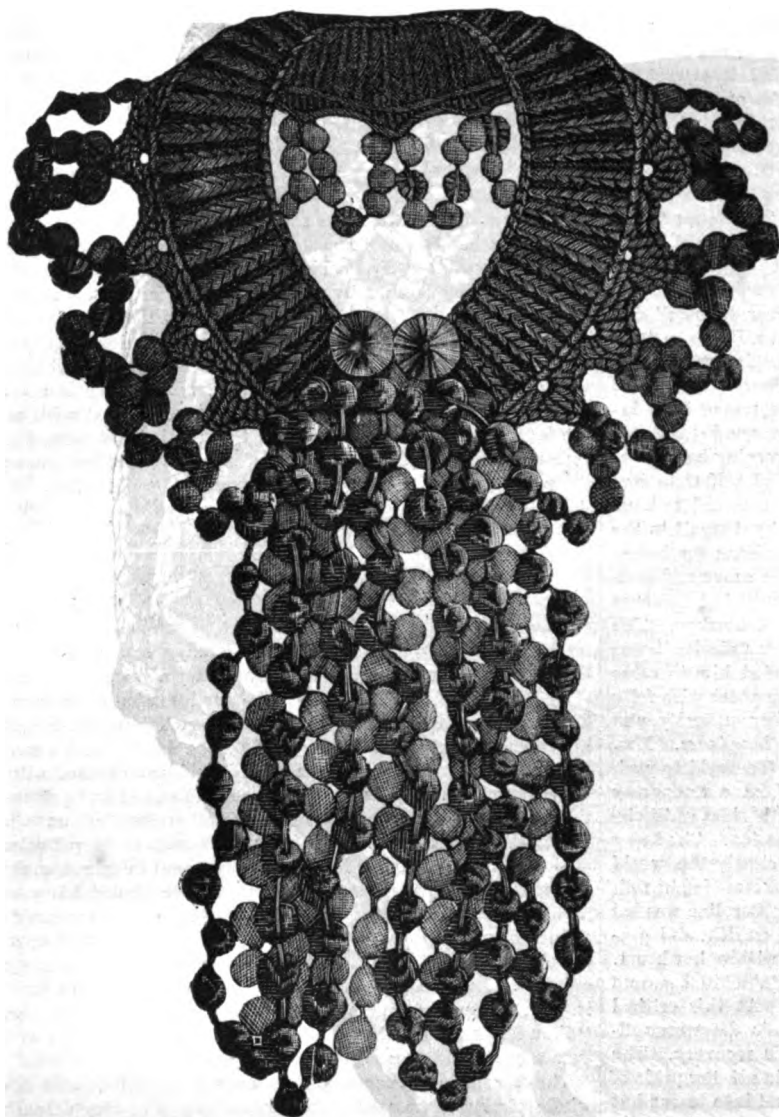
TOWARDS the beginning of the last century, an actor celebrated for mimicry was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, manner and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Doctor W——, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman and waited on the doctor, with a long catalogue of ailments which he said his wife was afflicted with.

The physician heard with amazement of diseases and pains of the most opposite nature repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient—for it was the actor's wish to keep Doctor W—— in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures. He loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview; at length, having completely accomplished his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."

The comedian returned to his employer, and related the whole circumstance with such true feelings of the doctor's character that the author was convulsed with laughter; but his raptures were soon checked, when the mimic told him, with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.

RECIPE FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding-day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than—alas!—they are!

PER CONTRA.—Poets who write songs about the sea are invariably land-lubbers, who never did venture upon "the sea, the open," or if they did, were heartily sorry for it, and never repeated it. Lovers who sing of love in a cottage invariably do so in a parlor of a mansion rather larger than anything that comes under that denomination; a parlor generally extremely well furnished—and the song is always accompanied by the best piano procurable. Rich men are constantly bragging about the value of poverty, but never seem to avail themselves of its privileges. The traveller is continually singing "Home! Sweet Home!" yet he prefers to leave the smoke of his father's chimney behind him, in order that he may grow sentimental and sing that charming melody a thousand miles away from home.



WINTER COLLARETTE.

DESCRIPTIONS OF NEEDLEWORK.

This Department is under the Superintendence of Mrs. PULLEN, late of London.

WINTER COLLARETTE.

MATERIALS.—*Sky-blue and white, 4 thread Berlin wool, and a pair of ivory or bone needles, No. 8 or 10.*

We have named needles of two sizes for this collar, that it may be made a little larger than the ordinary dimensions if the stature of the wearer requires it. No. 8 needles will make the largest collar. Cast on 129 stitches with blue wool, and work in brioche stitch, somewhat more than 2 inches in depth, cast off very loosely. Take a bone crochet hook and work the scalloped edge thus—sc on the first stitch on the outer (loose) edge of the collar, miss 2, 2 dc, 3 tc, 2 dc, all in the next stitch + miss 3, 2 dc, 3 tc, 2 dc + in the next + repeat between the crosses along this edge, ending as you begin with a sc stitch at the end.

For the balls take a netting mesh, rather more than one inch wide,

wind the wool 28 times round it. Take a needle threaded with strong silk and sew all the strands together tightly at each edge of the mesh, then cut them through in the centre, and comb out each to make a small ball. Do a number of these in blue, and the same in white. Then with a rug needle trim the collar with them, threading them on the wool at intervals, and forming the decoration seen in the engraving. Double silk buttons and elastic fasten this collar at the throat. Shaded peach or cherry wool with white, would look very pretty for this collar. Shaded amber would be becoming to brunettes, and very pretty grays can be had for mourning.

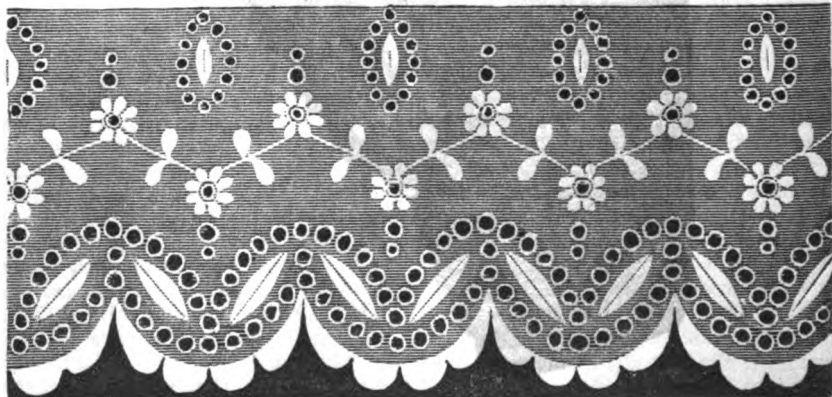
EMBROIDERY TRIMMING.

This may be done on fine jaconet, or mull muslin. The cottons employed by ourselves, from the commencement of our career up to the present time, and still used in our designs for the London magazines, are those known as the royal embroidery cottons of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. In our opinion they are, of all the various kinds, the very best adapted for all embroidery, are strong, soft, and even, and wash well. Nos. 24, 36, and 40 are adapted for the design we now give our readers.

WARM OVER-BOOTS FOR LADIES. PAGE 285.

MATERIALS.—*Fleecy wool, 6 or 8 thread, of any color that may be selected, black, brown or dark green being especially suitable. A small quantity of any appropriate brighter color will be needed, say blue, with black or brown; and cherry or scarlet, with green. Also a coarse bone crochet hook. Work in ribbed crochet.*

BEGIN at the toe; make a chain of 16; miss 1, and work on every other stitch of the chain. In all the succeeding rows do a chain-stitch at the end, and begin the following row by doing two in the first stitch, and one in every other. After 6 ribs, work to the centre of the foot only, still increasing at the end of every row, until about 17 ribs are done. (If the foot be large or the work very tight, another rib or two may be needed.) Then, for three ribs, at the end of the alternate rows which come towards the instep, make 3 ch, turn, miss one, and work 2 on each of the others. Continue down the side as before. You will now have the extreme height required for the ankle. Do 10 ribs without increase or decrease, only making the chain stitch at the end of each row. Work the other side of the boot from the toe to match this half, and join along the back of the heel.



EMBROIDERY TRIMMING.

LADY'S WARM OVER-BOOT. PAGE 284.



TRIMMING.—(The light wool.) Do one row of single crochet all round the ankle and down each side of the front of the shoe, taking care neither to contract nor stretch it. The ankle must now be done separately. Light wool; 1 sc, 5 ch, miss 2. Repeat to the other side of the ankle. Join on the dark wool; 5 ch, sc under centre of last ch; + 5 ch, sc under centre of next ch. Repeat to the end. Do three more rows in the light wool and one in dark, making altogether six. Now do the trimming for the front of the foot. With the light wool 1 sc, 3 ch, miss 1 all round the opening, except at the toe, where you must not miss any. The next row is with the dark wool. Join on 3 ch, 1 dc across the chain on the missed stitch of the former row.

Finish with tassels and a plaited cord of the same wool, and buttons to fasten the boots down the front. Make them up with cork soles.

Overboots to be worn over white kid boots or satin shoes in going to balls, should be made of white wool, with blue or cerise for the trimming colors, as the dye of every dark fleecy wool comes off more or less.

For crochet contractions see *FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE* for February.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

TOMBOLA.

THIS novel game is productive of much fun. The mistress of the house who desires to set up a lottery, should have provided beforehand a number of fancy articles, toys and elegant nicknackeries; and among these should be prepared one in particular, destined to the discomfiture of some luckless expectant. This lot should be carefully enveloped in several wrappers of tissue paper, and well laid up in cotton, and may consist of any absurd and childish or worthless article. It should be placed the last, according to the law of graduation observed with respect to the remaining lots, set out upon the table and left uncovered. When the time of drawing has arrived, the master of the house takes a pack of cards, which he distributes among the drawers, according to their several wishes—an agreed price being set upon each card. When this is done he takes another pack, from which a number of cards are drawn without being looked at, equal to the number of lots, and one is placed under each. He turns up the remainder of the pack, laying down each card in succession and calling it out. The drawer who has a similar card to the one called out, places his beside it. When the whole are thus gone through, those who remain holders of cards corresponding to those under the lots, are declared the winners; but of what, remains to be seen. The card under each lot is called out, beginning with the first, and the drawer who holds a similar one carries off the lot. Thus in succession through all the lots, until the last, or the great "sell" lot.

So much for the technical arrangement of the game; now let us sketch its dramatic effect—the movement and excitement to which it gives rise. As one by one the cards in the drawer's hands are proclaimed worthless, the laugh at their disappointment stimulates them to make another venture, and a general bidding takes place for those that remain; and as their number diminishes, and the consequent probability of any one of them becoming a prize proportionately increases, they fetch higher and still higher prices. The anxiety—the mingled hope and fear with which all eyes are fixed on the card about to be turned up, are emotions which not the coolest and soberest of the company can guard against; and when, at last, the lots are distributed to the winners, the trepidation of each, lest his prize entitle him to the honor of contributing to the general mirth by being presented with the "sell," and having deliberately to unfold layer after layer of paper and wool until he reaches the kernel of the mortifying joke which is cracked against him.

The mistress of the house retains from the proceeds of the lottery the cost of the various articles drawn for, and the remainder is devoted to some charitable purpose.

THE DEAF MAN.

The person on whom this temporary infirmity is imposed must stand out in the middle of the room, and to all that is said must

answer three times following: "I am deaf: I can't hear." The fun to all but the unfortunate victim is for the first three times to make the deaf man some agreeable proposal, such as bringing a lady to him and asking him to salute her, to which he is obliged to turn a deaf ear; while the fourth time he is requested to perform some humiliating act, such as to take a lady to another gentleman to salute, sing a comic song, recite extempore verses in praise of Washington, dance a hornpipe, &c.; and to all these agreeable invitations his ears must be suddenly open. In fact, he must illustrate exactly the inverse of the old proverb, "None so deaf as those who won't hear." He is not obliged to accede to the requests that are made to him in the intervals of his deaf fit. This would be too severe.

A STORY OF THE WILLOW.

IN the far-off time, two willow trees stood, one on each side of the gateway, in a quiet churchyard in Sweden. Their leaves did not grow then as they do now, in either variety of the tree, but spread out gracefully like the foliage of the oak or the birch. These trees were sisters; they had grown up together: they mingled their branches lovingly as they waved in the summer breeze, or bent beneath the winter's snow. When the fresh spring gales laughed, or the autumn winds went sighing through the groves, the two willows thrilled in unison to the mourning, or to the rejoicing, music.

On Sundays the village congregation, from the scarred and gray-haired veteran to the newly baptised baby, passed beneath the arching shade of the willow trees; and the clergyman looked on them as the chief adornment of his churchyard.

Service had ended one bright Sunday in summer; the congregation were dispersing in various directions, and the kind old clergyman observing that the clerk looked hot and exhausted, invited him to dine at the parsonage.

Too much honor is sometimes not good for us. The clerk, usually the most careful and orderly of men, was so much elated by this invitation, that he walked off, holding his head very erect, and actually forgot to lock the church-door.

"Hee, hee, kee, kee!" laughed a voice from the branches of the oak which stood nearest to the church. It was a magpie, who with her cunning head all at one side, and her sharp eye full of mischief, sat watching the clerk's departure. "Hee, hee!" laughed she, as she flew through the open door into the church, and presently returned with the sacred chalice in her beak.

A few drops of wine had remained in it; and as they fell on the ground, sweet wild flowers sprang up—the blue forget-me-not, and the 'Love lies bleeding.'

"I'm afraid these will betray me," said the magpie, who, like all unprincipled persons, was very suspicious; and she flew round and round the church until the cup was quite dry. Then perching on one of the willow trees,—"Let me place this beautiful cup amongst your branches," she said, "and just hide it for me for the present with your thick leaves."

But the willow refused to do so.

"It will give you no trouble," said the bird, coaxingly, "and if you consent to do me this little kindness, I will make you the loveliest tree that grows."

"No, thank you," said the willow, shading her head, until every one of her twigs rustled. "Handsome is that handsome does; I'll have nothing to do with stolen property, friend magpie; our good old master likes me very well as I am: I should be ashamed to meet his kind eye next Sunday, if I felt that I was helping to deceive him." "But you have not heard what I will do for you," persisted the bird. "I will fly up to the sky, and bring moonshine silver to cover the under side of your leaves, and sunshine gold to gild the upper—you cannot think how beauteous you will look." But the willow again shook her faithful green leaves with a rustling sigh of sorrow; for she saw that her sister was bending towards the magpie, and hearkening curiously to the bird's insidious discourse.

"Sunshine gold and moonshine silver must indeed be very beautiful," said the second willow; "and all you ask in return is to be allowed to place the cup for a short time amongst our branches?"

"All, indeed, dear friend," replied the magpie, eagerly;

"and you know if you are asked any questions, you must not betray the secret by even a murmur or a rustle."

"Don't consent, dearest sister, have nothing to do with it," sighed the other willow; and she bent forward, as far as she could, to embrace the tempted one in her gentle arms. But in vain; the magpie's cunning tongue prevailed, and the cup, placed in a forked branch, lay completely hidden by the clustering leaves.

Next morning the clerk remembered his omission, and came in great haste to lock the church. Looking around to see that all was right, he missed the cup. Having searched for it fruitlessly for some time, he went to the clergyman, and honestly confessed what had occurred. The old man, without uttering a word of reproach, immediately went with him to search for the cup, but nowhere could it be found. Every one and everything (for in those old times all creatures animate, and things inanimate, had voices) denied all knowledge of the theft. The poor sheep and cows had tears in their eyes as they protested their innocence; and the raven, fearing very much that from his previous character he should not be believed, croaked out a solemn oath that he knew nothing about it.

The oak quivered his leaves in high scorn at the idea that he, the royal tree, could possibly be suspected of anything dishonorable; and the lime shook his perfumed boughs.

At length the clergyman asked the faithful willow whether she had got the cup. A mournful "No," sighed musically through her topmost boughs, as she bent them downwards. "Have you got it?" asked he, turning to the guilty one.

A strong shudder passed through her, shaking her very roots. The clerk and his master thought it was caused by a northerly breeze which had just sprung up; but no, it came from the first blighting breath of falsehood. "Can you not tell me?" said the old man, gently.

"Why don't you answer his reverence directly?" cried the clerk, impatiently.

"Hee, hee, kee, kee!" laughed the magpie, mockingly, from the top of the oak tree, which had tried, but in vain, to shake her off. And then the willow straightened her branches and turned up her leaves, bright with that false moonshine silver, and declared that she had not the cup.

But in the act of protesting, she gave a guilty shiver; down fell the stolen treasure; and since that time she has never been able to lower her leaves and branches. They stand, staring upwards to the sky, in memory of the willow's falsehood.

When the other tree saw her sister's shame, she bowed her gentle branches sorrowing to the earth, and has ever since held them downwards, weeping.

CHINESE WEDDING CEREMONIES.

On the auspicious day itself, I hastened to witness the lady leave her mother's home, about seven o'clock in the evening. She was in the little room, to which her earliest associations had been confined, surrounded by women and matrons (her mother among them), weeping and wailing. She had trimmed herself, powdered her face, rouged her lips, musked her robes, and as she could afford them, displayed her finest jewels. Had she been too poor to have jewellery by her, she could readily have supplied herself at the nearest pawnbroker's. At last the bridal chair was at the door, with chair bearers and musicians. A concourse of spectators stood outside, eager, if not impatient, to catch a glimpse of the *sin-niang*, alias "the new woman."

After the procession was duly arranged, the bride was carried out of her room, as if *vi et armis*, by her brothers, and she was placed in her nuptial sedan seemingly in a helpless condition. When carried out of her father's house, she was lifted over a pan of lighted charcoal. This precaution was explained as necessary to prevent the lady carrying off with her all the good fortunes of the family. That is one interpretation, but there may be others equally absurd. The chair was capacious and elegant. The bride sat within arrayed in a cloak fringed with tiny tinkling bells, and on her head she wore a singularly shaped hat, with a veil of beads, &c., that almost covered her face. Every symbol of gaiety was exhibited, identified with their notions of a wedding occasion, when, according to their

phraseology "the phoenixes sing 'in harmony,' and compatible with the bridegroom's finances.

The whole retinue hurried on along winding streets lined with staring spectators, preceded by men and boys with torches and crackers. By this time a messenger had announced that the lady was "a-comin," and all was astir at the bridegroom's, where the gates were opened to receive the gaudy banners, pink umbrellas, red boxes and other pieces of baggage, which heralded the rapid approach of the bride. Presently the chair-bearers rushed in. Three heavy crackers intimated that the bridal sedan had actually come. This conveyance was attended by four bridesmaids on foot, in black dresses and with pink sashes; but they were old women. A singularly dressed mistress of ceremonies came out to accost the young bride. As she stepped out of her chair a horse saddle was laid on the floor, over which she had to stride. Her four maids supported the lady in passing into the inner apartments. Here she met the bridegroom, who, by the way, had to be searched for and led out for introduction to his future companion—a farce some-

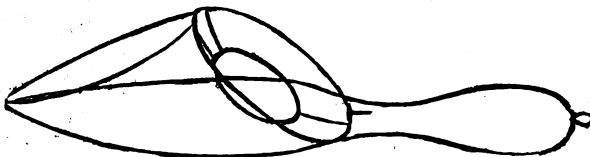


DIAGRAM OF WATCH-HOOK. PAGE 288.

times played at a Chinese wedding, as if to denote extreme modesty or timidity on the part of the husband in entering on his new responsibilities.

The couple, on meeting, knelt down and paid their religious *devoirs* to heaven. Next, a document, with the marriage contract, was publicly and distinctly read. Worship was then paid at the ancestral tablets of the husband's family. After this, the pair were conducted into the bridal chamber, which was immediately crowded with friends and visitors. Here, standing side by side, two cups of wine syrup, joined by a scarlet thread, were exchanged between the couple. This part of the ceremony was concluded by what is called *sahchung*, or throwing a plateful of various fruits, berries and confections among the crowd of spectators, who were eager to pick up what they could. On this the bridegroom "came out of his chamber rejoicing." The bride was detained within to be unveiled, and to change her upper dress, which by this time must have become excessively cumbersome.

HOW TO BLOOM CAMELIAS.—The following is a successful mode to bloom camelias, with or without artificial heat: When the growth is nearly made, that is when the leaves have expanded in the young shoots, water should be withheld, so as to allow the plants to flag, but not to shrivel. This should be repeated twice. After the first flagging water them copiously, filling the pot three or four times after the water has sunk. Only water them this once and let them flag as before, care being necessary not to let them flag too long, or the leaves will be injured. This sudden check, at that period, is found to cause the plants to form buds; but unless they are in health, this process to set them to flower will be useless, as it will weaken them still more. Camelias that have not flowered for three or four years have been made to bloom by this plan.

THE *Wanderer* of Vienna relates the following: A Jewish banker of Frankfort, while proceeding to Vienna by railway not long since, fell into conversation with a gentleman of very pleasing manners, who was in the same carriage with him; and so delighted was the banker with his new acquaintance, that he offered to give him a letter of recommendation to his daughter, who was well married in Vienna, and might be of service to him. The gentleman thanked him, and, with a smile, said, "I also have one of my daughters married at Vienna, and she has made a very tolerable match." "Pray, may I presume," said the banker, "to ask the name of her husband?" "It is the Emperor of Austria," was the answer; the gentleman being Prince Maximilian of Bavaria.

SUSPENDED WATCH-HOOK.

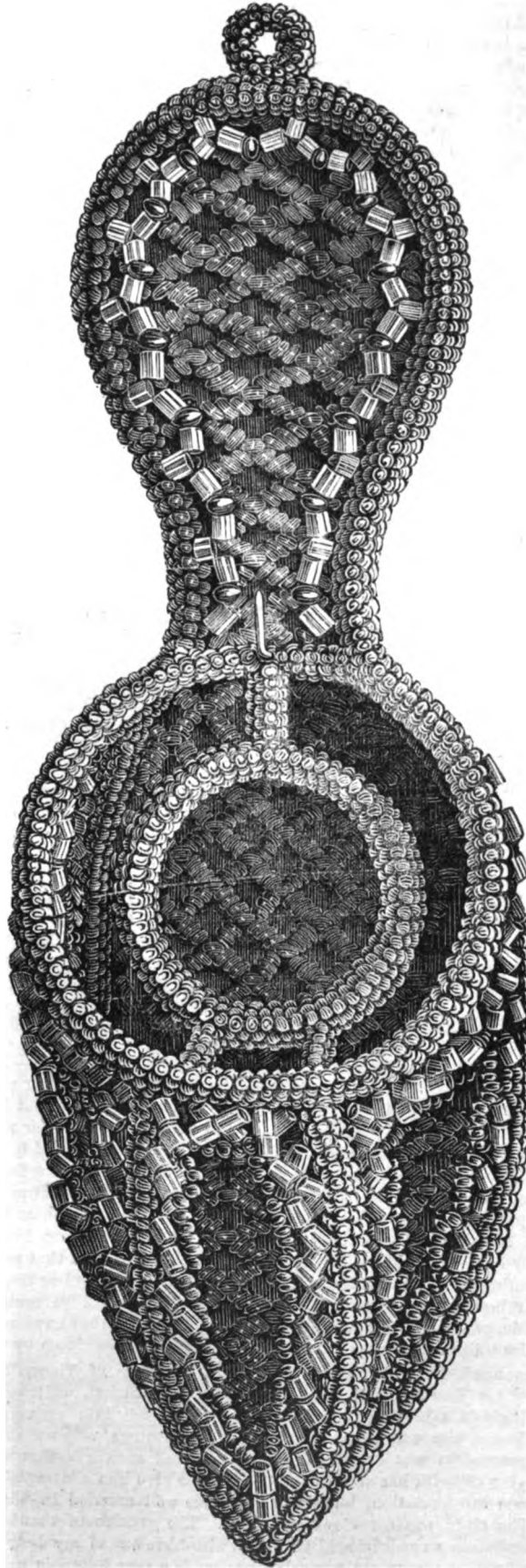
MATERIALS.—A wire frame, of the form seen in our small engraving; crystal beads, No. 2; turquoise do.; black, No. 1; small clear white O. P., and bronze or steel.

The frame of this watch-hook should be made of strong, thick wire, considerably stouter than that in use for the borders of lamp-mats. The entire frame is covered by thin muslin, or soft broad braid being wound round it. This affords a secure hold for the needle by means of which the beads are threaded. The sole of the slipper if done first, in diamonds of blue beads connected by black ones. You take lines across in one direction, threading 3 blue, 1 black, alternately, securing the thread carefully at each end of the line. Be particular to make the lines at equal distances, and the black beads under the blue. When you form the diamonds by making the lines in the opposite direction, thread three blue beads, then pass through the black one. Three more blue, one black, and so on. The black beads, being a size larger than the blue, the needle will slip through readily.

When the sole is completed, fill with diamonds in like manner the three sections of the toe, and the circle which is destined to form a rest for the watch. Then the scalloped border round the upper part of the foot, formed of the O. P. beads, with a bronze or steel in the centre of each scallop. The fringe border of the foot is also to be done of O. P. and blue beads. Finally cover all the wires with the crystal beads, wound closely round them.

Fine chenille, of a color to correspond with the hangings of the room, may be used advantageously to cover these wires, it being much lighter than the beads, and looking very rich and brilliant; or narrow satin ribbon, quilted in the centre, may be employed for the same purpose. The chenille is wound round the wires exactly like the beads. The ribbon is sewed on, the wires being previously covered with sarsenet ribbon of the same color, instead of white braid.

There will be no difficulty in procuring the necessary frames and other materials for



SUSPENDED WATCH-HOOK.

these pretty watch-hooks, as we are prepared to send them to any part of the States, and will commence the work if requested to do so.

TAMPERING WITH THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.—While working at the Clarendon printing office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect: "Some of the gay young students of the university who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for corrections when required; and when the sheet containing the marriage service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *e*, and substituted in its place the letter *k*, thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable was so changed as to make it easily dissolved, as the altered passage now read as follows: the minister asking the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?' To which the man shall answer, 'I will.' The same change was made in the questions put to the bride. It is said that the change was not discovered till all the sheets were printed off, and was then detected by the compositor who distributed the types. The whole of the sheets had accordingly to be cancelled, but the real culprits were never discovered till they left the university; and then, when they were beyond the authority of the proctors, they voluntarily confessed what they called their 'lark.'"—*Buckingham's Autobiography*.

An old lady, while indulging a few evenings since in reminiscences of her girlhood, when she had lots of beaux, exclaimed, "Why, the truth is, that at one time I was so happy that I was fairly uncomfortable."

